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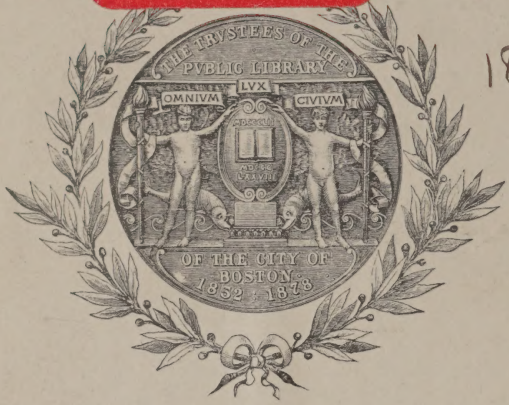

THE

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A MAGAZINE OF

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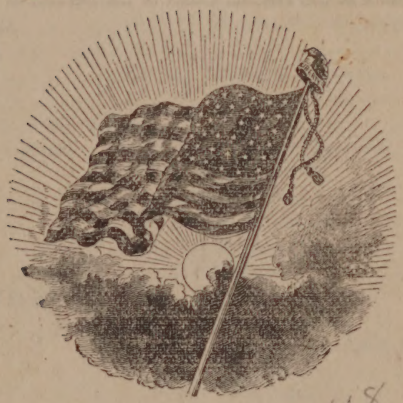

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXI. — JANUARY, 1868. — NO. CXXIII.

THE WIFE.

AN IDYL OF BEARCAMP WATER.

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas in their gardens grew,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,
And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette —
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long overworn
To task their strength; and (unto Him be praise
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain
Of years that did the work of centuries

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Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once more
Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,
I lay aside grave themes, and idly play
With fancies borrowed from remembered hills
That beckon to me from the cold blue North.
And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
Proud of field lore and harvest-craft, and feeling
All their fine possibilities, while yet
Knowing too well the hard necessities
Of labor and privation, and the bare
And colorless realities of life
Without an atmosphere, I fain would see
The rugged outlines touched and glorified
With mellowing haze and golden-tinted mist.
Our yeoman should be equal to his home
Set in these fair green valleys, purple-walled, —
A man to match his mountains, not a drudge
Dull as the clod he turns. I fain would teach
In this light way the blind eyes to discern,
And the cold hearts to feel, in common things,
Beatitudes of beauty; and, meanwhile,
Pay somewhat of the mighty debt I owe
To Nature for her ministry of love
And life-long benediction. With the rocks
And woods and mountain valleys which have been
Solace in suffering, and exceeding joy
In life's best moments, I would leave some sign,
When I am but a name and memory,
That I have loved them. Haply, in the years
That wait to take the places of our own,
Whispered upon some breezy balcony
Fronting the hills, or where the lake in the moon
Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,
In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
Of Boaz, even this little lay of mine
May lift some burden from a heavy heart,
Or make a light one lighter for its sake.

We held our sideling way above
The river's whitening shallows,
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns
Swept through and through by swallows, —

By maple orchards, belts of pine
And larches climbing darkly
The mountain slopes, and, over all,
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven, —

How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
From far celestial fountains, —
The shorn sun dropping, large and low,
Behind the wall of mountains!

We drove before the farm-house door,
The farmer called to Mary;
Bare-armed, with Juno's step, she came,
White-aproned, from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness; —

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance, —
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood
How dared our landlord utter
The paltry errand of his need
To buy her fresh-churned butter?

She led the way with housewife pride,
Her goodly store disclosing,
Full tenderly the golden balls
With snow-white hands disposing.

Then, while across the darkening hills
We watched the changeful glory
Of sunset, on our homeward way,
The landlord told her story.

From school and ball and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorua stealing,
There 's iron in our Northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west-wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common, —
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady:
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready, —

"Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly.
"'T is well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle-time
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,

A motion as of waving grain,
  A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
  The spells you weave around me,
You cannot at your will undo,
  Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
  Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
  Like prison-walls about me?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
  Or daughter for my mother;
Who loves you loses in that love
  All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
  With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
  Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
  So archly, yet so tender:
"And if I lend you mine," she said,
  "Will you forgive the lender?

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
  And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
  Behind this silken armor?

"I love you: on that love alone,
  And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
  The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
  His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle, —
  The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
  His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
  On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
  The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
  Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

We send the squire to General Court;
He takes his young wife thither:
No prouder man Election-day
Rides through the sweet June weather.

So spake our landlord as we drove
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.
Below us wreaths of white fog walked
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars
Dropped down their golden plummets;
The pale arc of the Northern Lights
Rose o'er the mountain summits, —

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,
And saw across the mapled lawn
The welcome inn-lights glowing; —

And, musing on the landlord's tale,
'T were well, thought I, if often
To rugged farm-life came the gift
To harmonize and soften; —

If more and more we found the troth
Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labor's strength
In these hill-homes united, —

The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toil where toil abounds
With graces more abounding.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

PART I.

"AH well!" said I, wearily, finding the storm was likely yet to last, "'t is an ill wind that blows nobody good." But did I have an idea of what I was saying?

The equinoctial gale had been roaring through the heavens, driving the great loose, gray clouds before it, and tearing them into sheets of blinding rain, till the whole round earth seemed only wrapped in storm. The wind came whistling along the street, shook off a flock of yellow leaves, and, letting them frolic in their freedom a moment and fancy themselves a part of the gale, suddenly with a blast drove them down, and they became a part of the sodden soil; then, rising with a cry of havoc, it dragged the vines from the lattices, snatched the swallows' nests from under the eaves and scattered them into the street, and, being caught itself in the pitfall of the chimneys, came hoarsely sighing and crying downward till it fanned the blaze of the coal into a fury.

What a blessing a full gay household would have been on such a day! Then we could have heard with equanimity that the tides had risen over the roofs on Channel Island, or that people were going about in boats on the Shore Street; we could have gone up to the attic windows with the glass, and have seen the strange dark heads and white horns swimming through the current; we should have swarmed round the Doctor, when he came in and brought a gust behind him, with warm slippers and dressing-gown, and cheeriest sympathy and comfort, till we coaxed him into believing the cold September day the happiest of all the year; we should have sat round the fire, and told stories of shipwreck, till the wind fell at midnight, and through the open curtains a star startled us sparkling on the edge of a wind-blown ragged cloud.

But that had been — in other times. Now we must make ourselves content on past cheer, and be warmed with remembrance of ancient autumn gales. So the Doctor sighed, and smoked, and calculated eclipses, as if to put asleep the great care in his heart, and every once in a while informed his little wife of something concerning the tangent of A minus the right ascension, and the little wife made believe it was all English to her, looked out at the weather and in at the fire, and comfortably made up her mind that it might storm till Christmas day, so long as it gave her the good of that rare presence in the chimney-corner during all the long evening. Between his patients, and his running over to Netherby, and up to court to attend the trial there, he had grown to be a stranger to his own fireside; but no one on such a night would think of sending for the doctor except upon a case of life and death,—and for that, of course, he could be spared.

With such thought I turned again to the outer view, watching a passenger beat up against the wind, and struggle lest his umbrella should lose head and capsize, — wondering would it be so bad by and by, and were the gale going to lift under all that breaking sweep of brightening sky. But there was only one eye in the whole town could have told me that, and it belonged to the gilded chanticleer, perched high on the tip of the spire that stretched above the streets, looking straight before him steadily out to sea, and strutting defiantly on his steeple-point in the very teeth of the wind. From his perch he saw the dark river-mouth, and the white crest of the bar ridging across it; he saw the low lines of opening coast, and all the foamy network of breaker, and the ponderous plunge of the sucking surf that changed the shore with every shock;

and between and far beyond, till it met the gray sky and was lost in it, the great expanse of the seas, wide and wild, the dark field everywhere tossing and sinking with jets and sprays and flying falls of foam, and now and then some giant of a chance wave looming like a phantom, and powdering itself in mist upon the eager wind. If, beside all this evanescence, this yeasty commotion and change, he saw aught else, — saw the fishing-craft in spite of themselves huddled in the offing, yet gallantly challenging the tempest, or any fated bark, its broken masts scarcely raking the dim horizon line, drifting helplessly towards the treacherous land that lay in wait beneath its mask of green and shifting shallows; — if the gilded chanticleer saw such a sight as this, he kept his own counsel, and, unless you suspected it from the way in which he still looked steadily into the east, dropped no hint of spent sailors clinging to the shrouds, or washed away into restless graves with every returning billow.

As for me, too many of my kindred had been rocked to their last sleep in that cruel sea to make it pleasant for any lingering thought. Then, too, I was longing to know how it went with Lucian. I busied myself about the fire, stole the Doctor's table and left him with pencil suspended in air, and rewarded him for the submission with which he received that despotic act by playing the sweet, old-fashioned tunes of our youth to him till the place was dark save for the glow of the fire thrown upon the ceiling, and, despite the whistling of the storm without, all the atmosphere of the room was quiet and dreamy.

At that point Elizabeth opened the door to tell us that tea was ready. At the same moment, above the storm, above the sound of the piano, the note of Elizabeth's voice, the cheerful hiss of the urn, fell the peal of the knocker.

The Doctor answered it in person. A man, covered with tarpaulins, who had brought his horse up the sidewalk and close to the door-stone, bent from the darkness, and announced his errand. A vessel had gone to pieces on the beach, he said, — a whaler apparently, that had sailed round the world to be wrecked in sight of her own wharf at last; some men had been washed up, perhaps drowned, perhaps not; he had ridden off without waiting, — would the Doctor come and see?

"On such a night! Three miles!" I exclaimed, feeling the happy lighted tea-room undergo the eclipse he had been all the afternoon at work upon. But the Doctor never threw a glance beyond me, neither at the scrod that Elizabeth's lover had brought him in the last boat-load before the storm, and that in consequence she had browned like a segment of cocoa-nut, nor at the snowy biscuit, nor the baked russets dripping with their jelly like some Oriental conserve.

"Tell Martin to put old Chestnut in, Elizabeth," said he, getting down his storm-cloak.

"The water 's over the road," said the stranger, "high as any carriage-floor; wind would upset a buggy too. Better go in the saddle, sir." And in five minutes the Doctor and his companion were battling their way down the overflowed road to the beach.

All my life has not yet made me indifferent to the trouble of a doctor's wife. So that night I sent the scrod to the kitchen in disgrace; and had a cup of green tea, because I knew it would have been forbidden me had he been at home. Then a fit of compunction seized me that my bad heart would have kept succor away from such a strait, and I felt a new reverence for the unselfish soul that was carrying life itself, perhaps, to one as dear to another as he was to me; and I had a little combat with the feeling, because I was angry with him for going; and just then the door opened, and the carrier threw in the evening paper.

He was earlier than common, because the dark had fallen so soon, and the storm prevented his stopping to whip his top or make his fortune in marbles on the way. I took it as I crossed the entry, and after darkening the pane,

that I might guess again at the state of the storm, — for I would not have the curtains fall and shut off the glow of my pleasant fire from all the passers-by, — I went and sat down by the grate to read it.

There is one charm about an evening paper that surpasses all the rest, — in whatever remote seclusion you may have shut yourself, this silent sheet puts you instantly into communication with all the great revolving world, and innocent and secure in your cosey snuggery you hobnob with kings or criminals, and watch the making or the wrecking of states as the gods do on their clouds. Perhaps it was with some such feeling that I unfolded the paper that night. There was a great trial going on, the report of which had deeply interested me, for I had heard something of the personages from the Doctor, who knew them well; and of course it would be continued to-night.

Many a time had the Doctor told me laughingly of little Joey Hazard and her two lovers, — Joey Hazard, who lived in Netherby, the town across the bay where he was sometimes called, — a shy but saucy bit of maidenhood some twenty summers old. The Doctor had been so impressed with her charming coquetries, and the white and pink of her pretty face, that he had rendered her personality vividly enough to make me sure I should know Joey Hazard if I met her in the Sahara, — though nothing could have been more remote than that sandy region from the town where Joey lived, and from all the freshness, breeziness, and seaboard stir attending it. Joey's house was on a hill commanding the harbor and overlooking the busy market-place; and when the Doctor had first met her, she was coming down this hill, wrapped in an extinguisher of a great black cloak and hood, and the impatient wind had caught a corner of the sombre garment, and was twisting it round her, and had fairly blown the hood back upon her shoulders. Accomplishing this, the wind had even made so bold as to seize the bright hair swept back over the temples, and, loosening a lock, had measured out its curling length, and was doing his best to make off with the prize, while Joey, with her head half turned upon one side, as if she were giving him her cheek to kiss with its shifting snows and roses, cast a glance askance at the grave old stranger struggling up the hill, and went on battling her way down. But it was to Joey's house that the Doctor's steps were bent, for it was to her mother, an old townswoman, that he had been summoned; he was late, and perhaps he had been misled, and so Joey had been sent after him; and now, having passed him, she put the wind to sudden confusion by turning about and following the stranger, overtaking him, and walking along demurely almost by his side, not daring to speak, but looking sidelong a dozen times a minute.

"So, my pretty maid," said the Doctor, taking breath; "can you tell me where I may find the Widow Hazard's house?"

Joey bridled at the address, — she had an indistinct idea that to be called a pretty maid was correlative to being called a pretty servant-girl, — but after one challenging glance she thought fit to reply, not by surrendering the citadel of an answer, but by throwing out the picket of an inquiry. "Are you the Doctor?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Are you looking for me?"

"Yes."

After which introduction the Doctor administered a benevolent smile to his new acquaintance, and she in return let the dimples of her arch look disappear in the gleam of a row of little teeth like split pearls.

"We thought you had possibly lost the way, and — "

"You were sent to be my Ariadne?"

"Ariadne? O no, sir, I am Joey Hazard."

"So I thought. Mrs. Hazard is ill, I hear."

"Mother's about as usual. Only she heard you were in town, and thought she'd like to see you. Mother's from

your place, sir. People from your place," said Joey, with a frightened look aside at her own audacity, "think you made them!" And then she laughed superior.

"You don't think so, Miss Joey," said the Doctor.

"O no, no! I think you made their diseases. When I practise — "

"Well, my little rival — "

"I shall leave phials of cold water, — twenty drops every eight hours, — to be measured precisely, as twenty-five drops would occasion spasms. All my patients would get well."

"You would starve to death, Doctor Joey!"

"No, indeed," answered Joey, having surveyed the Doctor and collected a heart full of courage. "The college of surgeons would come to me, and they would say: 'Now, Dr. Joey, really, this will never do. Here we had quite an interesting region of aches and ills, — typhoid had the run of it, all the influenzas settled into charming consumptions, all the indigestions became gastric fevers, every pain in the side grew to pleurisy, — and you came and brought chaos into our order, and ruined the apothecaries, and beggared the grave-diggers, and have got things to such a pass that all the rest of the world have to stay fifteen days in quarantine before they can come into Netherby. Such a state of health positively vulgarizes a community. Is n't it time, we ask you, that senna and manna and colchicum and nauseousness had their turn? You really must feel the fatigue of such a work; and now — what 'll you take to retire?'"

"Very well, Dr. Joey. As a brother-physician, may I request your treatment of a bad headache?"

"I go to sleep without my supper," said Joey.

"And if it does not answer?"

"Forego breakfast."

"That failing?"

"Dinner remains to be sacrificed, sir."

"And if they are all without success?"

"Ah, sir, you gentlemen are epicures. I suppose you think one may as well die by the sword as the famine! Then I should send for you."

"Well, well, you little witch, you 'd convert a man to Hahnemann himself!"

By this time they had reached the house, rather to the Doctor's regret; for he had taken a fancy to the saucy sprite, who spoke her mind to him no more plainly than he had a way of making everybody do, and he knew Mrs. Hazard of old.

Joey opened the door for him, saying, "Mother, here 's the Doctor," and retreated, ostensibly to latch the gate, which she had left open. But as the Doctor casually looked after her through the window, he saw her vicious cloak catch in the hasp, and two young men, who had been coming up the hill from the other side, suddenly spring by one impulse to her relief; and he saw Miss Joey blush while she gave one of them a hand, and then stay chattering and flirting behind her barricade, with the lovers lingering so long as she had a word to throw to them; and he imagined that she was playing with their hearts, the while, very much as a kitten plays with a ball.

Between his glances the Doctor paid all due attention to Mrs. Hazard, but Joey's case he considered far the more interesting of the two. Mrs. Hazard was one of those long, meagre, cadaverous creatures, who, being crossed in life, find refuge in calomel; her chief complaint was an enlargement of the spleen, and her chief pleasure lay in blue mass. How she ever came into possession of such a piece of pink and white perfection as Joey would have been an impenetrable mystery, had not the Doctor evaded it by remembering that Mr. Hazard had first married a widow lady with one child, — who was Joey, — that she had died, and that then Mr. Hazard, not having the fear of Mr. Weller before his eyes, had again married a widow with one child, who was Lucian Jouvency. However, by an odd coincidence, Lucian, being the son

of her first husband and a former wife, was no more the child of Mrs. Hazard than Joey was. It was Lucian Jouvency sitting on the fence and laughing now with Joey, the Doctor surmised; and by the impatient glances which Mrs. Hazard threw from her rapid rocking-chair out of the window, and upon the companion of the twain, it was plain that she suspected he was coming in to mar some pet plan of her own concerning the union of the two little fortunes of Lucian and Joey. By and by, — when Mrs. Hazard had doled out her last grievance in the flesh, and the Doctor, according to Joey's idea, had put her up a parcel of powders of sifted buckwheat, some of which he was never without, each one labelled cabalistically, and to be taken in jelly, lest Mrs. Hazard should discover that they were not half nasty enough to be of any use, — Joey took laughing leave of her lovers, and came into the house.

She had afforded excuse enough to the swains for lingering while she looked so bewitching in her cloak, but perhaps they would not have gone at all if she had received them in home array, the Doctor thought, when Joey came in, her pink frock close in the throat, with its white collar and jet button, and her pretty hair gathered into a knot out of which each tress evidently longed to break and assert its freedom in a riot of curls. Her mother introduced her in form. She threw the Doctor a half-prudish glance from the bright hazel eyes exactly the tint of her hair, and blushed and laughed anew with her color, that surprised one, was gone and came again, like rosy northern-lights, when he gravely took her hand; and then she staidly laid the crumb-cloth and pulled out the table.

"Joey," said Mrs. Hazard, "the Doctor 's finished all his calls, and he 's going to stay to dinner with us. Now see what you can do. And if your boat goes off without you, sir, I think, Lucian 'd like to set you over. He knows the bay like a map. He 's just home from sea. There 's no need for him to follow the sea at all; he 's got means enough, if that 's all; but men must see the world. He goes mate next voyage!" And Mrs. Hazard rocked triumphantly, and looked at Joey, who, reaching up a closet-shelf, contrived just then to spill a box of sage all over her, and afford as much resemblance as possible to a moss-rose.

Although cleanliness, I am convinced, is not a masculine instinct, the Doctor had seen enough snow to teach him the color of the damask that Joey and her small servant spread before him; and though the dear man is no gastronome, he declares I never gave him any dessert of a flavor equal to that sweet-potted compound of Joey's. At which reflection on my housekeeping, I tell him it is because I can offer no such sauce as Joey's young and blooming face; but he destroys my argument by averring that Joey's face could have been nothing to him, since he was occupied in observing its effect upon Lucian Jouvency, who, having left the other lover at the inn, reached home again when dinner was half through, and straightway transformed the decorous little Joey into something just flighty enough to make a pleasurable study. "Very well, then, my good soul," say I, "if you had the love-affair of two young people beneath your eyes, you were probably eating barley-bran, and knew nothing at all about it."

Lucian Jouvency might have been worth a little attention himself, were not one previously engaged, the Doctor thought. In stature he was a man far beyond the usual height, with a breadth of shoulder and a length of limb that spoke great physical power, whether he sat or stood; and character of no unequal force was written in the habit of his dark face, and in the eyes, which were not often raised, but which, when they were lifted, let out a sheet of daring light. There was some spirit that brooked no questioning in the haughty curl of his upper lip, which would have been disdainful had not the lower one formed an almost voluptuous curve with

which to modify it; the nostril had an impatient dilation of its own; but the massive chin and strong lower lines told of sufficient strength to hold in check whatever devil might be in him, were it once exerted; while over all the really wonderful beauty of these changing features — that might now be dark with anger and now be bright with joy — the forehead looked perfectly calm and impassive. So strongly did it contrast with the tanned tint of the face below, that one could not see the fine texture of the skin, and the whiteness of that expanse swept across by the heavy hair, without feeling assured in some way of its owner's possession also of a spotless purity. At least the Doctor felt this, — there were others who might only have found the forehead too fair for the bronzed cheek below. The Doctor, however, did not have time to decipher the whole of Lucian's face; for before they left the table a new element had presented itself among them in the advent of the second lover, who had been lingering at the gate with Joey and Lucian in the bright, windy noon, and who was now made known to the Doctor by the name of Geordie Romilly.

If there had appeared but little of the sailor in the grave and quietly assured air of Lucian, it had still been possible to imagine that a certain dash of adventurousness was hidden beneath, like the fire in a flint; but with Geordie Romilly everything was on the surface, — his loves, his hates, his darings, his desires; a rude grace of movement caused him to seem less a sailor than a wave of the sea itself; his lithe, slender figure was made for nothing but to swing aloft from rope to rope in storm and sunshine; the face, entirely embrowned, might have told its tale of roaming in other latitudes than those to which the sunny hair about it belonged, had not its shade more resembled a congenital than an acquired tint; and in the large eyes there was a perpetual play of blue wildfire, like the sulphurous spirt of a lucifer-match, giving substance to the rumor that Geordie had been no other than a hedge-born child of the old country, — a rumor that had not been slow to reach his ear and rouse his ire. The Doctor transferred his observation to him, as if he had had a new botanical order in hand.

The new-comer refused to join them at the table, although Joey had the small servant quicken her movements in his behalf, for he had but just dined at his inn, and was only waiting, with his fowling-piece, for Lucian, before going down to the shore to bag sand-peeps.

"Now, Geordie, set your gun in the corner before you shoot somebody," said Joey, "and eat a dish of this sugared snow that the Doctor is raving over here, or else I shall have to come and feed you with a spoon."

"Then I 'm sure I won't," said Geordie, stoutly.

"If I come, you will have to submit to being rapped over the head with the spoon, like a Dotheboys urchin," continued Joey.

"As to that, I sha' n't quarrel," said Geordie, looking down across the cloth at the midget who could not have reached the top of his head, and showing no acquaintance with Miss Joey's literary allusion.

"But I made it myself!"

"Then it would be too sweet. And I 'm not fond of sweet things anyway."

"O, very well," said Joey, tossing her head.

"Joey 's a sweet thing herself," said Lucian, as if he propounded an axiom. "And so she resents the imputation."

"Poison him, Doctor," said Joey.

"If one poisoned all the lads that called you a pretty gir— " began the Doctor.

"Pretty is that pretty does," remarked Mrs. Hazard.

"Now, Geordie," said Joey, heaping a tiny bit of painted porcelain, and offering it to him in a winning, half-reluctant way that her words belied, — and something that made her so bewitching must have been that what she said and what she did were always so at sixes

and sevens, — "I made it myself, on purpose; and that 's my own saucer."

"Joey!" cried the atrabilious Mrs. Hazard.

"It 's a noticeable fact to an old fellow of my profession," said the wicked Doctor to Mrs. Hazard, while he covered Joey's retreat, "that neither of these young men has any appetite."

On which sentence, Geordie took the saucer and finished its contents at three strokes.

"Come, Jouvency," said he then, shouldering his gun and making a mouth, "I think those sand-peeps are tired of waiting."

"They 'll have time to rest, then," said Lucian. "Because the boat the Doctor came in has gone back, and I 'm to set him over. So you must take your sport alone."

"Good for you," said the gracious Geordie, however contrary-minded. "Well, Joey, will you have what I get?"

"If it is a red-winged blackbird."

"Little savage," said Lucian, standing up and smiling down upon her.

"No, I 'm not," said Joey, lifting, and instantly dropping again, the wide eyes that were of the kind far more full of light than of color; "I want the wings for the Fair."

"So I thought," said Geordie, mischievously.

"That 's very unfair of you, Gypsy Geordie," answered the thoughtless Joey.

But before the quick blood, that suddenly deepened the hue of Geordie's cheek and flashed in his eye, found time for further expression, Lucian stood leaning back with one arm across the other's shoulder, and his eyes giving a merry defiance to Joey. Joey's hurried movement upset the spoons and scattered them over the table.

"That 's because they feel defrauded of the rap," said she, with a queer little April smile, that, if it was sunshine, might have been tears, and then she too came and laid a hand on Geordie's other arm. He shook them both lightly off, and turned, examining his gun. "But won't you get the red-wings, Geordie?" quavered Joey.

"There 's nothing but peeps on the beach," said Lucian. "And those you can't have, for Geordie's white teeth here will crackle them like crust."

"There 's nothing nicer than potted peeps, I used to think, when I enjoyed my victuals," plaintively sighed Mrs. Hazard. "If you 're going to be home to-night, Lucian, you ought to be spry," she continued anxiously; for, after her complaints, Lucian was the apple of her eye.

"In five minutes, mother."

"I 'll send you up a couple of score if you 'll pot them for supper, and invite me, Mrs. Hazard," said Geordie, doubtfully.

"Then you 'd better be about it," she replied, glad to be rid of him on any terms, and willing to encounter future evil if so she could prevent Joey and Geordie from having a long afternoon together in Lucian's absence.

"You 'll come down and see the boat off, Joey," pleaded Geordie, in token of reconciliation after their mute quarrel; and before Mrs. Hazard could say her nay, Joey had her cloak on, and, having called the small servant to clear the cloth, was preceding Lucian and the Doctor to the boat, taking little runs ahead, and waiting till Geordie came up with her, so much like a beach-bird in all her motions herself, that the Doctor momently expected to see her hop up and be borne along on the barrel of the fowling-piece.

It was before the railroad was built round the head of the bay, and the steamer that plied between our place and Netherby waited for no man; and when the Doctor found he had lost it, Lucian had pleasantly seconded his stepmother's proposition to put him over in his sail-boat. As for Geordie, the sea was his profession, and he never had anything to do with it in vacation-time. Though he and Lucian had followed it four years together, meeting each other first upon the high seas, and had established a singularly ardent

friendship, this was the only time that Lucian had ever brought him home; and finding himself at last in such society as Joey's, he was determined to make the most of it; so Lucian was to go alone.

"You are coming back to-night, Lucian?" asked Joey, dipping the end of her shoe in a wave that ran to touch it.

"Yes, Joey, I am coming back to-night," said Lucian.

"It's no fool of a sail," said Geordie, as they ran the Cockle-Shell down to the brink and floated her. "Twenty miles and back! Now look here, Jouvency, there's a stiff breeze darkening the water out yonder. You've got to take it in its —"

"Ay, ay, lad."

"Lose an hour, and let it come on to blow, and you'll swamp the boat before you sight the town wharfs across there. There must be a devil of a sea running outside the Tusks."

The Cockle-Shell was always beached in that spot, because Lucian enjoyed launching her among the breakers, and so mastering them in a way; and a pretty sight it must have been to see him, when, having seated the Doctor in the impatient boat, that seemed ready to ride every wave that came tearing up, he still stood there, holding her back, poising her, keeping her afloat. He was waiting for the big wave, the Doctor supposed, when roller after roller had made in with its foam, and the broken lengths had joined together along the whole stretch of shore, the crests one after another bending beneath the keel; but the big wave broke in the light with a hundred foam-bows and purled up the sand, and still the boat hung back, till all at once it shot out like a rocket. Lucian had leaped in, the two oars were plied, the mast was stepped, the sail run up, and they lay beyond the outmost line of surf; and Joey was standing far behind them, a silent speck upon the sands, and Geordie was waving his hat and shouting hurrahs that the wind carried the other way; while the Doctor, looking about him, comprehended at length how Lucian had waited to take that single instant, that one magical moment, when not a breaker formed, and the sea swung smooth as a mirror before the surf rose and tumbled in again.

After the Cockle-Shell had disappeared, it would seem that Miss Joey — sufficiently incensed with Lucian for his forgetfulness of her in his remembrance of the Doctor, and for leaving her apparently the whole afternoon in the companionship of his rival — had a cause for equal displeasure with Geordie, since he had found it possible and pleasurable to give powder and shot the precedence of her for half a day. Bestowing upon him a curt adieu, she hied away through the town, and up the hill, to her home.

It was rather an anomalous thing, that home of hers; for though they were a family of sufficient income to have lived in a different way, and though Joey herself, both by temperament and school association, was of a superior grade to that of Mrs. Hazard, yet through inertia she yielded to the habits of the latter, and even found it pleasant to help the small servant about the house, and to spread the dinner-table in their sitting-room. Mrs. Hazard had never known other fashions; Joey had seen them, and found them less comfortable.

But when she had reached home, Joey testified that she was not one of the kind that, forsaken by their sweethearts, sit down and sigh. Mrs. Hazard had taught her the proverb, that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, for a special charm against such mishaps. Then, too, there was the Fair on her hands, and the decorations to think of and tell the other girls about; and she lost herself in the mysteries of the Fate-lady, forgetting to look out at the weather or the wind, till by and by Geordie strode along in his high boots, and entered.

"I've left the game-bag at the kitchen door, Mrs. Hazard," said he, gayly. "Come, Joey —"

"Perhaps you have," replied the

matron, tartly. "I don't believe there 's a peep in it though!"

Geordie punningly advised her to see about that. And in a moment, Mrs. Hazard, returning, flung him the empty bag with an emphasis.

"Not a peep in it?" said Geordie. "Why, I picked up all of forty."

"And threw them down again, I reckon," said she.

And thereat, shaking the bag, Geordie held it up by the corners, turned it wrongside out, beat it on the floor, and with the old conjurer's trick, which he appeared to enjoy like a new thing each time he performed it, whenever he put in his hand he pulled out a pair of birds, crowning his exertions with the little red-wings themselves, after which he had waded a mile in the marshes. Joey was in a gale, and even Mrs. Hazard was satisfied.

"Well, Geordie Romilly, you should go about with a hand-organ," said Mrs. Hazard flatteringly; "that 's what you should do. You 're no better than a thimble-rigger."

"This is your little thimble-rigger," said Geordie. "I 'm content to be no better. Come, Joey, on with that flying-jib of a cloak of yours, and we 'll go down and watch for Lucian. He 'll be along presently, if he 's had any kind of a run. He must have got over in four hours, unless it thickened first, and he 's had a spanking breeze home. Just hear it whistle round the corner!"

"Whistle?" said Joey. "I call it howling."

"Draw it mild, Joey. If you 'd had the waves growling behind you like a pack of wolves, you 'd think this was music. However, I hope he 's given the reef a wide berth," said Geordie, who never restrained his speech on account of another's feelings.

When they reached the shore, Lucian's boat was nowhere to be seen, the wind was rising into storm, the sunset gave a dull, coppery tinge to a scud of low, driving clouds, and the breakers of the surf already breast-high were one sheet of froth. As they stood, it was so chilly that Geordie made Joey walk up and down with him, and so strong was the wind that before long Joey found herself clinging to his arm, like a vine to a trellis.

"There 's been a gale to the suthard," said Geordie. "I knew it by the ground-swell these two days past. It 's a pity if we can't match it with one of our own. There it is, coming down strong."

"O, do you suppose anything will happen to Lucian?" cried Joey.

"Lucian? Nonsense! He knows every ripple. 'T was a head-wind over, you know—"

"'T would kill mother," said Joey, under her breath, "she sets so by him."

"And what would it do to you?"

"O, how can you jest about it?" said Joey, tremulously. "There,—is n't that he?"

"That? No," said Geordie with his sailor's glance. "It 's the yacht Albatross. The Cockle-Shell is sloop-rigged. That 's more canvas than I 'd like to stiver under, though," said Geordie, reverting to the yacht. "Wonder they don't set a jib too. All that linen will be your shroud, my man. You 'll never round this reef!" said Geordie.

It was growing dusk as they walked. Other people were coming down to the shore on the lookout for other craft. As Joey saw their anxiety, if her own increased, she refused to let them know of it, only pacing rapidly up and down the sands on Geordie's arm, and exchanging with the rest ringing salutes and laughing encouragements, that seemed gay and might have been nervous, while the flying spray of the surf wet her pale cheek, and every now and then blinded her glistening eyes.

"Our folks went down to the Tusks on a fishing-party, and we 're getting anxious some," said one of those they met. "Suppose there 's no particular danger,—what do you think, Mr. Romilly?"

"I 'd rather be ashore to-night than afloat in any of the pods you put out in about here. But danger,—no."

"Suppose you 're looking out for Lucian, Miss Joey."

"Lucian!" said Joey in scornful tone. "I don't think he 's mate of the barque Josephine to come to grief in the Cockle-Shell."

"Such things has been 'fore now," was the dry response.

"When a person 's weathered the Horn in a gale of wind, he 's likely not to know his way round our reef to-night! We 've been looking at the waves and the fire in them, Mr. Thurlow. Did you ever see them so before? How black they are! and then how they break! all one spread of foam and fire!"

"Glad you 're so easy, Miss. As for me, I can't see any beauty there while my girls are out in a whale-boat," said Mr. Thurlow, — jerkingly, for the wind tore the words from his teeth.

"There 's a boat!" said Joey, shading her eyes. "How she flies! Every thing reefed but that little rag of a topsail too. Geordie, is n't that Lu? That 's your boat, Mr. Thurlow! I know her red streamer. And that 's Ned Russell. Yes, and there are your girls. Now!"

"That 's your boat, sir," said Geordie.

"Well, girls," said Mr. Thurlow, making for that safer part of the beach to which the boat was pointed, and long before they could have heard a word he said, while the wind blew everything straight to those following close behind him. "A pretty rig you 've made me run! And there 's your mother — "

"O, it 's father!" cried one of the girls, scampering along the beach, and falling into his arms with an hysterical laugh. "O, I did n't think I 'd ever see you again!"

"There! Now, now! So! And you 're as wet as a drownded rat. Drenched! and shivering! your mother — "

"And we 've never touched the Tusks at all, father, the sea was so high," exclaimed the other one. "And I do believe we 've come home fairly under water!"

"I should think so! The next time I let you off with Ned Russell! A half-hour later and you 'd have been stove to pieces, trying the shore here. And there 's your moth — "

"And we saw a boat bottom up, father — "

Geordie and Joey both sprang forward unperceived.

"'T warn't young Jouvency, was it?" asked the father.

"Was he out? I dare say! Ned thought it must be the — "

"Cockle-Shell?"

"No; a boat from across the bay, — the Swallow, or something. It frightened me so. It might have been ours, you know. O, how cold I am!"

"Well, here 's Miss Joey just behind, — guess she would n't care if it was Lucian. She 's got another beau now. There, I 'll come down in the wagon for your traps. Come now, girls, dance round! Your mother — "

Joey drew Geordie away out of sound of the conversation which the stroke of the sea and the roar of the wind gave them only by piecemeal, and, as they continued their walk up and down, it grew every time insensibly a longer distance that they traversed, till at length they found themselves quite beyond the line of the breakers, at the head of a cove of comparatively safe waters.

"Now, Geordie," said Joey, "fly, if you never did before! Where are your matches?" And she fell to gathering the dry splinters and the scattered driftwood, while Geordie brought great logs that the high tides had stranded out of reach of succeeding ones. Then she spread her cloak to windward of the little flame, while Geordie kindled and fed it, and in ten minutes an immense bonfire was streaming on the storm, and throwing its red light far out across the reach of wrathful waves.

"There," said Geordie, "that 'll be as good a beacon for the boats to give the breaker the slip as ever blazed. Not that Jouvency needs it though. There is n't a drop of water this side the Tusks but he knows it by name!"

PITTSBURG.

THERE are three cities readily accessible to the tourist, which are peculiar, — Quebec, New Orleans, and Pittsburg, — and of these Pittsburg is the most interesting by far. In other towns the traveller can make up his list of lions, do them in a few hours, and go away satisfied; but here all is curious or wonderful, — site, environs, history, geology, business, aspect, atmosphere, customs, everything. Pittsburg is a place to read up for, to unpack your trunk and settle down at, to make excursions from, and to study as you would study a group of sciences. To know Pittsburg thoroughly is a liberal education in "the kind of culture demanded by modern times."

On that low point of land, fringed now with steamboats and covered with grimy houses, scarcely visible in the November fog and smoke, modern history began. It began on an April day, one hundred and thirteen years ago, with the first hostile act of the long war which secured North America to our race, and gave final pre-eminence in Europe to the Protestant powers. Bismarck's recent exploits do but continue the work begun in 1754, when a French captain seized that point of land, and built Fort Duquesne upon it. From the windows of the Monongahela House, which stands near the site of the old fort, and within easy reach of the three rivers, the whole geography of the country can be spelled out on the sides of the steamboats. Here begins the Great West. We have reached the United States. Or, if it is political economy that you would know, behold it in operation! Here it is, complete, illustrated, with *errata* in the form of closed factories and workmen on the strike. Whatever protection can do to force the growth of premature enterprises has here been done, undone, and done again; and here, too, may be seen the legitimate triumphs of skill, fortitude, and patience, which the vagaries of legislation do not destroy, nor the alteration of a decimal fraction at a custom-house impair. Brave and steadfast men have battled nobly here with the substances that offer the greatest resistance to our control, and which serve us best when subjugated; and in the hills and valleys round about, nature has stored those substances away with unequalled profusion. Besides placing a thick layer of excellent bituminous coal halfway up those winding heights, besides accumulating within them exhaustless supplies of iron, besides sinking under them unfathomable wells of oil and salt water, nature has coiled about their bases a system of navigable streams, all of which form themselves into two rivers, — the Alleghany and Monongahela, — and at Pittsburg unite to form the Ohio, and give the city access to every port on earth. It is chiefly at Pittsburg that the products of the Pennsylvania hills and mountains are converted into wealth and distributed over the world. The wonder is, not that Pittsburg is an assemblage of flourishing towns of 230,000 inhabitants, but that, placed at such a commanding point, it is not the *most* flourishing and the *most* populous city in America.

This it might have been, perhaps, if the site had been ten level square miles, instead of two, and those two surrounded by steep hills four hundred feet high, and by rivers a third of a mile wide. It is curiously hemmed in, — that small triangle of low land upon which the city was originally built. A stranger walking about the streets on a summer afternoon is haunted by the idea that a terrific thunder-storm is hanging over the place. Every street appears to end in a huge black cloud, and there is everywhere the ominous darkness that creeps over the scene when a storm is approaching. When the traveller has satisfied himself that the black clouds

are only the smoke-covered hills that rise from each of the three rivers, still he catches himself occasionally quickening his steps, so as to get back to his umbrella before the storm bursts. During our first stroll about the town, some years ago, we remained under this delusion for half an hour; and only recovered from it after observing that the old ladies who sat knitting about the markets never stirred to get their small stock of small wares under cover.

Pittsburg announces its peculiar character from afar off. Those who approach it in the night see before them, first of all, a black hill, in the side of which are six round flaming fires, in a row, like six fiery eyes. Then other black hills loom dimly up, with other rows of fires half-way up their sides; and there are similar fiery dots in the gloom as far as the eye can reach. This is wonderfully picturesque, and excites the curiosity of the traveller to the highest point. He thinks that Pittsburg must be at work behind those fires, naked to the waist, with hairy chest and brawny arms, doing tremendous things with molten iron, or forging huge masses white-hot, amid showers of sparks. No such thing. These rows of fires, of which scores can be counted from a favorable point, are merely the chimneys of coke-ovens, quietly doing their duty during the night, unattended. That duty is to convert the waste coal-dust at the mouths of the mines, where it has been accumulating for a century, into serviceable coke. These are almost the only fires about Pittsburg that are always burning, night and day, Sundays and holidays.

The approach to the city by day is even more remarkable. The railroad from Cincinnati, after crossing the Ohio several miles below Pittsburg, has an arduous work to perform. Its general design is to follow the course of the river; but as the river is always bending into the form of the letter S, and carrying the hills with it, the railroad is continually diving under the hills to make short cuts. This is unfavorable to the improvement of the traveller's mind; for the alternations from daylight to darkness are so frequent and sudden, that he is apt, at length, to lay aside his book altogether, and give himself up to the contemplation of the November drizzle. This was our employment when the cars stopped opposite the point for which *nine* nations have contended, — France, England, the United States, and the "Six Nations." Was there ever such a dismal lookout anywhere else in this world? Those hills, once so beautifully rounded and in such harmony with the scene, have been cut down, sliced off, pierced, slanted, zigzagged, built upon, built under, until almost every trace of their former outline has been obliterated, without receiving from man's hand any atoning beauty. The town lies low, as at the bottom of an excavation, just visible through the mingled smoke and mist, and every object in it is black. Smoke, smoke, smoke, — everywhere smoke! Smoke, with the noise of the steam-hammer, and the spouting flame of tall chimneys, — that is all we perceive of Pittsburg from the side of the hill opposite the site of Fort Duquesne. How different the scene which the youthful Washington saw here, a hundred and twenty years ago, when not a human dwelling was near, and scarcely a white man lived beyond the Alleghanies! With his soldier's eye he marked the rushing Alleghany, the tranquil Monongahela, the winding Ohio, and the hills through which they flowed, only to report that the point of land at the intersection was the very place, of all others, for a fort. We have found better uses for it since. But these better uses have played havoc with the striking beauties of the landscape.

The two tributary rivers are spanned by many bridges, light but strong, some of which are of great elegance. Over one of them the train crosses the Monongahela, alive with black barges and puffing tug-boats, and enters soon that famous depot, the common centre of all the great railroads meeting here.

The West is paying back, with large interest, the instruction and propulsion it once received from the East. New York has no such depot as this, though it has far more need of one than any Western city. We shall have to go to school to the West, erelong, and try to enlarge our minds and methods, — especially our methods of dealing with that long-suffering creature, the Public. Many thousand passengers are daily received, transferred, and distributed at this extensive depot, replete with every convenience, without loss of time, money, or temper.

The traveller arriving from the West is immediately reminded that, at this point, the West terminates. Neither the Western nor the Southern mind fully recognizes the existence of any sum of money between five and ten cents, and the Southern man considers it a proud distinction that in his "section" there are no copper coins. In this depot, on the contrary, boys can be found who charge seven cents for a New York paper. In this depot there are hackmen who demand the exact fare as by law established, and who manifest some concern for the traveller's convenience and comfort. Many other trifling circumstances denote that we have reached a State where exactness and economy are instinctive; a State that is neither Eastern nor Western, Northern nor Southern, but constitutes a class by itself, — PENNSYLVANIA, — square, solid, plodding, careful, saving Pennsylvania. There is no affectation *here* of stuffing change into the pocket without counting it. There is no one *here* who does not know there are such sums of money as seven, eight, and nine cents. Iron ore is not converted into steel bars so easily that the people who do it are disposed to throw away ever so small a fraction of the results of their labor. On the other hand, these men of iron know how to be liberal when there is occasion. During the war, no regiment, no soldier, passed through Pittsburg without being bountifully entertained; and the Sanitary Fair held here yielded a larger sum, for the size of the city, than any other. The sum was very nearly four hundred thousand dollars. It is people who feel the utility of copper coin that can do such things.

From some of the expensive foibles of human nature the people of Pittsburg are necessarily exempt. There can never be any dandies here. He would be a very bold man indeed who should venture into the streets of Pittsburg with a pair of yellow kids upon his hands, nor would they be yellow more than ten minutes. All dainty and showy apparel is forbidden by the state of the atmosphere, and equally so is delicate upholstery within doors. Some very young girls, in flush times, when wages are high, venture forth with pink or blue ribbons in their bonnets, which may, in highly favorable circumstances, look clean and fresh for half a mile; but ladies of standing and experience never think of such extravagance, and wear only the colors that harmonize with the dingy livery of the place. These ladies pass their lives in an unending, ineffectual struggle with the omnipresent black. Everything is bought and arranged with reference to the ease with which its surface can be purified from the ever-falling soot. Lace curtains, carved furniture, light-colored carpets, white paint, marble, elaborate chandeliers, and every substance that either catches or shows this universal and all-penetrating product of the place, are avoided by sensible housekeepers. As to the men of Pittsburg, there is not an individual of them who appears to take the slightest interest in his clothes. If you wish to be in the height of the fashion there, you must be worth half a million, and wear a shabby suit of fustian. You must be proprietor in some extensive "works," and go about not quite as well dressed as the workmen.

We will endeavor to describe without exaggeration the state of the atmosphere in Pittsburg, as we observed it on the 6th of December, 1866. We select that day because it was the first perfect specimen of a Pittsburg day at which we ever had the pleasure

to assist, and it consequently made an impression on our mind. During the autumn, they have about thirty such days as the one we are about to describe. Pittsburg is proud of them. No other city can exhibit such a day. Pittsburg amuses itself (when it can find a moment to spare) with the wonder which its characteristic and unapproachable day excites in the mind of the stranger. No matter how dark it may be, the people still say that "this is nothing" to what they *can* do in the way of darkness. It was with irrepressible exultation, that one of the young gentlemen of the press assured us that he had been three weeks waiting to have his photograph taken. We know not why it is that no one has given an account of this curious production of nature and art, — a Pittsburg day.

On waking in the morning, while it was still as dark as midnight, we became gradually conscious that the town was all astir. The newsboys were piping their morning song at the door of the hotel; the street cars were jingling by; the steamboat whistles were shrieking; those huge Pennsylvania wagons, with their long lines of horses, were rumbling past; and in the passages of the hotel frequent steps were heard, of heavy-booted travellers and of light-footed chambermaids. "Ah," we thought, "this is Pennsylvania indeed! What energy, what a fury of industry! All Pittsburg at work before the dawn of day! This surpasses Chicago. What would luxurious St. Louis say of such reckless devotion to business as this?" Revolving such thoughts, it occurred to us, at length, that it would be only proper for an inquisitive traveller to follow this example, and do in Pittsburg as the Pittsburghers had already done. This bold conception was executed. A match was felt for and found, the gas was lighted, and the first duties of the day were performed with that feeling of moral superiority to mankind in general which is apt to steal over the soul of a person who dresses by gas-light for the first time in many years. "Would Brown do this? would Jones? would Robinson? What vigor there must be in that traveller who gets up to study his town before the first streak of dawn!"

Descending to the lower rooms of the hotel, elate with this new vanity, we were encouraged to find the gas all alight and turned full on, just as we had left it the evening before. The dining-room, too, was brilliantly lighted, and full of people taking sustenance. Hardly prepared to go so far as to take breakfast by gas-light, — there is a medium in all things, even in the practice of heroic virtue, — we nevertheless deemed it a wise precaution to buy a newspaper or two, thinking it probable that in such a place the newspapers would be all bought and done with by daylight. Then we strolled to the front door, and out into the street. It was still dark, though there were some very faint indications of daylight. Everything, however, was in full movement, — stores open and lighted up, drivers alert, newsboys vociferous, vehicles and passers-by as numerous as if it were broad day. It is not pleasant to stumble about out of doors before daylight, on a damp and chilly December morning, especially in a strange place. The valuable idea now occurred to us, that it would be good economy to employ the time required by the day to overcome the gloom of the twilight in breakfasting. This fine idea was realized, and as it was never possible for us to read a newspaper with the light ten feet above it, we soon lost ourselves in wonder why people order for breakfast, at a hotel, five times as much as they can eat. We also pleased ourselves in anticipating the moderation which these wasters of food will exhibit when the civilized custom prevails of paying for what is ordered, and no more. These reflections were prolonged and varied as much as possible, and we endeavored to check the propensity to eat rapidly which besets him who eats alone in a crowd. Still the daylight made little progress; which we excused

on the ground that it had much to contend with in Pittsburg, and could not be expected to do as well as in more favored climes. We left the dining-room, and looked about for a seat close to a window, where perhaps the large-type headings of the news might be made out by the aid of a glass. There was just light enough for that, and we sat awhile waiting for more. It came with such strange and tantalizing slowness, that it occurred to us, at last, to see what time it was. One glance at the watch dispelled our dream of moral superiority. It was a quarter to nine!

It was a still, foggy morning. There being no wind to drive away the smoke issuing from five hundred huge chimneys, the deep chasm in which Pittsburg lies was filled full of it, and this smoke was made heavy and thick by being mixed with vapor. At eleven o'clock that morning all the gas in the stores was lighted, and the light was as necessary as it ever can be at night. At ten minutes past noon, we chanced to be in a bookstore, where the book-keeper's desk was situated directly under a skylight, which in any other city would have flooded the desk with a dazzling excess of light. Even there, the gas was burning with all its force from two burners, and all its light was required. Toward two o'clock the heavy masses of smoke lifted a little; the sun appeared, in the semblance of a large, clean, yellow turnip; and, for the first time that day, it was possible to read without artificial light. This interval lasted half an hour. By three o'clock, it was darker than ever, and so remained till night came to make the darkness natural; when, the streets being lighted, Pittsburg was more cheerful than it had been all day.

There is one evening scene in Pittsburg which no visitor should miss. Owing to the abruptness of the hill behind the town, there is a street along the edge of a bluff, from which you can look directly down upon all that part of the city which lies low, near the level of the rivers. On the evening of this dark day, we were conducted to the edge of the abyss, and looked over the iron railing upon the most striking spectacle we ever beheld. The entire space lying between the hills was filled with blackest smoke, from out of which the hidden chimneys sent forth tongues of flame, while from the depths of the abyss came up the noise of hundreds of steam-hammers. There would be moments when no flames were visible; but soon the wind would force the smoky curtains aside, and the whole black expanse would be dimly lighted with dull wreaths of fire. It is an unprofitable business, view-hunting; but if any one would enjoy a spectacle as striking as Niagara, he may do so by simply walking up a long hill to Cliff Street in Pittsburg, and looking over into — hell with the lid taken off.

Such is the kind of day of which Pittsburg boasts. The first feeling of the stranger is one of compassion for the people who are compelled to live in such an atmosphere. When hard pressed, a son of Pittsburg will not deny that the smoke *has* its inconveniences. He admits that it does prevent some inconsiderate people from living there, who, but for the prejudice against smoke in which they have been educated, would become residents of the place. He insists, however, that the smoke of bituminous coal kills malaria, and saves the eyesight. The smoke, he informs you, is a perpetual public sun-shade and color-subduer. There is no glare in Pittsburg, except from fire and red-hot iron; no object meets the eye that demands much of that organ, and consequently diseases of the eyes are remarkably rare. It is interesting to hear a Pittsburgher discourse on this subject; and it much relieves the mind of a visitor to be told, and to have the assertion proved, that the smoke, so far from being an evil, is a blessing. The really pernicious atmospheres, say the Pittsburg philosophers, convey to man no intimation of the poison with which they are laden, and we inhale death while enjoying every breath we draw; but this smoke is an evil only to the imagina-

tion, and it destroys every property of the atmosphere which is hostile to life. In proof of which the traveller is referred to the tables of mortality, which show that Pittsburg is the most favorable city in the world to longevity. All this is comforting to the benevolent mind. Still more so is the fact, that the fashion of living a few miles out of the smoke is beginning to prevail among the people of Pittsburg. Villages are springing up as far as twenty miles away, to which the business men repair, when, in consequence of having inhaled the smoke all day, they feel able to bear the common country atmosphere through the night. It is probable that, in coming years, the smoky abyss of Pittsburg will be occupied only by factories and "works," and that nearly the whole population will deny themselves the privilege of living in the smoke. With three rivers and half a dozen railroads, the people have ready means of access to places of almost unequalled beauty and pleasantness.

The "great fact" of Pittsburg is coal. Iron and copper can better afford to come to coal to be melted, than send for coal to come and melt them. All those hills that frown down upon Pittsburg, and those that rise from the rivers back of Pittsburg, have a stratum of coal in them from four to twelve feet thick. This stratum is about three hundred feet above the water's edge, and about one hundred feet from the average summit of the hills. It is simply a great cake of coal, lying flat in the hills, uniform, compact, as though this region had once been a lake of liquid coal, upon which mountains had been tossed, pressing it solid. The higher the hill rises above the coal cake, the better is the coal. It has had more pressure, is more compact and less impure. What this black stuff really is that we have named coal, how it got laid away so evenly in these hills, why the stratum of coal is always found just so high up the hill, why coal is found here and not everywhere, and why it is better here than elsewhere, are questions to which answers have often been attempted. We have read some of these answers, and remain up to the present moment perfectly ignorant of the whole matter. The mere quantity of coal in this region is sufficiently staggering. All the foundries and iron-works on earth could find ample room in this region, at the edge of a navigable stream, and have a coal mine at their back doors. The coal that is used in the foundries along the Monongahela is only shovelled twice. Deep in the heart of the hill that rises behind the foundry, the coal is mined, and thrown upon a car, by which it is conveyed to the mouth of the mine, and thence down an inclined plane to the foundry, where it is dumped at the door of the furnace which is to consume it. And, it seems, there are fifteen thousand square miles of "this sort of thing." The "great Pittsburg coal seam," as it is called, which consists of bituminous coal only, is put down in the books as covering eight and a half millions of acres. Mr. George H. Thurston of Pittsburg, who is learned in everything relating to his beloved city, computes that this area contains a trifle of about three trillions and a half of bushels of workable coal, or fifty-four billions of tons. Supposing this coal to be worth at the mine two dollars a ton, and supposing that we could sell out the whole seam for cash, Mr. Thurston assures us that we could immediately pay the national debt twenty-seven times over. He also remarks, that it would take the entire product of the California gold mines for a thousand years to buy the coal of this one seam.

We fervently hope these statements are correct. What we need is, a grand National, or, rather, a Continental Survey, on the scale of the Coast Survey, to take an inventory of our natural wealth, that could be implicitly relied on. It is but thirteen years ago, that a writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who seemed deeply versed in his subject, assured his readers that there was in the coal mines of Great Britain workable coal enough to last nineteen

hundred years; and now a great man rises in Parliament, and startles the world by the assertion that the supply will be practically exhausted in eighty years! If Mr. Thurston is right, and if Mr. Mill is right, the time is at hand when Sheffield, Birmingham, and the other iron cities of England will begin to cast inquiring eyes at these hills and streams about Pittsburg. If there is indeed a supply of bituminous coal in this region for many thousand years, we see no reason why Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and fifty smaller cities, may not make their gas in the coal region, and convey it across the country in pipes. The idea has been discussed, and there is talk of a company for carrying it into effect. This matter of the quantity and distribution of coal is of importance beyond calculation. There was one "tow" of coal sent down to New Orleans last year by a Pittsburg house, that contained all the coal of three and a quarter acres of seam. It were well to know with certainty and exactness how long the Pittsburg seam can keep it up at that rate.

To observe the whole process of getting coal out of the hills, it is only necessary to walk half a mile from the city. Cross one of the bridges over the Monongahela, walk up the hill that rises from the banks of that tranquil stream, and you behold, in the side of the hill, a round hole about large enough for a man to stand upright in. This cavity has smooth walls of coal, and there is a narrow railroad track in it. The air within is neither damp nor chilly, and often delicate flowers are blooming about the entrance. Strangers usually enter this convenient and inviting aperture, which may lead into the hill a mile, or even three miles. After walking a hundred yards or so, strangers usually think it best to go no farther. It is as dark in there as darkness itself, and as silent as a tomb. The entrance shows like a distant point of light. The visitor listens for the sound of the pickaxe, or the rumble of a coal-car; but nothing breaks the horrid silence of the place, and, retracing his steps, he sees with pleasure the point expanding into a round O. Reassured, he peers again into the mountain's heart, and discerns in the far distance a speck of light. This speck slowly, very slowly, approaches. A low and distant rumble is heard. The speck of light enlarges a little. A voice is heard, — the voice of a boy addressing an observation to a mule. The light, that was but a speck, begins now to disperse the gloom; and at last we discover that it is a lamp fixed upon a mule's head, and that the mule is drawing two or three car-loads of coal, and is driven by a perfectly black white boy, who also has a lamp upon his head. The coal is immediately dumped, the mule is attached to the other end of the train, and reenters the black hole. A stranger who has a proper respect for his garments will hesitate to climb over into that exceedingly black car; but curiosity is frequently stronger than principle, and there are travellers who will ride into the black bowels of the earth if they see an empty car going thither. What a strange sensation! How great the distance! The round O of the entrance, after dwindling to a white dot, disappears quite, and it is long before anything becomes visible in the depths of the mine. As we pass along this black and narrow street, — just wide enough for a car, and not high enough for a man to stand upright in the car, — we observe openings like doors into black, empty rooms. These *are* "rooms." When a mine is opened, the first thing, of course, is to make a straight passage into it; but on each side of the passage "rooms" are opened, one man being assigned to each, who excavates the apartment in solitude. The partitions left between the "rooms" keep the hill from settling down, and they remain intact until the seam is worked out. Then the partitions are knocked away and the coal removed. The hill is then only supported by upright logs, two or three feet thick, which, as the hill settles,

are pressed slowly down and flattened out.

After a long ride in the car, signs of life appear; a speck of light is seen in the distance, and the click of a pickaxe is faintly heard. The train of empty coal-cars stops at the door of a "room," and one of them is cast off, and pushed into this apartment by a turnout. The visitors alight as best they can, and find themselves in the coaliest coal-hole ever known. Nothing is seen, felt, or smelt but coal; nothing is heard but the eager strokes of an invisible pickaxe, wielded by an unseen arm. The solitary occupant of this "room" is invisible at the moment, because he is employed in what the miners call "bearing in." When a miner finds himself before a wall of coal, from which he is to excavate convenient masses of that precious commodity, the first thing he does is to "bear in." To "bear in" is to get down upon your knees, and with a pickaxe cut deeply in at the bottom of the seam of coal, — as far in as you can reach, even by lying down. When the miner has made his gash, three feet deep and six feet wide, it is very easy by wedges, or even by the pick-axe alone, to bring down all the upper part of the seam in pieces small enough to handle. Our miner was bearing in, at the moment of our entrance, with enthusiasm, owing to his being a little behind with his heap for the next load. Each miner expects to have a car-load ready when his car comes, and he lays out his work accordingly. His task is done when he has dug out the coal, and loaded it upon the car. And it is for doing these two things that he is paid a certain sum per bushel. Seven years ago, that sum was three quarters of a cent; it is now four cents; and the miners used to get out more coal per day when the price was low than they do now at the high price. Our eager miner, hearing voices in his room, rose at length, and dimly revealed himself by the light of a very small tin lamp that hung loosely on his forehead. What a picture he was, as he peered over the heap of coal, with his black cap fitting close to his head, his dangling tin lamp, his coaly visage, his red lips and white teeth, and his black eyes glistening in the midst of the dull black of the rest of his countenance! He looked the Spirit of the Coal-mine. He was, however, introduced to the intruders as "Mr. Gallagher"; and a very merry, social, pleasant fellow he was.

People come into the mines prepared to regard with compassion these grimy workers in the eternal dark; but, on the contrary, they find them the gayest of men, very cheerful and companionable, with a keen sense of independence and personal dignity. We discovered at once that this man of the dangling lamp was indeed *Mr.* Gallagher. He begins work when he likes, works as fast as he likes, or as slow, and goes home when he likes. His "room" is his own against the world; and when he has dug out of it his regular hundred bushels, which he usually accomplishes about three o'clock in the afternoon, he takes up his oil-bottle and his dinner-kettle, gets upon a load of coal, rides to daylight, and saunters home. When he has had his thorough Saturday-afternoon wash, and has put on his fine Sunday broadcloth, he looks like a pale, muscular poet. The sun does not brown his skin, nor the wind roughen it. He works in the dark, in a still air, and at a uniform temperature of about sixty degrees, the year round. If he has a fancy to get rich, he can. Many of the proprietors about here once dug coal at three quarters of a cent per bushel. The people who live near the mines along the Monongahela speak well of the miners as a class. They are proud, honest, and orderly. A few of them, on festive days, indulge in their native pastime of whipping their wives; but even the few who do this are acquiring a taste for nobler pleasures. The farmers say that their apples and watermelons are as safe here as anywhere. The miners are proud of their right to vote, are prompt to exercise that right, and generally send their children to school.

We asked "Mr. Gallagher" whether

the practice of his vocation was attended by any danger. Like most other men in perilous employments, he protested that there was not the least danger, if a man was only careful. In proof of which he adduced the fact, that in this mine only one man had been killed in eleven months, and he was killed by a piece of "horseback" falling on him. Horseback is a thick scale of remarkably heavy stone that is always found at the top of the stratum of coal, and which *ought* to fall when the coal is cut away from under it. But masses of it often adhere to the roof of the mine, and cannot be dislodged without more labor than a miner is always willing to bestow. In almost every "room" of a mine, therefore, there will be heavy chunks of horseback clinging to the roof, which are sure to fall soon, and may fall at any instant. The solitary occupant of the room intends to avoid standing under these masses. He also intends to employ his first leisure in prying them off. But time passes; he forgets, in the heat of his work, the overhanging peril; and some day the solitary worker in the next room notices that his neighbor's pickaxe has ceased to strike. Down there in the bowels of the earth, each man working by himself, separated from his fellow by a wall of coal several feet thick, men acquire a strange power of knowing how it fares with their friends in the rooms adjoining. They can tell what they are doing, whether they are forward with their load or behind with it, whether the coal is working easily or hard, whether they are working merrily or dully, whether they are good-tempered or cross. The sudden cessation of *all* noise in a room, at an hour when work is going on, soon attracts attention, and the poor miner is found with his lamp and his life crushed out, under half a ton of horseback. This is said to be the only danger to the miners of the Pittsburg Seam. If noxious gases are generated, it is easy to open a passage through to the other side of the hill for ventilation, or make a chimney through the roof. It is difficult to see how fifty or sixty billions of tons of coal could be put where man could get at them more conveniently. Sir Charles Lyell, who was in this region some years ago, was particularly struck with the accessibility of this coal, and observed that he never saw anywhere else coal so easily worked and loaded.

The population of the coal region near Pittsburg is about thirty-five thousand, and seven thousand of these are employed in and about the mines. The annual product of the mines is something near two millions and a half of tons, of which one third is consumed at Pittsburg, and the rest is sent away down the rivers to fill the valley of the Mississippi with smoke. In one week of 1866, seven steamboats arrived at New Orleans, having in tow fifty-eight coal-barges from Pittsburg, containing in all forty-five thousand tons of coal, worth at New Orleans three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

As to that third part of the coal product of the great Pittsburg Seam which Pittsburg itself consumes, it performs a prodigious quantity of work, assisted by nine thousand mechanics and laborers. There are in the congregation of towns which the outside world knows only by the name of Pittsburg, five hundred manufactories and "works." Fifty of these are glass-works, in which one half of all our glass-ware is made, and which employ three thousand persons. This important branch of business was planted here in 1787 by a person no less distinguished than Albert Gallatin, and it has grown to proportions of which no one seems to be aware out of Pittsburg. The fifteen bottle-works here produce the incredible number of seventy million bottles and vials per annum. But Pittsburg (so we were told in Nicholas Longworth's wine-cellar at Cincinnati) has not yet learned to make a champagne-bottle that will stand the pressure of that wine. A serviceable champagne-bottle has never yet been made in the United States; and we have to send to France for all that we require in Ohio,

Missouri, and California. We learned (in the same subterranean retreat) that the Pittsburg champagne-bottle comes nearest to being what a champagne-bottle should be, of any made in the United States. One in ten of the best French bottles bursts in the cellar of the bottler; one in six of the best Pittsburg bottles. But the truth is, we are such inveterate swillers of every kind of abominable mess that admits of being bottled, labelled, and advertised, that the Pittsburg bottle-makers have not had time yet to develop the higher branches of their vocation. Any sort of glass will do for quack medicine.

There are also fifteen window-glass-works at Pittsburg, which produce nearly half a million boxes of that commodity every year, worth about two millions and a half of dollars. It so happened that we had a burning curiosity to know how window-glass is made, and one of the first things we did at Pittsburg was to gratify this noble thirst for knowledge. Who would have thought that common window-glass is *blown?* It is actually blown like a bottle. The blower stands on a bench, and as he blows, he swings his tube to and fro, which causes the soft globule to lengthen out into a cylinder, five feet long and one foot in diameter. This cylinder is afterwards slit down all its length by a diamond, and placed in an oven, with the diamond-cut uppermost. As that oven grows hot, the cylinder divides where the diamond marked it, gently falls apart, and lies down flat on the bottom of the oven. There is your sheet of window-glass. As soon as it is cooled, it is cut into the required sizes by a diamond. There are also fifteen flint-glass-works at Pittsburg, the annual product of which is more than four thousand tons of the finest glass-ware, worth two millions of dollars. The total value of the glass made at Pittsburg every year is about seven millions of dollars, which is almost exactly one half of the value of our whole annual product of glass-ware. This is one item of the yearly work done by Pittsburg coal at Pittsburg. Other trifles are sixteen potteries, forty-six foundries, thirty-one rolling-mills, thirty-three manufactories of machinery, and fifty-three oil-refineries. Such a thing it is to have plenty of coal!

Oil Creek is a branch of the Alleghany River, and empties into it one hundred miles above Pittsburg. Pittsburg is, consequently, the great petroleum mart of the world. It is but five years ago that this material became important; and yet there were received at Pittsburg during the year 1866 more than sixteen hundred thousand barrels of it. The Alleghany River is one of the swiftest of navigable streams; but there is never a moment when its surface at Pittsburg is not streaked with petroleum. It would not require remarkable talent in an inhabitant of this place to "set the river on fire." The crude oil is floated down this impetuous river in the slightest-built barges, — mere oblong boxes made of common boards, — into which the oil is poured as into an enormous trough. Petroleum is lighter than water, and would float very well without being boxed in; only it would be difficult to keep each proprietor's lot separate. It needs but a slight accident to knock a hole in one of these thin barges. When such an accident has occurred, the fact is revealed by the rising of the petroleum in the barge; and the vessel gets fuller and fuller, until it overflows. In a few minutes, the petroleum lies all spread out upon the swift river, making its way toward Pittsburg, while the barge is filled with water and sunk.

We were prepared to discourse wisely upon the subject of oil, — its discovery, the fortunes made and squandered "in" it, and the healthy, proper way in which oil is now rising from the rank of a game to that of a business. We give place, however, to the editor of the "Crawford Journal" (published in the oil region), who related while we were at Pittsburg a story which is worth more than preaching. An item appeared in the papers, recording the sale of a certain farm on Oil Creek for taxes, which elicited from the editor of

the "Crawford Journal" the following remarkable explanation: —

"This farm was among the first of the oil-producing farms of the valley. Early in 1863, the Van Slyke well, on this farm, was struck, and flowed for some time at the rate of twenty-five hundred barrels per day, and several wells yielding from two hundred to eight hundred barrels were struck at subsequent periods. Beside these, there were many smaller wells; and the territory, though sadly mismanaged, is still regarded as among the best in the oil region. In 1864, Widow McClintock died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil. At this time, the average daily income from the landed interest of the farm was two thousand dollars; and by her will the property, with all her possessions in money, was left, without reservation, to her adopted son, John W. Steele, then about twenty years of age. In the iron safe where the old lady kept her money was found one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two thirds of the amount in greenbacks, and the balance in gold. Mrs. McClintock was hardly cold in her coffin before young Steele, who appears to have had nothing naturally vicious in his composition, was surrounded by a set of vampires, who clung to him as long as he had a dollar remaining. The young millionnaire's head was evidently turned by his good fortune, as has been that of many an older man who made his 'pile in oil'; and he was of the opinion that his money would accumulate too rapidly unless it was actually thrown away, and throw it away he did. Many of the stories concerning his career in New York and Philadelphia savor strongly of fiction, and would not be credited were they not so well authenticated. Wine, women, horses, faro, and general debauchery, soon made a wreck of that princely fortune; and in twenty months Johnny Steele squandered two millions of dollars. Hon. John Morrissey, M. C., 'went through' him at faro to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars in two nights; he bought high-priced turnouts, and after driving them an hour or two gave them away; equipped a large minstrel troupe, and presented each member with a diamond pin and ring, and kept about him, besides, two or three men who were robbing him day after day. He is now filling the honorable position of doorkeeper for Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels, the company he organized, and is — to use a very expressive, but not strictly classical phrase — completely 'played out.'

"The wealth obtained by those who worked so assiduously to effect Steele's ruin gave little permanent benefit to its possessors. The person most brazen and chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs was the notorious Seth Slocum, who hung around this city several weeks last summer. He was worth at one time over one hundred thousand dollars, which he had 'captured' from Steele, and laid aside for a rainy day; but when the latter's money vanished, this amount soon took unto itself wings, and he is at present known among his old associates as a 'dead beat.' At last accounts, Slocum was incarcerated in the jail of a neighboring county for various breaches of the peace, and was unable to obtain bail in the sum of five hundred dollars. Exemplifications these of the old adage, 'Easy come, easy go'; or the other, 'Fools and their money are soon parted.'"

This is merely the most striking and best known of many similar instances. It is doubtful if wealth suddenly acquired, without merit on the part of the recipient, has *ever* been of real service; and we presume Johnny Steele did the best thing possible for him in getting rid of his absurd millions in twenty months. He might have staggered under them twenty years, and even then had enough left to keep him from his proper place in the world. Happily, all this is over in the oil country, where the business languishes after the excitements of recent years, and is settling down to be a safe and legitimate pursuit, like coal, iron, and salt.

It is, however, the iron-works of Pittsburg that usually attract the stranger first, astonish him most, and detain him longest. We all know the precise quantity of "dirt" which each of us has to eat in a lifetime. It is one peck. But is the gentle reader aware, that each inhabitant of the United States "consumes" about one hundred and twenty-five pounds of iron every year? So we are assured; and we are also informed that the fact is highly honorable to us, since the quantity of iron consumed by a nation is one of the tests of its civilization. A Spaniard, for example, gets along with only five pounds of iron in a year, and a Russian finds ten pounds sufficient. An Austrian is satisfied with fifteen, a Swiss with twenty-two, a Norwegian with thirty; but a German must have fifty pounds, a Frenchman sixty, a Belgian seventy. Of the iron consumed in the United States, it appears that about two fifths are manufactured at Pittsburg, in those hundred and thirteen iron-works mentioned before. There is not one of those establishments in which an intelligent person may not find wonders enough to entertain him all day; but in the compass of one brief article we can do little more than allude to one or two of the more famous and established "lions." Pittsburg, as we have before remarked, is densely packed with marvels. Go where you will, you find something of the most particular interest, that demands to be examined, and most richly rewards examination. If ever we establish a college, we shall arrange it so, that the senior class shall spend six weeks at and near Pittsburg, in order to vivify their knowledge of geology, chemistry, and the other sciences.

Down by the swift and turbid Alleghany, close to the river, as all the great foundries are, we discovered with difficulty, on a very dark morning, the celebrated Fort Pitt Foundry, where twenty-five hundred of the great guns were cast that blew the late "So-Called" out of water. In this establishment may be seen the sublime of the mechanic arts. Only here, on the continent of America, have there ever been cast those monsters of artillery which are called by the ridiculous diminutive of "the twenty-inch gun." A twenty-inch gun is one of those corpulent pieces of ordnance that we see mounted on forts about our harbors, which weigh sixty tons, cost fifty thousand dollars each, and send a ball of a thousand pounds three miles. To be exact, the ball weighs one thousand and eighty pounds, and it costs one hundred and sixty-five dollars. To discharge a twenty-inch gun, loaded with one of these balls, requires one hundred and twenty-five pounds of powder, worth forty cents a pound; so that every time one of the guns is fired it costs a hundred and ninety-five dollars, without counting the wear and tear of the gun and its carriage, and the pay of the men.

The foundry where these huge guns are made is large, lofty, dark, and remarkably silent. Nearly every operation goes on in silence, and without the least fuss or hurry. We will endeavor to show, in a few words, how it is that a large lump of iron with a hole in it should cost so much.

To people outside of the iron world iron is iron; but to people inside of that world there are as many varieties of iron as there are sources of supply. We have often been amused at the positiveness with which the inhabitants of iron districts declare their iron to be the "best in the world." The people of Marquette, upon Lake Superior, the people interested in the Iron Mountain of Missouri, the iron-makers of Lake Champlain, and all who have anything to do with an iron mine, assert the superiority of their own iron. The best of it is, that all these people are right; for each of the great brands of iron actually *is* the best in the world — for some purposes. The iron for these large cannons comes from the Bloomfield Mine, in Blair County, Pennsylvania, and there is in the United States but one other iron as good for guns; and that is found in far-off Massachusetts. Everything depends upon the even and

sufficient density of the iron; therefore, the pigs of iron from the Bloomfield Mine are again melted and purified here. They have an ingenious machine for testing the strength of iron. By a system of levers, a round piece of iron, one inch thick, is subjected to a steady pull until it breaks, and the operator is enabled to ascertain precisely how many pounds' weight it will bear. The same machine tests it by twisting and by crushing. It is this machine which determines the rank and value of all iron.

The mould in which the cannons are cast is an enormous structure of iron and sand, which weighs, when ready for the metal, more than forty tons. The preparation of the mould is the most difficult and delicate of all the work done in the foundry; but it would be nearly impossible to convey an idea of it on paper. When it is ready, it is hoisted by steam-derricks, and let down into a pit, where it stands on end, with open mouth, ready for the fiery fluid. Those steam-derricks are wonderful. One man, by their assistance, lifts, carries, and deposits upon a car, in thirty minutes, a twenty-inch gun in its mould, weighing in all (including the waste metal) one hundred and thirty tons; and this he does with about as much physical exertion as is required to draw a glass of beer from a barrel. The whole force of the foundry — two hundred and fifty men — could not move such a mass one inch in twenty-four hours, unaided by machinery.

The thrilling event of the day is the casting, which occurs here at two o'clock in the afternoon, one great gun being cast every day. Three furnaces, early in the morning, are stacked full of pigs of iron, as high as a man's head, and about ten o'clock the fires are lighted under them. In some three hours the stacks of pigs are all melted down into a pool of liquid iron one foot deep. From each of the three furnaces an iron trough, lined with clay, extends across the wide and gloomy foundry, to the mould which is this day to be filled. The distance is a hundred feet, perhaps; and the iron troughs are laid in curves, to prevent a too rapid flow of metal. (The Ohio River is arranged on the same principle.) Men are stationed along each trough to comb off the dross, and there are men at the mould with levers and other implements; while Joseph Kaye, the foreman and genius of the place, who learned his trade here thirty years ago, and who is the inventor of important parts of the process we are beholding, stands apart, to give the word and overlook the whole. The word is given. A man at each furnace sets the stream running. At once, three FIERY SERPENTS of the fieriest fire come coiling down those troughs with a kind of slow rush, and make for the mould, into which they go headlong, and fall to the bottom with a sputtering thud. The resemblance to a serpent is perfect, until the stream has reached the gun. The stranger fancies that he can see the fiery devil's eyes, and that the sparks that fly from his head are the signs of a deadly anger. The streams run for about twenty minutes, and then, at a signal, a lump of clay is thrust into the aperture of each furnace; the streams dwindle to threads, and dry up.

Usually, all goes so smoothly that it seems as if it could go no other way. But there are frightful perils in the business. Sometimes an obstruction will occur in one of the troughs, and the liquid metal will overflow, and spread about the ground; or the supply of iron will be exhausted before the mould is quite full; or a break will occur in the mould, and the iron burst through, spoiling the mould, and wasting itself in the bottom of the pit. It is at such times that Joseph Kaye asserts his kingly power, and stands self-possessed in the midst of panic-stricken men. Many a great gun about to lapse into hopeless ruin he has saved by his courage and skill. There have been times when every man fled but him, and he sufficed. They point out one honest German, who was so thoroughly terrified by the breaking of a steam-derrick with a gun hanging to it, that he ran home at

the top of his speed, and could not be coaxed back till six months had passed. Another German was once in a most painful dilemma. The furnaces having run dry before the gun-mould was quite full, the foreman, to save the gun, ordered metal to be brought from another furnace in iron pails. These pails of liquid iron are swung upon a lever, and carried by two men. Our German was so unfortunate as to stumble a little, which caused some of the melted metal to fall into his low shoe. But, exquisite as the agony was, he was obliged to endure it; since, in the hurry of the moment, there was no one who could stop to help him, while to have let go his load had been ruin and death. The man walked steadily to the mould, and assisted his comrade to empty the pail into it, before seeking relief.

After the gun has been cast, a variety of curious precautions are taken to cause the eighty tons of iron to cool in the manner most conducive to the strength of the gun. If nothing of this kind were done, the gun would be *thirty days* in getting cool enough to handle; but, by the constant flow of cold water in and out of the bore, the cooling is shortened to eighteen days. Then the huge thing is gently lifted out of its pit, gently swung across the dim foundry, and gently laid in the turning-shop; where the great rough end is cut off, where the outside is turned smooth, where the inside is bored to the proper size, where it loses twenty tons of metal. The mere boring of one of these monsters takes four weeks, night and day, Sundays and week-days. When once the boring has been begun, it can never stop until it is finished, without spoiling the gun; since, if the gun cools, the temperature that existed at the moment when the boring ceased can never be exactly reproduced, and consequently there will be a variation in the size of the bore. A variation in the bore of a hundredth part of an inch insures the rejection of the gun, and a hundredth part of an inch is less than the space between the teeth of a fine-tooth comb. Issuing from the lathe all shaven and shorn, the gun is laid upon two cars fastened together, taken seventeen miles out of town, fired ten times, and delivered to the government inspector. Formerly, they used to cram the great guns full of powder, and fire them off, thus overloaded, until they were on the point of bursting, and *would* burst with only an ordinary charge. This error has been avoided since the Princeton gun killed a Secretary of State, and came near destroying the whole government.

From seeing one of these enormous guns cast, the visitor at Pittsburg may go, if he chooses, to an establishment where they make tacks so minute that it takes a thousand of them to weigh an ounce. We went thither, having long had an imbecile curiosity to know how nails and tacks are made. How startling the contrast between the slow movements, and tranquil, gloomy vastness of the cannon foundry, and the animation of the great rattling, roaring, crowded nail-works of Chess, Smyth, & Co., all glaring and flashing with light, with many tall chimneys pouring out black smoke and red blaze into the December evening! Noise? There is only one place in this world as noisy as a large nail-factory in full operation, and that is under the sheet at Niagara Falls. How should it be otherwise, when the factory is making many thousand nails a minute, and when every single nail, spike, brad, and tack is *cut* from a strip of cold iron, and headed by a blow upon cold iron? We saw one machine there pouring out shoemakers' brads at the rate of three thousand a minute, and it required the attendance of only one boy. They came rattling down a tin gutter as fast as meal comes from a mill. But to see this wonderful machine astonishes the stranger less than to see a girl in the packing-room who *weighs* and packs two thousand papers of tacks in nine hours.

Nails are made thus: — 1. Pig-iron is rolled into long bars; 2. These long bars are cut into lengths of one foot;

3. These lengths are piled into heaps of nine; 4. These heaps of nine are rolled into sheets as thick as the nail is to be; 5. Those sheets are cut into strips a little wider than the nail is to be long; 6. These strips are cut into nails by the nailing-machine, which also heads the nails as they fall. A man holds the strip of iron in the machine's jaws, which instantly bite off a nail. But a nail tapers off from the head to the point, and consequently the strip has to be turned over before the machine can be allowed to bite again. But for this necessity of turning the strip, men could be dispensed with. Imagine a room four times as large as the interior of Trinity Church, with rows of nailing-machines as close together as sewing-machines in a clothing factory, and all on the full champ, — some biting off spikes three to a pound, and others nipping tacks at the rate of thousands a minute.

This most interesting establishment employs two hundred and ten men, forty boys, and twenty-five girls; consumes one hundred and fifty tons of iron in a week; makes two hundred kinds of nails, tacks, and brads; makes in a week two thousand four hundred kegs of nails, one hundred and fifty boxes of tacks one hundred pounds to a box, and one hundred boxes of brads.

The crowning glory of Pittsburg is the "American Iron-Works" of Messrs. Jones and Laughlins. This establishment, which employs twenty-five hundred men, which has a coal mine at its back door and an iron mine on Lake Superior, which makes almost every large and difficult iron thing the country requires, which usually has "on hand" seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of finished work, is such a world of wonder that this whole magazine would not contain an adequate account of it. Here are machines ponderous and exact; here are a thousand ingenuities; here is the net result of all that man has done in iron masses during the whole period of his residence upon earth. What should there be here, too, but a specimen of what man can *undo* in iron, in the form of a great heap of rusty twisted rails from Georgia, so completely spoiled by General Sherman's troops that there was nothing to be done with them but sell them for old iron! It is at these works alone that iron is subjected to the new process called "cold-rolling." Every reader has stood by a steam-engine, and admired the perfect roundness, the silvery brightness, and the irresistible thrust of the piston-rod. A piston-rod is usually made thus. A huge, jagged mass of white-hot iron, just on the point of fusion, is fished out of the furnace, and is swung across the foundry to the rolling-machine, which rolls it into a long round roll, a little thicker than the piston-rod is to be. It is next put into a turning lathe, where it is turned and polished to the size required, — a long and costly process. That is the usual way. The "cold-rolling" process is this: the long round roll, a little thicker than the piston-rod is to be, is passed *cold* through another rolling-mill of immense power, and simply *squeezed* to the size required. Advantages: 1. The process is quicker and cheaper; 2. The rod issues from the mill as brilliantly polished as the plate on a queen's table; 3. The pressure so increases the density of the iron, that the rod is about two and a half times stronger than those made in the old way. Iron plates and bars are made on the same principle.

We cannot linger among these wondrous "works" of the strong men of Pittsburg. The men themselves have claims upon our notice.

The masters of Pittsburg are mostly of the Scotch-Irish race, Presbyterians, keen and steady in the prosecution of their affairs, indifferent to pleasure, singularly devoid of the usual vanities and ostentations, proud to possess a solid and spacious factory, and to live in an insignificant house. There are no men of leisure in the town. Mr. George H. Thurston, President of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Com-

pany, — who, from having superintended the preparation of the Directory for many years, as well as from his very great interest in all that relates to the prosperity and glory of Pittsburg, knows the town better than any other person that ever lived in it, — assured us positively that there were not, in all the region which we call Pittsburg, three persons out of business who were physically capable of conducting business. The old men never think of "retiring," nor is there anything for them to retire to. The family tie being powerful in this race, the great firms are usually composed of near relatives, and generally survive the generation that founded them. Thus, the Fort Pitt Foundry, founded in 1803, has cast cannon for every war in which the United States has been engaged, and is now conducted by the worthy and talented nephews of the Charles Knap who made the establishment what it is. In the American Iron-Works, we find six partners, namely, the two chiefs, Messrs. Jones and Laughlin, two sons of one of these chiefs, and two brothers of the other, — a nice family party. Hence, there are few hired clerks in Pittsburg. These mighty "works" are managed with the minimum of expense. The visitor generally finds "the old man" bustling about the "works" in his cap and fustian jacket; while perhaps his eldest son is keeping the books, a son-in-law or nephew is making up the wages accounts, and a younger son is in the warehouse.

The conservative elements here are powerful, as they are in all communities in which families *endure*. Until very recently, in Pittsburg, it would have boded ill for a man to build a handsome house a few miles out of the smoke; and to this day it is said that a Pittsburg man of business who should publish a poem would find his "paper" doubted at the bank. "A good man, sir, but not practical." These excellent and strenuous men accuse themselves vehemently of a want of public spirit, and it is evident the charge is just. For the last few years, business has rushed in upon them like a torrent; and all their force having been expended in doing this business, they now awake to the fact, that a GREAT CITY is upon their hands, to be consolidated, organized, paved, policed, parked, purified, and adorned. They now feel that some of those iron-kings, those great men of glass, oil, coal, salt, and clay, must leave business to their sons and nephews, and take hold of Pittsburg.

The masters work too hard. We wish we had room to tell the story of one of the great brains of this place, just as we heard him tell it. We can but indicate the outline.

His own master at sixteen. At twenty-eight, one of a firm about to found new iron-works. Capital, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Plunged into a business of a million per annum. Ticklish work this! A slight miscalculation in estimating for a contract, an unexpected rise in the price of something, and away goes the small capital, and honor with it. Hence he worked eighteen hours a day for fourteen years. Called at six every morning but Sunday. At warehouse in Pittsburg till nine. At the works until two. At the mine until dark. Home to tea, and to lovely family, well beloved; but too tired and dull to enjoy or be enjoyed. At seven, would "drag" round to the office, and there write or "estimate" till twelve. Then home to bed, and instantly to sleep. Felt always as if playing a great, splendid, complicated Game, upon which fortune and honor both were staked, but especially *honor*. Two kinds of honor, — honor as a man of business, honor as a man of ability. The game was won! Capital increased from one hundred and fifty thousand to three million dollars. Finest, grandest iron-works in America. Glorious scene of triumphant ingenuity. Three hundred brick cottages owned by the firm, all tenanted by their own workmen. Paper, gilt-edged.

BUT

One night, two years ago, instead of dropping asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, this successful man could not go to sleep for hours, and then slept ill. Many such nights followed. One day, when he was abstrusely calculating, his mind suddenly lost its power; he could not keep his attention upon his figures, nor make any safe progress in his work. Alarmed, he went to the doctor, who told him, to his great *astonishment*, that he had been working too hard, and must rest. He took this advice and a short journey; but soon after, resuming his ordinary labors, his brain again suddenly lost its power. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and he tried to think of something to do that would amuse without fatiguing his mind. He could think of nothing but the *dentist's;* so to the dentist's he went, hoping to enjoy a little anguish till dinner-time. But this recreation was denied him, for, while waiting in the dentist's parlor, he fainted dead away. He was now seriously alarmed, and for the first time began to consider his case with the intelligence he had been in the habit of bestowing upon iron alone. He lived thenceforth as became a man, a husband, and a father; worked ten hours a day, and spent every evening in playing with his children, and conversing with his wife and their friends. Thanks to a wonderful constitution, it was not too late. He recovered his health, and is now in the full enjoyment of life.

It is such as he who should leave iron to the youngsters, and amuse themselves for the rest of their lives in making Pittsburg metropolitan. Such a thought does not, it is said, ever cross their minds. When we suggested it to a son of Pittsburg, and mentioned an individual who could soon put the city in order, the reply was: "If Mr. —— should sell out for three millions, he would never be easy till he had built a new factory for seven millions and then give himself no rest till he had paid off the four millions of debt." This is *mania*. There will be, perhaps, asylums for this class of patients some day.

The workmen, — what of them? As the stranger goes about among the "works," and sees men performing labors so severe that they have to stop, now and then, in summer, take off their boots, and *pour the perspiration out of them*, he is apt to become a fanatical free-trader on the spot. He says to himself: "If there *is* any foreign country that is willing to do all this hideous work for us at a rate of compensation that we can afford to pay, why should not that foreign country be allowed to do it, so that these American citizens could turn their attention to something more agreeable?" But, then, if the work is terrific, the wages are extraordinary. Some of these "puddlers," rollers, nailers, modellers, and others of the aristocracy of the mills, receive from ten to twenty-five dollars a day; and the average wages of skilled labor do not probably average below five dollars a day. The necessaries of life are cheaper here than in any other large city, East or West. For several years past, too, the men have generally been the masters, because there has been work offering beyond the capacity of the town to execute.

But all who have power abuse it, more or less. Considering that during the greater part of man's existence on earth workingmen have been oppressed, it is not surprising that they should avail themselves of a passing opportunity to try a little oppression upon others. All the trades here have guilds, or societies, for protection against the capitalists, who also combine to resist the demands of the workmen. What both these combinations need, to keep their intercourse dignified and friendly — to prevent that fierce and vulgar hostility which rages in England between employers and men — is KNOWLEDGE, the great want of all men everywhere! But the workingmen especially need it. Every one of those workingmen's societies should

have a little library of the best works upon political economy. If only one man in the whole guild had the spirit to study them, that one man might, at a critical time, prevent a whole trade from running full tilt, blindly, against a law of nature. But more than one man would study them, for there are evidently a great number of excellent heads among the men of the mills. One of the best little papers we ever read is one conducted by and for them at Pittsburg, called the "Workmen's and Soldiers' Advocate," and bearing the excellent motto, "Union is strength, — KNOWLEDGE is power."

We saw no indication at Pittsburg of the infernal feeling that appears to exist in Sheffield and Birmingham between employers and employed. The men laugh a good deal at the alleged narrowness of some of the capitalists of the town. A writer in the little paper just mentioned says: "Some one started the idea of making a public park on the northern face of Grant's Hill; but the public beneficence of the project was so un-Pittsburg-like, that the projector found he was either behind or in advance of the age so far. A soldiers' monument was next spoken of, but several of our wealthiest men (who had become so by the war) could only give two or three dollars apiece, and it has so far failed." Again: "It has become the prevailing opinion that landlords are not among our most benevolent citizens; and it is quite probable that public opinion does them injustice, since they are to be found among the most strict professors of religion, occupying front pews in church, carrying round the money-basket for collections, leading the way to the sacrament, inviting the minister to tea, and reproving the outbursts of hilarious youth on all occasions. None of the Pittsburg landlords owned the houses where Christ travelled, and 'had not where to lay his head.' But if he should ever happen to be in Pittsburg, — which is doubtful, — he would find that it would require an enormous amount of 'scrip in his purse.'"

It is only such harmless fun as this that the grimy man of the furnace pokes at the slightly less grimy man of the counting-room. But if these passages show the good-humor of the men, how clearly they reveal their need of a course of political economy! All talk of that kind about the landlords is ignorance, — pure ignorance. An American mechanic should be above it. Is not the law of nature which impels the workingman to get as much as he can for his labor a universal law?

Here, as everywhere, we see the process going on by which from the mass of men the few are selected whom nature has fitted to be masters. Many of the men who get from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars a week waste their money and themselves. Some men drink twenty glasses of beer per day, the year round. About one third of the whole number of men save money, and live cleanly and sensibly; and it is from this third that the future foremen and proprietors will be gradually sifted out.

Nothing in the life of Pittsburg is more striking to a visitor than the completeness of the cessation from labor at the close of the week. The Scotch-Irish race are strict Sabbatarians, and nothing goes on in Pittsburg on Sundays which it is possible to stop. Of all those five hundred tall chimneys, there will not usually be more than two that smoke on Sundays. During the week the town gets under such a headway of industry, that it takes all Saturday afternoon for it to come to a stand. The regular work ceases at noon, but the afternoon is spent in paying wages, grinding tools, cleaning up, making repairs, and getting ready for a fair start on Monday morning. By seven in the evening, the principal streets of Pittsburg are densely filled with washed men. They stroll about; they stand conversing in groups; they gather, in thick semicircles, about every shop-window that has a picture in it, or any bright or curious object; especially do they haunt the news-stands, which provide a free picture-gallery for them

of Illustrated News, Comic Monthlies, and Funny Fellows. The men are so numerous, that the whole width of some of the streets is filled with them; and there is not a woman to be seen! Not a single petticoat among thousands of other coats! Yet no crowd could be more orderly and quiet. These men, after a week of intense monotony, — gazing at dull objects and doing the same dull act ten hours a day, — how hungry they seemed for some brightness to flash into their lives! How we longed to usher them all into some gorgeous scene, and give them a banquet of splendors! Mere brilliancy of color and light is transport, we should suppose, to a man who has been making nails or digging coal from Monday morning until Saturday noon.

We need not say that every theatre and show in Pittsburg is crammed on Saturday night. By putting forth the greatest efforts, we did manage to get into one of the theatres, into which dense masses of men were crowding. Not a woman was present. The place was packed with brawny men and noisy boys, all washed, all well-disposed, though half mad with joyous excitement. On the walls were posted such admonitions as these: "Hats off," "No hallooing or whistling allowed," "Applaud with your hands," "Order must be observed," "No walk around by performers in white faces allowed." What the last of these announcements may mean we cannot tell; but, with regard to the rest, we can say that the audience paid no heed to them whatever. The performances consisted of farces raised to the fiftieth power, comic songs, and legs. Never have we seen an audience so amusable. It often happened, during the performance of a farce, that the people would keep up such a roar of laughter, that for many seconds at a time not a word could be heard from the stage. We discovered here what the play-bills mean when they speak of "roaring farces," and of farces that are "screaming."

The reader will say, perhaps, that this is a poor ending to a week of hard labor. Perhaps it is. But the natural kings of Pittsburg do not provide anything better, nor heartily encourage the production of anything better. These poor hungry fellows of the dark mine and the dim foundry want some change, some pleasure, some brilliancy. They can get this for twenty-five cents, and it is better than nothing. There are two other theatres in the town, where performances of a more "legitimate" character are given; and, considering the little aid they derive from those who could best afford to attend them, they are respectable.

Nine miles and three eighths from Pittsburg, on the shores of the Monongahela, is the pleasant and growing village called "Braddock's Field." Its principal streets are "Washington," "Braddock," "Halkett," "Frazer," "Beaujean," "Aliquippa." We need not say why this village is so called, nor why these names were given to its streets. The ford by which the fated army crossed the river was used as a ford until a few years ago, when the river was dammed to improve the navigation. The ancient Indian trail which led up from the ford is still a lane, fenced and used. The two ravines in which the Indians lay in ambush are visible. They are not more than three or four feet below the general level; the ambush having been afforded by a close growth of hazel-bushes that long ago disappeared. There are several trees standing on the field that must have been of good size when the defeat occurred; the largest is an ancient oak, that stands where the bullets must have flown thickest, and from which many have been picked by the prying knives of visitors. Near it is a rough enclosure of common rails, such as farmers make for a hay-stack, within which are buried a considerable number of human bones that were dug up when the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad was laid across the scene of the battle. Interesting relics of the encounter are still occasionally found. Colonel Edward J. Allen, whose agreeable and hospitable house stands upon

the battle-field, close to the place of the greatest slaughter, informed us that his garden has never yet been dug up in the spring without the exposure of something of the kind, an arrow-head, a bullet, or even a bayonet. A sword with a name engraved upon it has been recently found in the neighborhood.

How changed this scene in a hundred and twelve years! The bluff beneath which those seven hundred men laid down their lives is pierced with holes, near the summit, out of which mules emerge, drawing car-loads of glistening coal. On the opposite bank, rows of the blazing chimneys of coke-ovens glare through the night. A beautiful village, noisy with the school-children at play, covers a great part of the field. Two railroads cross it, over which one hundred and twenty trains pass every twenty-four hours!

DOCTOR MOLKE'S FRIENDS.*

CHAPTER I.

SIPSU THE SAVAGE.

"DO you wish to see one of my friends?" said Doctor Molke to me one bright morning, as we sat at breakfast in the cosey little dining-room of the Doctor's Greenland lodge.

"Certainly."

"But he 's fifty miles or so away."

"So much the better."

"And to reach him is not without danger."

"Not greater to others, perhaps, than to yourself."

"Shall we set out at once?"

"The sooner the better."

And the Doctor once more tinkled his little silver bell; and once more Sophy of the silver seal-skin pantaloons and dainty snow-white boots tripped softly through the door.

"We are going on a journey, Sophy," said the Doctor; "can you put up for us something to eat and drink?"

"Yes," said Sophy promptly, "but I should know better what to do if Doctor Molke would tell me how long he means to be away."

"Perhaps a week."

"A week!" exclaimed Sophy, evidently surprised; and she appeared as if very much inclined to ask the Doctor where he proposed taking the American to stay so long, for she looked first at him and then at me, and then at him again.

The Doctor quickly interpreted the puzzled expression of the countenance of his housekeeper, and prepared to gratify her.

"You would like to know, Sophy," said he, "where we are going,—would n't you?"

"Yes," she answered, and with a promptness, too, which showed that she had great interest in the matter, though I could not imagine why.

"Then suppose I tell you we are going to pay a visit to Sipsu the savage," said the Doctor.

"I should n't half believe it if you did," answered Sophy.

"But we are, really and truly," said the Doctor.

"Really and truly?" echoed Sophy, in, as it seemed to me, a half-inquiring, half-pleading tone of voice.

"Yes, really and truly, Sophy."

"O, don't do that!" said she.

"Why not, Sophy?"

"Because," said she, hesitating,—"because it 's such a horrid place to take the American; it will give him such a bad idea of the country."

"Perhaps his ideas of the country are as bad as bad can be already, Sophy; at any rate, I think he can stand

* See Article "Doctor Molke," in the Number for July, 1867.

it; so be a good girl now, and help us off."

This appeal to be a good girl and help us off was clearly made on the weak side of Sophy's character; for it was easy to see that a good girl in Doctor Molke's estimation was what Sophy was very glad to be. At least, she made no further remonstrance, but at once tripped lightly out, as she had tripped lightly in, to do her master's bidding; giving, as she turned to go, a cunning little pout, and a modest shrug, which could not have been better done nor more charming to look upon had Sophy been dressed in petticoats and skirts, instead of silver-seal-skin pantaloons, and dainty snow-white boots, and fur-tipped jacket reaching to the waist.

In a couple of hours everything was ready for the start, and we went down to the boat. And the boat was really ready to some purpose. The stern-sheets presented a tempting nest of fine robes of bear and fox skins; a tent lay rolled up beside the mast; the locker beneath the robes was filled with whatever in the shape of eatables and drinkables and smokables the most fastidious taste or hungry appetite could, in reason, desire; while stretched across the 'thwarts were guns and rifles and pouches, and indeed everything that a hunter needed for a long campaign. Then there was a cooking furnace forward in the bows; and it was clear enough that nothing had been neglected by my prudent host, or the thoughtful Sophy, or the pilot Adam, that could contribute to the comfort of the inner or the outer man.

Adam was as odd-looking a pilot as was ever seen. Coppery-faced, heavy-jawed, broad-visaged, beardless, fur-coated, and altogether stumpy, he was clearly a native-born Esquimau; for nothing else was ever moulded exactly after that pattern. He was clean, which showed that he had received instruction and had profited by it. His name indicated that he enjoyed the benefits of baptism, and was of the Christian faith. He could speak a little English, which proved that "the schoolmaster was abroad," even in Greenland.

"All ready, Adam?" inquired the Doctor, as we stepped aboard.

"Very ready," answered the pilot, evidently desiring to exhibit his proficiency in the English tongue for my benefit.

"Up anchor, then, and shake out the sails."

The anchor was soon brought up out of a great bed of sea-weed in which it had been lying, and the sails unfurled by the seal-skin-coated Adam, assisted by three other natives, who had been shipped to pull an oar in case of need; and with the Doctor at the tiller-ropes, we were soon gliding out of the harbor, shaping our course for the main-land, to the eastward.

The wind soon became light and baffling; but, it being nearly midsummer, the temperature was quite warm, and the sun shone upon us all the time, — as bright and glorious at midnight as at noonday. This circumstance gave to the day a strange, romantic freshness that was truly delightful; for although the continuous daylight of the Arctic summer was not new to me, yet it seemed strange to be sailing on and on in an open boat, and never needing to look up a place of retreat for the night.

We were full thirty-six hours in the boat; and during this protracted sail we watched the changing scenery without weariness, — breaking the monotony, now and then, by prying into the mysteries of Sophy's well-stocked locker, or by a shot at a passing bird, or by a nap, or by whatever else served most pleasantly to while away the time.

And the scenery about us was at all times enough in itself to occupy the thoughts and prevent fatigue. The great solid wall of the Greenland coast rose steadily before us; and the multiplying cones of whiteness which climbed up behind it melted away among the clouds, unbroken by a single ray of green, — one boundless waste of ster-

ile rocks, sublime as they were desolate.

By and by little islands began to show themselves above the water; and, as we passed near some of them, the eye was charmed by the discovery of here and there a patch of grass or moss mosaicked in dark slopes like emerald in a bed of jet. On several of these islands there were lonely little hunters' huts. Sometimes the huts had peaked roofs, but more usually the roof was flat; the former denoting the white man's home, the latter the shelter of a native hunter. Desolate as appeared the land, and dreary as it seemed for human residence, the air and sea were teeming with life. Great flocks of birds — principally eider-ducks, different varieties of auks, and glaucous, tridactyl, and other kinds of gulls — were constantly darting by, or curiously hovering overhead. Seals in great numbers were sporting in the sea, putting up their faces as we neared them, as if to ask why we had come into their haunts; and sometimes again upon the ice-fields that we passed great schools of them were lazily basking in the summer's sun, or were fast asleep in the noonday heat.

And during all this time icebergs were constantly in sight, rising one after another from the sea before us, and sinking behind us, — passing us, as it were, in solemn procession, — sparkling all the while like precious gems, and now and then cracking and crumbling to pieces, piercing the air with sounds compared to which the loudest thunder would be hoarse and feeble. This latter phenomenon was clearly caused by the heat of the sun, which, falling unequally upon them, splits them with explosive violence, and tumbles fragments from their sides like a blast of powder in a quarry cliff.

Passing on among these unusual scenes, we came at length beneath a lofty cape, which rose almost square from the sea to the height of a thousand feet or more. Commencing at the bottom, a series of ledges followed each other to the very top; and on these ledges were standing, or sitting, bolt upright, long rows of birds, with black heads and backs and pure white breasts, crowded close together, and looking for all the world like soldiers with black shakos and Austrian coats, shoulder to shoulder, in solid column, on parade. They were the well-known lumme, one of the most numerous varieties of the Greenland auks.

There was not much sport to be had in slaughtering such stupid-looking innocents as these; so we ran in close to the cliff, to observe, rather than to shoot.

The birds upon the lower ledges were, as we came near, readily counted; but above they vanished into scarcely distinguishable streaks of white. To and from all the ledges, low and high, birds were coming and going continually, as bees come and go from a hive, — hurrying to the sea to get a meal of shrimps, and hurrying back again to nurse their eggs, — each to its own particular egg (for each lays but one), on which it sits or stands bolt upright, and hatches out the chick, without a nest of any sort, and without the least protection from the naked rock.

The eggs being all alike, it seemed to me strange that each bird should know its own, and come back to it; but the Doctor told me that they did this with unerring certainty, each picking out its egg, as a hen would pick her brood of chickens from the largest flock. Sometimes an egg, however, tumbles from the shelf while its owner is away; and then the unhappy bird seizes upon the first unclaimed one she can find when she comes back, and down she sits upon it as unconcernedly as if it were her own, and there were no means among the feathered tribes for punishing theft. But she must take good care that she is not observed, else punishment will surely come. The robbed bird may rob another in her turn. But woe be unto her if the theft is known! I saw one old sober-sides, as we passed along, suddenly pounced upon by an infuriated hen, whose egg she had doubtless stolen; and then began a combat as

fierce and angry as ever took place between old fishwives. The birds clutched each other by the throat, they pounded each other with their wings, they pegged away at each other's eyes, until at last their bills were locked together, and down they floundered to the water, where they kept on fighting still, until we pulled them into the boat and parted them, when Adam quickly wrung their necks, and soon after had them stewing in his pot, and made a meal of them.

Combats such as these were very frequent; and the shrieks of the fighting birds, the screams of other birds who seemed to be spoiling for a fight, the endless scoldings and chatterings that were going on between near neighbors, as they sat there stiff and straight upon their rocky shelves, — all mingled with and added to the ceaseless flutter of the wings of birds that were flying to and fro, — filled the air with a roaring sound, which, distinguishable at a distance of several miles, almost drowned our voices as we neared the cape.

But this was nothing to what we were to see, for the Doctor had it in his head to make a sensation. He proposed a shot, — not, as he said, to slaughter the innocents, but to give them a fright for my benefit. Accordingly, all our pieces being made ready, we fired them off in concert. The effect was wonderful. As the strange, wild echo of our guns rang from crag to crag, off from every ledge, from the top to the bottom of the lofty wall, and throughout its mile or more of length from end to end, the startled birds came with the rush of a tornado, — ten thousand, or perhaps a thousand times ten thousand, frightened, fluttering, screaming birds. It was an instantaneous rush, a wild leap into the air, — some darting upwards, some downwards, others in a zigzag course, and all in such rapid flight that they fairly whistled through the air, while down along the wall behind them, from ledge to ledge, came a perfect cataract of spattering eggs.

The number of birds that passed over us was something almost incredible. They were so thick for a few moments that they cast a shadow like a cloud. They soon came down with a tremendous splash upon the sea, — all, at least, except a few of the bravest, which wheeled about and put back again before they had flown far. Upon the sea, however, they did not long remain, but, gaining courage, all swarmed back again to their rocky ledges, hastening to get upon their eggs once more before they cooled; and there, as we looked back with our glasses, we saw them in the distance, in long rows, bolt upright as they had been before, looking still more and more like soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, in solid column, on parade.

This cape passed, we were now fairly within a deep, wide bay or fiord. The coast on either side was tortuous and craggy; the land behind the coast was mountainous and white. The fiord was dotted with islands and was crowded with icebergs.

The scene was dreary past description, and grew more and more dreary as we went along; for the icebergs multiplied in number, and the smaller fragments covered the sea to such an extent that we were often compelled to pick a crooked passage, or to make a wide detour. And all the while, as we were thus pushing our way into this dreary wilderness, deafening sounds were pealing through the air, and reverberating from the cliffs; for masses of ice were, as described before, tumbling from the bergs on every side, while now and then a berg turned over in the sea, rolling the waves beneath us as if a gale of wind were piling up the waters.

To the dreariness of the scene a weird effect was added by the strange forms of the bergs as we passed them by. For in the clear, glittering ice were fashioned rude semblances of towers and spires, — of castles, and architectural designs of every sort, and beasts and birds and sphinx-like shapes, colossal as those of Thebes.

But a pleasant light was stealing through the ice-forest from the midnight sun, and the bergs reflected the hues of the sky and clouds above, — blue and purple and bright crimson, — while the water, as seen against the ice, was green. Its tender emerald hues were reflected up into the deep caverns, and underneath the overhanging shelves and tongues of the icy walls; and as the waves rolled into these caverns, and beneath these overhanging shelves, sometimes with a deep, resounding roar, the green light would come and go, and flutter as if it were a vapor playing there.

This play of light in the air and water was, however, of short duration; for a heavy cloud at length came trailing over us from the sea, at first winding gracefully about the crests of the icebergs, and then, after a while, settling down heavily upon the waters in a blinding mist.

And now the sounds of falling ice, which before could be traced to their source, came from out a gloom into which the eye could not penetrate. Mysterious darkness hung over the fiord, and it seemed as if mysterious voices were warning us away or enticing us to ruin.

And as I listened to these voices coming from the fog, (which appeared so heavy that the sun could never lift it,) and watched the angular and threatening masses and fragments of ice among which we were moving, and thought how frail was our little boat, and how merciless the ice, it seemed to me indeed that the voices might well be warnings of approaching evil, for in the event of a collision there was but a slender chance for us.

The Doctor was intent upon his duty of steering the boat, and he guided it with a skilful hand. Conversation was checked by the necessity for greater caution and watchfulness. I observed the Doctor's fine face attentively. His practised eye was quick to detect every new danger in time to avoid it, and I was charmed with the calmness and confidence of his whole demeanor.

Presently, however, his face wore an expression of intense earnestness. He peered into the dense fog-bank ahead of us with an eagerness which astonished me. Then his smooth, calm brow became suddenly knit; and, as it seemed to me, an impatient, angry shadow passed across his features. In an instant he jammed his helm hard down, and called sharply to Adam to "let go the sheets."

The boat came quickly to, but I could see no cause for this manœuvre. There was scarcely a piece of ice visible, and we were free, so far as I could see, from every source of danger, lying quietly upon the dark waters, the sails shaking and flapping in the wind.

But when I directed my eyes to the same quarter with Doctor Molke's, I was not long in detecting a moving object, vaguely looming through the murky air, and very near to us. The fog and the sea were so closely blended that there was no line of demarcation visible beyond the distance of a few yards, and the object, whatever it might be, seemed as if it were floating in the air, swaying from side to side, and steadily coming towards us. When it had arrived within about fifty yards, it wheeled to the left, and appeared to increase its speed.

Up to this time, whatever may have been the impression upon Doctor Molke's mind as to the nature of the apparition, I was certainly much puzzled, the thick atmosphere magnified it so immensely, and distorted its proportions in every way. The refraction of the fog apparently lifted it above the place where the imagination placed the line of water, and it might well have been taken for some huge winged creature from the skies, sweeping down upon us with threatening gestures.

I was not, however, long in doubt; for the moment the object wheeled, I detected, in the little shimmering line of light which lay above the water, the outlines of a boat, and the figure of a man, paddling through the mist.

At this instant the Doctor called loudly to the strange boatman to stop;

but he was evidently not so inclined, — holding steadily to his course, and apparently exerting himself to the utmost to hide himself again in the fog from which he had so suddenly appeared.

As soon as it became clear that the boatman would not stop in obedience to his summons, the Doctor dropped the tiller-ropes, and sprang to his feet; and before I knew what he was about, the sharp crack of a rifle stunned my ears, and went echoing among the icebergs that lay buried in the mist.

I saw the rifle-ball strike the water to the left of the boatman; and as my curiosity was keenly excited to know more of him, I was glad that no harm had as yet come to him. And in truth there was, on the Doctor's part, no present intention of hurting him. At least he said that the rifle had not been aimed. He had fired merely to "bring him to," — and it had that result very speedily; for the boat was wheeled about at once, and the boatman halted, facing us.

"Come here!" shouted the Doctor, in a peremptory tone of voice. Without further delay the boatman started towards us, — slowly, however, and cautiously.

The conduct of this boatman was wholly inexplicable to me, for there could be no doubt that he saw us, and also heard the summons of Dr. Molke. Why, then, was he seeking to avoid us? It seemed to me that the meeting of human beings in a place like this — lonely and full of danger — must be such an unusual event, that, under any circumstances, it would be welcome.

Why, on the other hand, the Doctor should manifest such great eagerness to speak to the man, when he was, with not less eagerness, striving to avoid us, I was equally at a loss to understand, the more especially as I could not see that the Doctor would in any possible way be the gainer by an interview.

I looked intently into the Doctor's face to see if that would help me to read the riddle.

Clearly Doctor Molke was not a man in the habit of seeing his commands slighted; but there was more than this at the bottom of his undisguised displeasure. Besides, he must have too much sense, I thought, to be displeased merely because a wayfarer on the fiord might choose to pass him by, and go on about his business.

The effect was most remarkable as the boat approached us. From its immense size, and the constantly changing shape which it assumed in the dense fog, the figure dwindled down at length to human proportions, as it came near, — paddling to right and left. My interest was by this time raised to the highest pitch. There was something so strange in our situation and surroundings, that the introduction of this episode into the experiences of the day — the sudden appearance of a human being in this vast ice-forest and impenetrable mist, and the bringing him to our side a captive — added the fascination of mystery to the sense of novelty and surprise. The incident occurred most opportunely, for I had already made up my mind that with the closing down of the fog had come the end of our pleasant experiences, and, growing damp and chilly, was about to bury myself in the fur robes, and be patient.

But who and what was this mysterious boatman who was coming to us a captive? To give it the greater romance, I might have taken him for some pirate of the ice-forest, had the idea of icebergs and pirates been in any way capable of association. There was more reason for belief that he was some outlawed criminal, fleeing from the sight of man, and venturing abroad only when nature dropped a curtain behind which he might steal in safety; for when I got a fair view of his face, I found it altogether villanous; and yet one could not feel disposed to judge him by any common standard.

A more singular-looking creature it would be difficult to imagine. His boat itself was a curiosity to see, — the frailest thing, perhaps, that ever carried human freight; and yet, to the nautical

eye, its lines were beautiful, — gracefully curved and indicating speed. It had no keel, and rode upon the water with the lightness of a duck, turning about as easily, and shooting forwards or backwards without any apparent effort of the boatman. It was propelled and guided by a long oar, which the boatman grasped in the middle, and which had a blade at either end, neatly tipped and strengthened with ivory. The length of the boat was about twenty feet, and its width as many inches at the middle, from which it tapered to a sharp point at either end, where were ivory ornaments, as on the paddles, and an ivory cut-water, thin and sharp, like the blade of a knife. The frame of it was made of light wood, cunningly lashed together, and over this frame tanned seal-skins were stretched, and sewed with sinew thread in a perfect seam. The skins covered both the top and the bottom, leaving only a small hole at the centre, to admit the boatman's body to the waist. Around this hole was drawn firmly the lower margin of the boatman's outer coat, which, made of the same tanned leather as the boat itself, was surmounted with a hood which covered up the head and was brought tightly with a draw-string around the face before the ears, while the sleeves were fastened with other draw-strings about the wrists. There was not left a single orifice through which a drop of water could find its way either to the body of the man or inside his boat, no matter how much the waves might wash over him, — even burying man, boat, and all from sight.

The man and the boat were indeed one, — bound together, moving together, acting together in every way, and apparently possessed of the same life and will. Every movement was firm and free, through the lightness and gracefulness of the boat and the extraordinary strength of the boatman. His arms and shoulders were immense. The former were long and large; the latter were broad and square; while a tremendous chest gave a firm support to both.

I have said the face of the man was villanous; but I should rather say that it was savage, — savage in every feature, — coarse and unrestrained and strong, — full of passion and of energy; but whether naturally cruel I could not well make out.

His features showed plainly that he belonged to the same race as our pilot, Adam, and differed only in degree, — in being coarser in every particular. Everything that was marked in Adam's face was more marked in this mysterious boatman's. The face was something broader, the cheek-bones were more projecting, the jaws were heavier, the nose was flatter. The mouth was very large and very wide, the chin was small, and the lips were thick. The upper lip was long, and on this and the chin there were a few stiff black bristles; but upon no other part of the face was there any beard. As in all his race, the inner corners of the boatman's eyes were drawn down, giving the impression that the nose had tumbled from its natural fastenings, and had pulled the eyes a little out of place.

The whole aspect of the man, as he came paddling towards us in his little boat, with the water flying over him as he lifted up his oar on one side to dip it on the other, was therefore most forbidding; while the light and easy movement of the man and boat together was most attractive, and a charming sight to see.

Why he was coming, or rather had been brought, towards us, was of course what I wished to know; but the Doctor was so intent upon securing him, that I determined to postpone the solution of the mystery to some other time, — contenting myself with observing, before he came well in view, that I thought it "strange that he should desire to avoid us."

"O, not at all," said the Doctor, — "not at all; these Greenlanders are an odd race, and their whims are endless."

"He is, then, an Esquimau?" said I, inquiringly.

"Yes, and I should have told you

that before. But you see I took a fancy to speak with him, and I was busy about that. I did not want him to get away, you know. Not only is he an Esquimau, but an untamed one. We call him Sipsu the savage."

"The name, I think, of the person we are to visit, if I remember rightly."

"The very same, and this is the very man himself. You see I did well to send that ball after the fellow, for otherwise we should have missed him."

Sipsu came up looking very sullen, as he had abundant cause to do. When within a few yards of us, he backed water with his oar, and brought his boat to rest, almost with the suddenness of a skilful rider bringing up a horse on his haunches.

"Hallo, Sipsu!" cried the Doctor, as if not noticing his sullen looks; "I thought you did n't see us, and did n't hear me call, so I fired to let you know we were about."

Sipsu did not appear to see any joke in the firing of the gun, or pleasure in being near us; for he gave neither smile nor answer, and did not change a muscle of his sullen face.

"We are going up to see you," continued the Doctor. "Here is a stranger come in a big ship from a great country far away across the waters, and he wants to visit you. We are going up to your island."

The savage manifested no further signs of satisfaction than he had done before, merely nodding his head and saying "Ap" for "Yes," by way of signifying that he understood what was said to him.

"Where were you going to in such a hurry, Sipsu?" asked the Doctor.

"Catch seals," answered Sipsu, in a language which former experiences enabled me sufficiently to understand.

"And how long since you learned to catch seals without a harpoon?" inquired the Doctor, pointing to the place on the boat where the hunting implements belonged, and where there was nothing but a spear and line.

"Harpoon over there," said Sipsu, pointing with his oar.

"All right," replied the Doctor, "very good. Now, Sipsu, lead the way, while we follow after; and, mind, don't go too fast. If you hear me call, you had better stop at once."

The savage appeared to hesitate, and looked more sullen than ever.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed the Doctor, in a louder voice.

At this the savage dipped his oar, and turned his boat up the fiord, and with two sturdy strokes shot his little craft ahead as if it were an arrow from a bow.

"Slow and easy," called the Doctor, after him, — "slow and easy"; — and Sipsu eased his stroke and proceeded quietly.

"A little angry just now at being disturbed," said the Doctor, in his usual quiet way, "but he 'll soon cool off."

"Much bad man," exclaimed Adam, overhearing his master's words.

"Much mind your business, and get that jib tack aboard, or I 'll much break your head," exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently.

Under the healthful stimulus of this warning, Adam and his fellows quickly performed their part of the preparations for getting under way; and we were soon once more standing up the fiord, Sipsu leading off, and, as he had been directed, adapting his movements to ours.

We had not far to go, for in less than half an hour a dark rock loomed through the thick atmosphere, and almost as soon as it was seen we were alongside of it and ashore. Sipsu pulled up near by, and, laying his boat close to the rock, he placed his paddle on it, and, with this to steady him, drew himself out of his cranky little boat; and then, seizing it with his right hand, he took it on his arm as one would take a market-basket, and started up the rocky slope, we following.

In a few moments we came to a large seal-skin tent; and on a great platform of flat stones, elevated on eight pillars of the same material, Sipsu placed his boat. This platform was about six feet from the ground,

and held a sledge, a great quantity of harpoons and spears and lines, and harness for dogs.

"Why were these things put there so carefully?"

"To keep the dogs from tearing them to pieces."

And indeed the looks of the dogs were in keeping with their destructive reputation. Savage and untamed, like their master, they came crowding round us, howling and snarling in a very threatening and disagreeable sort of way. There were about two or three dozen of them, of all sizes and colors; and, unlike those which I had usually seen in the country elsewhere, they were sleek and well fed, and looked as if they might whirl a sledge over the ice at a very rapid rate.

When Sipsu had put away his boat (*kayak* he called it), he took off his tanned seal-skin coat, and stood before us robed in shaggy furs; and now it was that, for the first time, the sullen lines of his face were crossed by any other expression. Suddenly he gave a broad and hideous grin, and proceeded to imitate a white man's custom by advancing towards me with an outstretched hand. For an instant I felt inclined to shrink as I would from the embrace of one of Du Chaillu's gorillas; but my repugnance to the savage did not make itself apparent; and, indeed, when he opened his mouth to speak, I found myself so much amused by what he said that I only remembered I was holding the hand of an exceedingly interesting and curious specimen of the human race.

"Why," said he to Doctor Molke, with an apparent heartiness, difficult, after the Doctor's recent treatment of him, to understand, — "why, it 's as good as a big fat seal to see you, and better than a pile of eggs to see this other man! Who is he?"

Whereupon the Doctor told him; and then the savage invited us to enter his tent, himself leading the way.

"Here 's an *intérieur* for you!" said the Doctor, as we entered.

And truly it was a curious one. Half the floor (which was the smooth surface of the rock on which the tent was pitched) was raised a little above the other with flat stones; and on the edge of this raised place sat three women, dressed in shaggy furs like Sipsu, and having round coarse faces like Sipsu, and the same flat and tumble-down appearance generally of eyes and nose which distinguished the Sipsu countenance; and behind these three women, seven children had rooted and stowed themselves away in a nest of furs, as little pigs would root and stow themselves away in a well-littered sty, leaving their seven odd-shaped little heads only to be seen; and from these seven little heads fourteen little tumble-down eyes stared at us wildly.

These were Sipsu's seven children, and the three women were his wives.

Two of these women were watching lamps which were supported upon stones, and were smoking villanously beneath pots which hung suspended from the rafters of the tent. From these same rafters were dangling articles of dress and skins of birds and foxes. In the left-hand corner there was a pile of the same sort of materials; in the right-hand corner there was a litter of whining puppies; and directly in the centre there was the quarter of a seal, which the third woman was cutting into bits, and tossing into the pots which hung above the smoking lamps.

Curiosity satisfied, we were glad enough to get out into the open air again, and to look about a little. The tent was Sipsu's summer residence; but near by was his residence for the winter. This was simply a low, flat hut, built of stones and turf, and was evidently thought to be a great affair by its savage proprietor; but it did not possess sufficient attraction to tempt either of us within the entrance, where we should have been compelled to stoop very low, or crawl ten feet on our hands and knees, before reaching the doorway.

Passing this hut, we went on to a little lake of melted snow, around which

grew a fringe of moss and grass. Some snipe were flying about, which we were quick to bag; and we plucked some bright little flowers, which were growing there in a very doleful sort of way, and apparently unhappy. I thought they looked up into my face appealingly, but when I stuck them in my button-hole they did not seem so grateful, for they wilted away immediately.

There was no need to wander farther, for there was nothing more to see, — a mass of rough and rugged rocks as bare of life as the desert sands. But here, in spite of the desolation, the savage Sipsu lived and prospered, and here he was at home. A strange home, truly, — on a little rocky island in a wilderness of icebergs, and within the sound of their everlasting cannonade. Great icebergs towered above the island on every side, and great heaps of ice were piled along the beach. Yet myriads of birds were flying through the air, and seals in any number were playing in the sea. It was not difficult to see whence the savage Sipsu drew his supplies.

And his supplies were plentiful, as was shown on every hand. I asked him if he never came to want.

"Never."

"Did he always have everything he needed?"

"Always."

"What was the food he most relied upon?"

"Seals."

"The skins of what animals for clothes?"

"Seals."

"No others?"

"Bears and foxes."

"No more?"

"Sometimes birds."

The savage seemed indisposed to talk, but he would answer; so I kept up a fusillade of questions, determined, if I could, to draw him out.

"Why did he live upon this rocky island, away up here among the icebergs?"

"Because he liked to."

This might well have posed a modest man; but I was not to be baffled thus.

"Why did he not go down where Doctor Molke lived?"

"Among the Christian folks?" asked Sipsu; and he grinned a horrid grin.

"Yes."

"I hate them."

"What, Doctor Molke here, and all?"

"No, not him; but all the rest of them"; — and he laughed a savage laugh.

I could get little out of him; but, by keeping up the questions, I found (at least, that was what he told me) that he would not go down to where Doctor Molke lived, because, if he did, he would be obliged to give up two of his wives, — which he would never think of doing, — and to do what the missionary bade him, — which he would never, never do, for, if he did, he would "be as poor as all the rest of them."

"But was he not poor here?"

"No; who ever said he was? He always had plenty to eat and plenty to wear. His wives and children never wanted for anything, and nobody ever came there and went away with a hungry stomach."

"Do you think him a case for conversion?" asked the Doctor, laughing.

I had to own that I thought the man was fixed in a faith not easily shaken. His theory of life was deeply rooted; and he had clearly no doubt whatever that he had done his part, when he kept his wives and children well fed and clothed, and had a good supply of food laid up against an evil day, with blubber enough to wash it down, and to keep his lamps well going in the long, dark winter; and when, besides keeping himself and family in comfort, he could also give to any weary hunter who might pass that way food and shelter.

"One of your friends, I think you told me," said I to the Doctor, as we walked down towards the boat.

"Rather a sorry one, you think."

"Each to his taste; but I should hardly suppose the savage would quick-

ly forget that business in the fog, or be inclined to love you very deeply if such are your approaches to his heart."

"Ah," replied the Doctor, "he knows me of old; and if he does not, as is quite likely, love me very deeply, he has a wholesome fear of me, which is perhaps as well. Yet, after all, he has befriended me, and would serve me now, though in truth he has little cause to love me; and I really cannot help liking the fellow after a fashion. He is the most perfect type of his race that I have met with, and it is always something, at least, to get hold of a man with real character."

"Certainly, whether good or bad."

"Well," continued the Doctor, "there is not much of the good, according to our civilized notions, in this savage Sipsu, as several persons hereabouts can testify to their sorrow. He has all the savage virtues, if you know what they are, as well as savage resentment. It so happens that I am the only man who can do anything with him, and the only white man for whom he manifests the least attachment."

"I should not think," said I, "that sending balls about his head, as you did to-day, would be calculated to strengthen it."

The Doctor smiled, and said the fellow was rather used to it.

"What was his business in the fog?"

"That is what I should like to know myself, and is what I shall try to find out, — some villany, you may be sure. In such a fog hunters will never stir abroad on any pretext, for they are sure to lose their way; they cannot hunt, and are always in needless danger. But this savage finds his way through a fog in a most marvellous manner, with the instinct of the sleuth-hound upon the scent."

By the time the Doctor had finished this not very flattering account of his friend, we had reached our landing-place, where Adam had found a patch of grass, and pitched our tent, and cooked a supper (or dinner, or breakfast, whatever it might be, — for, the sun being always up, we gave no thought to the time of day), and had ransacked Sophy's well-stored locker, and spread all the eatables and drinkables and smokables upon a huge flat rock near by. And to these things we did, as one may well suppose, full and ample justice.

Supper over, we crept into the tent, and stowed ourselves away in the furs we had brought with us, and, undisturbed by the ceaseless roar of the crumbling ice on every side, or by the damp and chilly fog, I slept as soundly as I had done before on the Doctor's "shake-down" in his Greenland lodge; and even more soundly, for I did not dream, as I had done there, of the man in the moon, nor indeed of anything. But before I fell asleep I could not but reflect how strange it was that a human being should from choice live in such an icy wilderness; and as I thought of my companion in the tent, and remembered my wonder on seeing him first in the lonely spot which he had chosen for his residence, and then recalled what I had seen of the strange relation existing between these two men, — the one a type of everything refined, the other a true savage, — both alone in solitary places, with all the evidences about them of their status in the social scale, — it seemed to me that I had come into a very land of wonders, and that they would never cease.

THE COMBAT OF DIOMED AND MARS.

FROM HOMER'S ILIAD, BOOK V.

THEN blue-eyed Pallas hastened to the son
Of Tydeus. By his steeds she found the king,
And by his chariot, as he cooled the wound
Made by the shaft of Pandarus. The sweat
Beneath the ample band of his round shield
Had weakened him, and weary was his arm.
He raised the band, and from the wounded limb
Wiped off the clotted blood. The goddess laid
Her hand upon the chariot yoke, and said:
"Tydeus hath left a son unlike himself,
For he, though low in stature, was most brave;
And when he went, an envoy and alone,
To Thebes, the populous Cadmean town,
And I, enjoining him to keep aloof
From wars and rash encounters, bade him sit
Quietly at the feasts in palace halls,
Still, to his valiant temper true, he gave
Challenges to the Theban youths, and won
The prize with ease in all their games, such aid
I gave him. Now I stand by thee in turn,
Protect thee, and exhort thee manfully
To fight against the Trojans; but to-day
Either the weariness of toil unnerves
Thy frame, or withering fear besets thy heart.
Henceforth we cannot deem thee, as of late,
The offspring of Œnides skilled in war."
And then the valiant Diomed replied:
"I know thee, goddess, daughter of great Jove,
The ægis-bearer; therefore will I speak
Freely, and keep back nothing. No base fear
Unmans me, nor desire of ease, but well
I bear in mind the mandate thou hast given.
Thou didst forbid me to contend with gods,
Except that if Jove's daughter, Venus, joined
The battle, I might wound her with my spear.
But now I have withdrawn, and given command
That all the Greeks come hither; for I see
That Mars is in the field, and leads the war."
Again the blue-eyed Pallas, answering, said:
"Tydides Diomed, most dear of men,
Nay, fear thou nothing from this Mars, nor yet
From any other of the gods, for I
Will be thy sure defence. First urge thy course
Full against Mars, with thy firm-footed steeds.
Engage him hand to hand, respect him not,
The fiery, frantic Mars, the unnatural plague
Of man, the fickle god, who promised me

And Juno, lately, to take part with us
Against the Trojans and befriend the Greeks.
Now he forgets, and joins the sons of Troy."
She spoke, and laid her hand on Sthenelus,
To draw him from the horses; instantly
He leaped to earth; the indignant deity
Took by the side of Diomed her place;
The beechen axle groaned beneath the weight
Of that great goddess and that man of might.
Then Pallas seized the lash and caught the reins,
And, urging the firm-footed coursers, drove
Full against Mars, who at that moment slew
Huge Periphas, of all the Ætolian band
The mightiest, and Ochesius' famous son.
While bloody-handed Mars was busy yet
About the slain, Minerva hid her face
In Pluto's helmet, that the god might fail
To see her. As that curse of humankind
Beheld the approach of noble Diomed,
He left the corpse of Periphas unspoiled
Where he had fallen, and where he breathed his last,
And came to meet the Grecian horse-tamer.
And now, when they were near, and face to face,
Mars o'er the chariot yoke and horses' reins
First hurled his brazen spear, in hope to take
His enemy's life; but Pallas, with her hand,
Caught and turned it, so that it flew by
And gave no wound. The valiant Diomed
Made with his brazen spear the next assault,
And Pallas guided it to strike the waist
Where girded by the baldric. In that part
She wounded Mars, and tore the shining skin,
And drew the weapon back. The furious god
Uttered a cry as of nine thousand men,
Or of ten thousand, rushing to the fight.
The Greeks and Trojans stood aghast with fear,
To hear that terrible cry of him whose love
Of bloodshed never is appeased by blood.
As when, in time of heat, the air is filled
With a black shadow from the gathering clouds
And the strong-blowing wind, so furious Mars
Appeared to Diomed, as in a cloud
He rose to the broad heaven and to the home
Of gods on high Olympus. Near to Jove
He took his seat in bitter grief, and showed
The immortal blood still dropping from his wound,
And thus, with wingéd words, complaining said:
"O Father Jupiter! does not thy wrath
Rise at these violent deeds? 'T is ever thus
That we, the gods, must suffer grievously
From our own rivalry in favoring man;
And yet the blame of all this strife is thine,

For thou hast a mad daughter, ever wrong,
And ever bent on mischief. All the rest
Of the immortals dwelling on this mount
Obey thee and are subject to thy will.
Her only thou hast never yet restrained
By word or act, but dost indulge her freaks
Because the pestilent creature is thy child.
And now she moves the insolent Diomed
To raise his hand against the immortal gods.
And first he wounded Venus in the wrist,
Contending hand to hand; and then he sought
To encounter me in arms, as if he were
The equal of a god. My own swift feet
Carried me thence, else might I long have lain,
In anguish, under heaps of carcasses,
Or helplessly been mangled by his sword."

The cloud-compeller, Jove, replied and frowned:
"Come not to me, thou changeling, to complain.
Of all the gods upon the Olympian mount
I like thee least, who ever dost delight
In broils and wars and battles. Thou art like
Thy mother Juno, headstrong and perverse.
Her I can scarcely rule by strict commands,
And what thou sufferest now, I deem, is due
To her bad counsels. Yet 't is not my will
That thou shouldst suffer longer, who dost share
My lineage, whom thy mother bore to me.
Yet wert thou born, destroyer as thou art,
To any other god, thou hadst long since
Lain lower than the sons of Uranus."

So spake he, and to Pæon gave command
To heal the wound; and Pæon bathed the part
With pain-dispelling balsams, and it healed.
For Mars was not to die. As, when the juice
Of figs is mingled with white milk and stirred,
The fluid gathers into clots while yet
It whirls with the swift motion, so was healed
The wound of violent Mars. Then Hebe bathed
The god, and robed him richly, and he took
His seat, delighted, by Saturnian Jove.

Now, having forced the curse of nations, Mars,
To pause from slaughter, Argive Juno came,
With Pallas, her invincible ally,
Back to the mansion of imperial Jove.

OUR SECOND GIRL.

OUR establishment on Beacon Street had been for some days in a revolutionary state, owing to the fact that our second girl had gone from us into the holy estate of matrimony. Alice was a pretty, tidy, neat-handed creature, and, like many other blessings of life, so good as to be little appreciated while with us. It was not till she had left us that we began to learn that clean glass, bright silver, spotless and untumbled table-linen, and, in short, all the appetizing arrangements and appointments of our daily meals, were not always and in all hands matters of course.

In a day or two, our silver began to have the appearance of old pewter, and our glass looked as if nothing but muddy water could be found. On coming down to our meals, we found the dishes in all sorts of conversational attitudes on the table, — the meat placed diagonally, the potatoes crosswise, and the other vegetables scattered here and there, — while the table itself stood rakishly aslant, and wore the air of a table slightly intoxicated.

Our beautiful china, moreover, began to have little chipped places in the edges, most unusual and distressing to our eyes; the handles vanished from our tea-cups, and here and there a small mouthful appeared to be bitten out of the nose of some pretty fancy pitchers, which had been the delight of my eyes.

Now, if there is anything which I specially affect, it is a refined and pretty table arrangement, and at our house for years and years such had prevailed. All of us had rather a weakness for china, and the attractions of the fragile world, as presented in the great crockery-stores, had been many times too much for our prudence and purse. Consequently we had all sorts of little domestic idols of the breakfast and dinner table, — Bohemian-glass drinking-mugs of antique shape, lovely bits of biscuit choicely moulded in classic patterns, beauties, oddities, and quaintnesses in the way of especial teacups and saucers, devoted to different members of the family, wherein each took a particular and individual delight. Our especial china or glass pets of the table often started interesting conversations on the state of the plastic arts as applied to every-day life, and the charm of being encircled, even in the material act of feeding our mortal bodies, with a sort of halo of art and beauty.

All this time none of us ever thought in how great degree our feeling for elegance and refinement owed its gratification at the hour of meals to the care, the tidiness, and neat handling of our now lost and wedded Alice.

Nothing presents so forlorn an appearance as battered and neglected finery of any kind; and elegant pitchers with their noses knocked off, cut-glass with cracked edges, and fragments of artistic teacups and saucers on a tumbled table-cloth, have a peculiarly dismal appearance. In fact, we had really occasion to wonder at the perfectly weird and bewitched effect which one of our two Hibernian successors to the pretty Alice succeeded in establishing in our table department. Every caprice in the use and employment of dishes, short of serving cream in the gravy-boats and using the sugar-bowl for pickled oysters and the cream-pitcher for vinegar, seemed possible and permissible. My horror was completed one morning on finding a china hen, artistically represented as brooding on a nest, made to cover, not boiled eggs, but a lot of greasy hash, over which she sat so that her head and tail bewilderingly projected beyond the sides of the nest, instead of keeping lengthwise within it, as a respectable hen in her senses might be expected to do. There certainly is a great amount of native vigor shown by these untrained Hibernians in always finding an unexpected wrong way of doing the

simplest thing. It quite enlarges one's ideas of human possibilities.

In a paroxysm of vexation, I reviled matrimony and Murphy O'Connor, who had stolen our household treasure, and further expressed my griefs, as elder sons are apt to do, by earnest expostulations with the maternal officer on the discouraging state of things; declaring most earnestly, morning, noon, and night, that all was going to ruin, that everything was being spoiled, that nothing was even decent, and that, if things went on so much longer, I should be obliged to go out and board, — by which style of remark I nearly drove that long-suffering woman frantic.

"Do be reasonable, Tom," said she. "Can I *make* girls to order? Can I do anything more than try such as apply, when they seem to give promise of success? Delicacy of hand, neatness, nicety of eye, are not things likely to be cultivated in the Irish boarding-houses from which our candidates emerge. What chance have the most of them had to learn anything except the most ordinary rough housework? A trained girl is rare as a nugget of gold amid the sands of the washings; but let us persevere in trying, and one will come at last."

"Well, I hope, at any rate, you have sent off that Bridget," I said, in high disdain. "I verily believe, if that girl stays a week longer, I shall have to leave the house."

"Compose yourself," said my mother, "Bridget's bundle is made up, and she is going. I 'm sorry for her too, poor thing; for she seemed anxious to keep the place."

At this moment the door-bell rang. "I presume that's the new girl whom they have sent round for me to see," said my mother.

I opened the door, and there in fact stood a girl dressed in a neat-fitting dark calico, with a straw bonnet, simply tied with some dark ribbon, and a veil which concealed her face.

"Is Mrs. Seymour at home?"

"She is."

"I was told that she wanted a girl."

"She does; will you walk in?"

I pique myself somewhat on the power of judging character, and there was something about this applicant which inspired hope; so that, before I introduced her into the room, I felt it necessary to enlighten my mother with a little of my wisdom. I therefore whispered in her ear, with the decisive tone of an eldest son, "I think, mother, this one will do; you had better engage her at once."

"Have you lived out much?" said my mother, commencing the usual inquiries.

"I have not, ma'am. I am but lately come to the city."

"Are you Irish?"

"No, ma'am; I am American."

"Have you been accustomed to the care of the table, — silver, glass, and china?"

"I think, ma'am, I understand what is necessary for that."

All this while the speaker remained standing with her veil down; her answers seemed to be the briefest possible; and yet, notwithstanding the homely plainness of her dress, there was something about her that impressed both my mother and me with an idea of cultivation and refinement above her apparent station, — there was a composure and quiet decision in her manner of speaking which produced the same impression on us both.

"What wages do you expect?" said my mother.

"Whatever you have been accustomed to give to a girl in that place will satisfy me," she said.

"There is only one thing I would like to ask," she added, with a slight hesitation and embarrassment of manner; "would it be convenient for me to have a room by myself?"

I nodded to my mother to answer in the affirmative.

The three girls who composed our establishment had usually roomed in one large apartment, but there was a small closet of a room which I had taken for books, fishing-rods, guns, and any miscellaneous property of my

own. I mentally turned these out, and devoted the room to the new-comer, whose appearance interested me.

And, as my mother hesitated, I remarked, with the assured tone of master of the house, that "certainly she could have a small room to herself."

"It is all I ask," she briefly answered. "In that case, I will come for the same wages you paid the last girl in my situation."

"When will you come?" said my mother.

"I am ready to come immediately. I only want time to go and order my things to be sent here."

She rose and left us, saying that we might expect her that afternoon.

"Well, sir," said my mother, "you seem to have taken it upon you to settle this matter on your own authority."

"My dear little mother," said I, in a patronizing tone, "I have an instinctive certainty that she will do. I wanted to make sure of a prize for you."

"But the single room."

"Never mind; I 'll move all my traps out of the little third-story room. It 's my belief that this girl or woman has seen better days; and if she has, a room to herself will be a necessity of her case, — poor thing!"

"I don't know," said my mother, hesitatingly, "I never wish to employ in my service those above their station, — they always make trouble; and there is something in this woman's air and manner and pronunciation that makes me feel as if she had been born and bred in cultivated society."

"Supposing she has," said I; "it 's quite evident that she, for some reason, means to conform to this position. You seldom have a girl apply for work who comes dressed with such severe simplicity; her manner is retiring, and she seemed perfectly willing and desirous to undertake any of the things which you mentioned as among her daily tasks."

On the afternoon of that day our new assistant came, and my mother was delighted with the way she set herself at work. The china-closet, desecrated and disordered in the preceding reigns of terror and confusion, immediately underwent a most quiet but thorough transformation. Everything was cleaned, brightened, and arranged with a system and thoroughness which showed, as my mother remarked, a good head; and all this was done so silently and quietly that it seemed like magic. By the time we came down to breakfast the next morning, we perceived that the reforms of our new prime-minister had extended everywhere. The dining-room was clean, cool, thoroughly dusted, and freshly aired; the table-cloth and napkins were smooth and clean; the glass glittered like crystal, and the silver wore a cheerful brightness. Added to this were some extra touches of refinement, which I should call table coquetry. The cold meat was laid out with green fringes of parsley; and a bunch of heliotrope, lemon verbena, and mignonette, with a fresh rose-bud, all culled from our little back-yard, stood in a wineglass on my mother's waiter.

"Well, Mary, you have done wonders," said my mother, as she took her place; "your arrangements restore appetite to all of us."

Mary received our praises with a gracious smile, yet with a composed gravity which somewhat puzzled me. She seemed perfectly obliging and amiable, yet there was a serious reticence about her that quite piqued my curiosity. I could not help recurring to the idea of a lady in disguise; though I scarcely knew to what circumstance about her I could attach the idea. So far from the least effort to play the lady, her dress was, in homely plainness, a perfect contrast to that of the girls who had preceded her. It consisted of strong dark-blue stuff, made perfectly plain to her figure, with a narrow band of white linen around her throat. Her dark-brown hair was brushed smoothly away from her face, and confined simply behind in a net; there was not the slightest pretension to coquetry in its arrangement; in fact, the object seemed

to be to get it snugly out of the way, rather than to make it a matter of ornament. Nevertheless, I could not help remarking that there was a good deal of it, and that it waved very prettily, notwithstanding the care that had been taken to brush the curl out of it.

She was apparently about twenty years of age. Her face was not handsome, but it was a refined and intelligent one. The skin had a sallow hue, which told of ill-health or of misfortune; there were lines of trouble about the eye; but the mouth and chin had that unmistakable look of firmness which speaks a person able and resolved to do a quiet battle with adverse fate, and to go through to the end with whatever is needed to be done, without fretfulness and without complaint. She had large, cool, gray eyes, attentive and thoughtful, and she met the look of any one who addressed her with an honest firmness; she seemed to be, in fact, simply and only interested to know and to do the work she had undertaken, — but what there might be behind and beyond that I could not conjecture.

One thing about her dress most in contrast with that of the other servants was that she evidently wore no crinoline. The exuberance of this article in the toilet of our domestics had become threatening of late, apparently requiring that the kitchens and pantries should be torn down and rebuilt. As matters were, our three girls never could be in our kitchen at one time without reefings and manœuvrings of their apparel which much impeded any other labor, and caused some loss of temper; and our china-closet was altogether too small for the officials who had to wash the china there, and they were constantly at odds with my mother for her firmness in resisting their tendency to carry our china and silver to the general *melée* of the kitchen sink. Moreover, our dining-room not having been constructed with an eye to modern expansions of the female toilet, it happened that, if our table was to be enlarged for guests, there arose serious questions of the waiter's crinoline to complicate the calculations; and for all these reasons, I was inclined to look with increasing wonder on a being in female form who could so far defy the tyranny of custom as to dress in a convenient and comfortable manner, adapted to the work which she undertook to perform. A good-looking girl without crinoline had a sort of unworldly freshness of air that really constituted a charm. If it had been a piece of refined coquetry, — as certainly it was not, — it could not have been better planned.

Nothing could be more perfectly proper than the demeanor of this girl in relation to all the proprieties of her position. She seemed to give her whole mind to it with an anxious exactness; but she appeared to desire no relations with the family other than those of a mere business character. It was impossible to draw her into conversation. If a good-natured remark was addressed to her on any subject such as in kindly disposed families is often extended as an invitation to a servant to talk a little with an employer, Mary met it with the briefest and gravest response that was compatible with propriety, and with a definite and marked respectfulness of demeanor which had precisely the effect of throwing us all at a distance, like ceremonious politeness in the intercourse of good society.

"I cannot make out our Mary," said I to my mother; "she is a perfect treasure, but who or what do you suppose she is?"

"I cannot tell you," said my mother. "All I know is, she understands her business perfectly, and does it exactly; but she no more belongs to the class of common servants than I do."

"Does she associate with the other girls?"

"Not at all — except at meal-times, and when about her work."

"I should think that would provoke the pride of sweet Erin," said I.

"One would think so," said my mother, "but she certainly has managed her relations with them with a curious kind

of tact. She always treats them with perfect consideration and politeness, talks with them during the times that they necessarily are thrown together in the most affable and cheerful manner, and never assumes any airs of supremacy with them. Her wanting a room to herself gave them at first an idea that she would hold herself aloof from them, and in fact, for the first few days, there was a subterranean fire in the kitchen ready to burst forth; but now all that is past, and in some way or other, without being in the least like any of them, she has contrived to make them her fast friends. I found her last night in the kitchen writing a letter for the cook, and the other day she was sitting in her room trimming a bonnet for Katy; and her opinion seems to be law in the kitchen. She seldom sits there, and spends most of her leisure in her own room, which is as tidy as a bee's cell."

"What is she doing there?"

"Reading, sewing, and writing, as far as I can see. There are a few books, and a portfolio, and a small inkstand there, — and a neat little work-basket. She is very nice with her needle, and obliging in putting her talents to the service of the other girls; but towards me she is the most perfectly silent and reserved being that one can conceive. I can't make conversation with her; she keeps me off by a most frigid respectfulness of demeanor which seems to say that she wants nothing from me but my orders. I feel that I could no more ask her a question about her private affairs, than I could ask one of Mrs. McGregor in the next street. But then it is a comfort to have some one so entirely trustworthy as she is in charge of all the nice little articles which require attention and delicate handling. She is the only girl I ever had whom I could trust to arrange a parlor and a table without any looking after. Her eye and hand, and her ideas, are certainly those of a lady, whatever her position may have been."

In time our Mary became quite a family institution for us, seeming to fill a thousand little places in the domestic arrangement where a hand or an eye was needed. She was deft at mending glass and china, and equally so at mending all sorts of household things. She darned the napkins and table-cloths in a way that excited my mother's admiration, and was always so obliging and ready to offer her services, that, in time, a resort to Mary's work-basket and ever-ready needle became the most natural thing in the world to all of us. She seemed to have no acquaintance in the city, never went out visiting, received no letters, — in short, seemed to live a completely isolated life, and to dwell in her own thoughts in her solitary little room.

By that talent for systematic arrangement which she possessed, she secured for herself a good many hours to spend there. My mother, seeing her taste for reading, offered her the use of our books; and one volume after another spent its quiet week or fortnight in her room, and returned to our shelves in due time. They were mostly works of solid information, — history, travels, — and a geography and atlas which had formed part of the school outfit of one of the younger children she seemed interested to retain for some time. "It is my opinion," said my mother, "that she is studying, — perhaps with a view to get some better situation."

"Pray keep her with us," said I, "if you can. Why don't you raise her wages? You know that she does more than any other girl ever did before in her place, and is so trustworthy that she is invaluable to us. Persons of her class are worth higher wages than common uneducated servants."

My mother accordingly did make a handsome addition to Mary's wages, and by the time she had been with us a year the confidence which her quiet manner had inspired was such, that, if my mother wished to be gone for a day or two, the house, with all that was in it, was left trustingly in Mary's hands, as with a sort of housekeeper. She was charged with all the last directions, as well as the keys to the jel-

lies, cakes, and preserves, with discretionary power as to their use; and yet, for some reason, such was the ascendency she contrived to keep over her Hibernian friends in the kitchen, all this confidence evidently seemed to them quite as proper as to us.

"She ain't quite like us," said Biddy one day, mysteriously, as she looked after her. "She 's seen better days, or I 'm mistaken; but she don't take airs on her. She knows how to take the bad luck quiet like, and do the best she can."

"Has she ever told you anything of herself, Biddy," said my mother.

"Me? No. It 's a quiet tongue *she* keeps in her head. She is ready enough to do good turns for us, and to smooth out our ways, and hear our stories, but it 's close in her own affairs she is. Maybe she don't like to be talkin', when talkin' does no good, — poor soul!"

Matters thus went on, and I amused myself now and then with speculating about Mary. I would sometimes go to her to ask some of those little charities of the needle which our sex are always needing from feminine hands; but never, in the course of any of these little transactions, could I establish the slightest degree of confidential communication. If she sewed on a shirt-button, she did it with as abstracted an air as if my arm were a post which she was required to handle, and not the arm of a good-looking youth of twenty-five, — as I fondly hoped I was. And certain remarks which I once addressed to her in regard to her studies and reading in her own apartment were met with that cool, wide-open gaze of her calm gray eyes, that seemed to say, "Pray, what is that to your purpose, sir?" and she merely answered, "Is there anything else that you would like me to do, sir?" with a marked deference that was really defiant.

But one day I fancied I had got hold of a clew. I was standing in our lower front hall, when I saw young McPherson, whom I used to know in New York, coming up the door-steps.

At the moment that he rung the door-bell, our Mary, who had seen him from the chamber window, suddenly grew pale, and said to my mother, "Please, ma'am, will you be so good as to excuse my going to the door? I feel faint."

My mother spoke over the banisters, and I opened the door, and let in McPherson.

He and I were jolly together, as old classmates are wont to be, and orders were given to lay a plate for him at dinner.

Mary prepared the service with her usual skill and care, but pleaded that her illness increased so that it would be impossible for her to wait on table. Now, nobody in the house thought there was anything peculiar about this but myself. My mother, indeed, had noticed that Mary's faintness had come on very suddenly, as she looked out on the street; but it was I who suggested to her that McPherson might have some connection with it.

"Depend upon it, mother, he is somebody whom she has known in her former life, and does n't wish to meet," said I.

"Nonsense, Tom; you are always getting up mysteries, and fancying romances."

Nevertheless, I took a vicious pleasure in experimenting on the subject; and therefore, a day or two after, when I had got Mary fairly within eye-range, as she waited on table, I remarked to my mother carelessly, "By the by, the McPhersons are coming to Boston to live."

There was a momentary jerk of Mary's hand, as she was filling a tumbler, and then I could see the restraint of self-command passing all over her. I had hit something, I knew; so I pursued my game.

"Yes," I continued, "Jim is here to look at houses; he is thinking strongly of one in the next block."

There was a look of repressed fear and distress on Mary's face as she hastily turned away, and made an errand into the china-closet.

"I have found a clew," I said to my mother, triumphantly, going to her room after dinner. "Did you notice Mary's agitation when I spoke of the McPhersons coming to Boston? By Jove! but the girl is plucky though; it was the least little start, and in a minute she had her visor down and her armor buckled. This certainly becomes interesting."

"Tom, I certainly must ask you what business it is of yours," said my mother, settling back into the hortatory attitude familiar to mothers. "Supposing the thing is as you think, — suppose that Mary is a girl of refinement and education, who, from some unfortunate reason, has no resource but her present position, — why should you hunt her out of it? If she is, as you think, a lady, there is the strongest reason why a gentleman should respect her feelings. I fear the result of all this restless prying and intermeddling of yours will be to drive her away; and really, now I have had her, I don't know how I ever could do without her. People talk of female curiosity," said my mother, with a slightly belligerent air. "I never found but men had fully as much curiosity as women. Now, what will become of us all if your restlessness about this should be the means of Mary's leaving us? You know the perfectly dreadful times we had before she came, and I don't know anybody who has less patience to bear such things than you."

In short, my mother was in that positive state of mind which is expressed by the colloquial phrase of being on her high horse. I — as the male part of creation always must in such cases — became very meek and retiring, and promised to close my eyes and ears, and not dream, or think, or want to know, anything which it was not agreeable to Mary and my mother that I should. I would not look towards the door-bell, nor utter a word about the McPhersons, who, by the by, decided to take the house in our neighborhood.

But though I was as exemplary as one of the saints, it did no good. Mary, for some reasons known to herself, became fidgety, nervous, restless, and had frequent headaches and long crying spells in her own private apartment, after the manner of women when something is the matter with them.

My mother was, as she always is with every creature in her employ, maternal and sympathetic, and tried her very best to get into her confidence.

Mary only confessed to feeling a little unwell, and hinted obscurely that perhaps she should be obliged to leave the place. But it was quite evident that her leaving was connected with the near advent of the McPhersons in the next block; for I observed that she always showed some little, irrepressible signs of nervousness whenever that subject was incidentally alluded to. Finally, on the day that their furniture began to arrive, and to provide abundant material for gossip and comment to the other members of the kitchen cabinet, Mary's mind appeared suddenly made up. She came into my mother's room looking as a certain sort of women do when they have made a resolution which they mean to stand by, — very pale, very quiet, and very decided. She asked to see my mother alone, and in that interview she simply expressed gratitude for all her kindness to her, but said that circumstances would oblige her to go to New York.

My mother now tried her best to draw from her her history, whatever that might be. She spoke with tact and tenderness, and with the respect due from one human being to another; for my mother always held that every soul has its own inviolable private door which it has a right to keep closed, and at which even queens and duchesses, if they wish to enter, must knock humbly and reverently.

Mary was almost overcome by her kindness. She thanked her over and over; at times my mother said she looked at her wistfully, as if on the very point of speaking, and then, quiet-

ly gathering herself within herself, she remained silent. All that could be got from her was, that it was necessary for her hereafter to live in New York.

The servants in the kitchen, with the warm-heartedness of their race, broke out into a perfect Irish howl of sorrow; and at the last moment, Biddy, our fat cook, fell on her neck, and lifted up her voice and wept, almost smothering her with her tumultuous embraces; and the whole party of them would go with her to the New York station, one carrying her shawl, another her hand-bag and parasol, with emulous affection; and so our very pleasant and desirable second girl disappeared, and we saw her no more.

Six months after this, when our Mary had become only a memory of the past, I went to spend a week or two in Newport, and took, among other matters and things, a letter of introduction to Mrs. McIntyre, a Scotch lady, who had just bought a pretty cottage there, and, as my friend who gave it told me, would prove an interesting acquaintance.

"She has a pretty niece," said he, "who I 'm told is heiress to her property, and is called a very nice girl."

So, at the proper time, I lounged in one morning, and found a very charming, cosey, home-like parlor, arranged with all those little refined touches and artistic effects by which people of certain tastes and habits at once recognize each other in all parts of the world, as by the tokens of freemasonry. I felt perfectly acquainted with Mrs. McIntyre from the first glance at her parlor, — where the books, the music, the birds, the flowers, and that everlasting variety of female small-work prepared me for a bright, chatty, easy-going, home-loving kind of body, such as I found Mrs. McIntyre to be. She was, as English and Scotch ladies are apt to be, very oddly dressed in very nice and choice articles. It takes the eye of the connoisseur to appreciate these oddly dressed Englishwomen. They are like antique china; but a discriminating eye soon sees the real quality that underlies their quaint adornment. Mrs. McIntyre was scrupulously, exquisitely neat. All her articles of dress were of the choicest quality. The yellow and tumbled lace that was fussed about her neck and wrists might have been the heirloom of a countess; her satin gown, though very short and very scanty, was of a fabulous richness; and the rings that glittered on her withered hands were of the fashion of two centuries ago, but of wonderful brilliancy.

She was very gracious in her reception, as my letter was from an old friend, and said many obliging things of me; so I was taken at once to her friendship, with the frankness characteristic of people of her class when they make up their minds to know you at all.

"I must introduce you to my Mary," she said; "she has just gone into the garden to cut flowers for the vases."

In a moment more, "Mary" entered the room, with a little white apron full of flowers, and a fresh bloom on her cheeks; and I was — as the reader has already anticipated — to my undisguised amazement, formally introduced to Miss Mary McIntyre, our second girl.

Of all things for which I consider women admirable, there is no trait which fills me with such positive awe as their social tact and self-command. Evidently this meeting was quite as unexpected to Mary as to me; but except for a sudden flash of amused astonishment in the eyes, and a becoming flush of complexion, she met me as any thorough-bred young lady meets a young man properly presented by her maternal guardian.

For my part, I had one of those dreamy periods of existence in which people doubt whether they are awake or asleep. The world seemed all turning topsy-turvy. I was filled with curiosity, which I could with difficulty keep within the limits of conventional propriety.

"I see, Mr. Seymour, that you are very much astonished," said Mary to

me, when Mrs. McIntyre had left the room to give some directions to the servants.

"Upon my word," said I, "I never was more so; I feel as if I were in the midst of a fairy tale."

"Nothing so remarkable as that," she said. "But since I saw you a happy change, as I need not tell you now, has come over my life through the coming of my mother's sister to America. When my mother died, my aunt was in India. The letters that I addressed to her in Scotland were a long time in reaching her, and then it took a long time for her to wind up her affairs there, and find her way to this country."

"But," said I, "what could — "

"What could induce me to do as I did? Well, I knew your mother's character, — no matter how. I needed a support and protection, and I resolved for a time to put myself under her wing. I knew that in case of any real trouble I should find in her a true friend and a safe adviser, and I hoped to earn her esteem and confidence by steadily doing my duty. Some other time, perhaps, I will tell you more," she added.

The return of Mrs. McIntyre put an end to our private communication, but she insisted, with true old-world hospitality, on my remaining to dinner.

Here I was precipitated into a romance at once. Mary had just enough of that perverse feminine pleasure in teasing to keep my interest alive. The fact was, she saw me becoming entangled from day to day without any more misgivings of conscience than the celebrated spider of the poem felt when she invited the fly to walk into her parlor.

Mrs. McIntyre took me in a very marked way into her good graces, and I had every opportunity to ride, walk, sketch, and otherwise to attend upon Mary; and Mary was gracious also, but so quietly and discreetly mistress of herself that I could not for the life of me tell what to make of her. There were all sorts of wonders and surmises boiling up within me. What was it about McPherson? Was there anything there? Was Mary engaged? Or was there any old affair? &c., &c. Not that it was any business of mine; but then a fellow likes to know his ground before — Before *what?* I thought to myself, and that unknown WHAT every day assumed new importance in my eyes. Mary had many admirers. Her quiet, easy, self-possessed manners, her perfect tact and grace, always made her a favorite; but I could not help hoping that between her and me there was that confidential sense of a mutually kept secret which it is delightful to share with the woman you wish to please.

Why won't women sometimes enlighten a fellow a little in this dark valley that lies between intimate acquaintance and the awful final proposal? To be sure there are kind souls who will come more than halfway to meet you, but they are always sure to be those you don't want to meet. The woman *you want* is always as reticent as a nut, and leaves you the whole work of this last dread scene without a bit of help on her part. To be sure, she smiles on you; but what of that? You see she smiles also on Tom, Dick, and Harry.

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike;
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

I fought out a battle of two or three weeks with my fair foe, trying to get in advance some hint from her as to what she would do with me if I put myself at her mercy. No use. Our sex may as well give up first as last before one of these quiet, resolved, little pieces of femininity, who are perfect mistresses of all the peculiar weapons, defensive and offensive, of womanhood. There was nothing for it but to surrender at discretion; but when I had done this, I was granted all the honors of war. Mrs. McIntyre received me with an old-fashioned maternal blessing, and all was as happy as possible.

"And now," said Mary, "I suppose,

sir, you will claim a right to know all about me."

"Something of the sort," I said complacently.

"I know you have been dying of curiosity ever since I was waiting behind your lordship's chair at your mother's. I knew you suspected something then, — confess now."

"But what could have led you there?"

"Just hear. My mother, who was Mrs. McIntyre's sister, had by a first marriage only myself. Shortly after my father's death, she married a widower with several children. As long as she lived, I never knew what want or care or trouble was; but just as I was entering upon my seventeenth year she died. A year after her death, my step-father, who was one of those men devoted to matrimony at all hazards, married another woman, by whom he had children.

"In a few years more, he died; and his affairs, on examination, proved to be in a very bad state; there was, in fact, scarcely anything for us to live on. Our step-mother had a settlement from her brother. The two other daughters of my father were married, and went to houses of their own; and I was left, related really to nobody, without property and without home.

"I suppose hundreds of young girls are from one reason or other left just in this way, and have, without any previous preparation in their education and habits, to face the question, *How can I get a living?*

"I assure you it is a serious question for a young girl who has grown up in the easy manner in which I had. My step-father had always been a cheery, kindly, generous man, one of those who love to see people enjoy themselves, and to have things done handsomely, and had kept house in a free, abundant, hospitable manner; so that when I came to look myself over in relation to the great uses of life, I could make out very little besides expensive tastes and careless habits.

"I had been to the very best schools, but then I had studied, as most girls in easy circumstances do, without a thought of using my knowledge for any practical purpose. I could speak very fair English; but how I did it, or why, I didn't know, — all the technical rules of grammar had passed from my head like a dream. I could play a little on the piano, and sing a few songs; but I did not know enough of music to venture to propose myself as a teacher; and so with every other study. All the situations of profit in the profession of teaching are now crowded and blocked by girls who have been studying for that express object, — and what could I hope among them?

"My mother-in-law was a smart, enterprising, driving woman of the world, who told all her acquaintance that, of course, she should give me a home, although I was no kind of relation to her, and who gave me to understand that I was under infinite obligations to her on this account, and must pay for the privilege by making myself generally useful. I soon found that this meant doing a servant's work without wages. During six months I filled, I may say, the place of a seamstress and nursery-governess to some very ungoverned children, varying with occasional weeks of servant's work, when either the table-girl or the cook left a place vacant. For all this I received my board, and some cast-off dresses and underclothes to make over for myself. I was tired of this, and begged my step-mother to find me some place where I could earn my own living. She was astonished and indignant at the demand. When Providence had provided me a good home, under respectable protection, she said, why should I ask to leave it? For her part, she thought the situation of a young lady making herself generally useful in domestic life, in the family of her near connections, was a delightful one. She had no words to say how much more respectable and proper it was thus to live in the circle of family usefulness and protection, than to go out in the world looking for employment.

"I did not suggest to her that the

chief difference in the cases would be, that in a hired situation I should have regular wages and regular work; whereas in my present position it was irregular work, and no wages.

"Her views on the subject were perhaps somewhat beclouded by the extreme convenience she found in being able to go into company, and to range about the city at all hours, unembarrassed by those family cares which generally fall to the mistress, but which her views of what constituted general usefulness devolved upon me.

"I had no retirement, no leisure, no fixed place anywhere. My bed was in the nursery, where the children felt always free to come and go; and even this I was occasionally requested to resign, to share the couch of the housemaid, when sickness in the family or a surplus of guests caused us to be crowded for room.

"I grew very unhappy, my health failed, and the demands upon me were entirely beyond my strength, and without any consideration. The doer of all the odds and ends in a family has altogether the most work and least praise of any, as I discovered to my cost. I found one thing after another falling into my long list of appointed duties, by a regular progress. Thus, first it would be, 'Mary, won't you see to the dusting of the parlors? for Bridget is,' &c., &c.; this would be the form for a week or two, and then, 'Mary, have you dusted the parlors?' and at last, 'Mary, why have you not dusted the parlors?'

"As I said, I never studied anything to practical advantage; and though I had been through arithmetic and algebra, I had never made any particular use of my knowledge. But now, under the influence of misfortune, my thoughts took an arithmetical turn. By inquiring among the servants, I found that, in different families in the neighborhood, girls were receiving three dollars a week for rendering just such services as mine. Here was a sum of a hundred and fifty-six dollars yearly, in ready money, put into their hands, besides their board, the privilege of knowing their work exactly, and having a control of their own time when certain definite duties were performed. Compared with what I was doing and receiving, this was riches and ease and rest.

"After all, I thought to myself, why should not I find some respectable, superior, motherly woman, and put myself under her as a servant, make her my friend by good conduct, and have some regular hours and some definite income, instead of wearing out my life in service without pay? Nothing stood in my way but the traditionary shadow of gentility, and I resolved it should not stop me.

"Years before, when I was only eight or ten years old, I had met your mother with your family at the seaside, where my mother took me. I had seen a great deal of her, and knew all about her. I remembered well her habitual consideration for the nurses and servants in her employ. I knew her address in Boston, and I resolved to try to find a refuge in her family. And so there is my story. I left a note with my step-mother, saying that I was going to seek independent employment, and then went to Boston to your house. There I hoped to find a quiet asylum, — at least, till I could hear from my aunt in Scotland. The delay of hearing from her during those two years at your house often made me low-spirited."

"But what made you so afraid of McPherson?" said I, nervously. "I remember your faintness, and all that, the day he called."

"O, that? Why, it was merely this, — they were on intimate visiting terms with my mother-in-law, and I knew that it would be all up with my plans if they were to be often at the house."

"Why *did n't* you tell my mother?" said I.

"I did think of it, but then —" She gave me a curious glance.

"But what, Mary?"

"Well, I could see plainly enough

that there were no secrets between you and her, and I did not wish to take so fine a young gentleman into my confidence," said Mary. "You will observe I was not out seeking flirtations, but an honest independence."

My mother was apprised of our engagement in due form, and came to Newport, all innocence, to call on Miss McIntyre, her intended daughter-in-law. Her astonishment at the moment of introduction was quite satisfactory to me.

For the rest, Mary's talents in making a home agreeable have had since then many years of proof; and where any of the little domestic chasms appear which are formed by the shifting nature of the American working class, she always slides into the place with a quiet grace, and reminds me, with a humorous twinkle of the eye, that she is used to being second girl.

OLDPORT WHARVES.

EVERY one who comes to a wharf feels an impulse to follow it down, and look from the end. There is a fascination about it. It is the point of contact between land and sea. A bridge evades the water, and unites land with land, as if there were no obstacle. But a wharf seeks the water, and lays its solid hand within its bed. It is the sign of a lasting friendship; once extended, there it remains; the water embraces it, takes it into its tumultuous bosom at high tide, leaves it in peace when the tide recedes, rushes back to it eagerly again, plays with it in sunshine, surges round it in storm, almost crushing the massive toy. But the pledge once given is never withdrawn. Buildings may rise and fall, but a solid wharf is almost indestructible. Even if it seems destroyed, its materials are all there. This shore might be swept away, these piers be submerged or dashed asunder, still every brick and stone would remain. Half the wharves of Oldport were ruined in the great storm of 1815. Yet not one of them has stirred from the place where it lay; its foundations have only spread more widely and firmly; they are a part of the very pavement of the harbor, submarine mountain ranges, on one of which yonder schooner now lies aground. Thus the wild ocean only punished itself, and has been embarrassed for half a century, like many another mad profligate, by the wrecks of what it ruined.

Yet the surges are wont to deal very tenderly with these wharves. In summer the sea decks them with floating weeds, and studs them with an armor of shells. In the winter it surrounds them with a smoother mail of ice, and the detached piles stand white and gleaming, like the out-door palace of a Russian queen. How softly and eagerly this coming tide swirls round them! All day the fishes haunt their shadows; all night the phosphorescent water glimmers by them, and washes with long refluent waves along their sides, decking their blackness with a spray of stars.

Water is the natural outlet to every landscape, and when we have followed down this artificial promontory, and have seen the waves on three sides of us, we have taken the first step toward circumnavigating the globe. This is our last *terra firma*. One step farther, and there is but a deck, which tilts and totters beneath our feet. A wharf, therefore, is neutral ground for all. It is a silent hospitality, understood by all nations. It is in some sort a thing of universal ownership. Having once built it, you must grant

its use to all; it is no trespass to land upon any man's wharf.

The sea, like other beautiful savage creatures, derives most of its charm from its reserves of untamed power. When a wild animal is subdued to abjectness, all its interest is gone. The ocean is never thus humiliated. So slight an advance of its waves would overwhelm us, if only the restraining power once should fail, and the water keep on rising! Even here, in these safe haunts of commerce, we deal with the same salt tide which I myself have seen ascend above these piers, and which within half a century drowned a whole family in their home upon our Long Wharf. It is still the same ungoverned ocean which twice in every twenty-four hours reasserts its right of way, and stops only where it will. At Monckton, on the Bay of Fundy, the wharves are built forty feet high, and at ebb-tide you may look down on the schooner lying aground upon the mud below. In six hours they will be floating at your side. But the motions of the tide are as resistless whether its rise be six feet or forty; as in the lazy stretching of the caged lion's paw you can see all the terrors of his spring.

Our principal wharf, the oldest in the town, has lately been doubled in size, and quite transformed in shape, by an importation of broad acres from the country. It is now what is called "made land"; a manufacture which has grown so easy, that I daily expect to see some enterprising contractor set up endwise a bar of railroad iron, and construct a new planet at its summit, which shall presently go spinning off into space and be called an asteroid. There are some people whom it would be pleasant to colonize in that way; but meanwhile the unchanged southern side of the pier seems pleasanter, with its boat-builders' shops, all facing sunward, — a cheerful haunt upon a winter's day. On the early maps this wharf appears as "Queen-Hithe," a name more graceful than its present cognomen. "Hithe" or "Hythe" signifies a small harbor, and is the final syllable of many English names, as of Lambeth. Hythe is also one of those Cinque-Ports of which the Duke of Wellington was warden. This wharf was probably still familiarly called Queen-Hithe in 1781, when Washington and Rochambeau walked its length bareheaded between the ranks of French soldiers; and it doubtless bore that name when Dean Berkeley arrived in 1729, and the Rev. Mr. Honyman and all his flock closed hastily the church service, and hastened to the landing to receive their guest. But it had lost this name ere those days, yet remembered by aged men, when the Long Wharf became a market. Beeves were then driven thither and tethered, while each hungry applicant marked with a piece of chalk upon the creature's side the desired cut; when a sufficient portion had been thus secured, the sentence of death was issued. Fancy the chalk a live coal, or the beast endowed with human consciousness, and no Indian or inquisitorial tortures could have been more fearful.

To enter the strange little black warehouses which cover most of our smaller wharves appears like visiting the houses at Pompeii. They are so old and so small, it seems as if some race of pygmies must have built them. Though they are two or three stories high, with steep gambrel-roofs, and heavily timbered, their rooms are yet so low that a man six feet high can hardly stand upright beneath the great cross-beams. There is a row of these structures, for instance, described on a map of 1762 as "the old buildings on Lopez' Wharf," and to which another century has probably brought very little change. Lopez was a Portuguese Jew, who came to this place, with several hundred others, after the Lisbon earthquake of 1755. He is said to have owned eighty square-rigged vessels in this port, from which no such craft now sails. His little counting-room is in the second story; its wall-timbers are of oak, and are still sound; the few remaining planks are grained to resemble rosewood and mahogany;

the fragments of wall-paper are of English make. In the cross-beam, just above your head, are the pigeon-holes once devoted to different vessels, whose names are still recorded above them on faded paper, — "Ship Cleopatra," "Brig Juno," and the like. Many of these vessels measured less than two hundred tons, and it seems as if their owner had built his ships to match the size of his counting-room.

A sterner tradition clings around an old building on a remoter wharf; for men have but lately died who had seen slaves pass within its doors for confinement. The wharf in those days appertained to a distillery, a trade then constantly connected with the slave-trade, rum being sent to Africa, and human beings brought back. Occasionally a cargo was landed here, instead of being sent to the West Indies or to South Carolina, and this building was fitted up for their temporary storage. It is but some twenty-five feet square, and must be less than thirty feet in height, yet it is divided into three stories, of which the lowest was used for other purposes, and the two upper were reserved for slaves. There still are to be seen the barred partitions and latticed door, making half the second story into a sort of cage, while the agent's room appears to have occupied the other half. A similar latticed door — just such as I have seen in Southern slave-pens — secures the foot of the upper stairway. The whole small attic constitutes a single room, with a couple of windows, and two additional breathing-holes, two feet square, opening on the yard. It makes one sick to think of the poor creatures who may once have griped those bars with their hands, or have glared with eager eyes between them; and it makes me recall with delight the day when I once wrenched away the stocks and chains from the floor of a pen like this, on the St. Mary's River. It is almost forty years since this distillery became a mill, and sixty since the slave-trade was abolished. The date "1803" is scrawled upon the door of the cage, — the very year when the port of Charleston was reopened for slaves, just before the traffic ceased. A few years more, and such horrors will seem as remote a memory in South Carolina, thank God! as in Rhode Island.

Other wharves are occupied by mast-yards, places that seem like play-rooms for grown men, crammed fuller than any old garret with those odds and ends in which the youthful soul delights. There are planks and spars and timber, broken rudders, rusty anchors, coils of rope, bales of sail-cloth, heaps of blocks, piles of chain-cable, great iron tar-kettles like antique helmets, strange machines for steaming planks, inexplicable little chimneys, engines that seem like dwarf-locomotives, windlasses that apparently turn nothing, and incipient canals that lead nowhere. For in these yards there seems no particular difference between land and water; the tide comes and goes anywhere, and nobody minds it; boats are drawn up among burdocks and ambrosia, and the platform on which you stand suddenly proves to be something afloat. Vessels are hauled upon the ways, each side the wharf, their poor ribs pitiably unclothed, ready for a cumbrous mantua-making of oak and iron. On one side, within a floating boom, lies a fleet of masts and unhewn logs, tethered uneasily, like captured whales, and rocking in the ripples. A vast shed, that has doubtless looked ready to fall for these dozen years, spreads over half the entrance to the wharf, and is filled with spars, knee-timber, and planks of fragrant wood; its uprights are festooned with all manner of great hawsers and smaller ropes, and its dim loft is piled with empty casks and idle sails. The sun always seems to shine in a ship-yard; there are apt to be more loungers than laborers, and this gives a pleasant air of repose; the neighboring water softens all harsher sounds, the foot treads upon an elastic carpet of embedded chips, and pleasant resinous odors are in the air.

Then there are wharves quite abandoned by commerce, and given over to small tenements, filled with families

so abundant, that they might dispel the fears of those alarmists who suspect that children are ceasing to be born. Shrill voices resound there — American or Irish, as the case may be — through the summer noontides ; and the domestic clothes-line forever stretches across the paths where imported slaves once trod, or rich merchandise lay piled. Some of these abodes are nestled in the corners of houses once stately, with large windows and carven doorways. Others occupy separate buildings, almost always of black, unpainted wood, sometimes with the long sloping roof of Massachusetts, oftener with the quaint "gambrel" of Rhode Island. From the busiest point of our main street, I can show you a single cottage, with low gables, projecting eaves, and sheltering sweetbrier, that seems as if it must have strayed hither, a century or two ago, out of some English lane.

Some of the more secluded wharves appear wholly deserted by men and women, and are tenanted alone by rats and boys, — two amphibious races ; either can swim anywhere, or scramble and penetrate everywhere. The boys launch some abandoned skiff, and, with an oar for a sail and another for a rudder, pass from wharf to wharf; nor would it be surprising if these bright-eyed rats were to take similar passage on a shingle. Yet, after all, the human juveniles are the more sagacious brood. It is strange that people should go to Europe, and seek the society of potentates less imposing, when home can endow them with the occasional privilege of a nod from an American boy. In these sequestered haunts, I frequently meet some urchin three feet high, who carries with him an air of consummate worldly experience that completely overpowers me, and I seem to shrink to the dimensions of Tom Thumb. Before his calm and terrible glance all disguises fail. You may put on a bold and careless air, and affect to overlook him as you pass ; but it is like assuming to ignore the existence of the Pope of Rome, or of the London Times. He knows better. Grown men are never very formidable ; they are shy and shamefaced themselves, usually preoccupied, and not very observing. If they see one loitering about, without visible aim, they class the interloper as a mild imbecile, and let him go; but boys are nature's detectives, and one does not so easily evade their scrutinizing eyes. I know full well that, while I study their ways, they are noting mine through a clearer lens, and are probably taking my measure far better than I take theirs. One instinctively shrinks from making a sketch or memorandum while they are by; and if caught in the act, one fondly hopes to pass for some harmless speculator in real estate, whose pencillings are only like those casual sums in compound interest which are usually to be found scrawled on the margins of the daily papers in Boston reading-rooms.

Our wharves are almost all connected by intricate by-ways among the buildings ; and one almost wishes to be a pirate or a smuggler, for the pleasure of eluding the officers of justice through such seductive paths. It is perhaps to counteract this perilous fascination, that our new police-office has been established on a wharf. You will see its brick tower rising not ungracefully, as you enter the inner harbor ; it looks the better for being almost windowless, though beauty was not the aim of the omission. A curious citizen is said to have asked one of our city fathers the reason of this peculiarity. "No use in windows," said sadly the experienced official ; "the boys would only break 'em." It seems very unjust to assert that there is no subordination in our American society ; the citizens are expected to show deference to the police, and the police to the boys.

The ancient aspect of these wharves extends itself sometimes to the vessels which lie moored beside them. At yonder pier, for instance, has lain for thirteen years a decaying bark, which was suspected of being engaged in the slave-trade. She was run ashore and abandoned on Block Island, in the

winter of 1854, and was afterwards brought in here. Her purchaser was offered eight thousand dollars for his bargain, but refused it; and here the vessel has remained, paying annual wharf dues and charges, till she is worthless. She lies chained at the wharf, and the tide rises and falls within her, thus furnishing a convenient bathing-house for the children, who also find a perpetual gymnasium in the broken shrouds that dangle from her masts. Turner, when he painted his "slave-ship," could have asked no better model. There is no name upon the stern, which exhibits merely a carved eagle with the wings clipped and the head knocked off. Only the lower masts remain, which are of a dismal black, as are the tops and mizen cross-trees. Within the bulwarks, on each side, stand rows of black blocks, to which the shrouds were once attached; these blocks are called by sailors "dead-eyes," and each stands in weird mockery, with its three ominous holes, like so many human skulls before some palace in Dahomey. Other blocks like these swing more ominously yet at the ends of the shrouds, that still hang suspended, waving and creaking and jostling in the wind. Each year the ropes decay, and soon the repulsive pendants will be gone. Not so with the iron belaying-pins, a few of which still stand around the mast, so rusted into the iron fife-rail that even the persevering industry of the children cannot wrench them out. It seems as if some guilty stain must cling to their sides, and hold them in. By one of those fitnesses which fortune often adjusts, but which seem incredible in art, the wharf is now used on one side for the storage of slate, and the hulk is approached through an avenue of gravestones. I never find myself in that neighborhood but my steps instinctively seek that condemned vessel, whether by day, when she makes a dark foreground for the white yachts and the summer waves, or by night, when the storm breaks over her desolate deck.

If we follow northward from "Queen-Hithe" along the shore, we pass into a region where the ancient wharves of commerce, ruined in 1815, have never been rebuilt; and only slender pathways for pleasure voyagers now stretch above the submerged foundations. Once the court end of the town, then its commercial centre, it is now divided between the tenements of fishermen and the summer homes of city households. Still the great old houses remain, with mahogany stairways, carved wainscoting, and painted tiles; the sea has encroached upon their gardens, and only boats like mine approach where English dukes and French courtiers once landed. At the head of yonder private wharf, in that spacious and still cheerful abode, dwelt the beautiful Robinson sisterhood, — the three Quaker belles of Revolutionary days, the memory of whose loves might lend romance to this neighborhood forever. One of these maidens was asked in marriage by a captain in the English army, and was banished by her family to the Narragansett shore, under a flag of truce, to avoid him; her lover was afterward killed by a cannon-ball, in his tent, and she died unwedded. Another was sought by two aspirants, who came in the same ship to woo her, the one from Philadelphia, the other from New York. She refused them both, and they sailed southward together; but, the wind proving adverse, they returned, and one lingered till he won her hand. Still another lover was forced into a vessel by his friends, to tear him from the enchanted neighborhood; while sailing past the house, he suddenly threw himself into the water, — it must have been about where the end of the wharf now rests, — that he might be rescued and carried, a passive Leander, into yonder door. The house was first the head-quarters of the English commander, then of the French; and the sentinels of De Noailles once trod where now croquet-balls form the heaviest ordnance. Peaceful and untitled guests now throng in summer where St. Vincents and Northumberlands once rustled and glittered; and

there is nothing to recall those brilliant days except the painted tiles on the chimney, where there is a choice society of coquettes and beaux, priests and conjurers, beggars and dancers, and every wig and hoop dates back to the days of Queen Anne.

Sometimes when I stand upon this pier by night, and look across the calm black water, — so still, perhaps, that the starry reflections seem to drop through it in prolonged javelins of light instead of resting on the surface, and the opposite light-house spreads its cloth of gold across the bay, — I can imagine that I discern the French and English vessels just getting under way; I see De Lauzun and De Noailles embarking, and catch the last sheen upon their lace, and the last glitter of their swords. It vanishes, and I see only the light-house gleam, and the dark masts of a sunken ship across the neighboring island. Those motionless spars have, after all, a nearer interest, and, as I saw them sink, I will tell their tale.

That vessel came in here one day last August, a stately, full-sailed bark, nor was it known, till she had anchored, that she was a mass of imprisoned fire below. She was the "Trajan," from Rockland, bound to New Orleans with a cargo of lime, which took fire in a gale of wind, being wet with sea-water as the vessel rolled. The captain and crew retreated to the deck, and made the hatches fast, leaving even their clothing and provisions below. They remained on deck, after reaching this harbor, till it grew too hot beneath their feet, and the water came boiling from the pumps. Then the vessel was towed into a depth of five fathoms, to be scuttled and sunk. I watched her go down. Early impressions from "Peter Parley" had portrayed the sinking of a vessel as a frightful plunge, endangering all around, like a Maelstrom. The actual process was merely a subsidence so calm and gentle that a child might have stood upon the deck till it sank beneath him, and then have floated away. Instead of a convulsion, it was something stately and very pathetic to the imagination. The bark remained almost level, the bows a little higher than the stern; and her breath appeared to be surrendered in a series of pulsations, as if every gasp of the lungs admitted more of the suffocating wave. After each long heave, she went visibly a few inches deeper, and then paused. The face of the benign Emperor, her namesake, was on the stern; first sank the carven beard, then the rather mutilated nose, then the white and staring eyes, that gazed blankly over the engulfing waves. The figure-head was Trajan again, at full length, with the costume of an Indian hunter and the face of a Roman sage; this image lingered longer, and then vanished, like Victor Hugo's Gilliatt, by cruel gradations. Meanwhile the gilded name upon the taffrail had slowly disappeared also; but even when the ripples began to meet across her deck, still the descent was calm. As the water gained, the hidden fire was extinguished, and the smoke, at first densely rising, grew rapidly less. Yet when it had stopped altogether, and all but the top of the cabin had disappeared, there came a new ebullition of steam, like a hot spring, throwing itself several feet in air, and then ceasing.

As the vessel went down, several beams and planks came springing endwise up the hatchway, like liberated men. But nothing had a stranger look than some great black casks which had been left on deck. These, as the water floated them, seemed to stir and wake, and become gifted with life, and then got into motion and wallowed heavily about the deck, like hippopotami or any unwieldy and bewildered beasts. At last the most enterprising of them got somehow to the bulwark, and, after several clumsy efforts, shouldered itself over; then others bounced out, eagerly following, as sheep leap a wall, and then they all went bobbing away, over the dancing waves. For the wind blew fresh meanwhile, and there were some twenty sail-boats lying-to with reefed sails by the wreck,

like so many sea-birds; and when the loose stuff began to be washed from the deck, they all took wing at once, to save whatever could be picked up, — since at such times, as at a conflagration on land, every little thing seems to assume a value, — and at last one young fellow steered boldly up to the sinking ship itself, and, as if resolved to be the last on board, sprang upon the vanishing taffrail for one instant, and then pushed off again. I never saw anything seem so extinguished out of the universe as that great vessel, which had towered so colossal above my little boat; it was impossible to imagine that she was all there yet, beneath the foaming and indifferent waves; the masts were still visible, but they seemed small and shrunken, for the topmasts and rigging were gone. Yet she drew too much water to sink far beyond her depth, and we could see by her masts when she careened seaward. No effort has yet been made to raise her; and a dead eagle seems to have more in common with the living bird than has now this submerged and decaying hulk with the white and winged creature that came sailing into our harbor on that summer day.

It shows what conversational resources are always at hand in a seaport town, that the boatman with whom I first happened to visit this burning vessel had been thrice at sea on ships similarly destroyed, and could give all the particulars of their fate. I know no class of uneducated men whose talk is so apt to be worth hearing as that of sailors. Even apart from their personal adventures and their glimpses at foreign lands, they have made observations of nature which are far more careful and more varied than those of farmers, because the very lives of sailors depend upon the habit of close observation. Their voyages have also made them sociable and fond of talk, while the pursuits of most men tend to make them silent. And their constant changes of scene, though not touching them very deeply, have really given a certain enlargement to their minds. A quiet demeanor in a seaport town proves nothing; the most inconspicuous man may have the most thrilling career to look back upon. With what a superb familiarity do these men treat this habitable globe! Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope are in their phrase but the West Cape and the East Cape, merely two familiar portals of their wonted home. With what undisguised contempt they speak of the enthusiasm displayed over the ocean yacht-race! That any man should boast of crossing the Atlantic in a schooner of two hundred tons, in presence of those who have more than once reached the Indian Ocean in a fishing-smack of fifty, and have beaten in the homeward race the ships in whose company they sailed! It is not many years since there was here a fishing-skipper, whose surname was "Daredevil," and who sailed from this port to all parts of the world, on sealing voyages, in a sloop so small that she was popularly said to go under water when she got outside the lights, and never to reappear until she reached her port.

And not only those who sail on long voyages, but even our local pilots and fishermen, still lead an adventurous and untamed life, less softened than any other by the appliances of modern days. In their undecked boats they hover day and night along these stormy coasts, and at any hour the beating of the long-roll upon the beach may call their full manhood into action. Cowardice is sifted and crushed out from among them by such a life; and they are withal truthful and steady in their ways, with few vices and many virtues. They are born poor, and remain poor, for their work is hard, with more blanks than prizes; but their life is life for a man, and though it makes them prematurely old, yet their old age comes peacefully and well. In almost all pursuits the advance of years brings something forlorn. It is not merely that the body decays, but that men grow isolated and are pushed aside; there is no common interest between age and

youth. The old farmer leads a lonely life, and ceases to meet his compeers except on Sunday; nobody consults him; his experience has been monotonous, and his age is apt to grow unsocial. The old mechanic finds his tools and his methods superseded by those of younger men. But the superannuated fisherman graduates into an oracle; the longer he lives, the greater the dignity of his experience; he remembers the great storm, the great tide, the great catch, the great shipwreck; and on all emergencies his counsel has weight. He still busies himself about the boats too, and still sails on sunny days to show the youngsters the best fishing-ground. When too infirm for even this, he can at least sun himself beside the landing, and, dreaming over inexhaustible memories, watch the bark of his own life go down.

THE LATE PRESIDENT WAYLAND.*

THE last Sunday of October, 1823, dripped a chill farewell on the streets of Boston. The papers had given notice of a sermon to be preached before the Baptist Foreign Mission Society; yet few were found, punctual to the hour, wending their way along the wet plank walk, and down the narrow alley, to the unsightly wooden meeting-house at the North End where the service had been appointed. Nor did the interior of the little sanctuary seem much more inviting. So cheerless was it that the preacher shivered through his duties buttoned in a stout surtout; in his case, fortunately, a slight impediment to oratorical display, since he profited little in any bodily exercise, save as he now and then drew one hand from his pocket to turn a leaf. So he stood, a young man of seven-and-twenty, with stooping shoulders, and spare, ungainly frame; his sallow complexion casting into more marked relief his dark, deep-set eyes, and his strangely arched eyebrows. Neither fame nor influence enforced his words. Son of an English currier, who in the latter part of the preceding century had settled in New York, and afterwards forsook a profitable trade to become a Baptist preacher, he had breathed from birth an air charged with sturdy religious principle. With inherited fidelity to his convictions, after completing his course at Union College he abandoned the profession for which he was in part prepared, and followed the example of his father. A single year at Andover — where his means were so straitened that he had once to choose between a coat and a copy of Schleusner's Lexicon — summed up his study of theology, yet he had made such diligent use of his time, that, when the call was given him to become pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, Moses Stuart urged him to accept, for the reason "that his society in Boston was the best place in this country to begin the cure of that malady that reigned among his brethren on the subject of educating preachers." The consciousness that he had been thus put forward to promote the combined interests "of Evangelical religion and literature among the Baptists" naturally led the young minister to cultivate a style of preaching which most of his hearers neither relished nor approved; and as he delivered himself, the evening already mentioned, of one and another of his stately and sonorous periods, it is not unlikely that the catastrophe at Troas might have been repeated, had the crowded condition of the pews forced any of the congregation to seek accommodation

* A Memoir of the Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, by his Sons. New York: Sheldon & Co.

in the windows. To say the least, the discourse kindled no enthusiasm; and, with pardonable chagrin, the preacher next morning flung himself upon a lounge in the study of a friend, exclaiming, "It was a complete failure, — it fell perfectly dead." It chanced, however, that among the hearers was a shrewd printer, withal a deacon in the church, who insisted that the sermon should be put to press. "I was brought," said the author, "seemingly by accident, into a position in which I was obliged, really against my will, to publish it." Never was author's judgment more happily overruled. The first edition, which made its appearance in December, was at once exhausted. A second and a third directly followed. The discourse on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise" marks, indeed, an era in the history of modern missions. It struck a chord that sounded far beyond the confines of sect or country. A leading Presbyterian magazine, published in Virginia, reviewed it with high praise; it was reprinted in England, where it passed through many editions; and Robert Hall, whose splendid faculties disease had not yet clouded, is said, on reading it, to have predicted still greater distinction for the preacher. And three years later, the Presidency of Brown University becoming vacant by the resignation of Dr. Messer, Francis Wayland was elected to the office almost by acclamation.

When near the close of his career, and when physical infirmity and the seeming failure of some favorite schemes had perhaps imbittered his more recent recollections, Dr. Wayland expressed the feeling that he had erred in relinquishing his parish. "With my present judgment," he writes, in an autobiographical sketch with which he solaced the leisure of some of his later days, "I should have remained where I was." But who will be found to echo this opinion? Who will refuse to count those fates propitious that called him to the shores of the Narragansett? Though not a Rhode-Islander after the flesh, he yet belonged to the true spiritual seed of Roger Williams. For him the difference between Providence and Boston was not in latitude alone. Had he remained in Massachusetts, the straight lines of sect would have still enclosed him; in his new home, he came into contact with broader interests, and breathed a freer air. In the organization of the College, described in its charter as "catholic and liberal," four distinct forms of faith were recognized; and the most intimate associate of the new President, an associate whose genial contact may be traced in his whole subsequent development, was a member of the Protestant Episcopal communion. Who can doubt that Dr. Wayland was more a man for the change he made? We reconcile ourselves to the loss of a few sermons on the evils of infant baptism, for the sake of the most vigorous assault upon utilitarian ethics that has appeared in the present century. We can never regret a step which, at a time when the sophisms of the Protective system were held in New England as hardly less sacred than the injunctions of the decalogue, gave us, in one of our chief seats of learning, a bold advocate of correct principles of trade.

Two sons of President Wayland have just discharged a sacred debt, and at the same time rendered a most valuable service, in tracing the successive stages of his long and useful career. The record is full, yet there is little in it that one could wish away. The volumes will be widely read, and we spare ourselves any analysis of their impressive chapters. A life of heroic strain, sedulously devoted to all highest interests, it still invigorates with its stern resolve and unselfish mood. The leading aspects are, of course, familiar. How he poured into a languishing institution the power of his own life, placing it, by his untiring energy, in the front ranks of New England colleges; how he kindled such enthusiasm, and enforced such mental discipline, that his pupils, like those of Dr. Arnold, soon came to be recognized as a distinct and peculiar race; how he suggested changes in the

method of academic study that our leading universities are now hastening to adopt,— need not be repeated here. He left his mark on the college system of America, and posterity will yield him the praise that he never received while living. But it is not the career of the college president so much as the inner history of the man, that gives these volumes their peculiar interest. To many readers they must reveal him in an aspect altogether new ; for while his imperial qualities of mind and will were patent to all, his great, tender, and loving heart revealed itself only to those who knew him best. The genial features are wisely left by his biographers to stand forth in lines of his own projecting. The little journal, for example, of household incidents, that he kept for his sick and absent child, telling the exploits of Ned the terrier, and recording the death of the top-knot pullet, pictures the man better than a dozen Essays on the Limitations of Human Responsibility.

Yet who, after all, that knew Dr. Wayland, will be likely to accept any biography of him as satisfactory ? No analysis of his intellectual qualities, no summary of his personal characteristics, could set him forth. What power in his very presence, defying all description, as the most speaking faces defy the art of the photographer ! What reserved force, sleeping in silent depths till stirred by great occasion! Such as know him only from his writings have gained no adequate impression of the man. There are works that seem vitalized with a writer's personality. In the vascular sentences of the immortal *Essais* we clasp hands, across the chasm of three centuries, with the owner of that quaint tower that still looks down the valley of the Dordogne ; and in the pensive periods of the Sketch-Book we almost catch the beat of Irving's heart. But what suggestion of flesh and blood was ever associated with a text-book of Moral Science or of Political Economy ? Who would infer the uproarious fun of Luther from his Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, or trace in the pages of "The Wealth of Nations" the winsome traits of Adam Smith ? Not even in his printed sermons is Dr. Wayland presented with entire accuracy, for, much as he commended an " unlearned ministry," he somehow himself selected for publication his more ornate and elaborate productions. He appears in some of these as he used to appear, arrayed in cap and gown, in the stately ceremonial of Commencement-day ; or as he will appear to posterity in the stiff full-length portrait, hanging in Rhode Island Hall, which as an achievement of high art in wood is only equalled by a work of the same artist, — the picture of Mr. Webster in his reply to Hayne, that usurps so undue a share of Faneuil Hall. How little does all this resemble the image so vividly recalled as we turn the pages of these volumes ! That little, ill-lighted chapel, long since numbered among the things that were, with its wide gallery, its narrow dais, its benches carved all over with the images and superscriptions of successive generations, in painful compliance with the monkish maxim, that to labor is to pray ! How distinct, even now, sounds that heavy tread along the narrow hall ! with what emphasis that burly form bursts through the door and up the steps ! with what terrific frown that brow at once is clouded as impatient Sophomores beat, with their heels, an unseemly march ! with what utter disregard of conventional proprieties, yet with what genuine and awful sense of divine sanctities, the voice rolls out the strains of Hebrew David, and anon melts in humble, fervent prayer !

Never did Dr. Wayland seem so grand, one might almost say inspired, as in those unbidden gushes of emotion that would sometimes convulsively shake his great frame and choke his utterance. The finest paragraph in his missionary sermon would not compare for eloquence with some of those pungent appeals that at times electrified the students at their Wednesday-evening prayer-meeting. How the chapel would be hushed with the stillness of death

itself, as, in tremulous accents, and voice sinking to a whisper, he would dwell on the dread responsibilities of the soul! There was never any cant of stereotyped exhortation, never any attempt to rouse a superficial emotion, but always direct appeal to conscience and to all the highest instincts of youthful hearts. In this most difficult task of dealing with young men at the crises of their spiritual history, Dr. Wayland was unsurpassed. How wise and tender his counsels at such a time! How many who have timidly stolen to his study door, their souls burdened with strange thoughts, and bewildered with unaccustomed questionings, remember with what instant appreciation of their errand the green shade was lifted from the eye, the volume thrown aside, and with what genuine, hearty interest that whole countenance would beam. At such an interview he would often read the parable of the returning prodigal; and who that heard can ever forget the pathos with which he would dwell upon the words, "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him"? These were the moments when the springs of his nature were revealed.

Sometimes in ordinary social intercourse he would burst forth in the same unpremeditated strain. I recall an evening passed with him not very long before his death, when in the course of conversation some question was raised respecting the sincerity of Cromwell, always one of his favorite heroes. Taking up a volume of Carlyle's "Life and Letters" that lay on the table, he read aloud the prayer that the Protector uttered when dying, and with such solemnity, such feeling, such unction, that one might almost fancy that it was the voice itself of the great Puritan, wrestling with the last enemy. "Then," said he, throwing the volume down, "tell me that man was a hypocrite!" Nothing was more marked in Dr. Wayland than the naturalness with which he would glide from common topics to grave and high discourse.

Those who have heard of Dr. Wayland, for almost a generation, as the head of a literary institution, or who are familiar with the glowing traditions of his lecture-room, will be surprised to learn that he never regarded himself as possessing any special aptitude for teaching. "I may here observe," are his own words, "that I have never considered myself in any manner peculiarly adapted to the work of an instructor. It seemed my duty to undertake the labor, and I honestly attempted to discharge that duty as well as I knew how. When, however, I compare myself with Pestalozzi, Dr. Arnold, and other teachers, who have apparently been endowed with every faculty needed for their calling, and with an intense love for it, I am compelled to feel and confess my vast deficiency." The place to which he always looked with greatest reverence was a seat upon the bench. Thus, after he had resigned the Presidency, he writes to a friend: "The only position the world could offer me which I have thought I should like, is that of a judge of a court whose decisions involved grave questions of right."

Nor will this surprise those who, acquainted with his mental tendencies, recall some of his favorite illustrations. We find him, as a child, puzzling his brain with legal phrases. He delighted in the biography of great lawyers, and was always holding up the examples of Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Ellenborough, Sir Samuel Romilly, and, in this country, of Chief Justice Marshall, Alexander Hamilton, and Jeremiah Mason. The speeches of Erskine, which he had almost by heart, he regarded as the most consummate models of forensic reasoning in the English language. When in England, he was nowhere so profoundly impressed as in Westminster Hall. The Queen's procession to Parliament he sets down as a "slipshod affair"; but in describing the courts of law he kindles into real eloquence. "Before me," says he, "on every bench, were the lights of the world."

Dr. Wayland was never distinctively a literary man, but only a man of powerful intellect, determined by circumstances to a literary career. He agreed, with the author of "Christian Morals," that "they do most by books, who could do much without them; and he that chiefly owes himself unto himself is the substantial man." In cast of mind he was English, or, what means nearly the same thing, insular. Had he been born within sound of Bow-bells he could not have written more ludicrous criticisms upon French character than his journal shows. The results of German speculation he regarded with the same incredulity with which Dugald Stewart viewed the literature of the Hindoos; although the study of Kant would have shown him how one of his own favorite maxims — that logic should not transgress the limits of finite truth — involved a principle of which the "Critique of Pure Reason" was simply the expansion. To his relative, the Rev. Dr. Bartol, he confesses, "I have never read any of Calvin's works." He always had respect to practical ends: "We do well," said he, in an address at Norwich, in 1856, "to revere the genius of Milton, and Dante, and Goethe. But there is talent in a cotton-mill as well as in an epic."

While in his ethical theories he followed Butler, in his vigor and clearness of expression and love of axiomatic statements he not unfrequently reminds us of a writer whose views were the reverse of Butler's, — Thomas Hobbes. Sentences might be picked from the "Leviathan" that strikingly resemble some in the "Moral Science." "Every man has a right to himself," says the Rhode Island President. "Every man has a right to everything," says the philosopher of Malmesbury. Both held in suspicion all attempts at "declining the force of true reason by verbal forks." The vigorous line which Cowley addressed to Hobbes might with equal force be applied to Wayland, —

"The mighty limbs of thy gigantic Sense."

Few men, in fact, equalled Dr. Wayland in terse and pregnant utterance. "In a ten minutes' off-hand speech," writes the accomplished President of the Cornell University, "he did more to shape my plans of life than any other person has ever done." How forcibly he describes himself! "I am built railroad fashion. I can go forwards, and, if necessary, back; but I can't go sideways."

A nature so energetic and abounding could be confined in no single channel. Dr. Wayland was always vastly more than a mere college president. While, during his official career, he refused, on principle, to take any part in political contests, he irrepressibly overflowed into all social and philanthropic enterprises. For wellnigh forty years no important step was taken to promote the public good, in which he did not powerfully co-operate. He gave his voice and his purse to every charity in Providence, from the humble Fuel Society to the stately Hospital whose towers are the chief architectural adornment of the city. Even Massachusetts owes to him the suggestion of her splendid system of public libraries. And although he held no civil office save that of Inspector of the Prison, in which capacity some of his most untiring and affecting labors were performed, yet by common consent he was viewed by the community as its foremost citizen. Of this estimation a most impressive proof was furnished. It was on that dreadful day, when treason had done its worst, and when the nation was reeling with the blow that had smitten its elected chief. A hurried notice was posted in the afternoon, that such citizens as felt disposed would wait on Dr. Wayland, for words of comfort in the appalling sorrow. Night came, and with it rain. On such a night had the young preacher faced his scanty congregation so many years before. But what mattered rain and darkness now? On thronged the vast and silent column, led by a band, whose measured dirge wailed up the steep hill and along the awe-struck street. Should Rhode Island ever erect a statue to

the noblest Roman whose name is written in her history, let the cunning hand of the sculptor chisel him as he stood that night, and by his own door, his gray locks waving in the wind, but with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, bidding his fellow-citizens be of good cheer, for the Lord on high was mightier than the noise of many waters,—his words finding fit response in the solemn burden of the psalm that swelled through the leafless branches against the overhanging blackness of the heavens.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

A VISIT TO THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

II.

THE same spacious omnibus and span of dun-colored ponies which had taken me to Valdemosa came to carry me across the island. As there is an excellent highway, and the distance to Alcudia is not more than ten leagues, I could easily have made the journey in a day; but I purposely divided it, in order to secure a quiet, unhurried enjoyment of the scenery of the interior. It had rained violently all night, and the morning of my departure from Palma was cold and overcast. The coachman informed me that four months had elapsed since a drop of rain had fallen, and that for two years past the island had suffered from drought. I therefore wrapped myself in my cloak, contented with the raw air and threatening sky, since the dry *acequias* would now flow with new streams, and the empty tanks of the farmers be filled.

It was like a rainy day in the tropics. There was a gray veil all over the sky, deepening into blackness where the mountains drew down the showers. The soil, yesterday as dry as a cinder, already looked soggy and drenched; and in place of white, impalpable dust, puddles of water covered the road. For the first two leagues we drove over a dead level, seeing nothing but fig, olive, and almond trees, with an occasional palm or cactus, fading out of sight in the rain. Majorca is in reality the orchard of the Mediterranean. All its accessible surface is not only covered with fruit-trees, but the fruit is of the most exquisite quality. The apricots are not dry and insipid, but full of juice, and with a flavor as perfect as that of a peach. The oranges and figs seemed to me the finest I had ever tasted; even the date-palm matures its fruit, and the banana grows in the same garden with the cherry and apple. The valley of Soller, the only port on the western side of the mountains, was described to me as one unbroken orchard of superb orange-trees, a league or two in length. The difficulty of transportation has hitherto robbed the people of the profits of their production, and a new prosperity has come with the recent improvement of their roads. Within a league of Palma an entire village has been built within the last five years; and most of the older towns are in rapid process of enlargement.

After the second league, the country became undulating, the trees were loftier and more luxuriant, and woods of picturesque Italian pine covered the rocky crests of the hills. The mountains on the left assumed very bold and violent forms, rising through the dim atmosphere like so many detached towers and fortresses. There were two dominant peaks, which in the sheer escarpment of their summits resembled

the crags of Königstein and Lilienstein in Saxony. They were the Torrella and the Puig (Peak) Major, — grand, naked, almost inaccessible mountains, which shed the rain like a roof. The watercourses which came down from them were no longer dry hollows, but filled to the brim with swift, roaring, turbid floods. These peaks appeared to be detached nearly to the base, and between their steep abutments the mouths of dim, folding gorges gave promise of rare and original scenery within their recesses.

We passed Santa Maria, a beautiful little village of two streets, at the intersection of which rises a fine square belfry, connected with the buildings of a defunct monastery. The picture was so pleasant that I brought its outlines away with me. In spite of the rain, the people were at work in the fields, turning the red soil about the roots of the olive-trees. The flowing trousers were no longer to be seen; even the old men here wore the *gigot*. Others, with the words *Peon caminero* on their caps, were breaking stones by the roadside. I received a friendly *Bōn dī!* from each and all. Both robbery and beggary are unknown in Majorca; they have no place in a land of so much material order and cheerful industry.

Beyond Santa Maria the road again became quite level, and the courses of the streams pointed to the northern shore. The fruit-trees temporarily gave place to vineyards so luxuriant that the shoots, unsupported by stake or trellis, threw their tendrils around each other, and hid the soil under a deluge of green. The wine of Benisalem (Arabic *beni-salaam*, "the children of peace") is considered the best on the island. It is a fiery, golden-brown vintage, resembling ripe old Malaga in flavor.

We were within a league of Inca, — my destination, — when the rain, which had already blotted out the mountains, began to drive over the plain. A fine spray beat through the canvas cover of the omnibus, condemning me to a blind, silent, and cheerless half-hour of travel. Then, between garden-walls, over which the lemon-trees hung great boughs breaking with fruit, and under clumps of rustling and dripping palms, I entered Inca. My equipage drew up before the door of a new *fonda* in a narrow old street. There were billiards and coffee on the ground-floor; over them a long hall, out of which all the doors and staircases issued, served as a dining-room. The floors were tiled, the walls white-washed and decorated with the lithographed histories of Mazeppa and Hernan Cortez, and the heavy pine joists of the ceiling were fresh and unpainted. There was an inconsiderate waste of space in the disposition of the rooms and passages which was pleasant to behold. Contrary to the usual habit of travellers, I ventured into the kitchen, and found it — as it ought to be — the most cheerful and attractive part of the house. The landlord brought a glass of the wine of Benisalem to stay my hunger; but I was not obliged to wait overlong for the excellent meal of eggs, kid with pepper-sauce, and an exquisite dish of lobster stewed with leeks and tomatoes, which I tasted for the first time.

Towards evening the rain subsided, and I went forth to view the place, finding a picture at every turn. First, a group of boys burning shavings before a church-door; then a gable embowered with one enormous grape-vine, and touched with sunshine, while beneath, in the gloom of a large arch, the family ate their supper; then a guitar-player in the door of a barber's shop, with a group around him, or a company of women, filling their jars at a fountain. The town is built upon an irregular hill, overlooking the finest orchards of Majorca. The clusters of palm-trees which spring from its topmost gardens are far more beautiful than its church-towers. Nothing can be more picturesque than the narrow valleys on either side, which slope sufficiently to bring out in sumptuous contrast the foliage of the terraced gardens. The people

looked at me curiously, but with no unfriendly air, as I followed the winding streets into the country, or loitered through some country lane back into the town. Only two persons spoke to me, — the letter-carrier, and a boy who was trying to knock down swallows with a long pole. The latter made a remark which I did not understand, but it was evidently witty, for we both laughed. The workmen at their avocations sang with all their force, and very dismally. It was difficult to say which were the more insignificant, — the melodies or the words of their songs. One specimen of the latter will suffice to give an idea of both : —

> "On Sundays the young girls you may view,
> (Since they nothing better have then to do,)
> Watering their pots of carnations sweet ;
> Saying, Drink, my dears, for you cannot eat ! "

When I returned to the fonda, the landlord took me into a part of his house which was built like a tower above the level of the city roofs. A thunderous mass of clouds still hung over the Puig Major, but between its rifts the low sun cast long lines of brassy radiance over the wide landscape. Westward rose the torn and shattered mountains ; eastward the great orchard-plain stretched away into purple dimness, only broken by the chapel-crowned peak of Santa Maddalena, near at hand, and the signal-mountain of Felaniche in the distance. Inca, under my feet, resounded with wailing noises, which, nevertheless, expressed the cheerfulness and content of the inhabitants. Through the lanes dividing the rich vegetation, the laborers were flocking homeward from their fields ; rude *tartanas* rattled along the broad white highway ; and the chimes of vesper presently floated over the scene in slow, soothing vibrations. "You see how beautiful the country is ! " said the landlord; "I suppose there is nothing finer in the world. You will think so too, when you have been to the cemetery, and have seen the new monument. It is wonderful ! A basket full of flowers, and if they were not all white, you would take them to be real. They say it cost an immense amount of money."

When I asked for *juevos* (eggs) for my supper, the landlady shook her head, until somebody suggested *joãos !* with a sound like the whistling of wind through a keyhole. They were then speedily forthcoming, with another dish of the lobster and leeks, and a bottle of excellent wine. I was kept awake for a long time, that night, by the thrumming of guitars and the click of billiard-balls in the café below ; and when sleep finally came, it was suddenly broken by the bursting open of the doors and windows of my room. The house seemed to rock under the stress of the hurricane ; the lightning played through the torrents of rain in rapid flashes of transparent silver, accompanied with peals like the crashing down of all the *Puigs* in the mountain-chain. But at sunrise, when I went upon the roof, I found the island sparkling under the purest of morning skies, every leaf washed, every outline of the landscape recut, and all its colors bright as if newly dyed. A bracing north-wind blew over the fields, and there was an expression of joy in the very dance of the boughs and the waving of the vines.

When we set out for Alcudia, the coachman first drove to a fountain at the foot of the hill, and watered his horses. There was a throng about the place, — old women with huge earthen amphoræ, young girls with jars which they carried on the hip, donkeys laden with casks, and children carrying all sorts of smaller vessels. The water is brought from the mountains to this fountain, which never fails in its supply. It is shaded by grand old plane and carob trees, which throw a network of light and gloom over the great stone tanks and the picturesque moving crowds. Rising out of the glen where it stands, I saw the mountains bare in the morning sun, every crevice and jag of their rocky fronts painted with a pre-Raphaelite pencil. Past the foot of the solitary mountain of Santa Maddalena ran our road, and then north-

ward over a second plain, even richer than that of Palma.

The olive and almond trees by the roadside had been washed clean of dust, but they hissed in the breeze as dryly as if they had never known rain. The very colors of the olive, ilex, and myrtle express aridity. Their dry leaves seem to repel moisture, even as the mellow, sappy green of the North seems to attract it. But their soft grays relieve the keen, strong tints of soil, sea, and sky, and we could ill spare them from these landscapes. As accessories to sun-browned houses, or masses of ruined architecture, they are invaluable. They belong naturally to an atmosphere of age and repose, while fresh turf and deciduous trees perpetually reproduce the youth of Nature. Something of Attica always comes to me with the olive, something of Tusculum and the Sabine Farm with the ilex. The box, I know not why, suggests the Euphrates; and the myrtle in bloom, the Garden of Eden.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the road slowly fell to the northward; and I beheld in the distance fields of a green so dazzling that the hackneyed term "emerald" seems much too dull to express it. It positively *burned* in the sun, drawing into itself the lustre of the sky, the distant sea, and the leagues of glittering foliage. Over it rose, as a completer foil, the gray mountains of the peninsula dividing the bays of Pollenza and Alcudia. I was at a loss to guess what plant could give such an indescribable color; and not until we were within a stone's throw did I recognize the leaves of hemp. An open, marshy plain, entirely bare of trees, borders the bay at this point. The splendid orchards ceased; the road crossed some low hills overgrown with ilex and pine, a turbid, roaring stream, with poplars on its banks; and then a glimmer of the sea on either hand showed that we had reached the peninsula. There were Moorish *atalayas*, or watch-towers, on the summits nearest the sea, and a large ruined fortress of the Middle Ages on a hill inland. Alcudia, with its yellow walls, its cypress and palm trees, now appeared at the foot of the barren heights, Oriental in every feature. It was a picture from the Syrian coast, needing only the old Majorcan costume for the laborers in the fields to be perfect.

Contrasted with those parts of the island which I had seen, the country appeared singularly lonely and deserted. Few persons met us on the road, and we passed none on their way to the town. Grass grew on the huge walls of defence, the stones were slipping from the arch of the gateway, and we passed into a silent street without seeing a living thing. My coachman stopped before a mean-looking house, with no sign or other indication of its character, and informed me that it was the only fonda in the place. A woman who came to the door confirmed this statement, modestly adding, "We are not very fine, but we will give you what we have." A narrow room on the ground-floor was at once entrance-hall, dining-room, and kitchen; it contained one table, three chairs, much dirt, and very nimble insects. The inmates were two women, and a small dog with a bell on his neck, which, whenever he scratched his head with his hind foot, rang a peal of alarm through the house. Feeling the need of consolation, I summoned a boy from the street, and gave him some money to bring me cigars from the *estanco;* but the hostess, taking the coin, cried out in great excitement: "Don't send that! Holy Mother, don't send that! You 'll lose a *'chavo* on it!" The coachman burst into a laugh, repeating, "Lose a *'chavo!*" — which is about the eighth part of a cent; but the woman was so horrified at the idea that I gave the boy another coin.

While the eggs and tough scraps of beef destined for my meal were simmering in pans of strong oil, the hostess conducted me into a room above, which contained a large and very ancient bed, five blue chests, and twenty-three pictures of saints. "There!"

she exclaimed, with a wave of the arm and a look of triumph, "my own room, but you shall have it! We may not be very fine, but we give what we have." Whatever my thoughts may have been, it was quite impossible to avoid expressing my entire satisfaction.

I took my books, went outside the walls to a tower which I had noticed on the ridge, and there found the very view of the town, the mountains, and the bay which a stranger would desire to take home with him. In the full noonday sunshine, there was scarcely shadow enough to relieve the clear golden tints of the landscape; but the place was entirely deserted, which was a better fortune than I enjoyed at Valdemosa. Three peasants were reaping wheat in a little field behind the tower; now and then a donkey and rider jogged slowly along the distant highway; but no one seemed to notice the mysterious stranger. I had an undisturbed dream of two hours, for the forms before me, half borrowed from my memories of Oriental life, half drawn from those landscapes which rise in our minds as we read the stories of the Middle Ages, satisfied both the eye and the fancy. Some scenes suggest the sound of a flute and Theocritan idyls; others, horns and trumpets, and fragments of epic poetry; but here the only accompaniment was cymbals, the only poems suggested were "Fatima" and "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli."

In the afternoon I walked around the city walls, climbed upon them, visited the deserted monastery of San Diego, and wandered at will through its picturesque ruins. The place is surrounded by double walls of great strength, divided by a moat cut out of the solid rock. The caper-plant, the ivy, and the wild fig-tree have taken possession of the parapet and the rifts between the stones, goats browse in the bottom of the moat, and children's faces peep forth from the watch-towers on the ramparts. Outside the principal gate, I came upon a Gothic cross, resting on an octagonal base, so very old and weather-beaten that it must certainly have been erected during the first years of the conquest. The walls of the city are said to be Saracenic; but the people are poor authority on this or any other historical point. It is certain, at least, that Alcudia was formerly much more important than now. Its bay was a naval station, whence expeditions were sent out to Africa or the Levant; and there were times when the kings of Spain built whole fleets from the forests of the island.

Of late, a little fresh life has begun to flow into the silent old town. On the shore of the bay, a few miles off, an English company has undertaken agricultural operations on a grand scale. Many square leagues of the former useless, pestiferous marshes have been drained, steam-engines erected to supply water for irrigation, and an attempt made to cultivate cotton. Concerning the success of the undertaking I heard the most contradictory accounts. The people could only tell me of the immense sums expended,— sums which appeared almost fabulous to them. The agents, of course, claimed to be entirely successful, notwithstanding the cotton-plants, this year, will scarcely produce enough to pay for the seed. Last year, I was informed, the yield was very fine; the staple being equal to that of our Sea-Island cotton. The intention of the English capitalists was probably to produce a similar article, and it cannot be denied that they have shrewdly chosen the spot for the experiment.

When the afternoon shadow filled the street, I seated myself at the door of the fonda, and amused myself with the movements of some carpenters in an opposite shop. Two lusty apprentices were engaged in the slow labor of sawing beams into boards, while the master fitted together the parts of a door. The former used an upright saw, one standing on a frame overhead, and the other on the floor below; they were just an hour and a half in sawing five boards from a beam a foot wide and sixteen feet long. Whenever a neighbor dropped in to gossip with the

master the saw stopped, and the apprentices took an active part in the conversation. There was also a boy of twelve years old, who did no work except in the way of singing. With his head thrown back, and his mouth open to its fullest extent, he poured forth an endless succession of piercing cries, recommencing, at the end of each lamentable close of the measure, with a fury and frenzy which nearly drove me wild. The little dog in the fonda, from time to time, rang a suggestive peal upon his bell, and echoes from other streets, and distant bells from other tormented dogs, filled up the pauses of the performance.

At sunset the other inmates of the fonda began to collect. First, there arrived two French workmen, of mean aspect; then a Spanish cavalier, who was evidently a person of some importance, for he invited nobody to partake of his supper. He was a large, olive-colored man, with a loud voice and opaque gray eyes, in which, as he fixed them upon my face, I read the question, "Are you not going to salute me?" I returned the look, and my eyes answered, "Who art thou, that I should salute thee?" After these remarks, which both understood, we spoke no more. Several natives came during the evening, to be paid for some service; but they received no money. The two Frenchmen supped with the hostess and her family, but the important Spaniard and myself had our meals apart. Finally the comedy became tiresome, and I went to bed.

Not to sleep, alas! The little dog's bell was silent through the night, but had there been one around my neck it would have chimed the quarter-hours without a single failure. The steamer for Minorca was expected in the bay at sunrise; so I arose with the first stir in the house, and found two gentlemen who had come from Palma during the night, and three man-of-war's men, waiting in the street for an omnibus which was to carry us to the mole. We all waited together an hour, took chocolate, and then, after another half-hour, were requested to climb into a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a single horse. The hostess said to me, "We are not very fine, and I don't know how much you ought to pay, but I will take what you think right," — which she did, with honest thanks, and then we clattered out of the gate.

A descent of two miles between fields of wheat and olives brought us to the mole, where we found only a few lazy boatmen lying upon heaps of iron castings, which were waiting, apparently, for the English engineers. Shoals of young sardines sprinkled the clear green deeps of the sea with a million points of light, and some dead flounders lay like lozenges of silver among the dark weeds of the bottom. A new fish-crate, floating beside the pier, was a mild evidence of enterprise. The passengers sat in the sun until it became too powerful, then in the shade, and so another hour and a half rolled away. With the first appearance of the steamer, we got into a boat, and slowly floated out between two crystal atmospheres (so transparent is the sea) into the roadstead.

The extent of the Bay of Alcudia cannot be less than fifteen miles, for our deliberate steamer was nearly two hours in getting its southern headland abeam. Once outside, the eastern coast of Majorca opened finely with a long, diminishing group of mountains, and the dim, nearly level outline of Minorca appeared in front. The sea was like a mirror, broken only at times by a floating turtle or the leap of a dolphin. I found the Mahonese on board to be a very different class of persons from the Majorcans in whose company I had left Barcelona. Port Mahon was for twenty years our Mediterranean naval station; and although for twenty years it has ceased to be so, there are still traces of intelligence, of sympathy, of language, and of blood, which our quasi-occupation has left behind. Two of the passengers had visited America, one had an American wife in Minorca, and all became friendly and communicative when my nationality was an-

nounced. They had faithfully followed the history of our navy through the war, and took especial pains to claim Admiral Farragut as a countryman. His father, they said, was a Minorcan, and the farm in the interior of the island upon which he once lived still bears the family name. I was brought back suddenly from the times of Tancred (which had faded out of sight with the walls of Alcudia) to our stormy politics and the new names they have given to history.

All the afternoon we skirted the southern coast of Minorca. The town of Ciudadela, at its western extremity, showed like a faint white mark in the distance; then some groups of hills interrupted the level table of the island, and, farther eastward, the solitary mountain of El Toro. The two gentlemen of Palma, neither of whom had ever before made a journey, went below and slept the sleep of indifference. Many of the Mahonese followed their example; and, the quarter-deck being left clear, I stretched myself out over the cabin skylight, and quietly watched the moving shore, as if it were some immense diorama unrolled for my eyes only. The white cliffs along the sea, the tawny harvest-fields, the gray olives embosoming villages and country-houses, and the occasional shafts of cypress or palm, slowly photographed themselves upon my consciousness, and became enduring pictures. Had I climbed and hammered the cliffs as a geologist, scoured the fields as a botanist, analyzed the soil, or even measured its undulations, I could not have obtained a completer impression of Minorca.

El Toro was drifting astern, and the island of Ayre showed its light-house in front, when the sound of a guitar disturbed my comfortable process of absorption, and brought the sleepy passengers upon deck. The performer was a blind Spaniard, a coarse-featured, clumsy man, whose life and soul had gone into his instrument, separating light, beauty, and refinement from earthy darkness. When he played, the guitar really seemed to be the man, and his body a mere holder, or music-stand. The Mahonese, I was glad to see, not only appreciated the performance, but were very liberal in their contributions.

The island of Ayre lies off the southeastern extremity of Minorca. In the intervening strait, the sea was so wonderfully transparent that the alternations of bare limestone floor and fields of seaweed far below our keel changed the color of the water from a turquoise so dazzling that I can only call it blue fire to an emerald gloom pierced with golden lightnings. Even that Southern temperament which cares so little for Nature was aroused by the sight of these splendors. The passengers hung over the railing with cries of admiration, and the blind minstrel was left to soliloquize on his guitar. Against a headland in front, the smooth sea suddenly rose in a crest of foam, behind which a gleam of darker sapphire denoted the mouth of a harbor. In a few minutes more we were abreast of the entrance to Port Mahon, with a great ascending slope of new fortifications on the north. Hundreds of men are now employed on defences which the new developments in naval warfare have rendered useless; and the officials conceal with the most jealous fear the plan of a system of forts and batteries which no other nation need care to know.

The lower ground, on the southern side of the entrance to the inner harbor, is entirely covered with the ruins of the immense fortress of San Felipe, built by the English during their occupation of Minorca from 1708 to 1802. The fate of Admiral Byng, executed for a naval victory over the French, gives a tragic interest to these ruins, which, in their extent, resemble those of a city. All governments (our own included) know how to make their individual servants the scapegoats for their blunders or their incapacity; but I know not, in all history, of a case so flagrant as that of Byng. The destruction of Fort San Felipe cost nearly half a million of dollars, and yet it appears to be only partial.

On passing the channel between the fort and Cape Mola, we found ourselves in the port, but only at its entrance; the city was not yet visible. A bright white town crowned the low cliffs of the southern shore, — the former Georgetown of the English, the present Villa Carlos of the Spaniards. Opposite to it; the long quarantine island divided the intensely blue water; and my fellow-passengers claimed with pride that it was capable of accommodating a whole fleet. Beyond this island the harbor bends southward, shutting out of sight the sea entrance; it becomes a still lake, enclosed by bare, bright hills. The Isle of the King, with a splendid military hospital; the ship-yard, with a vessel of a thousand tons on the stocks, and various other public constructions, appeared successively on our right. The nearer southern shore, a wall of dark gray rock, broken by deep gashes in which houses were hidden and steep roads climbed to the summit, increased in height; as we approached the end of the harbor, quays along the water, and a fresh, many-colored, glittering town on the rocks, showed that we had reached Port Mahon. Nature has made this basin as picturesque as it is secure. The wild cliffs of the coast here pierce inland, but they are draped with splendid gardens; fields of wheat climb the hills, and orchards of olive clothe their feet; over the table-land of the island rises in the distance the purple peak of El Toro; and the city before you, raised on a pedestal a hundred feet in height, seems to be one of the most beautiful of the Mediterranean. "Did you ever see a place like that?" asked a Mahonese at my elbow. "Captain ——, of your navy, used to say that there were only three good harbors in the Mediterranean, — the months of July and August, and Port Mahon!" Captain ——, however, as my friend perhaps did not know, borrowed the remark from Admiral Andrea Doria, who made it centuries ago.

The "Fonda del Oriente" looked down upon me invitingly from the top of the rock, which was made accessible by a road carried up in steep, zigzag ramps. At the door of the hotel I was received by a stout old man with a cosmopolitan face, who, throwing his head on one shoulder, inspected me for a few moments with a remarkably knowing air. Then, with a nod of satisfaction at his own acuteness, he said, "Walk in, sir; how do you find yourself?" Ushering me into a chamber furnished with an old mahogany secretary, heavy arm-chairs, and antiquated prints, — the atmosphere of Portsmouth or Gravesend hanging over everything, — he continued, after another critical survey, "Mr. Alexander, I believe?"

"That is not my name," I said.

"Not Alexander! Then it must be Sykes; they are brothers-in-law, you know," persisted the stout old man.

I answered him with a scrutinizing stare, and the words, "Your name is Bunsby, I think?"

"O no!" he exclaimed; "I am Antonio. You can't be Mr. Sykes, either, or you 'd know me."

"You are talking of Englishmen; I am not English."

"Not English?" he cried. "H'm, well, that 's queer; but, to be sure, you must be American. I know all the American officers that ever were here, and they know me. Ask Commodore —— and —— if they don't know Antonio! The greatest mistake I ever made was that I did n't move to Spezia with the squadron."

"Can you give me dinner?" I asked, cutting off the coming yarn.

"Stop!" he said; "don't tell me; I can guess what you want. A beefsteak rare, hey? and mixed pickles, hey? and potatoes with their jackets on, hey? But it 's too late to make a pudding, and there 's no Stilton cheese! Never mind! let me alone; nobody in Port Mahon can come nearer the real thing than I can."

In vain I declared my willingness to take the Minorcan dishes. Such a taste had probably never before been expressed in all Antonio's experience of English and Americans; and my meals then and thenceforth were a se-

ries of struggles to reproduce Portsmouth or Gravesend. But the hotel was large, airy, and perfectly clean. Antonio honestly endeavored to make me comfortable; he knew a great many of my naval friends, and I had no complaint to make with his reckoning at the close of my stay. He was, moreover, a man of progress; he corned beef, and cured hams, and introduced the making of butter (not very successfully), and taught the people how to cook potatoes. He even despatched a cheese, as a present, to Marshal Serrano, before I left Port Mahon.

Refreshed by a long sleep, which was not disturbed by any little dog with a bell on his neck, or that which the sound of the latter suggested, I sallied forth in the morning without any objective point. The city must first be seen, because it lay between me and the country. I was delighted to find wide, well-paved streets as compared with those of Palma, clean, cheerful houses, and an irregularity sufficient for picturesque effect, without being bewildering to a stranger. Very few of the buildings appeared to be older than the last century; there was nothing characteristic in their architecture; but the city, from end to end, was gay, sunny, full of color, *riante*, and without a trace of the usual Spanish indolence and uncleanliness. It has somewhat fallen from its former estate. Grass grows in many of the streets, and there is less noise and movement than one would look for with the actual population, — some fifteen thousand. Three or four small craft in the harbor did not indicate an active commerce, and I presume the place is kept alive mainly by the visits of foreign men-of-war. A great many of the common people speak a few words of English, and you may even read "Adams, Sastre," over the door of a native tailor!

The climate, although considered harsh by the Spaniards, seemed to me perfect. The sun of June shone in a cloudless sky, flooding the sharp, clear colors of the town with a deluge of light; yet a bracing wind blew from the north, and the people in the fields and gardens worked as steadily as Connecticut farmers. I saw no loafers upon the island; and I doubt whether there are enough of them to form a class among the native population. While there was evidently a great deal of poverty, I encountered no beggars. I felt, as in Majorca, that I was among a simple-minded, ignorant, but thoroughly honest and industrious people.

The street I had chosen gradually rose as I proceeded inland; walled gardens succeeded to the houses, and then fields of wheat or vines, separated by huge agglomerations of stones. I looked over an undulating table-land, covered with such lines and mounds of rocky *débris*, that they seemed to be the ruins of a city. Every patch of grain or fruit was enclosed by a cannon-proof fortification; and the higher ridges terminated in bald parapets, whereupon the dark mounds of box and ilex held fast and flourished without any appearance of soil. At the foot of these wild growths the fig-tree grew with wonderful luxuriance, and very often the foliage of the untamable rock was mingled with that of the gardens. Here every foot of ground had been won by the rudest, the most patient toil. Even the fields conquered centuries ago are not yet completely manageable; hundreds of stony fangs still protrude from the surface, and the laborer is obliged to follow the plough with hoe and spade. Thus, in spite of the almost incredible triumphs of agriculture with which the island is covered, its general aspect is that of a barren, torn, hopeless wilderness. Without broad or grand features of landscape, it is crowded with startling contrasts and picturesque details.

I wandered southward between the high, loose walls, towards a mound which promised me a wider inland view; but on approaching it, the road entered an impenetrable shade, and passed beyond. There was no gate or entrance of any kind into the fields, so I took advantage of a jagged corner of

the wall, and climbed to the top. On the other side there was a wheat-field, in which three men were reaping. I now saw that what I had taken for a mound was a circular tower, the top of which had been torn down, forming a slope around its base, which was covered with rank thickets of mastic and myrtle. I asked the men, who had stopped work, and were curiously regarding me, whether I might cross their field and visit the ruin. "Certainly, Señor," said the master; "come down, and walk about where you please." He then called, in a loud voice, "Miguel!" and presently a small boy came to light from behind a pile of rocks. "Miguel," said he, "go with the Señor to the *atalaya*, and show him the steps."

I clambered down into the little field, which, sunken between enormous walls of stone, somewhat resembled a volcanic crater. Miguel piloted me silently across the stubble, between solid mounds of ilex, which seemed no less ancient and indestructible than the rocks upon which they grew, and by a gap in an outer wall into the bed of a dry moat around the tower. The latter, though only ten feet wide, stood thick with ripe wheat; but it was bridged in one place by a line of stones, and we thus crossed without trampling down the precious stalks. There were no steps to the tower, but a zigzag path had been trampled among the ruins, at the foot of which I dismissed Miguel, and then mounted to the summit. I first looked abroad upon the bright, busy, wild, savage, wonderfully cultivated fields and gardens, the white towers and tiled roofs of the city behind me, and a single blue fragment of the sea (like a piece chipped out of the edge of a bowl) in the east. The characteristics of Minorcan scenery, which I have already described, gave the view a character so novel and so remarkable, that I studied them for a long time before examining more closely the ruin upon which I stood.

The farmer had called it an *atalaya*, and the tower was clearly of Moorish construction. Its height must have been originally much greater, or it could not have answered its purpose of watching the sea. The hollow interior is entirely filled with the fragments, so that nothing of the structure remains except its circular form. Outside of the dry moat there is a massive pentangular wall, with a lozenge-shaped pile of solid masonry at each corner; the whole evidently designed for defence, and of later date than the tower itself. Such quantities of stones had been heaped upon the old foundations by the farmers, in clearing spaces for their crops, that very little of the masonry was to be seen. To be of service, however, the walls must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. Many of the stones have no doubt been carried away for buildings, and there are still huge piles of them in the adjacent fields. Towering out of one of these piles I caught a glimpse of another relic of a still remoter past, — an object so unexpected that I first took it for an accidental disposition of the stones. I descended to the moat, clambered over the outer wall, and made my way to the spot.

It was a Celtic *tor*, or altar, — a large upright block of gray limestone, supporting a horizontal block about ten feet in length. The pillar was so buried in fragments which had been piled about it, that I could not ascertain its height; but the character of the monument was too distinctly marked to admit of a question. After returning to Port Mahon, I found that its existence was well known. In fact, the first question asked me was, "Have you seen the Phœnician altar?" When and by whom these remarkable monuments — which are found in all the Mediterranean islands between Greece and Gibraltar — were erected, is a point which I will leave antiquarians to discuss. It pleased me, as I sat under a fig-tree which shot up through the stones, to fancy that the remains of three memorable phases in the history of man were before me, — of the Dru-

ids in the crumbling altar, of the Saracens in the watch-tower, and of the house of Aragon or Castile in the fortress enclosing it.

According to Strabo, the Balearic Islands were colonized by the Rhodians; but Strabo probably knew less about the matter than any respectable antiquarian of our own day. The people of Minorca firmly believe that Magon, the brother of Hannibal, founded Port Mahon, and they attribute the Druidic stones and the Cyclopean constructions (which are here found side by side) to the Phœnicians. The English occupation, which left at least a good map behind it, led to no historic investigations; and I cannot learn that any detailed account of the antiquities of the island has ever been published. Those remains which we call Druidic are very numerous; some of the upright monoliths are more than twenty feet in height, supporting horizontal stones of nearly equal dimensions. Nothing but the lack of archæological knowledge prevented me from making a journey through the interior for the purpose of examining the other monuments.

I made use of my brief visit, however, to test the truth of another story, which is among the permanent traditions of the American navy. Every one has read the account of a captain's son leaping from the main-truck of a frigate; and in the days when Morris was popular, his verses commencing

> "Old Ironsides at anchor lay
> In the harbor of Mahon,"

went the rounds of all the country newspapers. There was a melodramatic air about the incident which made me suspicious. I suppose the lines recalled themselves to my mind from the fact that Port Mahon is nowhere else embalmed in poetry. The Consul, who kindly seconded my curiosity in a matter of so little importance, went to an old Mahonese, who has had the greatest experience of our vessels and officers, and questioned him, taking care not to suggest the story in advance. But the old man instantly said: "O yes! I remember all about it. Fifty years ago, or more, when the Constitution frigate was here, a boy climbed to the very top of the main-mast, and was obliged to jump into the harbor, as there was no other way of getting down. Not many persons saw the act, but it was much talked about, and nobody doubted that the boy had done it." Whether the captain forced his son to take the terrible leap by threatening to shoot him with a rifle, the old man could not tell.

The next morning the Consul accompanied me on another excursion into the country. We passed through the town, and descended to an alameda which skirts the harbor to its western end, where the highway to Ciudadela strikes off towards the centre of the island. The harbor once penetrated a mile deeper into the country than at present, so the people say; but it must have been a shallow, marshy basin, as the hills around could not possibly spare enough soil to fill up and make fruitful the valley which one now enters after leaving the harbor-wall. This valley is the largest tract of unbroken garden land which I saw in Minorca. Its productiveness is apparently unlimited. Maize, cabbages, sweet potatoes, hemp, vines, vegetables of all kinds, covered the surface; date-palms and orange-trees, so overwhelmed with fruit that scarcely a green leaf showed through the dazzling gold, turned it into a garden of the tropics; while precipitous walls of limestone, resting on rough natural vaults and arches, shut out the rocky upper plateau from view. The laborers were planting new crops in the place of the old; so valuable is this rich basin that no part of its surface is allowed to lie fallow for a day.

On the left, the enclosing walls were broken by the mouth of a glen, the sides of which — regular terraces of rock, resting on arched foundations — seemed at first sight to be the work of art. Here, in the shade of a group of poplars and sycamores, stood the chapel of San Juan, white, cool, and

solitary. A fountain, issuing from the base of the rocks near it, formed a little pool, in which some women were washing clothes. The picture was Oriental in every feature, — so much so that I was surprised not to hear "'Taba' el-kheyr!" when the women said to us, "Bōn di' tenga!"

Entering the glen behind the chapel, a few paces brought us into a different world. Except upon some painfully constructed shelf of soil, built up or rescued in some way from the rocks, there was no cultivation. Our path was a natural pavement, torn by the occasional rains; bare cliffs of gray limestone, vaulted at the base, overhung us on either side; and the mounds of box on the summit sparkled against the sky. Every feature of the scenery bore the marks of convulsion. Enormous blocks had been hurled from above; the walls were split with deep, irregular crevices; and even the stubborn evergreen growths took fantastic shapes of horns, fluttering wings, tufts of hair, or torn garments. Now and then a dry-leaved ilex rustled and rattled in the breeze; and the glen, notwithstanding it brimmed over with intensest sunshine, would have seemed very drear and desolate but for the incessant songs of the nightingales. While I crept under a rock to sketch a singularly picturesque combination of those crag-forms, — every one of which was a study, — the joyous birds made the place ring with their pæans. The *day*-song of the nightingale is as cheerful as that of the lark; its passion and sorrow is kept for the night.

If I had been an artist, I should have spent a fortnight in the glen of San Juan; but as it was, having only another day in Minorca, I could not linger there beyond an hour. At the point where I sat it divides into two branches, which gradually rise, as they wind, to the level of the table-land; and the great stone-heaps commence immediately behind the topmost fringe of box. The island, in fact, is a single rock, upon the level portions of which a little soil has lodged. Wherever one may travel in the interior, it presents the same appearance. The distance from Port Mahon to the old town of Ciudadela, at the western extremity of Minorca, is about twenty-five miles; and the Consul informed me that I should find the same landscapes all the way. There is nothing remarkable in Ciudadela except a cathedral of the thirteenth century, and some Saracenic walls. On the way are the three other principal towns of the island, — Alayor, Mercadal, and Ferrerias, — all of which are rudely built, and have an equal air of poverty. It was for a moment a question with me whether I should employ my little remaining time in a rapid journey to Ciudadela and back, or in strolling leisurely through the country around Port Mahon, and setting down my observations as typical of all Minorca. The reports of the Consul justified me in adopting the latter and easier course.

In the afternoon we walked to the village of San Luis, about four miles distant, and recently made accessible by a superb highway. The great drought which has prevailed in all the Balearic Islands during the past two years has seriously injured the crops, and there is much suffering in Minorca, which is so much less favored by nature than its larger sister island. I heard of families of five persons living for months on less than twenty-five cents a day. Agriculture is profitable in good seasons, on account of the excellent quality of the wheat, oil, and oranges; but the deposit of soil, as I have already explained, is very shallow, there is no sheltering range of mountains as in Majorca, no supply of water for irrigation, and the average production is therefore much less certain. The price of land is high, for the reason that the proprietors are satisfied if it yields them annually two per cent of its value. Shoemaking is one of the principal branches of industry in Port Mahon; but of late the foreign market has been disturbed, and the profits are so slight — whether through slow and imperfect labor or the sharpness of contractors I did not ascertain — that

any check in the trade brings immediate suffering. The people, nevertheless, are very patient; they invariably prefer work to mendicancy, and are cheerful and contented so long as they succeed in clothing and feeding themselves.

The Minorcans seemed to me even more independent and original in character than the Majorcans. There is still less of the Spaniard, but also less of the Moor, about them. I should guess their blood to be mostly Vandal, but I stand ready to be corrected by any ethnologist who knows better. They have a rugged, sturdy air, little grace and elegance, either of body or of manner, and a simplicity which does not exclude shrewdness or cunning. It is considered almost an insult if the stranger speaks of them as Spaniards. The Governor of the island said to Marshal Serrano, the other day, when the latter was in Port Mahon in temporary exile: "The Minorcans are a curious people. You probably find that they do not take off their hats to you in the street, as you are accustomed to be saluted in Madrid?" "Yes," answered the Marshal, "I have already learned that they care nothing whatever for either you or me." The older people look back on the English occupation with regret; the younger generation would be exceedingly well satisfied if Spain would sell the island to the United States for a naval station. But all unite in calling themselves Minorcans, or Mahonese, and in drawing a very broad line between themselves and the Spaniards of the Peninsula.

The Consul confirmed my first impressions of the honesty of the people. "You may walk on any road in the island," said he, "at any hour of the day or night, with the most perfect security." He also gave them the highest praise for cleanliness and order in their domestic life, which are certainly not Spanish qualities. The young men and women who are betrothed save every penny of their earnings, and invest them in the articles of furniture necessary to the establishment of a household. Simple as are these latter, many years often elapse before they are all procured and the nuptials may be celebrated, the parties remaining steadfastly constant to each other during the long time of waiting. They are a people in whom almost any honest system of education, any possible sound ideas of progress, would take immediate root; but under the combined shadow of Spain and Rome what progress *is* possible?

I have never seen Broek, in Holland, but I think San Luis must be the cleanest village in Europe. I attributed its amazing brightness, as we approached, to the keen semi-African sun and the perfectly clear air; but I found that all the houses had been whitewashed that very afternoon, as they regularly are every Saturday. The street was swept so conscientiously that we might have seated ourselves and taken our dinner anywhere, without getting more than each man's inevitable proportion of dust in the dishes. In the open doors, as I passed, I saw floors of shining tiles, clean wooden furniture, women in threadbare but decent dresses, and children — no, the children *were* dirty, and I confess I should not have been pleased to see them otherwise. The sand and fig-stains on those little faces and hands were only health-marks, and they made the brightness of the little village endurable. It would else have seemed to be struck with an unusual disease. We went into a house where two old women — very, very poor they were, but uncomplaining — received us with simple, unaffected friendliness. I spoke in Spanish and they in Minorcan, so that the conversation was not very intelligible; but the visit gave me a fleeting impression of the sterling qualities of the people, inasmuch as it harmonized with all that I had previously seen and heard.

The Consul conducted me to a little *casino*, where refreshments, limited in character, were to be procured. The *maestro*, a stout fellow, with the air of a Bowery butcher, opened his heart on

learning that we were Americans. He had served a year on board one of our men-of-war, and repeated, over and over again, "The way things were managed there satisfied me, — it corresponded with my own ideas!" He made me read, around a spiral pillar, the words, "Casino del Progreso," saying, "*That* 's what I go for!" There was a church nearly opposite, and from its architecture a man with half an eye could see that the Jesuits had had a hand in building it. This I sketched, and the progressive host, leaning over my shoulder, interpreted the drawing correctly. His extravagant admiration made me feel that I had done well, and we parted mutually satisfied. Indeed, this little village interested me even more than Port Mahon, because it was more purely Minorcan in character.

The quantities of the fig-bearing cactus about the country-houses surprised me, until I learned that the fleshy leaves are used during the dry season as food for the mules and asses. The fruit, which is said to be remarkably fine on the island, is eaten by the inhabitants, and must form, in times of want, an important article of their food; yet so much space would not be given to the plant, or rather tree, if the animals had not been taught to subsist upon it. I have never before heard, in any part of the world, of the cactus being utilized in this way. Its huge, grotesque masses are an inseparable part of every landscape on the island.

We walked back to Port Mahon in the face of a north-wind which was almost cold, which blew away the rich color from the sunset sky, leaving it pale, clear, and melancholy in tone; yet thunder and violent rain followed in the night. I spent my last evening with the Consul and his agreeable family, and embarked on the steamer for Barcelona in the morning. As we passed out of the harbor, Antonio's daughter waved her handkerchief from the window high above, on the cliff. The salute was not intended for me, but for her husband, who was bound for Madrid, carrying with him the cheese for Marshal Serrano. Rocked on a rough sea, and with a keen wind blowing, we again coasted along the southern shore of Minorca, crossed the strait, touched at Alcudia, and then, passing the mouth of the Bay of Pollenza, reached the northern headland of Majorca at sunset. Here the mountain-chain falls off in perpendicular walls a thousand feet in height, the bases of which are worn into caverns and immense echoing vaults. The coast-forms are as grand and wonderful as those of Norway. Point after point, each more abrupt and distorted than the last, came into view as we cleared the headland, — all growing luminous in the mist and the orange light of the setting sun.

Then the light faded; the wild mountain-forms were fused together in a cold gray mass above the sea; the stars came out, and my last Balearic day was at an end.

ASPECTS OF CULTURE.*

WE meet to-day under happy omens to our ancient society, to the commonwealth of letters, to the country, and to mankind. No good citizen but shares the wonderful prosperity of the Federal Union. The heart still beats with the public pulse of joy, that the country has withstood the rude trial which threatened its existence, and thrills with the vast augmentation of strength which it draws from this proof. The storm which has been resisted is a crown of honor and a pledge of strength to the ship. We may be well contented with our fair inheritance. Was ever such coincidence of advantages in time and place as in America to-day? — the fusion of races and religions; the hungry cry which goes up from the wide continent for men; the answering facility of immigration, permitting every wanderer to choose his climate and government. Men come hither by nations. Science surpasses the old miracles of mythology, to fly with them over the sea, and to send their messages under it. They come from crowded, antiquated kingdoms to the easy sharing of our simple forms. Land without price is offered to the settler, cheap education to his children. The temper of our people delights in this whirl of life. Who would live in the stone age, or the bronze, or the iron, or the lacustrine? Who does not prefer the age of steel, of gold, of coal, petroleum, cotton, steam, electricity, and the spectroscope?

'Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor."

All this activity has added to the value of life, and to the scope of the intellect. I will not say that American institutions have given a new enlargement to our idea of a finished man, but they have added important features to the sketch.

Observe the marked ethical quality of the innovations urged or adopted. The new claim of woman to a political status is itself an honorable testimony to the civilization which has given her a civil status new in history. Now that, by the increased humanity of law, she controls her property, she inevitably takes the next step to her share in power.

The war gave us the abolition of slavery, the success of the Sanitary Commission and of the Freedmen's Bureau. Add to these the new scope of social science; the abolition of capital punishment and of imprisonment for debt; the improvement of prisons; the efforts for the suppression of intemperance; the search for just rules affecting labor; the co-operative societies; the insurance of life and limb; the free-trade league; the improved almshouses; the enlarged scale of charities to relieve local famine, or burned towns, or the suffering Greeks; the incipient series of international congresses, — all, one may say, in a high degree revolutionary, — teaching nations the taking of government into their own hands, and superseding kings.

The spirit is new. A silent revolution has impelled, step by step, all this activity. A great many full-blown conceits have burst. The coxcomb goes to the wall. To his astonishment he has found that this country and this age belong to the most liberal persuasion; that the day of ruling by scorn and sneers is past; that good sense is now in power, and *that* resting on a vast constituency of intelligent labor, and, better yet, on convictions less and less dim of laws the most sublime. Men are now to be astonished by seeing acts of good-nature, common civility, and Christian charity proposed by statesmen, and executed by justices of the peace, — by policemen and the constable. The fop is unable to cut the patriot in the street; nay, he lies at his mercy in the ballot of the club.

* Address read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, July, 1867.

Mark, too, the large resources of a statesman, of a socialist, of a scholar, in this age. The peace of the world is always kept by striking a new note, when classes are exasperated against each other. Instantly the units part, and form in a new order, and those who were opposed are now side by side. In this country, the prodigious mass of work that must be done has either made new divisions of labor, or created new professions. Consider, at this time, what variety of issues, of enterprises public and private, what heroes, what inventors, what genius of science, what of administration, what of practical skill, what masters, each in his several province, the railroad, the telegraph, the mines, the inland and marine explorations, the novel and powerful philanthropies, as well as agriculture, the foreign trade and the home trade (whose circuits in this country are as spacious as the foreign), manufactures, the very inventions, all on a national scale too, have evoked! It is the appearance of superior men, the rapid addition to our society of a class of true nobles, by which the self-respect of each town and State is enriched.

Take as a type the boundless freedom here in Massachusetts. People have in all countries been burned and stoned for saying things which are commonplaces at all our breakfast-tables. Every one who was in Italy twenty-five years ago will remember the caution with which his host or guest, in any house there, looked around him, if a political topic were broached. Here the tongue is free, and the hand; and the freedom of action goes to the brink, if not over the brink, of license.

A controlling influence of the times has been the wide and successful study of Natural Science. Steffens said, "The religious opinions of men rest on their views of nature." Great strides have been made within the present century. Geology, astronomy, chemistry, optics, have yielded grand results. The correlation of forces and the polarization of light have carried us to sublime generalizations, — have affected an imaginative race like poetic inspirations. We have been taught to tread familiarly on giddy heights of thought, and to wont ourselves to daring conjectures. The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his church shrivel like dried leaves at the door of the observatory, and a new and healthful air regenerates the human mind, and imparts a sympathetic enlargement to its own inventions and method.

That cosmical west wind which, meteorologists tell us, constitutes, by the revolution of the globe, the upper current, is alone broad enough to carry to every city and suburb — to the farmer's house, the miner's shanty, and the fisher's boat — the inspirations of this new hope of mankind. Now, if any one say we have had enough of these boastful recitals, then I say, Happy is the land wherein benefits like these have grown trite and commonplace.

We confess that in America everything looks new and recent. Our towns are still rude, — the make-shifts of emigrants, — and the whole architecture tent-like, when compared with the monumental solidity of mediæval and primeval remains in Europe and Asia. But geology has effaced these distinctions. Geology, a science of forty or fifty summers, has had the effect to throw an air of novelty and mushroom speed over entire history. The oldest empires, — what we called venerable antiquity, — now that we have true measures of duration, show like creations of yesterday; and our millenniums, and stones, and bones of Copts and Kelts, are the first experimental pullulations and transitional meliorations of the chimpanzee. 'T is yet quite too early to draw sound conclusions. The old six thousand years of chronology become a kitchen clock, — no more a measure of time than an hour-glass or an egg-glass, — since the duration of geologic periods has come into view. Geology itself is only

chemistry with the element of time added; and the rocks of Nahant or the dikes of the White Hills disclose that the world is a crystal, and the soil of the valleys and plains a continual decomposition and recomposition. Nothing is old but the mind.

But I find not only this equality between new and old countries, as seen by the eye of science, but also a certain equivalence of the ages of history; and as the infant child is in his playthings working incessantly at studies of natural philosophy, — working as hard and as successfully as Newton, — so it were ignorance not to see that each nation and period has done its full part to make up the result of existing civility. We are all agreed that we have not on the instant better men to show than Plutarch's heroes. The world is always equal to itself. We cannot yet afford to drop Homer, nor Æschylus, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Archimedes.

Later, each European nation, after the breaking up of the Roman Empire, had its romantic era, and the productions of that era in each rose to about the same height. Take for an example in literature the Romance of Arthur, in Britain, or in the opposite province of Brittany; the *Chansons de Roland*, in France; the Chronicle of the Cid, in Spain; the *Nibelungen Lied*, in Germany; the Norse Sagas, in Scandinavia; and, I may add, the Arabian Nights, on the African coast. But if these works still survive and multiply, what shall we say of names more distant, or hidden through their very superiority to their coevals, — names of men who have left remains that certify a height of genius in their several directions not since surpassed, and which men in proportion to their wisdom still cherish, — as Zoroaster, Confucius, and the grand scriptures, only recently known to Western nations, of the Indian Vedas, the Institutes of Menu, the Puranas, the poems of the Mahabarat and the Ramayana?

In modern Europe, the Middle Ages were called the Dark Ages. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. 'T is one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred and Wickliffe and Abelard and Bacon; their Magna Charta, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks; chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting, — are the delight and tuition of ours. Six hundred years ago, Roger Bacon explained the precession of the equinoxes, and the necessity of reform in the calendar; — looking over how many horizons as far as into Liverpool and New York, announced that machines can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do, nor would they need anything but a pilot to steer; carriages, to move with incredible speed, without aid of animals; and machines to fly into the air like birds. Even the races that we still call savage, or semi-savage, and which preserve their arts from immemorial traditions, vindicate their faculty by the skill with which they make their yam-cloths, pipes, bows, boats, and carved war-clubs. The war-proa of the Malays in the Japanese waters struck Commodore Perry by its close resemblance to the yacht America.

As we find thus a certain equivalence in the ages, there is also an equipollence of individual genius to the nation which it represents. It is a curious fact, that a certain enormity of culture makes a man invisible to his contemporaries. 'T is always hard to go beyond your public. If they are satisfied with cheap performance, you will not easily arrive at better. If they know what is good, and require it, you will aspire and burn until you achieve it. But, from time to time, in history, men are born a whole age too soon. The founders of nations, the wise men and inventors, who shine afterwards as their gods, were probably martyrs in their own time. All the transcendent writers and artists of the world, — 't is doubtful who they were, — they are lifted so fast into mythology, — Homer,

Menu, Viasa, Dædalus, Hermes, Zoroaster, even Swedenborg and Shakespeare. The early names are too typical; — Homer, or the blind man; Menu, or man; Viasa, the compiler; Dædalus, the cunning; Hermes, the interpreter; and so on. Probably, the men were so great, so self-fed, that the recognition of them by others was not necessary to them. And every one has heard the remark (too often, I fear, politely made), that the philosopher was above his audience. I think I have seen two or three great men who, for that reason, were of no account among scholars.

But Jove is in his reserves. The truth, the hope of any time, must always be sought in the minorities. Michel Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now; but in his own days, his friends were few; and you would have had to hunt him in a conventicle with the Methodists of the era; namely, Savonarola, Vittoria Colonna, Contarini, Pole, Occhino, — superior souls, the religious of that day, drawn to each other, and under some cloud with the rest of the world, — reformers, the radicals of the hour, banded against the corruptions of Rome, and as lonely and as hated as Dante before them.

I find the single mind equipollent to a multitude of minds, say to a nation of minds, as a drop of water balances the sea; and under this view the problem of culture assumes wonderful interest. Culture is all that which gives the mind possession of its own powers; as languages to the critic, telescope to the astronomer. Culture alters the political status of an individual. It raises a rival royalty in a monarchy. 'T is king against king. It is ever the romance of history in all dynasties, — the co-presence of the revolutionary force in intellect. It creates a personal independence which the monarch cannot look down, and to which he must often succumb. If a man know the laws of nature better than other men, his nation cannot spare him; nor if he know the power of numbers, the secret of geometry, of algebra, on which the computations of astronomy, of navigation, of machinery, rest. If he can converse better than any other, he rules the minds of men wherever he goes; if he has imagination, he intoxicates men; — how often has poetry been inestimable as a lonely protest against atheism in a bad age! If he has wit, he tempers despotism by epigrams: a song, a satire, a sentence, has played its part in great events. Eloquence a hundred times has turned the scale of war and peace at will. The history of Greece is at one time reduced to two persons, — Philip, or the successor of Philip, on one side, and Demosthenes, a private citizen, on the other. If he has a military genius, like Belisarius, or administrative faculty, like Chatham or Bismarck, he is the king's king. If a theologian of deep convictions and strong understanding carries his country with him, like Luther, the state becomes Lutheran, in spite of the Emperor, as Thomas à Becket overpowered the English Henry. Wit has a great charter. Popes and kings and Councils of Ten are very sharp with their censorships and inquisitions, but it is on dull people. Some Dante or Angelo, Rabelais, Hafiz, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Béranger, Bettine von Arnim, or whatever genuine wit of the old inimitable class, is always allowed. Kings feel that this is that which they themselves represent; this is no red-kerchiefed, red-shirted rebel, but loyalty, kingship. This is real kingship, and their own only titular. Even manners are a distinction, which, we sometimes see, are not to be overborne by rank or official power, or even by other eminent talents, since they too proceed from a certain deep, innate perception of fit and fair.

It is too plain, that a cultivated laborer is worth many untaught laborers; that a scientific engineer, with instruments and steam, is worth many hundred men, many thousands; that Archimedes or Napoleon is worth for labor a thousand thousands; and that in every wise and genial soul we have England, Greece,

Italy, walking, and can dispense with populations of navvies.

Literary history and all history is a record of the power of minorities, and of minorities of one. Every book is written with a constant secret reference to the few intelligent persons whom the writer believes to exist in the million. The artist has always the masters in his eye, though he affect to flout them. Michel Angelo is thinking of Da Vinci, and Raffaelle is thinking of Michel Angelo. Tennyson would give his fame for a verdict in his favor from Wordsworth. Agassiz and Owen and Huxley affect to address the American and English people, but are really writing to each other. Everett dreamed of Webster. McKay, the shipbuilder, thinks of George Steers; and Steers, of Pook, the naval constructor. The names of the masters at the head of each department of science, art, or function are often little known to the world, but are always known to the adepts; as Robert Brown in botany, and Gauss in mathematics. Often the master is a hidden man, but not to the true student; invisible to all the rest, resplendent to him. All his own work and culture form the eye to see the master. In politics, mark the importance of minorities of one, as of Phocion, Cato, Lafayette, Arago. The importance of the one person who has the truth over nations who have it not, is because power obeys reality, and not appearance; power is according to quality, and not quantity. How much more are men than nations! the wise and good souls — Socrates in Athens, Jesus in Judæa, the stoic, the saint, Alfred the king, Shakespeare the poet, Newton the philosopher, the perceiver and obeyer of truth — than the foolish and sensual millions around them! so that, wherever a true man appears, everything usually reckoned great dwarfs itself; he is the only great event, and it is easy to lift him into a mythological personage.

Then the next step in the series is the equivalence of the soul to nature. I said that one of the distinctions of our century has been the devotion of cultivated men to natural science. The benefits thence derived to the arts and to civilization are signal and immense. They are felt in navigation, in agriculture, in manufactures, in astronomy, in mining, and in war. But over all their utilities, I must hold their chief value to be metaphysical. The chief value is not the useful powers he obtained, but the test it has been of the scholar. He has accosted this immeasurable nature, and got clear answers. He understood what he read. He found agreement with himself. It taught him anew the reach of the human mind, and that it was citizen of the universe. As the child in his toys is studying the alphabet of natural philosophy, so the man in his dealings with the material world learns the alphabet of the spiritual.

The first quality we know in matter is centrality, — we call it gravity, — which holds the universe together, which remains pure and indestructible in each mote, as in masses and planets, and from each atom rays out illimitable influence. To this material essence answers Truth, in the intellectual world, — Truth, whose centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere, whose existence we cannot disimagine, — the soundness and health of things, against which no blow can be struck but it recoils on the striker, — Truth, which we cannot wound, and on whose side we always heartily are. And the first measure of a mind is its centrality, its veracity, its capacity of truth, and its adhesion to it.

When the correlation of the sciences was announced by Oersted and his colleagues, it was no surprise; we were found already prepared for it. The fact stated accorded with the auguries or divinations of the human mind. Thus, if we should analyze Newton's discovery, we should say, that, if it had not been anticipated by him, it would not have been found. We are told, that, in posting his books, after the French had measured on the earth a degree of the meridian, when he saw that his theoretic results were approximat-

ing that empirical one, his hand shook, the figures danced, and he was so agitated that he was forced to call in an assistant to finish the computation. Why agitated, but because when he saw, in the fall of an apple to the ground, the fall of the earth to the sun, of the sun and of all suns to the centre, that perception was accompanied by a spasm of delight by which the intellect greets a fact more immense still, a fact really universal, — holding in intellect as in matter, in morals as in intellect, — that atom draws to atom throughout nature, and truth to truth throughout spirit? His law was only a particular of the more universal law of centrality. Every law in nature, as gravity, centripetence, repulsion, polarity, undulation, has a counterpart in the intellect. The laws above are sisters of the laws below. Shall we study the mathematics of the sphere, and not its casual essence also? Nature is a fable, whose moral blazes through it. There is no use in Copernicus, if the robust periodicity of the solar system does not show its equal perfection in the mental sphere, — the periodicity, the compensatory errors, the grand reactions. I shall never believe that centrifugence and centripetence balance, unless mind heats and meliorates, as well as the surface and soil of the globe.

On this power, this all-dissolving unity, the emphasis of heaven and earth is laid. Nature is brute but as this soul quickens it; Nature is only a language, a noun for this poet; Nature always the effect, mind the flowing cause. Nature, we find, is ever as is our sensibility; it is hostile to ignorance, — plastic, transparent, delightful, to knowledge. Mind carries the law; history is the slow and atomic unfolding. All things admit of this extended sense, and the universe at last is only prophetic, or, shall we say, symptomatic, of vaster interpretation and results.

Nature an enormous system, but in mass and in particle curiously available to the humblest need of the little creature that walks on the earth! The immeasurableness of Nature is not more astounding than his power to gather all her omnipotence into a manageable rod or wedge, bringing it to a hair-point for the eye and hand of the philosopher.

Here stretches out of sight, out of conception even, this vast Nature, daunting, bewildering, but all penetrable, all self-similar, — an unbroken unity, — and the mind of man is a key to the whole. He finds that the universe, as Newton said, "was made at one cast"; the mass is like the atom, — the same chemistry, gravity, and conditions. The asteroids are the chips of an old star, and a meteoric stone is a chip of an asteroid. As language is in the alphabet, so is entire Nature — the play of all its laws — in one atom. The good wit finds the law from a single observation, — the law, and its limitations, and its correspondences, — as the farmer finds his cattle by a footprint. "State the sun, and you state the planets, and conversely."

Whilst its power is offered to his hand, its laws to his science, not less its beauty speaks to his taste, imagination, and sentiment. Nature is sanative, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets, and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love. Look out into the July night, and see the broad belt of silver flame which flashes up the half of heaven, fresh and delicate as the bonfires of the meadow-flies. Yet the powers of numbers cannot compute its enormous age, — lasting as space and time, — embosomed in time and space. And what are they, time and space? Our first problems, which we ponder all our lives through, and leave where we found them; whose outrunning immensity, the old Greeks believed, astonished the gods themselves; of whose dizzy vastitudes all the worlds of God are a mere dot on the margin; impossible to deny, impossible to believe. Yet the moral element in man counterpoises this dis-

maying immensity, and bereaves it of terror. The highest flight to which the muse of Horace ascended was in that pair of lines in which he described the souls which can calmly confront the sublimity of nature: —

> "Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
> Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
> Imbuti spectant."

The sublime point of experience is the value of a sufficient man. Cube this value, by the meeting of two such, — of two or more such, — who understand and support each other, and you have organized victory. At any time, it only needs the contemporaneous appearance of a few superior and attractive men to give a new and noble turn to the public mind.

The benefactors we have indicated were exceptional men, and great because exceptional. The question which the present age urges with increasing emphasis, day by day, is, whether the high qualities which distinguished them can be imparted? The poet Wordsworth asked, "What one is, why may not millions be?" Why not? Knowledge exists to be imparted. Curiosity is lying in wait for every secret. The inquisitiveness of the child to hear runs to meet the eagerness of the parent to explain. The air does not rush to fill a vacuum with such speed as the mind to catch the expected fact. Every artist was first an amateur. The ear outgrows the tongue, is sooner ripe and perfect; but the tongue is always learning to say what the ear has taught it, and the hand obeys the same lesson.

There is anything but humiliation in the homage men pay to a great man; it is sympathy, love of the same things, effort to reach them, — the expression of their hope of what they shall become, when the obstructions of their malformation and mal-education shall be trained away. Great men shall not impoverish, but enrich us. Great men, — the age goes on their credit; but all the rest, when their wires are continued, and not cut, can do as signal things, and in new parts of nature. "No angel in his heart acknowledges any one superior to himself but the Lord alone." There is not a person here present to whom omens that should astonish have not predicted his future, have not uncovered his past. The dreams of the night supplement by their divination the imperfect experiments of the day. Every soliciting instinct is only a hint of a coming fact, as the air and water that hang invisibly around us hasten to become solid in the oak and the animal. But the recurrence to high sources is rare. In our daily intercourse, we go with the crowd, lend ourselves to low fears and hopes, become the victims of our own arts and implements, and disuse our resort to the Divine oracle. It is only in the sleep of the soul that we help ourselves by so many ingenious crutches and machineries. What is the use of telegraphs? What of newspapers? To know in each social crisis how men feel in Kansas, in California, the truly wise man waits for no mails, reads no telegrams. He asks his own heart. If they are made as he is, if they breathe the like air, eat of the same wheat, have wives and children, he knows that their joy or resentment rises to the same point as his own. The inviolate soul is in perpetual telegraphic communication with the Source of events, has earlier information, a private despatch, which relieves him of the terror which presses on the rest of the community.

The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment. This is the fountain of power, preserves its eternal newness, draws its own rent out of every novelty in science. Science corrects the old creeds; sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms; and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses. Yet it does not surprise the moral sentiment. That was older, and awaited expectant these larger insights.

The affections are the wings by which the intellect launches on the

void, and is borne across it. Great love is the inventor and expander of the frozen powers, the feathers frozen to our sides. It was the conviction of Plato, of Van Helmont, of Pascal, of Swedenborg, that piety is an essential condition of science, that great thoughts come from the heart. It happens sometimes that poets do not believe their own poetry, but great men are sincere. Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world. No hope so bright but is the beginning of its own fulfilment. Every generalization shows the way to a larger. Men say, 'Ah! if a man could impart his talent, instead of his performance, what mountains of guineas would not be paid!' Yes, but in the measure of his absolute veracity he does. When he does not play a part, does not wish to shine, when he talks to men with the unrestrained frankness which children use with each other, he communicates himself, and not his vanity. All vigor is contagious, and when we see creation we also begin to create. Depth of character, height of genius, can only find nourishment in this soil. The miracles of genius always rest on profound convictions, which refuse to be analyzed. Enthusiasm is the leaping lightning, not to be measured by the horse-power of the understanding. Hope never spreads her golden wings but on unfathomable seas. The same law holds for the intellect as for the will. When the will is absolutely surrendered to the moral sentiment, that is virtue; when the wit is surrendered to intellectual truth, that is genius. Talent for talent's sake is a bawble and a show. Talent working with joy in the cause of universal truth lifts the possessor to new power as a benefactor. I know well to what assembly of educated, reflecting, successful, and powerful persons I speak. Yours is the part of those who have received much. It is an old legend of just men, *Noblesse oblige;* or, superior advantages bind you to larger generosity. Now I conceive, that, in this economical world, where every drop and every crumb is husbanded, the transcendent powers of mind were not meant to be misused. The Divine Nature carries on its administration by good men. Here you are set down, scholars and idealists, as in a barbarous age; amidst insanity, to calm and guide it; amidst fools and blind, to see the right done; among violent proprietors, to check self-interest stone-blind and stone-deaf by considerations of humanity to the workman and to his child; amongst angry politicians swelling with self-esteem, pledged to parties, pledged to clients, you are to make valid the large considerations of equity and good sense; under bad governments, to force on them, by your persistence, good laws. Around that immovable persistency of yours, statesmen, legislatures, must revolve, denying you, but not less forced to obey.

We wish to put the ideal rules into practice, to offer liberty instead of chains, and see whether liberty will not disclose its proper checks; believing that a free press will prove safer than the censorship; to ordain free trade, and believe that it will not bankrupt us; universal suffrage, believing that it will not carry us to mobs, or back to kings again. I believe that the checks are as sure as the springs. It is thus that men are great, and have great allies. And who are the allies? Rude opposition, apathy, slander, — even these. Difficulties exist to be surmounted. The great heart will no more complain of the obstructions that make success hard, than of the iron walls of the gun which hinder the shot from scattering. It was walled round with iron tube with that purpose, to give it irresistible force in one direction. A strenuous soul hates cheap successes. It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender. The great are not tender at being obscure, despised, insulted. Such only feel themselves in adverse fortune. Strong men like war, tempest, hard times, which search till they find re-

sistance and bottom. They wish, as Pindar said, "to tread the floors of hell, with necessities as hard as iron." Periodicity, reaction, are laws of mind as well as of matter. Bad kings and governors help us, if only they are bad enough. In England, 't is the game-laws which exasperate the farmers to carry the Reform Bill. 'T is what we call plantation manners which drove peaceable, forgiving New England to emancipation without phrase. In the Rebellion, who were our best allies? Always the enemy. The community of scholars do not know their own power, and dishearten each other by tolerating political baseness in their members. Now, nobody doubts the power of manners, or that, wherever high society exists, it is very well able to exclude pretenders. The intruder finds himself uncomfortable, and quickly departs to his own gang. It has been our misfortune that the politics of America have been often immoral. It has had the worst effect on character. We are a complaisant, forgiving people, presuming, perhaps, on a feeling of strength. But it is not by easy virtue, where the public is concerned, that heroic results are obtained. We have suffered our young men of ambition to play the game of politics and take the immoral side without loss of caste, to come and go without rebuke. But that kind of loose association does not leave a man his own master. He cannot go from the good to the evil at pleasure, and then back again to the good. There is a text in Swedenborg, which tells in figure the plain truth. He saw in vision the angels and the devils; but these two companies stood not face to face and hand to hand, but foot to foot, — these perpendicular up, and those perpendicular down.

Gentlemen, I draw new hope from the atmosphere we breathe to-day, from the healthy sentiment of the American people, and from the avowed aims and tendencies of the educated class. The age has new convictions. We know that in certain historic periods there have been times of negation, — a decay of thought, and a consequent national decline; that in France, at one time, there was almost a repudiation of the moral sentiment, in what is called, by distinction, society, — not a believer within the Church, and almost not a theist out of it. In England, the like spiritual disease affected the upper class in the time of Charles II., and down into the reign of the Georges. But it honorably distinguishes the educated class here, that they believe in the succor which the heart yields to the intellect, and draw greatness from the inspirations. And when I say the educated class, I know what a benignant breadth that word has, — new in the world, — reaching millions instead of hundreds. And more, when I look around me, and consider the sound material of which the cultivated class here is made up, — what high personal worth, what love of men, what hope, is joined with rich information and practical power, and that the most distinguished by genius and culture are in this class of benefactors, — I cannot distrust this great knighthood of virtue, or doubt that the interests of science, of letters, of politics and humanity, are safe. I think their hands are strong enough to hold up the Republic. I read the promise of better times and of greater men.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

MEN say the sullen instrument
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every fibre sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant.
Old summers in its memory glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs,
And mixes with its mood
All it learned when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance blown;
The wind through its glooms sang low,
And it swayed to and fro,
Full of dreams, as it stood
In the wonderful wood
Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and voice?
When we went with the winds in their blowing,
When nature and we were peers,
And our days seemed to share in the flowing
Of the inexhaustible years?
Have we not from the earth drawn juices
Too fine for Earth's sordid uses?
Have I heard, have I seen,
All I feel and I know?
Doth my heart overween?
Or could it have been
Long ago?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,—
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,—
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music heard once by an ear

That cannot forget or reclaim it, —
A something so shy, it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!

And yet, could I live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again, —
Could I but speak it and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so, —
The world should not lack a poet
Such as it had in the ages glad
Long ago!

MRS. JOHNSON.

IT was on a morning of the lovely New England May that we left the horse-car, and, spreading our umbrellas, walked down the street to our new home in Charlesbridge, through a storm of snow and rain so finely blent by the influences of this fortunate climate, that no flake knew itself from its sister drop, or could be better identified by the people against whom they beat in unison. A vernal gale from the east fanned our cheeks and pierced our marrow and chilled our blood, while the raw, cold green of the adventurous grass on the borders of the sopping sidewalks gave, as it peered through its veil of melting snow and freezing rain, a peculiar cheerfulness to the landscape. Here and there in the vacant lots abandoned hoop-skirts defied decay; and near the half-finished wooden houses, empty mortar-beds, and bits of lath and slate strewn over the scarred and mutilated ground, added their interest to the scene. A shaggy drift hung upon the trees before our own house, (which had been built some years earlier,) while its swollen eaves wept silently and incessantly upon the embankments lifting its base several feet above the common level.

This heavenly weather, which the Pilgrim Fathers, with the idea of turning their thoughts effectually from earthly pleasures, came so far to discover, continued with slight amelioration throughout the month of May and far into June; and it was a matter of constant amazement with one who had known less austere climates to behold how vegetable life struggled with the hostile skies, and, in an atmosphere as chill and damp as that of a cellar, shot forth the buds and blossoms upon the pear-trees, called out the sour Puritan courage of the currant-bushes, taught a reckless native grape-vine to wander and wanton over the southern side of the fence, and decked the banks with violets as fearless and as fragile as New England girls; so that about the end of June, when the heavens relented and the sun blazed out

at last, there was little for him to do but to redden and darken the daring fruits that had attained almost their full growth without his countenance.

Then, indeed, Charlesbridge appeared to us a kind of Paradise. The wind blew all day from the southwest, and all day in the grove across the way the orioles sang to their nestlings. The butcher's wagon rattled merrily up to our gate every morning; and if we had kept no other reckoning, we should have known it was Thursday by the grocer. We were living in the country with the conveniences and luxuries of the city about us. The house was almost new and in perfect repair; and, better than all, the kitchen had as yet given no signs of unrest in those volcanic agencies which are constantly at work there, and which, with sudden explosion, make Herculaneums and Pompeiis of so many smiling households. Breakfast, dinner, and tea came up with illusive regularity, and were all the most perfect of their kind; and we laughed and feasted in our vain security. We had out from the city to banquet with us the friends we loved, and we were inexpressibly proud before them of the Help, who first wrought miracles of cookery in our honor, and then appeared in a clean white apron, and the glossiest black hair, to wait upon the table. She was young, and certainly very pretty; she was as gay as a lark, and was courted by a young man whose clothes would have been a credit, if they had not been a reproach, to our lowly basement. She joyfully assented to the idea of staying with us till she married.

In fact, there was much that was extremely pleasant about the little place when the warm weather came, and it was not wonderful to us that Jenny was willing to remain. It was very quiet; we called one another to the window if a large dog went by our door; and whole days passed without the movement of any wheels but the butcher's upon our street, which flourished in ragweed and buttercups and daisies, and in the autumn burned, like the borders of nearly all the streets in Charlesbridge, with the pallid azure flame of the succory. The neighborhood was in all things a frontier between city and country. The horse-cars, the type of such civilization — full of imposture, discomfort, and sublime possibility — as we yet possess, went by the head of our street, and might, perhaps, be available to one skilled in calculating the movements of comets; while two minutes' walk would take us into a wood so wild and thick that no roof was visible through the trees. We learned, like innocent pastoral people of the golden age, to know the several voices of the cows pastured in the vacant lots, and, like engine-drivers of the iron age, to distinguish the different whistles of the locomotives passing on the neighboring railroad. The trains shook the house as they thundered along, and at night were a kind of company, while by day we had the society of the innumerable birds. Now and then, also, the little ragged boys in charge of the cows — which, tied by long ropes to trees, forever wound themselves tight up against the trunks, and had to be unwound with great ado of hooting and hammering — came and peered lustfully through the gate at our ripening pears. All round us carpenters were at work building new houses; but so far from troubling us, the strokes of their hammers fell softly upon the sense, like one's heart-beats upon one's own consciousness in the lapse from all fear of pain under the blessed charm of an anæsthetic.

We played a little at gardening, of course, and planted tomatoes, which the chickens seemed to like, for they ate them up as fast as they ripened; and we watched with pride the growth of our Lawton blackberries, which, after attaining the most stalworth proportions, were still as bitter as the scrubbiest of their savage brethren, and which, when by advice left on the vines for a week after they turned black, were silently gorged by secret and gluttonous flocks of robins and orioles. As for our grapes, the frost cut them off in the hour of their triumph.

So, as I have hinted, we were not surprised that Jenny should be willing to remain with us, and were as little prepared for her desertion as for any other change of our mortal state. But one day in September she came to her nominal mistress with tears in her beautiful eyes and protestations of unexampled devotion upon her tongue, and said that she was afraid she must leave us. She liked the place, and she never had worked for any one that was more of a lady, but she had made up her mind to go into the city. All this, so far, was quite in the manner of domestics who, in ghost-stories, give warning to the occupants of haunted houses; and Jenny's mistress listened in suspense for the motive of her desertion, expecting to hear no less than that it was something which walked up and down the stairs and dragged iron links after it, or something that came and groaned at the front door, like populace dissatisfied with a political candidate. But it was in fact nothing of this kind; simply, there were no lamps upon our street, and Jenny, after spending Sunday evening with friends in East Charlesbridge, was always alarmed, on her return, in walking from the horse-car to our door. The case was hopeless, and Jenny and our household parted with respect and regret.

We had not before this thought it a grave disadvantage that our street was unlighted. Our street was not drained nor graded; no municipal cart ever came to carry away our ashes; there was not a water-butt within half a mile to save us from fire, nor more than the one thousandth part of a policeman to protect us from theft. Yet, as I paid a heavy tax, I somehow felt that we enjoyed the benefits of city government, and never looked upon Charlesbridge as in any way undesirable for residence. But when it became necessary to find help in Jenny's place, the frosty welcome given to application at the intelligence offices renewed a painful doubt awakened by her departure. To be sure, the heads of the offices were polite enough; but when the young housekeeper had stated her case at the first to which she applied, and the Intelligencer had called out to the invisible expectants in the adjoining room, "Anny wan wants to do giner'l housewark in Charlsbrudge?" there came from the maids invoked so loud, so fierce, so full a "No!" as shook the lady's heart with an indescribable shame and dread. The name that, with an innocent pride in its literary and historical associations, she had written at the heads of her letters, was suddenly become a matter of reproach to her; and she was almost tempted to conceal thereafter that she lived in Charlesbridge, and to pretend that she dwelt upon some wretched little street in Boston. "You see," said the head of the office, "the gairls does n't like to live so far away from the city. Now if it was on'y in the Port . . . ."

This pen is not graphic enough to give the remote reader an idea of the affront offered to an inhabitant of Old Charlesbridge in these closing words. Neither am I of sufficiently tragic mood to report here all the sufferings undergone by an unhappy family in finding servants, or to tell how the winter was passed with miserable makeshifts. Alas! is it not the history of a thousand experiences? Any one who looks upon this page could match it with a tale as full of heartbreak and disaster, while I conceive that, in hastening to speak of Mrs. Johnson, I approach a subject of unique interest.

The winter that ensued after Jenny's departure was the true sister of the bitter and shrewish spring of the same year. But indeed it is always with a secret shiver that one must think of winter in our regrettable climate. It is a terrible potency, robbing us of half our lives, and threatening or desolating the moiety left us with rheumatisms and catarrhs. There is a much vaster sum of enjoyment possible to man in the more generous latitudes; and I have sometimes doubted whether even the energy characteristic of ours is altogether to be praised, seeing that it has its spring not so much in pure aspiration

as in the instinct of self-preservation. Egyptian, Greek, Roman energy was an inner impulse; but ours is too often the sting of cold, the spur of famine. We must endure our winter, but let us not be guilty of the hypocrisy of pretending that we like it. Let us caress it with no more vain compliments, but use it with something of its own rude and savage sincerity.

I say, our last Irish girl went with the last snow, and on one of those midsummer days that sometimes fall in early April to our yet bleak and desolate zone, our hearts sang of Africa and golden joys. A Lybian longing took us, and we would have chosen, if we could, to bear a strand of grotesque beads, or a handful of brazen gauds, and traffic them for some sable maid with crisped locks, whom, uncoffling from the captive train beside the desert, we should make to do our general housework forever, through the right of lawful purchase. But we knew that this was impossible, and that, if we desired colored help, we must seek it at the intelligence office, which is in one of those streets chiefly inhabited by the orphaned children and grandchildren of slavery. To tell the truth these orphans do not seem to grieve much for their bereavement, but lead a life of joyous and rather indolent oblivion in their quarter of the city. They are often to be seen sauntering up and down the street by which the Charlesbridge cars arrive, — the young with a harmless swagger, and the old with the generic limp which our Autocrat has already noted as attending advanced years in their race. They seem the natural human interest of a street so largely devoted to old clothes; and the thoughtful may see a felicity in their presence where the pawnbrokers' windows display the forfeited pledges of improvidence, and subtly remind us that we have yet to redeem a whole race, pawned in our needy and reckless national youth, and still held against us by the Uncle of Injustice, who is also the Father of Lies. How gayly are the young ladies of this race attired, as they trip up and down the sidewalks, and in and out through the pendent garments at the shop doors! They are the black pansies and marigolds and dark-blooded dahlias among womankind. They try to assume something of our colder race's demeanor, but even the passer on the horse-car can see that it is not native with them, and is better pleased when they forget us, and ungenteelly laugh in encountering friends, letting their white teeth glitter through the generous lips that open to their ears. In the streets branching upwards from this avenue, very little colored men and maids play with broken or enfeebled toys, or sport on the wooden pavements of the entrances to the inner courts. Now and then a colored soldier or sailor — looking strange in his uniform, even after the custom of several years — emerges from those passages; or, more rarely, a black gentleman, stricken in years, and cased in shining broadcloth, walks solidly down the brick sidewalk, cane in hand, — a vision of serene self-complacency, and so plainly the expression of virtuous public sentiment that the great colored louts, innocent enough till then in their idleness, are taken with a sudden sense of depravity, and loaf guiltily up against the house-walls. At the same moment, perhaps, a young damsel, amorously scuffling with an admirer through one of the low open windows, suspends the strife, and bids him, "Go along now, do!" More rarely yet than the gentleman described, one may see a white girl among the dark neighbors, whose frowzy head is uncovered, and whose sleeves are rolled up to her elbows, and who, though no doubt quite at home, looks as strange there as that pale anomaly which may sometimes be seen among a crew of blackbirds.

An air not so much of decay as of unthrift, and yet hardly of unthrift, seems to prevail in the neighborhood, which has none of the aggressive and impudent squalor of an Irish quarter, and none of the surly wickedness of a low American street. A gayety not

born of the things that bring its serious joy to the true New England heart — a ragged gayety, which comes of summer in the blood, and not in the pocket or the conscience, and which affects the countenance and the whole demeanor, setting the feet to some inward music, and at times bursting into a line of song or a childlike and irresponsible laugh — gives tone to the visible life, and wakens a very friendly spirit in the passer, who somehow thinks there of a milder climate, and is half persuaded that the orange-peel on the sidewalks came from fruit grown in the soft atmosphere of those back courts.

It was in this quarter, then, that we heard of Mrs. Johnson, and it was from a colored boarding-house there that she came out to Charlesbridge to look at us, bringing her daughter of twelve years with her. She was a matron of mature age and portly figure, with a complexion like coffee soothed with the richest cream; and her manners were so full of a certain tranquillity and grace, that she charmed away all our will to ask for references. It was only her barbaric laughter and her lawless eye that betrayed how slightly her New England birth and breeding covered her ancestral traits, and bridged the gulf of a thousand years of civilization that lay between her race and ours. In fact, she was doubly estranged by descent; for, as we learned later, a sylvan wildness mixed with that of the desert in her veins; her grandfather was an Indian, and her ancestors on this side had probably sold their lands for the same value in trinkets that bought the original African pair on the other side.

The first day that Mrs. Johnson descended into our kitchen, she conjured from the malicious disorder in which it had been left by the flitting Irish kobold a dinner that revealed the inspirations of genius, and was quite different from a dinner of mere routine and laborious talent. Something original and authentic mingled with the accustomed flavors, and though vague reminiscences of canal-boat travel and woodland camps arose from the relish of certain of the dishes, there was yet the assurance of such power in the preparation of the whole, that we knew her to be merely running over the chords of our appetite with preliminary savors, as a musician acquaints his touch with the keys of an unfamiliar piano before breaking into brilliant and triumphant execution. Within a week she had mastered her instrument, and thereafter there was no faltering in her performances, which she varied constantly, through inspiration or from suggestion. She was so quick to receive new ideas in her art, that when the Roman statuary who stayed a few weeks with us explained the mystery of various purely Latin dishes, she caught their principle at once; and visions of the great white cathedral, the Coliseum, and the "dome of Brunelleschi" floated before us in the exhalations of the Milanese *risotto*, Roman *stufadino*, and Florentine *stracotto* that smoked upon our board. But, after all, it was in puddings that Mrs. Johnson chiefly excelled. She was one of those cooks — rare as men of genius in literature — who love their own dishes; and she had, in her personally childlike simplicity of taste, and the inherited appetites of her savage forefathers, a dominant passion for sweets. So far as we could learn, she subsisted principally upon puddings and tea. Through the same primitive instincts, no doubt, she loved praise. She openly exulted in our artless flatteries of her skill; she waited jealously at the head of the kitchen stairs to hear what was said of her work, especially if there were guests, and she was never too weary to attempt emprises of cookery.

While engaged in these, she wore a species of sightly handkerchief like a turban upon her head, and about her person those mystical swathings in which old ladies of the African race delight. But she most pleasured our sense of beauty and moral fitness when, after the last pan was washed and the last pot was scraped, she lighted a potent pipe, and, taking her stand at the kitchen door, laded the soft evening air with its pungent odors. If we surprised

her at these supreme moments, she took the pipe from her lips, and put it behind her, with a low, mellow chuckle, and a look of half-defiant consciousness, never guessing that none of her merits took us half so much as the cheerful vice which she only feigned to conceal.

Some things she could not do so perfectly as cooking, because of her failing eyesight; and we persuaded her that spectacles would both become and befriend a lady of her years, and so bought her a pair of steel-bowed glasses. She wore them in some great emergencies at first, but had clearly no pride in them. Before long she laid them aside altogether, and they had passed from our thoughts, when one day we heard her mellow note of laughter and her daughter's harsher cackle outside our door, and, opening it, beheld Mrs. Johnson in gold-bowed spectacles of massive frame. We then learned that their purchase was in fulfilment of a vow made long ago, in the lifetime of Mr. Johnson, that, if ever she wore glasses, they should be gold-bowed; and I hope the manes of the dead were half as happy in these votive spectacles as the simple soul that offered them.

She and her late partner were the parents of eleven children, some of whom were dead, and some of whom were wanderers in unknown parts. During his lifetime she had kept a little shop in her native town; and it was only within a few years that she had gone into service. She cherished a natural haughtiness of spirit, and resented control, although disposed to do all she could of her own motion. Being told to say when she wanted an afternoon, she explained that when she wanted an afternoon she always took it without asking, but always planned so as not to discommode the ladies with whom she lived. These, she said, had numbered twenty-seven within three years, which made us doubt the success of her system in all cases, though she merely held out the fact as an assurance of her faith in the future, and a proof of the ease with which places were to be found. She contended, moreover, that a lady who had for thirty years had a house of her own, was in no wise bound to ask permission to receive visits from friends where she might be living, but that they ought freely to come and go like other guests. In this spirit she once invited her son-in-law, Professor Jones of Providence, to dine with her; and her defied mistress, on entering the dining-room, found the Professor at pudding and tea there, — an impressively respectable figure in black clothes, with a black face rendered yet more effective by a pair of green goggles. It appeared that this dark professor was a light of phrenology in Rhode Island, and that he was believed to have uncommon virtue in his science by reason of being blind as well as black.

I am loath to confess that Mrs. Johnson had not a flattering opinion of the Caucasian race in all respects. In fact, she had very good philosophical and Scriptural reasons for looking upon us as an upstart people of new blood, who had come into their whiteness by no creditable or pleasant process. The late Mr. Johnson, who had died in the West Indies, whither he voyaged for his health in quality of cook upon a Down-East schooner, was a man of letters, and had written a book to show the superiority of the black over the white branches of the human family. In this he held that, as all islands have been at their discovery found peopled by blacks, we must needs believe that humanity was first created of that color. Mrs. Johnson could not show us her husband's work (a sole copy in the library of an English gentleman at Port au Prince is not to be bought for money), but she often developed its arguments to the lady of the house, and one day, with a great show of reluctance, and many protests that no personal slight was meant, let fall the fact that Mr. Johnson believed the white race descended from Gehazi the leper, upon whom the leprosy of Naaman fell when the latter returned by Divine favor to his original blackness. "And he went out from his presence a leper as white

as snow," said Mrs. Johnson, quoting irrefutable Scripture. "Leprosy, leprosy," she added thoughtfully, — "nothing but leprosy bleached you out."

It seems to me much in her praise that she did not exult in our taint and degradation, as some white philosophers have done in the opposite idea that a part of the human family were cursed to lasting blackness and slavery in Ham and his children, but even told us of a remarkable approach to whiteness in many of her own offspring. In a kindred spirit of charity, no doubt, she refused ever to attend church with people of her elder and wholesomer blood. When she went to church, she said, she always went to a white church, though while with us I am bound to say she never went to any. She professed to read her Bible in her bedroom on Sundays; but we suspected, from certain sounds and odors which used to steal out of this sanctuary, that her piety more commonly found expression in dozing and smoking.

I would not make a wanton jest here of Mrs. Johnson's anxiety to claim honor for the African color, while denying the color in many of her own family. It afforded a glimpse of the pain which all her people must endure, however proudly they hide it or lightheartedly forget it, from the despite and contumely to which they are guiltlessly born; and when I thought how irreparable was this disgrace and calamity of a black skin, and how irreparable it must be for ages yet, in this world where every other shame and all manner of wilful guilt and wickedness may hope for covert and pardon, I had little heart to laugh. Indeed, it was so pathetic to hear this poor old soul talk of her dead and lost ones, and try, in spite of all Mr. Johnson's theories and her own arrogant generalizations, to establish their whiteness, that we must have been very cruel and silly people to turn her sacred fables even into matter of question. I have no doubt that her Antoinette Anastasia and her Thomas Jefferson Wilberforce — it is impossible to give a full idea of the splendor and scope of the baptismal names in Mrs. Johnson's family — have as light skins and as golden hair in heaven as her reverend maternal fancy painted for them in our world. There, certainly, they would not be subject to tanning, which had ruined the delicate complexion, and knotted into black woolly tangles the once wavy blond locks of our little maid-servant Naomi; and I would fain believe that Toussaint Washington Johnson, who ran away to sea so many years ago, has found some fortunate zone where his hair and skin keep the same sunny and rosy tints they wore to his mother's eyes in infancy. But I have no means of knowing this, or of telling whether he was the prodigy of intellect that he was declared to be. Naomi could no more be taken in proof of the one assertion than of the other. When she came to us, it was agreed that she should go to school; but she overruled her mother in this as in everything else, and never went. Except Sunday-school lessons she had no other instruction than that her mistress gave her in the evenings, when a heavy day's play and the natural influences of the hour conspired with original causes to render her powerless before words of one syllable.

The first week of her service she was obedient and faithful to her duties, but relaxing in the atmosphere of a house which seems to demoralize all menials, she shortly fell into disorderly ways of lying in wait for callers out of doors, and, when people rang, of running up the front steps, and letting them in from the outside. As the season expanded, and the fine weather became confirmed, she modified even this form of service, and spent her time in the fields, appearing at the house only when nature importunately craved molasses. She had a parrot-like quickness, so far as music was concerned, and learned from the Roman statuary to make the groves and half-finished houses resound,

> "Camicia rossa,
> Ove t' ascondi?
> T' appella Italia, —
> Tu non respondi!"

She taught the Garibaldi song, moreover, to all the neighboring children, so that I sometimes wondered if our street were not about to march upon Rome in a body.

In her untamable disobedience, Naomi alone betrayed her sylvan blood, for she was in all other respects negro and not Indian. But it was of her aboriginal ancestry that Mrs. Johnson chiefly boasted, — when not engaged in argument to maintain the superiority of the African race. She loved to descant upon it as the cause and explanation of her own arrogant habit of feeling; and she seemed indeed to have inherited something of the Indian's hauteur along with the Ethiop's supple cunning and abundant amiability. She gave many instances in which her pride had met and overcome the insolence of employers, and the kindly old creature was by no means singular in her pride of being reputed proud.

She could never have been a woman of strong logical faculties, but she had in some things a very surprising and awful astuteness. She seldom introduced any purpose directly, but bore all about it, and then suddenly sprung it upon her unprepared antagonist. At other times she obscurely hinted a reason, and left a conclusion to be inferred; as when she warded off reproach for some delinquency by saying in a general way that she had lived with ladies who used to come scolding into the kitchen after they had taken their bitters. "Quality ladies took their bitters regular," she added, to remove any sting of personality from her remark; for, from many things she had let fall, we knew that she did not regard us as quality. On the contrary, she often tried to overbear us with the gentility of her former places; and would tell the lady over whom she reigned, that she had lived with folks worth their three and four hundred thousand dollars, who never complained as she did of the ironing. Yet she had a sufficient regard for the literary occupations of the family, Mr. Johnson having been an author. She even professed to have herself written a book, which was still in manuscript, and preserved somewhere among her best clothes.

It was well, on many accounts, to be in contact with a mind so original and suggestive as Mrs. Johnson's. We loved to trace its intricate, yet often transparent operations, and were perhaps too fond of explaining its peculiarities by facts of ancestry, — of finding hints of the Powwow or the Grand Custom in each grotesque development. We were conscious of something warmer in this old soul than in ourselves, and something wilder, and we chose to think it the tropic and the untracked forest. She had scarcely any being apart from her affection; she had no morality, but was good because she neither hated nor envied; and she might have been a saint far more easily than far more civilized people.

There was that also in her sinuous yet malleable nature, so full of guile and so full of goodness, that reminded us pleasantly of lowly folk in elder lands, where relaxing oppressions have lifted the restraints of fear between master and servant, without disturbing the familiarity of their relation. She advised freely with us upon all household matters, and took a motherly interest in whatever concerned us. She could be flattered or caressed into almost any service, but no threat or command could move her. When she erred, she never acknowledged her wrong in words, but handsomely expressed her regrets in a pudding, or sent up her apologies in a favorite dish secretly prepared. We grew so well used to this form of exculpation, that, whenever Mrs. Johnson took an afternoon at an inconvenient season, we knew that for a week afterwards we should be feasted like princes. She owned frankly that she loved us, that she never had done half so much for people before, and that she never had been nearly so well suited in any other place; and for a brief and happy time we thought that we never should part.

One day, however, our dividing destiny appeared in the basement, and was

presented to us as Hippolyto Thucydides, the son of Mrs. Johnson, who had just arrived on a visit to his mother from the State of New Hampshire. He was a heavy and loutish youth, standing upon the borders of boyhood, and looking forward to the future with a vacant and listless eye. I mean that this was his figurative attitude; his actual manner, as he lolled upon a chair beside the kitchen window, was so eccentric, that we felt a little uncertain how to regard him, and Mrs. Johnson openly described him as peculiar. He was so deeply tanned by the fervid suns of the New Hampshire winter, and his hair had so far suffered from the example of the sheep lately under his charge, that he could not be classed by any stretch of compassion with the blond and straight-haired members of Mrs. Johnson's family.

He remained with us all the first day until late in the afternoon, when his mother took him out to get him a boarding-house. Then he departed in the van of her and Naomi, pausing at the gate to collect his spirits, and, after he had sufficiently animated himself by clapping his palms together, starting off down the street at a hand-gallop, to the manifest terror of the cows in the pastures, and the confusion of the less demonstrative people of our household. Other characteristic traits appeared in Hippolyto Thucydides within no very long period of time, and he ran away from his lodgings so often during the summer that he might be said to board round among the outlying corn-fields and turnip-patches of Charlesbridge. As a check upon this habit, Mrs. Johnson seemed to have invited him to spend his whole time in our basement; for whenever we went below we found him there, balanced — perhaps in homage to us, and perhaps as a token of extreme sensibility in himself — upon the low window-sill, the bottoms of his boots touching the floor inside, and his face buried in the grass without.

We could formulate no very tenable objection to all this, and yet the presence of Thucydides in our kitchen unaccountably oppressed our imaginations. We beheld him all over the house, a monstrous eidolon, balanced upon every window-sill; and he certainly attracted unpleasant notice to our place, no less by his furtive and hang-dog manner of arrival than by the bold displays with which he celebrated his departures. We hinted this to Mrs. Johnson, but she could not enter into our feeling. Indeed, all the wild poetry of her maternal and primitive nature seemed to cast itself about this hapless boy; and if we had listened to her we should have believed there was no one so agreeable in society, or so quick-witted in affairs, as Hippolyto, when he chose. She used to rehearse us long epics concerning his industry, his courage, and his talent; and she put fine speeches in his mouth with no more regard to the truth than if she had been an historian, and not a poet. Perhaps she believed that he really said and did the things she attributed to him: it is the destiny of those who repeatedly tell great things either of themselves or others; and I think we may readily forgive the illusion to her zeal and fondness. In fact, she was not a wise woman, and she spoiled her children as if she had been a rich one.

At last, when we said positively that Thucydides should come to us no more, and then qualified the prohibition by allowing him to come every Sunday, she answered that she never would hurt the child's feelings by telling him not to come where his mother was; that people who did not love her children did not love her; and that, if Hippy went, she went. We thought it a masterstroke of firmness to rejoin that Hippolyto must go in any event; but I am bound to own that he did not go, and that his mother stayed, and so fed us with every cunning propitiatory dainty, that we must have been Pagans to renew our threat. In fact, we begged Mrs. Johnson to go into the country with us, and she, after long reluctation on Hippy's account, consented, agreeing to send him away to friends during her absence.

We made every preparation, and on the eve of our departure Mrs. Johnson went into the city to engage her son's passage to Bangor, while we awaited her return in untroubled security.

But she did not appear till midnight, and then responded with but a sad "Well, sah!" to the cheerful "Well, Mrs. Johnson!" that greeted her.

"All right, Mrs. Johnson?"

Mrs. Johnson made a strange noise, half chuckle and half death-rattle, in her throat. "All wrong, sah. Hippy's run off again; and I've ben all over the city after him."

"Then you can't go with us in the morning?"

"How *can* I, sah?"

Mrs. Johnson went sadly out of the room. Then she came back to the door again, and, opening it, uttered, for the first time in our service, words of apology and regret: "I hope I ha'n't put you out any. I *wanted* to go with you, but I ought to *knowed* I could n't. All is, I loved you too much."

HAWTHORNE IN THE BOSTON CUSTOM-HOUSE.

[EXTRACTS FROM HIS PRIVATE LETTERS.]

BOSTON, *July* 3, 1839. — I do not mean to imply that I am unhappy or discontented; for this is not the case. My life only is a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man, and mine is a healthy weariness, such as needs only a night's sleep to remove it. But henceforth forever I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren, and shall know how to sympathize with them; seeing that I likewise have risen at the dawn, and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till eventide. Years hence, perhaps, the experience that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom.

August 27. — I have been stationed all day at the end of Long Wharf, and I rather think that I had the most eligible situation of anybody in Boston. I was aware that it must be intensely hot in the midst of the city; but there was only a short space of uncomfortable heat in my region, half-way towards the centre of the harbor; and almost all the time there was a pure and delightful breeze, fluttering and palpitating, sometimes shyly kissing my brow, then dying away, and then rushing upon me in livelier sport, so that I was fain to settle my straw hat more tightly upon my head. Late in the afternoon there was a sunny shower, which came down so like a benediction, that it seemed ungrateful to take shelter in the cabin or to put up an umbrella. Then there was a rainbow, or a large segment of one, so exceedingly brilliant, and of such long endurance, that I almost fancied it was stained into the sky, and would continue there permanently. And there were clouds floating all about, great clouds and small, of all glorious and lovely hues (save that imperial crimson which was revealed to our united gaze), — so glorious, indeed, and so lovely, that I had a fantasy of heaven's being broken into fleecy fragments and dispersed through space, with its blest inhabitants dwelling blissfully upon those scattered islands.

February 7, 1840. — What beautiful weather this is! — beautiful, at least, so far as sun, sky, and atmosphere are concerned, though a poor, wingless biped is sometimes constrained to wish that he could raise himself a little

above the earth. How much mud and mire, how many pools of unclean water, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided, if we could but tread six inches above the crust of this world! Physically, we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles and other discomforts of the soul's pathway.

February 11. — I have been measuring coal all day on board of a black little British schooner, in a dismal dock at the north end of the city. Most of the time, I paced the deck to keep myself warm, for the wind (northeast, I believe) blew up through the dock as if it had been the pipe of a pair of bellows. The vessel lying deep between two wharves, there was no more delightful prospect on the right hand and on the left than the posts and timbers, half immersed in the water, and covered with ice which the rising and falling of successive tides had left upon them, so that they looked like immense icicles. Across the water, however, not more than half a mile off, appeared the Bunker Hill Monument; and, what interested me considerably more, a church-steeple, with the dial of a clock upon it, whereby I was enabled to measure the march of the weary hours. Sometimes I descended into the dirty little cabin of the schooner, and warmed myself by a red-hot stove, among biscuit barrels, pots, and kettles, sea-chests, and innumerable lumber of all sorts, — my olfactories, meanwhile, being greatly refreshed by the odor of a pipe which the captain or some one of his crew was smoking. But at last came the sunset, with delicate clouds, and a purple light upon the islands; and I blessed it, because it was the signal of my release.

February 12. — All day long again have I been engaged in a very black business, — as black as a coal, — and though my face and hands have undergone a thorough purification, I feel not altogether fit to hold communion with doves. Methinks my profession is somewhat akin to that of a chimney-sweeper; but the latter has the advantage over me, because, after climbing up through the darksome flue of the chimney, he emerges into the midst of the golden air, and sings out his melodies far over the heads of the whole tribe of weary earth-plodders. My toil to-day has been cold and dull enough; nevertheless, I was neither cold nor dull.

March 15. — I pray that in one year more I may find some way of escaping from this unblest Custom-House; for it is a very grievous thraldom. I do detest all offices, — all, at least, that are held on a political tenure. And I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away, and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to India-rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my Custom-House experience, — to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me, because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in nature.

March 28. — I do think that it is the doom laid upon me of murdering so many of the brightest hours of the day at the Custom-House, that makes such havoc with my wits; for here I am again trying to write worthily, ... yet with a sense as if all the noblest part of man had been left out of my composition, or had decayed out of it, since my nature was given to my own keeping. . . . . Never comes any bird of Paradise into that dismal region. A salt, or even a coal ship, is ten million times preferable; for there the sky is above me, and the fresh breeze around me, and my thoughts, having hardly anything to do with my occupation, are as free as air.

Nevertheless, you are not to fancy that the above paragraph gives a cor-

rect idea of my mental and spiritual state. . . . . It is only once in a while that the image and desire of a better and happier life makes me feel the iron of my chain; for, after all, a human spirit may find no insufficiency of food fit for it, even in the Custom-House. And with such materials as these, I do think and feel and learn things that are worth knowing, and which I should not know unless I had learned them there, so that the present portion of my life shall not be quite left out of the sum of my real existence. . . . . It is good for me, on many accounts, that my life has had this passage in it. I know much more than I did a year ago. I have a stronger sense of power to act as a man among men. I have gained worldly wisdom, and wisdom also that is not altogether of this world. And when I quit this earthly cavern where I am now buried, nothing will cling to me that ought to be left behind. Men will not perceive, I trust, by my look, or the tenor of my thoughts and feelings, that I have been a custom-house officer.

April 7. — It appears to me to have been the most uncomfortable day that ever was inflicted on poor mortals. . . . . Besides the bleak, unkindly air, I have been plagued by *two* sets of coal-shovellers at the same time, and have been obliged to keep two separate tallies simultaneously. But I was conscious that all this was merely a vision and a fantasy, and that, in reality, I was not half frozen by the bitter blast, nor tormented by those grimy coal-heavers, but that I was basking quietly in the sunshine of eternity. . . . . Any sort of bodily and earthly torment may serve to make us sensible that we have a soul that is not within the jurisdiction of such shadowy demons, — it separates the immortal within us from the mortal. But the wind has blown my brains into such confusion that I cannot philosophize now.

April 19. . . . . What a beautiful day was yesterday. My spirit rebelled against being confined in my darksome dungeon at the Custom-House. It seemed a sin, — a murder of the joyful young day, — a quenching of the sunshine. Nevertheless, there I was kept a prisoner till it was too late to fling myself on a gentle wind, and be blown away into the country. . . . . When I shall be again free, I will enjoy all things with the fresh simplicity of a child of five years old. I shall grow young again, made all over anew. I will go forth and stand in a summer shower, and all the worldly dust that has collected on me shall be washed away at once, and my heart will be like a bank of fresh flowers for the weary to rest upon. . . . .

6 *P. M.* — I went out to walk about an hour ago, and found it very pleasant, though there was a somewhat cool wind. I went round and across the Common, and stood on the highest point of it, where I could see miles and miles into the country. Blessed be God for this green tract, and the view which it affords, whereby we poor citizens may be put in mind, sometimes, that all His earth is not composed of blocks of brick houses, and of stone or wooden pavements! Blessed be God for the sky, too, though the smoke of the city may somewhat change its aspect; but still it is better than if each street were covered over with a roof. There were a good many people walking on the Mall, — mechanics apparently, and shopkeepers' clerks, with their wives; and boys were rolling on the grass, and I would have liked to lie down and roll too.

April 30. . . . . I arose this morning, feeling more elastic than I have throughout the winter; for the breathing of the ocean air has wrought a very beneficial effect. . . . . What a beautiful, most beautiful afternoon this has been! It was a real happiness to live. If I had been merely a vegetable, — a hawthorn-bush, for instance, — I must have been happy in such an air and sunshine; but having a mind and a soul, ... I enjoyed somewhat more than

mere vegetable happiness. . . . . The footsteps of May can be traced upon the islands in the harbor, and I have been watching the tints of green upon them, gradually deepening, till now they are almost as beautiful as they ever can be.

May 19. . . . . Lights and shadows are continually flitting across my inward sky, and I know neither whence they come nor whither they go; nor do I inquire too closely into them. It is dangerous to look too minutely into such phenomena. It is apt to create a substance where at first there was a mere shadow. . . . . If at any time there should seem to be an expression unintelligible from one soul to another, it is best not to strive to interpret it in earthly language, but to wait for the soul to make itself understood; and were we to wait a thousand years, we need deem it no more time than we can spare. . . . . It is not that I have any love of mystery, but because I abhor it, and because I have often felt that words may be a thick and darksome veil of mystery between the soul and the truth which it seeks. Wretched were we, indeed, if we had no better means of communicating ourselves, no fairer garb in which to array our essential being, than these poor rags and tatters of Babel. Yet words are not without their use, even for purposes of explanation; but merely for explaining outward acts and all sorts of external things, leaving the soul's life and action to explain itself in its own way.

What a musty disquisition I have scribbled! I would not read it over for sixpence.

May 29. — Rejoice with me, for I am free from a load of coal, which has been pressing upon my shoulders throughout all the hot weather. I am convinced that Christian's burden consisted of coal; and no wonder he felt so much relieved when it fell off, and rolled into the sepulchre. His load, however, at the utmost, could not have been more than a few bushels; whereas mine was exactly one hundred and thirty-five chaldrons and seven tubs.

May 30. . . . . On board my salt vessels and colliers there are many things happening, many pictures which in future years, when I am again busy at the loom of fiction, I could weave in; but my fancy is rendered so torpid by my ungenial way of life, that I cannot sketch off the scenes and portraits that interest me, and I am forced to trust them to my memory, with the hope of recalling them at some more favorable period. For these three or four days I have been observing a little Mediterranean boy, from Malaga, not more than ten or eleven years old, but who is already a citizen of the world, and seems to be just as gay and contented on the deck of a Yankee coal-vessel as he could be while playing beside his mother's door. It is really touching to see how free and happy he is, — how the little fellow takes the whole wide world for his home, and all mankind for his family. He talks Spanish, — at least, that is his native tongue; but he is also very intelligible in English, and perhaps he likewise has smatterings of the speech of other countries, whither the winds may have wafted this little sea-bird. He is a Catholic, and, yesterday being Friday, he caught some fish and fried them for his dinner, in sweet oil; and really they looked so delicate, that I almost wished he would invite me to partake. Every once in a while he undresses himself and leaps overboard, plunging down beneath the waves, as if the sea were as native to him as the earth. Then he runs up the rigging of the vessel, as if he meant to fly away through the air. I must remember this little boy, and perhaps I may make something more beautiful of him than these rough and imperfect touches would promise.

June 11. . . . . I could wish that the east wind would blow every day from ten o'clock till five; for there

is great refreshment in it to us poor mortals that toil beneath the sun. We must not think too unkindly even of the east wind. It is not, perhaps, a wind to be loved, even in its benignant moods; but there are seasons when I delight to feel its breath upon my cheek, though it be never advisable to throw open my bosom and take it into my heart, as I would its gentle sisters of the South and West. To-day, if I had been on the wharves, the slight chill of an east wind would have been a blessing, like the chill of death to a world-weary man. . . . . But this has been one of the idlest days that I ever spent in Boston. . . . . In the morning, soon after breakfast, I went to the Athenæum gallery; and during the hour or two that I stayed, not a single visitor came in. Some people were putting up paintings in one division of the room; but I had the other all to myself. There are two pictures there by our friend Sarah Clarke, — scenes in Kentucky.

From the picture gallery I went to the reading-room of the Athenæum, and there read the magazines till nearly twelve, thence to the Custom-House, and soon afterwards to dinner with Colonel Hall, then back to the Custom-House, but only for a little while. There was nothing in the world to do, and so, at two o'clock, I came home and lay down, with the "Faery Queene" in my hand.

August 21. — Last night I slept like a child of five years old, and had no dreams at all, — unless just before it was time to rise, and I have forgotten what those dreams were. After I was fairly awake this morning I felt very bright and airy, and was glad that I had been compelled to snatch two additional hours of existence from annihilation. The sun's disc was but half above the ocean's verge when I ascended the ship's side. These early morning hours are very lightsome and quiet. Almost the whole day I have been in the shade, reclining on a pile of sails, so that the life and spirit are not entirely worn out of me. . . . . The wind has been east this afternoon, — perhaps in the forenoon too, — and I could not help feeling refreshed when the gentle chill of its breath stole over my cheek. I would fain abominate the east wind, ... but it persists in doing me kindly offices now and then. What a perverse wind it is! Its refreshment is but another mode of torment.

Salem, October 4. — Union Street [Family Mansion]. . . . . Here I sit, in my old, accustomed chamber, where I used to sit in days gone by. . . . . Here I have written many tales, — many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be called a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed, and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least, till I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy, — at least, as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth, — not indeed with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice; and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. . . . . And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had

sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. . . . . But living in solitude till the fulness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. . . . . I used to think that I could imagine all passions, all feelings and states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! . . . . Indeed, we are but shadows — we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream — till the heart be touched. That touch creates us, — then we begin to be, — thereby we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity.

THE OLD MASTERS IN THE LOUVRE, AND MODERN ART.

EACH generation has to cultivate anew an appreciation of the great works of the past. It is not enough that the masters of art and of life were crowned in their time; it is not enough that they won the best appreciation of the best spirits of the last century, — not enough that the critics, the intellectual testers, the careful assayers for the last generation, found them good. The living public of the present hour, looking with fresh eyes, curiously questions the great men, and demands a re-examination of the grounds of their splendid reputation.

Our fathers read Byron, and called him great; we read him, and call him boyish, moody, energetic, and but for the eloquence of his discontent would hardly read the poetry of a mind without tenderness, subtilty, or sweetness. In like manner we have fallen heirs to the critical estimates of the old masters; and all the general terms of art-appreciation have been employed to express the transcendent worth of their works. But the American mind is so remote from the habitual state of feeling and being that gave birth to the works of the old masters, that with many any enthusiasm regarding their merits is either forced and hypocritical, or the result of total ignorance of the meaning and value of art. With men who hold a true and vital relation to art, admiration, not to say love, of the old masters is not a sudden and spontaneous thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, anything but dormant in his appreciation of art, confessed to a feeling of disappointment on first entering the Vatican.

My reason for writing of a subject that has engaged the first literary and artistic talent of every age since the revival of art is that it is not enough for our public that the old masters have been well appreciated by great writers and acute critics. Ruskin has proved that the question of the value of the great works of the dead masters is not closed; he has even taught us that the question itself may be changed in its form. The truth is that the old masters judged by Continental critics according to the precedents established by the old masters themselves, and the old masters judged from the standpoint of a modern man in America, with nothing but nature and the present examples of great *modern* art, lead to very different conclusions, and evolve very antagonistic thoughts.

A change has come over the world of art; it is no more the thing it was to the great Venetian and Florentine masters, — it is no more the thing it was to the Greeks. The modern world is not artistic, but scientific; it cares more for knowledge, and the reasons of things, than for enjoyment and perception. But without going into any

tedious examination of the causes of this change before we know well the thing itself, I propose you shall go with me to the Square Gallery of the Louvre, rich in characteristic and remarkable works of the greatest men of the greatest epoch of Italian and Flemish art. If you are a lover of art, I think you will go to the Louvre the first day you arrive in Paris. If you are a nervous enthusiast, you will be conscious of great mental excitement at the mere thought that, after years of waiting and dreaming, at last, and in a few minutes, you shall stand before the forms and colors that have made the world sound with the great names of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Raphael, and Tintoretto. You will hurry across the Seine, you will pass the Swiss guard with his amazing legs and gold braid, you will go up the broad steps of the palace, and in a few minutes stand breathless before Gericault's terrible picture of "The Wreck," so full of marvellous energy and dramatic force, — a picture expressive of the terror of death, and the tenacity of hope in the midst of despair, — in a word, the terrible picture of a suicide; for poor, unhappy, forlorn Gericault at last succumbed to the horrible fascination of his idea of death.

While you take breath before Gericault's great canvas, let me tell you that you stand before the last of the old and the beginning of the new in art. But let us move on.

We are now in the Salon of Apollo, — perhaps the most splendid interior in Paris. Stop one moment; you are under Delacroix's famous picture of Apollo slaying the Python.

Is it not a superb mass of color? Apollo himself seems bursting in light over your head; and the Python twists his horrid length, in mortal agony, along the heaving sea. Yes, you are under Delacroix's picture, — his great picture! What color! What richness of effect! What energy! What largeness and affluence of conception! You are under the *plafond* of Delacroix, — the *greatest* of modern *painters*, — the man great enough in his work and style as a painter to rank with the first of the old masters; noble and sad and profound enough in his subject to belong to the modern epoch, — the epoch of revolt, the twilight of the old, the dawn of the new, — the time just before science and travel had exacted a new development, — before both had given art a new direction, made it less imperial, made it commonplace and instructive instead of original and moving.

But pass on; Delacroix is only the last effort of the genius of Painting, as that genius was known in the day of its glory. To know what that genius meant, and what was its glory, separated from all modern elements, we must enter the Square Gallery of the Louvre.

Before we look at the great examples of painting, I wish you to examine what I hold to be the first example of *expression* in art, and I may say the most remarkable picture in the world. I mean Leonardo da Vinci's strange, haunting face of Mona Lisa, the Florentine wife. This head is an exceptional thing; it is without its counterpart from any hand but that of Da Vinci's. But I am convinced that it is of that order of excellence, and of a strange charm, which are not perceived by most men. It is both subtile and intense; and a limited, frank, straightforward mind, a mind purely prosaic and objective in its habits of thought and in its perceptions, would simply wonder with a child's wonder or a man's chagrin that any one could see anything to admire, much less frequently reflect upon, in the mere portrait study of Mona Lisa. Yet one famous English critic called it the "mighty portrait of Leonardo"; and the cleverest, if not the ablest, of living French critics, twelve years ago, wrote the most enthusiastic words, which today in his grave maturity he reprints, and declares that they render faithfully his impression.

The color has evidently flown from Leonardo's picture. The lips are col-

orless; the face, a pale olive, also colorless; and the background is quite worthless, though not obtrusive. The face is an exquisite piece of modelling and manipulation. The forehead is very high and broad; the eyes are of a soft brown, penetrating without being bright or sharp; the nose is thin and delicate; the mouth very small, and with a smile, ironical and sweet, yet lingering about it. The face is oval, the hair brown, the drapery a dull olive. One hand, an exquisite piece of drawing and painting, highly finished, perfectly beautiful in form, and expressive of repose of nature, rests over the other.

Leonardo was a painter of hidden things. He reached the inner life. Purely objective, frank, open minds, and simple out-of-door natures, like Troyon's, the animal-painter, for example, or with the addition of princely traits, as we find in Veronese, rarely understand, much less appreciate, the work and character of such a man as Leonardo. You will best understand what *La Mona Lisa del Giocondo* is by its effect upon a clear, brilliant spirit, like Théophile Gautier.

"*La Joconde!* sphinx of beauty, who smiles so mysteriously in the frame of Leonardo da Vinci, and seems to propose to the admiration of ages an enigma by them not yet solved, an invincible attraction brings every one back to thee! Who has not remained long hours before that head, bathed in twilight half-tints, enveloped in transparent gauze, and whose features, melodiously drowned in a violet vapor, appear like the creation of a dream, through the floating blackness of sleep! From what planet is fallen in the midst of an azure landscape that strange being, with her glance which promises unknown voluptuousness, and her expression divinely ironical? Leonardo gives to his faces such an imprint of superiority that one feels disturbed in their presence. The lids of her profound eyes hide secrets interdicted to the profane; and the curve of her mocking lips suit the gods, who know everything and gently despise human vulgarities. What unquieting fixedness, and what superhuman sardonic meaning in those sombre pupils, in those lips undulating like the bow of love after it has hurled the arrow. Should you not say that the Joconde is the Isis of a cryptic religion, who, believing herself alone, half opens the folds of her veil, even if the imprudent one who surprises her become insane and die for it? Never has the feminine ideal been invested with forms more deliciously seductive. Believe that, if Don Juan had met Mona Lisa, he would have spared himself the trouble of writing down the names of three thousand women; he would have found but one; and the wings of his desire would have refused to carry him further. They would have drooped and become unfeathered before the black sun of these eyes. We have seen her very often, that adorable Joconde, but our declaration of love does not appear to us too burning. She is ever there, smiling with a mocking voluptuousness upon her numberless lovers. Upon her brow reposes that serenity of a woman sure of being eternally beautiful, and who feels herself superior to the ideal of all poets and of all artists."

It is well that we have two orders of men of genius in the world. And it is important that we understand the two great types. I take Paul Veronese as the type of the frank, open, princely mind. His is a genius that looks at nature and life to simplify both, — to use them as a master. I take Leonardo as a subtile and profound mind; a nature brooding and involved. He readily sees that the bold, happy generalizer misses a great deal; that he is devoid of a sense of the mystery of things, and does not know the greatness of little things. The immediate honor is won by such men as Veronese, who are nearer to the public; the lasting honors are won by such men as Leonardo. He paints a single head, he devotes four years to it; that one head is a masterpiece for all time, and incites more thought than the splendid canvas of Veronese, gorgeous with color, natural, simple, vigorous.

But, for myself, I go from the blare of trumpets, and the noise of festivals, and the pomp of color of Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," to the profound, the silent, subtile head of Mona Lisa, the Florentine wife, on the opposite wall. What a personality is placed before us! Not strictly speaking what you would call a beautiful woman, yet a woman fascinating, charming, — all that Gautier tries to tell with a language meant to seduce the mind.

There is something tragic in Leonardo's head of Mona Lisa, — something that makes the sweetness a terrible sweetness. It *is* a face to mask the enigma of the Sphinx. Why is it so sad, so haunting? Why does it exercise such an undying fascination? The mouth is positively smiling, and sweet as childhood in expression. Why then is it so sad, so tragic? — hidden tragedy I should say. I call it the saddest, sweetest, most living, most feminine face, — the face most intense and expressive of a soul of anything that I have ever looked upon. It is the work of one of the greatest and most variously gifted of the splendid men of the sixteenth century, and I know of nothing comparable to it in modern art.

Not far from Leonardo's wonderful portrait-study is placed a fine example of Titian, — a girl at her toilet, known as "Titian and his Mistress." How golden and beautiful! cheerful as sunshine; no hidden meanings; open like the day, and of an ample character. The arms seem, perhaps, too large; but how fine the color! how luminous! and what a healthy type of physical beauty! But you are not to stop before this work to make the acquaintance of Titian. You are to pass on until you reach that most impressive picture, "The Entombment of Christ." You must look well at Titian's work, — the most perfect artist of the three great men, — Veronese, Leonardo, and Titian. Titian was as great a painter as Veronese, and a more perfect designer, certainly a man of more subtilty and poetry of mind, of more profound feeling. The "Entombment" may be taken as the most perfect, as well as the noblest, example of art in the collection of the old masters at the Louvre. The work is grandly composed, — the lines, forms, and colors are large and simple. The color is expressive of the very sentiment of the subject, — the tones solemn and rich, the grouping perfect. The mind of the master was evidently imbued with the poetic and pictorial elements of the subject. His was no mind for festivals and music and pomp, and all the splendid externals of life, as was that of the bright and joyous Paul Veronese, but a reflective and contemplative mind, without the excess of introspectiveness of the great and perhaps morbid Leonardo. Titian's mind was admirably balanced between reflection and action.

But you are before Titian's great picture. Look at it well. I know you feel its impressiveness. You feel its dignity and mournfulness. You do not ask whether the actors in that sad drama are Oriental; you do not ask how much local truth is in the representation; you do not consider any question of detail or of imitation. You are simply preoccupied with the great leading facts of the subject, "The Burial of Christ." In my judgment there is no man living capable of painting anything so large, natural, simple, true in feeling, as is this work of the free Venetian. Millet, the peasant painter of France, would be as profound and as grand, but perhaps not so beautiful in his treatment of the theme. All the modern men embarrass themselves and the spectator with the minor conditions of their subject. Titian first *felt* its mournfulness and dignity; after that he saw it as painter should see his subject, — that is, as a contrast of color and a harmony of lines, — "a white body, livid, dead, carried by sanguine men, and wept, in a morning which makes them still more beautiful, by tall Lombard women with auburn hair."

It is worth some emphasis of attention that there is but one figure painter living who understands nature and his

subject in the simple way of the old masters; and that painter is the peasant painter of France, Françoise Millet. You will observe that this Titian is not painted to set before you the beauty of the minor facts of nature, — the "lovely detail," the piddling truths that make certain examples of contemporary art everything but works of art, — everything but pictures as pictures were understood by the great painters of the sixteenth century.

Look at those draperies; they are simply rich stuffs. Look at those figures; you see the forms are all large, no part delineated as if looked at very close, but as if seen from a distance. It is just here that the tendency of modern art as seen in the English Pre-Raphaelites is most antagonistic to the example of the old masters. They as well as the realists look at every object very close, or imagine themselves very close to their subject; hence their deficiency in rendering the effect of masses, and also their general awkwardness in giving the forms of things. They may be said to see everything in sections, in parts, whereas the great Italian and Flemish masters educated themselves to see things as wholes.

But let these general considerations go for the present. Again turn to some particular work of the great age of painting. The Louvre is rich in examples of Titian's art. The solemn depth and mellow splendor of his color I cannot communicate to you. But I can ask you to look at his work as a portrait-painter. In the gallery of The Seven Masters are three portraits. Here we are before two figures, — two men of "the grand and magnificent race of Venice," clad in black, — which justify Titian's reputation of being, with Velasquez, "the most grand painter of portraits of the world." In these portraits you see that Titian can be a great colorist without his crimson, gold, and blue draperies. You see with what dignity he has invested his subjects, or rather what dignity he has found in them. Look at those two figures, those faces of a sallow complexion, the gravity of the expression, the high-bred air, the total absence of everything but the grave, simple manhood of those two Venetians. Remark how splendidly and easily painted are the hands, and how expressive the action. I have found much to praise in the work of our own portrait-painters, I even dare to mention their names in the same breath with the princely names of Titian and Velasquez. Mr. William Hunt's portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, Healy's portrait of Orestes A. Brownson, the lamented Furness's portrait of Mr. Emerson's daughter, seemed to me to be noble and delightful examples of portrait art. But Titian is not only happier in the costume of his subjects, he is even simpler in his artistic means; and I must say that the highest praise to be given to our best men is that they approximate to the nobleness and simplicity of these two half-length portraits of Venetian noblemen, while in vigor of style and color these two heads are quite beyond what our own men have reached. Yes, you must acknowledge that portrait art can never go beyond the art of Titian or of Rembrandt or of Velasquez; and a walk through the galleries of the Louvre must teach you that, or it can teach you nothing.

Since we have touched upon this subject of portrait art, which is simply an artist's capacity to paint a man, which is the beginning and the end of the highest art, look at Rembrandt's work. Rembrandt is represented in the Square Gallery by the head of a woman; it is placed near Titian's beautiful Venetian girl at her toilet. At once you remark the difference in the two great masters. Rembrandt is more robust, has a more vivid sense of reality, than the noble Titian. The whole force of the personality, the full strength of the material being, is presented by Rembrandt. His manner of painting is much more solid, and seems even freer and bolder, than Titian's. There are several heads, — heads of old men, of young men, and this one head of a woman in the Louvre, by Rembrandt. They show a more powerful

hand, a surer hand, and a more sturdy feeling for reality, than any of the great masters. But do not imagine that by reality I mean what so many mean to-day by that word as applied to pictures. Not one sharp outline, not one hard line, not one rigid form, can you find in Rembrandt's work. Not in his heads can you find any trace of the realism of the photographic, Pre-Raphaelite, or topographical painters. In Rembrandt's heads everything is round, soft, mysterious, full, luminous, rich; whereas, in the art that has Holbein, and some of the English painters since the greatest day of English art, as its best representatives, everything is thin, cold, hard, exact, defined, rigid, and dry in manner.

If these facts mean anything, they mean that the art of painting has culminated, — that it has attained its greatest perfection, — that, so far as it is a thing to be learned, we must go back to the examples left by the great Flemish, Spanish, and Venetian masters. But as all great art is an expression of personal or individual force, it is not to be taught. All the art discipline in the world could not make a Rembrandt or a Titian. It is therefore chiefly the critics' and the amateurs' work to study the productions of the great masters. They study, not to imitate, but to understand. If in America we have any young man with the genius of a painter, that genius will make its own development, and form its own style. This has been the case with our landscape-painters. It is true of Gifford, it is true of Kensett, of Durand, of Whittredge. I do not mean to say that these artists have in each case formed a powerful and individual style; I mean only to say that the best part of their art is purely a personal development, and quite independent of the great examples of great and ancient masters. I understand, therefore, the value of galleries to be chiefly in their effect on the intelligence of men, and not in their value as affording models of art for the imitation of young or old painters. A collection of paintings like that of the Louvre before each generation of men forbids that a man of intelligence shall use his wit and misapply his talent in trying the painters of his time by a false idea of painting, — prevents his using his faculties of expression to annoy painters by blindly seeking to give a new direction to art, because of ignorance of what it actually is in its noblest remains.

The antiques of the Louvre and the pictures of the Venetian school form adequate critics, form discriminating minds, and actually prevent the eccentricities of criticism which characterize the powerful and unequal art-literature of the English language.

English critics are all the time making discoveries, or reacting against old tendencies. French critics always preserve a just and felicitous spirit. They either sit at the feet of the Greeks and mourn over the decadence of pure art, or sit at the feet of the Venetians and reaffirm the fundamental ideas of painting; but they make no so-called discoveries, and do not mislead their public.

But again let me return to particular works. The whole art of painting is illustrated in the Square Gallery of the Louvre. You are now opposite Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana." No picture in the world has had a greater influence on modern French art. Probably no picture in the Louvre represents so well the glory, the power, and the splendor of painting, to a painter, as the "Marriage at Cana." It is pre-eminently a painter's picture. It is a picture full of the pride of life. It is a festival where all the guests are princely, or grand, or beautiful. The very dogs have the look of dogs of race. It was on the 7th of July, 1864, on the day of the distribution of the annual rewards of the Exhibition of Fine Arts, that Maréchal Vaillant, facing this great painting, announced that a prize of twenty thousand dollars was created by the Emperor, at the expense of the civil list, to be given every five years to the author of a great work of art, of painting, of sculpture, or of architecture.

That is the way they seek to evoke great art in France. But facing Veronese's great picture, under the canvases of Titian, Rembrandt, and Murillo, every artist, while he felt the inspiration of those great examples of art, should have recollected that *they* were not evoked by imperial rewards. Yet in spite of that the place for the announcement of the reward to an age so much devoted to gain was well chosen. For under those great canvases every artist must have felt the glory of his art, and burned to give to France some work not unworthy of a place under the same roof.

You who have not seen this picture need not hope that you can appreciate it by what is or has been written about it. It is, I repeat, a painter's picture. It has no literary element. In this it differs most from modern pictures. Nearly all famous modern pictures, outside of landscape art, have the literary element. They appeal to the literary mind; they are like pieces out of a story, they are seldom mere spectacles to please the eye. Even if you stood with me before Veronese's work, I could not be sure that you would have a vivid appreciation of it. There is no tragedy in it, no humor; it is simply a collection of portraits, say a piece of superb grouping of superb and magnificent people. The glory of the work is its life, its color. What painters call the just relations of color are marvellously rendered on that colossal canvas.

I have spoken of the most characteristic examples of the great age of painting in the Louvre. The question now is, How far are we from the works which elicit so much admiration? I should give as the result of my examination of art, that the genius of painting is no longer known to figure-painters in the same sense as of old. I believe that the true painters of to-day are not figure-painters, but landscape-painters. The figure-painters have become too scientific, too literary. Their work is no more a matter of perception and feeling, as was the work of the old painters; it is a matter of story-telling, and the subject has gained the ascendency. The landscape-painters yet hold the subject subordinate; they are simple men of the brush.

The finest style among modern French painters is to be found in landscape art. It is in Troyon, it is in Lambinet, it is in Rosseau. All these men *paint*, — use the brush splendidly; and it is just in this use of the brush (which distinguishes *the* painter), that contemporary figure-painters seem most deficient. So much so, in fact, that the very presence of a brush-mark is likely to bring out the reproach, "not finished enough."

You have now reached the point of divergence between the ancient painter's work and that of the modern painter. In modern art, the subject is everything, and the artist servile or conscientious before it; in ancient art the subject was common, and the artist free, and even careless, before it.

You have walked through the Square Gallery to look at the famous works of great painters, and, in spite of the different aim and the changed aspect of art, you have felt and admired the pictures of the men who represent its ancient and greatest glory. In the old pictures color is richer, forms simpler, subjects less novel, and even further from our sympathies, than anything of modern art. Yet, in spite of obnoxious or indifferent subjects, if you have any appreciation of art, you are pleased, you are even profoundly moved, by the splendid work of the first of the old masters. Why? Because of their magnificent power as *painters*, — power in just what our modern men are most deficient the moment we go outside of the landscapists.

Here we signal the true cause of a genuine and enthusiastic appreciation of the old masters. It is first and last in their power as painters. The ground of appreciation of modern art is novelty or originality of subject, fulness and faithfulness of representation. Need I say that a picture may be both novel and faithful as a representation of na-

ture, and yet be a very ordinary, even mean, example of painting.

When Titian and Veronese painted, man was more than nature, and only a few persons had the passion of travel and the curiosity to know strange things. To-day we know how one goes to the Rocky Mountains, another to the Andes, a third after icebergs. In the great age of painting the painters had not that curiosity, and their public cared only for a few beautiful women. A human figure was a poem. "The subject was only the occasion to represent the apotheosis of man in all his attributes." Then you could say, in the studio of the artist, How nobly he has seen! Now you say, How much he has seen! What you could have said in the studio of the old painters, you say to-day in the gallery of the Louvre, before Titian's portraits or before Veronese's vast compositions. They painted beautiful human ideas. We no longer care for ideas, — for the human form. Our aim is to accumulate facts, and "facts," "beautiful" or "lovely facts," to-day are the cant phrases of an illegitimate criticism. What we have gained and what we have lost is a vast question, more easily asked than answered; but it is *the* question suggested by modern art at the Champ de Mars, and by ancient art at the Louvre.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

FIRST CHAPTER.

IT happened in this wise: — But, sitting with my pen in my hand looking at those words again, without descrying any hint in them of the words that should follow, it comes into my mind that they have an abrupt appearance. They may serve, however, if I let them remain, to suggest how very difficult I find it to begin to explain my Explanation. An uncouth phrase: and yet I do not see my way to a better.

SECOND CHAPTER.

IT happened in *this* wise: — But, looking at those words, and comparing them with my former opening, I find they are the selfsame words repeated. This is the more surprising to me, because I employ them in quite a new connection. For indeed I declare that my intention was to discard the commencement I first had in my thoughts, and to give the preference to another of an entirely different nature, dating my explanation from an anterior period of my life. I will make a third trial, without erasing this second failure, protesting that it is not my design to conceal any of my infirmities, whether they be of head or heart.

THIRD CHAPTER.

NOT as yet directly aiming at how it came to pass, I will come upon it by degrees. The natural manner, after all, for God knows that is how it came upon me!

My parents were in a miserable condition of life, and my infant home was a cellar in Preston. I recollect the sound of Father's Lancashire clogs on the street pavement above, as being different in my young hearing from the sound of all other clogs; and I recollect that, when Mother came down the cellar-steps, I used tremblingly to speculate on her feet having a good or an ill-tempered look, — on her knees, — on her waist, — until finally her face came into view and settled the question. From this it will be seen that I was timid, and that the cellar-steps were

steep, and that the doorway was very low.

Mother had the gripe and clutch of Poverty upon her face, upon her figure, and not least of all upon her voice. Her sharp and high-pitched words were squeezed out of her, as by the compression of bony fingers on a leathern bag; and she had a way of rolling her eyes about and about the cellar, as she scolded, that was gaunt and hungry. Father, with his shoulders rounded, would sit quiet on a three-legged stool, looking at the empty grate, until she would pluck the stool from under him, and bid him go bring some money home. Then he would dismally ascend the steps, and I, holding my ragged shirt and trousers together with a hand (my only braces), would feint and dodge from Mother's pursuing grasp at my hair.

A worldly little devil was Mother's usual name for me. Whether I cried for that I was in the dark, or for that it was cold, or for that I was hungry, or whether I squeezed myself into a warm corner when there was a fire, or ate voraciously when there was food, she would still say, "O you worldly little devil!" And the sting of it was, that I quite well knew myself to be a worldly little devil. Worldly as to wanting to be housed and warmed, worldly as to wanting to be fed, worldly as to the greed with which I inwardly compared how much I got of those good things with how much Father and Mother got, when, rarely, those good things were going.

Sometimes they both went away seeking work, and then I would be locked up in the cellar for a day or two at a time. I was at my worldliest then. Left alone, I yielded myself up to a worldly yearning for enough of anything (except misery), and for the death of Mother's father, who was a machine-maker at Birmingham, and on whose decease, I had heard Mother say, she would come into a whole courtful of houses "if she had her rights." Worldly little devil, I would stand about, musingly fitting my cold bare feet into cracked bricks and crevices of the damp cellar floor, — walking over my grandfather's body, so to speak, into the courtful of houses, and selling them for meat and drink, and clothes to wear.

At last a change came down into our cellar. The universal change came down even as low as that, — so will it mount to any height on which a human creature can perch, — and brought other changes with it.

We had a heap of I don't know what foul litter in the darkest corner, which we called "the bed." For three days Mother lay upon it without getting up, and then began at times to laugh. If I had ever heard her laugh before, it had been so seldom that the strange sound frightened me. It frightened Father, too, and we took it by turns to give her water. Then she began to move her head from side to side, and sing. After that, she getting no better, Father fell a laughing and a singing, and then there was only I to give them both water, and they both died.

FOURTH CHAPTER.

When I was lifted out of the cellar by two men, of whom one came peeping down alone first, and ran away and brought the other, I could hardly bear the light of the street. I was sitting in the roadway, blinking at it, and at a ring of people collected around me, but not close to me, when, true to my character of worldly little devil, I broke silence by saying, "I am hungry and thirsty!"

"Does he know they are dead?" asked one of another.

"Do you know your father and mother are both dead of fever?" asked a third of me, severely.

"I don't know what it is to be dead. I supposed it meant that, when the cup rattled against their teeth and the water spilt over them. I am hungry and thirsty." That was all I had to say about it.

The ring of people widened outward from the inner side as I looked around me; and I smelt vinegar, and what I

now know to be camphor, thrown in towards where I sat. Presently some one put a great vessel of smoking vinegar on the ground near me, and then they all looked at me in silent horror as I ate and drank of what was brought for me. I knew at the time they had a horror of me, but I could n't help it.

I was still eating and drinking, and a murmur of discussion had begun to arise respecting what was to be done with me next, when I heard a cracked voice somewhere in the ring say, "My name is Hawkyard, Mr. Verity Hawkyard, of West Bromwich." Then the ring split in one place, and a yellow-faced, peak-nosed gentleman, clad all in iron-gray to his gaiters, pressed forward with a policeman and another official of some sort. He came forward close to the vessel of smoking vinegar; from which he sprinkled himself carefully, and me copiously.

"He had a grandfather at Birmingham, this young boy, who is just dead too," said Mr. Hawkyard.

I turned my eyes upon the speaker, and said in a ravening manner, "Where 's his houses?"

"Hah! Horrible worldliness on the edge of the grave," said Mr. Hawkyard, casting more of the vinegar over me, as if to get my devil out of me. "I have undertaken a slight — a ve-ry slight — trust in behalf of this boy; quite a voluntary trust; a matter of mere honor, if not of mere sentiment; still I have taken it upon myself, and it shall be (O yes, it shall be!) discharged."

The by-standers seemed to form an opinion of this gentleman much more favorable than their opinion of me.

"He shall be taught," said Mr. Hawkyard, "(O yes, he shall be taught!) but what is to be done with him for the present? He may be infected. He may disseminate infection." The ring widened considerably. "What is to be done with him?"

He held some talk with the two officials. I could distinguish no word save "Farm-house." There was another sound several times repeated, which was wholly meaningless in my ears then, but which I knew soon afterwards to be "Hoghton Towers."

"Yes," said Mr. Hawkyard, "I think that sounds promising. I think that sounds hopeful. And he can be put by himself in a Ward, for a night or two, you say?"

It seemed to be the police-officer who had said so, for it was he who replied, Yes. It was he, too, who finally took me by the arm and walked me before him through the streets, into a whitewashed room in a bare building, where I had a chair to sit in, a table to sit at, an iron bedstead and good mattress to lie upon, and a rug and blanket to cover me. Where I had enough to eat too, and was shown how to clean the tin porringer in which it was conveyed to me, until it was as good as a looking-glass. Here, likewise, I was put in a bath, and had new clothes brought to me, and my old rags were burnt, and I was camphored and vinegared, and disinfected in a variety of ways.

When all this was done, — I don't know in how many days or how few, but it matters not, — Mr. Hawkyard stepped in at the door, remaining close to it, and said: "Go and stand against the opposite wall, George Silverman. As far off as you can. That 'll do. How do you feel?"

I told him that I did n't feel cold, and did n't feel hungry, and did n't feel thirsty. That was the whole round of human feelings, as far as I knew, except the pain of being beaten.

"Well," said he, "you are going, George, to a healthy farm-house to be purified. Keep in the air there, as much as you can. Live an out-of-door life there, until you are fetched away. You had better not say much — in fact, you had better be very careful not to say anything — about what your parents died of, or they might not like to take you in. Behave well, and I 'll put you to school, (O yes, I 'll put you to school!) though I am not obligated to do it. I am a servant of the Lord, George, and I have been a good servant to him (I have!) these five-and-

thirty years. The Lord has had a good servant in me, and he knows it."

What I then supposed him to mean by this, I cannot imagine. As little do I know when I began to comprehend that he was a prominent member of some obscure denomination or congregation, every member of which held forth to the rest when so inclined, and among whom he was called Brother Hawkyard. It was enough for me to know, on that day in the Ward, that the farmer's cart was waiting for me at the street corner. I was not slow to get into it, for it was the first ride I ever had in my life.

It made me sleepy, and I slept. First, I stared at Preston streets as long as they lasted, and meanwhile I may have had some small dumb wondering within me whereabouts our cellar was. But I doubt it. Such a worldly little devil was I, that I took no thought who would bury Father and Mother, or where they would be buried, or when. The question whether the eating and drinking by day, and the covering by night, would be as good at the farm-house as at the Ward superseded those questions.

The jolting of the cart on a loose stony road awoke me, and I found that we were mounting a steep hill, where the road was a rutty by-road through a field. And so, by fragments of an ancient terrace, and by some rugged outbuildings that had once been fortified, and passing under a ruined gateway, we came to the old farm-house in the thick stone wall outside the old quadrangle of Hoghton Towers. Which I looked at, like a stupid savage; seeing no specialty in; seeing no antiquity in; assuming all farm-houses to resemble it; assigning the decay I noticed to the one potent cause of all ruin that I knew, — Poverty; eying the pigeons in their flights, the cattle in their stalls, the ducks in the pond, and the fowls pecking about the yard, with a hungry hope that plenty of them might be killed for dinner while I stayed there; wondering whether the scrubbed dairy vessels drying in the sunlight could be the goodly porringers out of which the master ate his belly-filling food, and which he polished when he had done, according to my Ward experience; shrinkingly doubtful whether the shadows passing over that airy height on the bright spring day were not something in the nature of frowns; sordid, afraid, unadmiring, a small Brute to shudder at.

To that time I had never had the faintest impression of beauty. I had had no knowledge whatever that there was anything lovely in this life. When I had occasionally slunk up the cellar steps into the street, and glared in at shop-windows, I had done so with no higher feelings than we may suppose to animate a mangy young dog or wolf-cub. It is equally the fact that I had never been alone, in the sense of holding unselfish converse with myself. I had been solitary often enough, but nothing better.

Such was my condition when I sat down to my dinner that day, in the kitchen of the old farm-house. Such was my condition when I lay on my bed in the old farm-house that night, stretched out opposite the narrow mullioned window, in the cold light of the moon, like a young Vampire.

FIFTH CHAPTER.

WHAT do I know now of Hoghton Towers? Very little, for I have been gratefully unwilling to disturb my first impressions. A house, centuries old, on high ground a mile or so removed from the road between Preston and Blackburn, where the first James of England, in his hurry to make money by making Baronets, perhaps made some of those remunerative dignitaries. A house, centuries old, deserted and falling to pieces, its woods and gardens long since grass-land or ploughed up, the rivers Ribble and Darwen glancing below it, and a vague haze of smoke, against which not even the supernatural prescience of the first Stuart could foresee a Counterblast, hint-

ing at Steam Power, powerful in two distances.

What did I know then of Hoghton Towers? When I first peeped in at the gate of the lifeless quadrangle, and started from the mouldering statue becoming visible to me like its Guardian Ghost; when I stole round by the back of the farm-house, and got in among the ancient rooms, many of them with their floors and ceilings falling, the beams and rafters hanging dangerously down, the plaster dropping as I trod, the oaken panels stripped away, the windows half walled up, half broken; when I discovered a gallery commanding the old kitchen, and looked down between balustrades upon a massive old table and benches, fearing to see I know not what dead-alive creatures come in and seat themselves, and look up with I know not what dreadful eyes, or lack of eyes, at me; when all over the house I was awed by gaps and chinks where the sky stared sorrowfully at me, where the birds passed, and the ivy rustled, and the stains of winter-weather blotched the rotten floors; when down at the bottom of dark pits of staircase, into which the stairs had sunk, green leaves trembled, butterflies fluttered, and bees hummed in and out through the broken doorways; when encircling the whole ruin were sweet scents and sights of fresh green growth and ever-renewing life, that I had never dreamed of, — I say, when I passed into such clouded perception of these things as my dark soul could compass, what did I know then of Hoghton Towers?

I have written that the sky stared sorrowfully at me. Therein have I anticipated the answer. I knew that all these things looked sorrowfully at me. That they seemed to sigh or whisper, not without pity for me: "Alas! Poor worldly little devil!"

There were two or three rats at the bottom of one of the smaller pits of broken staircase when I craned over and looked in. They were scuffling for some prey that was there. And when they started and hid themselves, close together in the dark, I thought of the old life (it had grown old already) in the cellar.

How not to be this worldly little devil? How not to have a repugnance towards myself as I had towards the rats? I hid in a corner of one of the smaller chambers, frightened at myself, and crying (it was the first time I had ever cried for any cause not purely physical), and I tried to think about it. One of the farm-ploughs came into my range of view just then, and it seemed to help me as it went on with its two horses up and down the field so peacefully and quietly.

There was a girl of about my own age in the farm-house family, and she sat opposite to me at the narrow table at meal-times. It had come into my mind at our first dinner that she might take the fever from me. The thought had not disquieted me then; I had only speculated how she would look under the altered circumstances, and whether she would die. But it came into my mind now, that I might try to prevent her taking the fever, by keeping away from her. I knew I should have but scrambling board if I did; so much the less worldly and less devilish the deed would be, I thought.

From that hour I withdrew myself at early morning into secret corners of the ruined house, and remained hidden there until she went to bed. At first, when meals were ready, I used to hear them calling me; and then my resolution weakened. But I strengthened it again, by going further off into the ruin, and getting out of hearing. I often watched for her at the dim windows; and, when I saw that she was fresh and rosy, felt much happier.

Out of this holding her in my thoughts, to the humanizing of myself, I suppose some childish love arose within me. I felt in some sort dignified by the pride of protecting her, by the pride of making the sacrifice for her. As my heart swelled with that new feeling, it insensibly softened about Mother and Father. It seemed to have been frozen before, and now to be thawed. The old ruin

and all the lovely things that haunted it were not sorrowful for me only, but sorrowful for Mother and Father as well. Therefore did I cry again, and often too.

The farm-house family conceived me to be of a morose temper, and were very short with me; though they never stinted me in such broken fare as was to be got out of regular hours. One night when I lifted the kitchen latch at my usual time, Sylvia (that was her pretty name) had but just gone out of the room. Seeing her ascending the opposite stairs, I stood still at the door. She had heard the clink of the latch, and looked round.

"George," she called to me, in a pleased voice, "to-morrow is my birthday, and we are to have a fiddler, and there 's a party of boys and girls coming in a cart, and we shall dance. I invite you. Be sociable for once, George."

"I am very sorry, miss," I answered, "but I — but no; I can't come."

"You are a disagreeable, ill-humored lad," she returned, disdainfully, "and I ought not to have asked you. I shall never speak to you again."

As I stood with my eyes fixed on the fire after she was gone, I felt that the farmer bent his brows upon me.

"Eh, lad," said he, "Sylvy 's right. You 're as moody and broody a lad as never I set eyes on yet!"

I tried to assure him that I meant no harm; but he only said coldly: "Maybe not, maybe not. There! Get thy supper, get thy supper, and then thou canst sulk to thy heart's content again."

Ah! If they could have seen me next day in the ruin, watching for the arrival of the cart full of merry young guests; if they could have seen me at night, gliding out from behind the ghostly statue, listening to the music and the fall of dancing feet, and watching the lighted farm-house windows from the quadrangle when all the ruin was dark; if they could have read my heart as I crept up to bed by the back way, comforting myself with the reflection, "They will take no hurt from me," — they would not have thought mine a morose or an unsocial nature!

It was in these ways that I began to form a shy disposition; to be of a timidly silent character under misconstruction; to have an inexpressible, perhaps a morbid, dread of ever being sordid or worldly. It was in these ways that my nature came to shape itself to such a mould, even before it was affected by the influences of the studious and retired life of a poor scholar.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Origin and History of the Books of the Bible, both the Canonical and the Apocryphal. Designed to show what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it. By Prof. C. E. Stowe, D.D. (The New Testament.) Illustrated. Published by subscription only; by Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn.

The Bible is the central book of Christendom. No other book has so attracted to itself the attention of the learned and the affection of the unlearned. No other book has been so persistently the object of a blind hostility and an equally blind partisanship. Folly has made it on the one side a farrago, and on the other a fetish. It has been a prey to every vagary of the head and every imagination of the heart. Love and hate have alike kindled their fires at this one altar. Benevolence has filled its horn of plenty, and oppression has drawn its heaviest chains from the same treasure-house. It has been held to a closer inspection, to a more searching analysis, to a more rigorous comparison, than any other book. Every rule and every misrule of interpretation has been brought to bear upon it. The "jot-and-tittle" theorist holds every word from the first page to the last to

be God's own word sent specially to him; and his "transcendental brother" holds it to be God's word in no other sense than the Iliad and the Æneid are God's word. Faith and scepticism have enlisted their mightiest forces to upbuild and overthrow. Libraries might be filled with the books that have been written to confirm and to invalidate its position. Science is counted, if not its foe, the fruitful mother of foes, yet the highest civilization is reckoned its legitimate offspring. The choicest treasures of learning have been brought to elucidate its meaning, and art has drawn thence its loftiest inspiration. And still its influence goes on increasing. With an apparently inexhaustible vitality, it survives alike the attacks of its most formidable foes and the support of still more formidable friends, and has to-day on the mind and heart of the world a stronger hold than ever before.

An encouraging feature in the progress of Bible research is that its results are more and more coming before the people; thus driving out at once, and in the only legitimate way, the frivolous in literature and the false in religion. It is a matter for congratulation that it is no longer novels and romances alone, but expositions of and dissertations on the Bible, whose readers are numbered by thousands, by tens of thousands, and in some instances, we believe, by hundreds of thousands. Not undervaluing that learning which must perforce confine itself to the fit and few audience, extolling it rather as the source and conservator of all learning, we yet rejoice to find the common mind no longer constrained to feed its religious thought on a pabulum composed of equal parts of pious declamation on the sanctity of the Bible, and rhetorical denunciation of those who question its authority. So long as the world is to increase in wealth there must be miners, — men content to delve

> "Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
> And low, where dawning day doth never peep."

But for the furtherance of our moral needs we need also men who shall take this massive bullion and convert it into coin of the realm.

Such a work is the one before us. Professor Stowe, long and favorably known for his close and extensive acquaintance with Biblical science, presents to the public in a shapely and popular form the fruits of his life-labor. While it is not a book unworthy of scholars, it is specially designed for and adapted to those who are not scholars. It furnishes the results of study to those who are unable to study, but who are not unable to read and to think. It seeks to gain the popular ear, not by appeals to passion and prejudice, but to reason. Its characteristic, unlike most popular appeals, is not dilution but concentration. If it is milk for babes, it is condensed milk. In the ordinary use of the term, we should say the style alone is popular, the substance is scholarly.

The author's aim has not been, evidently, to make or to announce any new discoveries, to give new renderings to old texts, or new meanings to old words. His attempt is simply to bring the light of known or alleged facts to bear upon the settlement of vexed questions. It is a book, as he declares, of authorities and testimonies. He maintains that the chief cause of the diversities of opinion as to the authors of the sacred books is the neglect or the rejection of all external testimony in regard to them, and the judging of them by the critic's own views of the internal evidence only, — a proceeding the more uncalled for, inasmuch as the external testimony regarding the Bible is more abundant than that concerning any other ancient book whatever. The work is especially valuable as simplifying the discussion, removing extraneous matter, dismissing impertinent issues, putting objections and replies in a tangible and portable form, and showing what the conditions of the problem do and do not require. Professor Stowe indicates the spiritual unity of the Bible while relinquishing, or rather opposing, the popular notion of its external unity. He brings into prominence a theory now held, we believe, by all the best biblical critics, but not, we think, very familiar to the common mind, that the Bible is not an original record, but is made up of the fragments of Hebrew literature, going back sometimes to a remote and even to an unknown antiquity. This point will be recognized as one of singular interest and of great importance; especially in connection with the Old Testament. The character and chronology of the books of the New Testament are far better understood than those of the Old, particularly those of early date. A great deal of the doubt concerning them, and much of the hostility felt towards them, would unquestionably be dispelled by a knowledge of their real origin, nature, and object.

Another whole system of difficulties is

disposed of at one stroke by affirming that the mystery of the actual condition of the human race, the question, How can the existence of so much sin and misery be reconciled with God's goodness, wisdom, and power, finds no solution, no answer, in the Bible. The sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are not explained. The mysterious events of our own daily life remain still mysterious. The Bible asserts: it does not explain. It tells us to trust in God, and all will be well. It addresses itself to our faith, affirming that we have sufficient proof of the goodness, wisdom, and power of God, even if by searching we cannot find out the Almighty to perfection. Those who have given little thought to this subject will not, perhaps, immediately see how vast a field of disputation is excluded from our boundaries by this admission. Perhaps on no single question is there a wider divergence of opinion or a more profound excitement of feeling than on this. The solution of the insoluble, the reconciliation of the evil in the world with the goodness of its Creator, is the work to which religious thought has lent itself sometimes with an almost frantic vehemence. On this rock has the Church split into sects, and on this point the theory of one sect is regarded by another with a disapprobation amounting to hatred and horror. Materialistic philosophy and speculative theology are alike unsatisfactory in their conclusions. Reason and revelation can get no further than the sovereign announcement: I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil. And as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, faith alone is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Having disposed of outside questions, Dr. Stowe proceeds to the discussion of the text of the New Testament. He describes the method of book-making in the age of the New-Testament writers, compares the readings of our modern printed editions of the Greek with the earliest manuscript authorities, compares also the manuscripts of Herodotus and Plato with those of the New Testament in point of number, variety, and antiquity; and gives a history of many of the ancient manuscripts of the New Testament, and *facsimiles* of several. This chapter is one of great interest and value, and contains information which is probably new to the mass of Bible readers. It is followed by brief biographies of one hundred of the most important ancient witnesses to the New-Testament books, including not only Orthodox Christians, but also Jews, heretics, pagans, and infidels. Next in order comes a separate examination of each book of the New Testament. It is laid down at the beginning, that those books, and those only, were regarded by the primitive Christians as a part of their New-Testament canon, which were written either by an apostle, or by an associate of an apostle, with apostolic superintendence and sanction. The authority of an apostle was the only authority for a sacred book. As most of the churches were personally acquainted with several of the apostles, and as every one of the writers of the New Testament was personally known to many of the churches, it is hardly probable that any church could have been deceived as to what were and what were not apostolic books, and the main question is, What books did the churches receive as apostolic? The credibility of these writers as men, capable or incapable, honest or dishonest, is considered apart from the inspiration or divine authority of the Gospels. The testimony concerning each book is preceded by a statement of what is known respecting the author, the place, the occasion, the object, and the circumstances of his writing. We are furnished with every variety of testimony, weak and strong, direct and indirect. The apocryphal gospels receive the same attention as the canonical gospels. We have their origin, their history so far as it is known, an outline of their contents, and extracts sufficiently copious to give us a distinct idea of their style and spirit. We have also fragments of gospels supposed to be lost, — the Gospel according to the Hebrews, the Gospel according to the Egyptians, the Gospel of Marcion, and others. Thus is presented not only the external evidence for the canonical gospels, but such internal evidence as is furnished by a comparison between them and other writings of the same date and the same assumed character. Every one, learned or unlearned, has the opportunity to judge for himself whether the apocryphal and the lost gospels probably emanated from the same source, and are entitled to the same credit, as those of the received New Testament.

One chapter is devoted to the Hegelian philosophy, in which Hegelian philosophers are handled with a freedom which we venture to say those amiable if somewhat

shadowy gentlemen never before experienced. Their hypotheses are not only incontinently stripped of ornamentation, but, after Sydney Smith's device, are made to take off their flesh, and sit in their bones; and the spectacle sometimes is not a little amusing.

"How could *myths* arise and gain credence in the manner and to the extent which he (Strauss) dreams of, in the same generation and the same country wherein the facts are alleged to have occurred? This difficulty is felt by Strauss, and he attempts to get rid of it by supposing that the stories originated mostly in those parts of Palestine east of the Jordan, where Christ had personally seldom appeared. The whole of Palestine has scarcely one quarter the extent of the State of Maine, and can men in Maine lie with impunity by going east of the Penobscot?" Weisse does not even pretend to have any testimony as to the facts being as he states them. He would think it unworthy of a philosopher like him to come at an historical result in that way. He does not learn history from external evidence, but develops it from internal consciousness Marshall's "Life of Washington," on a similar hypothesis, originated during the nullification excitement of 1827, when Hon. John Holmes, of Maine, amused himself by writing notes across the Senate Chamber to Hon. T. H. Benton, of Missouri. Mr. Benton preserved these notes, thinking he might some time have occasion for them, and he added some of his own. At the session of Congress, during Mr. Clay's compromising efforts, Mr. Benton, perceiving that his time had come, committed these papers to Hon. Amos Kendall, who, out of them and Judge Marshall's papers, forged the book called Marshall's "Life of Washington." In consequence of this publication, Colonel Benton was elected President of the United States, and General Cass, amid much *noise and confusion*, migrated to California! Gfroerer relies for the support of his theory on such resemblances as would derive the wigs of the English bishops and judges from the head-dress of the Feejee-Islanders. The text of Zechariah xiv. 4 he explains as referring to the Messiah, and his sister the Holy Ghost, who are both, according to the Rabbins, ninety-six miles high, and twenty-four miles wide. Hence the doctrine of the Trinity! Bruno Bauer at the outset annihilates all historical truth. Renan gives the sheerest and most extravagant moonshine. Schenkel has not a foot to stand upon. Baur sees not only what is in the Bible, but what would have been there if it had not been taken out. The identity of the narratives of Jairus's daughter and the son of the widow of Nain rests on such resemblances as (1.) they were both young people, (2.) they each had a living parent, (3.) they both died, and (4.) they were both raised from the dead. The same kind of argument might prove irresistibly the identity of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren's grandmother; for (1.) they were both old people, (2.) they were both very fond of Mr. Van Buren, (3.) they both died, and (4.) neither of them ever rose from the dead!

The remainder of the book consists of an examination and comparison of the apocryphal and canonical Acts, Epistles, and Revelations, with abstracts and extracts, a comparison of Hebrew and pagan prophets, and a consideration of the apocryphal books of the Old Testament, a narrative of the discussions pertaining to them, and the mode and reasons for their exclusion from the sacred canon.

We have been thus particular in our account of the book, that our readers may have a fair idea of its general aim and scope. Whether it accomplishes what it proposes to accomplish, every one must judge for himself; we design only to show what it proposes to accomplish. Every one must concede that it is eminently frank and outspoken. There is no insinuation, no false dealing. Authorities are given with a full hand. If the author has misstated facts or mis-rendered theories, he has put it within every one's power to correct or confute him. There is no hiding behind glittering and sounding generalities. Everything is to the point, whether right or wrong. If it be said that he has, for a philosopher, too strong a leaning towards the conclusions at which he arrives, it must be admitted also that he acknowledges this leaning at the outset, and thereby disarms it of its chief power to mislead. Occasionally, in the enthusiasm of his belief, he adopts as a certainty that which is at most but a probability, — as where he accounts for passages that could not have been written at the time or by the authors supposed, by showing that books were formerly written full on every page, with lines of single letters, without any division of paragraphs or words; and that what modern writers would put into a foot-note, heading, or index, an-

cient writers would insert as a part of the original page, and adds: "The passages objected to are just the foot-notes of subsequent editor, and not forgeries or fraudulent interpolations." All that is proved or that is required to be proved is that they *may* be foot-notes, not that they are.

The style of the book is unique among theological writings. It is not the language of theology but of common life, — the language of the farm, the factory, the market; sinewy, nervous, homely, and clear as crystal; the language of a man, and of a man overflowing with love for his subject, and so thoroughly familiar with it that he can afford to toss it about sometimes a little playfully. Indeed, we are not without suspicion that the easy, off-hand style may serve in some measure to disguise the extensive research and — for this country at least — remarkable learning of which it is the medium.

We consider the work especially adapted to meet the intellectual wants of the age. It puts within reach of the common people the accumulated treasures of a long line of kings in the realm of letters. We do not know where to find, within the same compass, so much candid thought, valuable knowledge, and pertinent criticism on the Bible. Its partisanship, though warm, is manly, and free from bitterness and bigotry. Though a labor of love, it is of a love not blind, but as clear of vision as it is stout of heart. It is impartially fatal to the arrogance of all denominations. It is a work of which Orthodoxy need not be ashamed, and at which Heterodoxy need not be exasperated. It is a work which no man should reject the Bible without answering, or argumentatively advocate without mastering. Whoever would give a reason either for the faith or the unbelief or the doubt that is in him; whoever would learn, not what the Bible says about his views, but what views the Bible teaches, and on what ground it has authority to teach at all, will find in this book a valuable assistant, companion, and friend.

Letters and Journals relating to the War of the American Revolution, and the Capture of the German Troops at Saratoga. By Mrs. General Riedesel. Translated from the original German by William L. Stone. Albany: Munsell. 1867.

This is not the first translation of Madame Riedesel's Memoirs, but, past all denial, it is the first good one. And if there was any book in a foreign language that called especially for a good American translator, that book is the one in question. To our thinking, the call has at length been answered in a very satisfactory way.

Good historical memoirs — the very life of historical literature — are scarce with us. Our Revolutionary heroes could not have written them if they would; nor has our late war yet produced them, of any notable merit. Memoir writing is an art in itself, in which the French have far excelled all other nations. As for ourselves, our best possessions in this way are due to foreigners, and two of them to women. We mean the excellent little book of Mrs. Grant of Lugar, and the far more important memoir of which the translation is before us.

Madame Riedesel was the wife of General Riedesel, who commanded the Brunswick troops in the army of Burgoyne. With her three children she followed her husband to America, and shared all the dangers and hardships of the campaign of Saratoga, and the long captivity which followed it. To say of this most charming woman that she was the model of a tender and devoted wife and mother would be true, indeed, but yet would insufficiently describe her. Her graceful and feminine character was braced by an admirable courage, and a spirit which must have made her a very piquant companion. She had resources for every emergency, made friends everywhere, and appears to have been equally mistress of the situation in the backwoods of Virginia, and in the family circle of King George III., to which her rank and no doubt her own attractiveness admitted her.

Remembering what Madame Riedesel was, it is impossible to read without indignation the following passage in the Introduction to the wretched translation of 1827: "For the passages which have been omitted in the translation no apology will be required by those who can peruse the original. Whether right or wrong (a question not now to be discussed) the reading portion of mankind has become so hostile to vulgarity, so delicate, in some respects so fastidiously refined, that many things and words that were perfectly innocent and inoffensive, or only pervertible by the sagacity of profligates and rakes, are now considered utterly disgraceful, and are wholly banished from polite literature." The translator adds: "We thought, however, that

we might name, without begging pardon, such words as hog or swine!"

The "vulgarity" to which the translator, using the word in the sense in which children use it, takes exception, are a few simple and harmless statements, from the pen of a modest woman too sensible, natural, and pure to be a prude. Mr. Stone is free from the silly squeamishness of his predecessor, and has given the story of Madame Riedesel's varied experience as he finds it.

The book is full of suggestion. Her travels during her husband's captivity give many sharp glimpses of colonial life in New England, the Middle States, and Virginia, and suggest the reflection that, degenerate as our public men may be, the people at large of our time do not lose in comparison with their fathers. The volume is illustrated with a portrait and autograph of Madame Riedesel, and by two woodcuts of houses near Saratoga, conspicuous objects in the narrative, and of which one has already been removed or destroyed. The memoir is also accompanied by notes of the translator, adding much to its value.

The general style of the translation is easy and good, but here and there it is open to criticism. Thus a "splendid cellar" and "splendid singing" are anomalies in the English language. We observe a statement in the Preface that the German edition of 1800 is "the first and only German edition" of the memoir. Now we have before us at this moment an edition published at Berlin in 1801. Translators and editors are bound to be exact in these matters.

We see it announced on a fly-leaf of this pleasant book — one of the pleasantest of its kind that we remember to have read — that Mr. Stone is engaged on a translation of the "Life and Writings of General Riedesel," published a few years ago at Berlin, and said to contain many letters hitherto unknown in this country, from Washington, Gates, Burgoyne, and other men of their day.

Condensed Novels, and other Papers. By F. Bret Harte. With Comic Illustrations by Frank Bellew. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The publishers have conferred upon Cis-Rocky-Mountain readers a real favor by collecting Mr. Harte's charming parodies, so well known in California, and have done the clever and ingenious author a great wrong by printing them with Mr. Frank Bellew's comic illustrations, which are in every way vulgar and inappropriate.

Of the novelists condensed, Mr. Dickens, who must have been one of the most difficult to do, seems to us the best done. The parody of Captain Marryat is very good; but that of Charlotte Brontë is not so happy as the imitation in the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers." Mr. Harte has an admirable burlesque of Michelet, and has condensed a good deal of Victor Hugo's manner and social philosophy in this bit of moralization: "Fantine loved Thomolyes. Why? My God! what are you to do? It was the fault of her parents, and she had n't any. How shall you teach her? You must teach the parent if you wish to educate the child. How would you become virtuous? Educate your grandmother!"

Mr. Harte's miscellaneous essays given in this volume are imbued with so much original humor, that we have all the more to regret a tendency in them to imitation of the author whom he has best parodied in his acknowledged burlesques. We find no other fault with essays inspired by the multiform and interesting life of California, and depicting San Francisco with all the advantages of local color.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

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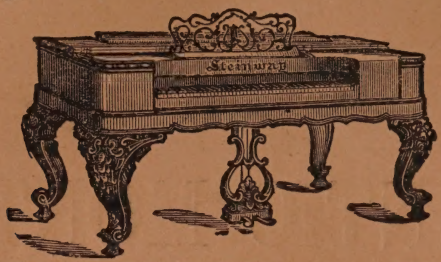

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1lb. Young Hyson	P. C. Sanborn	at	.50	.50	2 lbs. Imperial Green	Mr. J. H. Sanborn	at	1.25	2.50
1lbs. E. Breakfast Coffee	A. W. Hawkins	at	.30	.60	1 lb. "	F. Blanchard	at	1.25	1.25
1lb. Imperial Green	J. W. Bickford	at	1.25	1.25	1 lb. Young Hyson, green	"	at	1.25	1.25
1lb. "	M. Stevens	at	.50	.50	1 lb. Imperial	G. H. Bickford	at	1.25	1.25
1lb. "	S. W. Sprague	at	1.25	1.25	1 lb. Gunpowder, best	"	at	1.50	1.50

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DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE?

BY AN OLD SMOKER.

I HAVE sometimes thought that there are people whom it does pay to smoke: those hod-carriers on the other side of the street, for example. It cannot be a very pleasant thing to be a hod-carrier at this season of the year, when a man who means to be at work at seven A. M. must wake an hour before the first streak of dawn. There is an aged sire over there, who lives in Vandewater Street, which is two miles and a quarter from the building he is now assisting to erect. He must be astir by half past five, in order to begin his breakfast at six; and at half past six he is in the car, with his dinner-kettle in his hand, on his way up town. About the time when the more active and industrious readers of this magazine begin to think it is nearly time to get up, this father of a family makes his first ascent of the ladder with a load of mortar on his shoulder. At twelve, the first stroke of the remarkably slow bell of St. George's Church (it is New York where these interesting events occur) sets him at liberty, and he goes in quest of his kettle. On very cold days, the dinner-kettle is wrapped in its proprietor's overcoat to keep the cold dinner from freezing stiff. But we will imagine a milder day, when the group of hod-carriers take their kettles to some sunny, sheltered spot about the building, where they sit upon soft, commodious boards, and enjoy their repast of cold meat and bread. The homely meal being concluded, our venerable friend takes out his short, black pipe for his noontide smoke. How he enjoys it! How it seems to rest him! It is a kind of conscious sleep, ending, perhaps, in a brief unconscious sleep, from which he wakes refreshed for another five hours of the heavy hod.

Who could wish to deny a poor man a luxury so cheap, and so dear to him? It does not cost him more than ten cents a week; but so long as he has his pipe, he has a sort of refuge to which he can fly from trouble. Especially consoling to him is it in the evening, when he is in his own crowded and most uninviting room. The smoke

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that is supposed to "poison the air" of some apartments seems to correct the foulness of this; and the smoker appears to be a benefactor to all its inmates, as well as to those who pass its door.

Besides, this single luxury of smoke, at a cost of one cent and three sevenths per diem, is the full equivalent of all the luxuries which wealth can buy! None but a smoker, or one who has been a smoker, can realize this truth; but it is a truth. That short black pipe does actually place the hod-carrier, so far as mere luxury goes, on a par with Commodore Vanderbilt or the Prince of Wales. Tokay, champagne, turtle, game, and all the other luxurious commodities are not, taken altogether, so much to those who can daily enjoy them, as poor Paddy's pipe is to him. Indeed, the few rich people with whose habits I chance to be acquainted seldom touch such things, and never touch them except to please others. They all appear to go upon the system of the late Lord Palmerston, who used to say to his new butler, "Provide for my guests whatever the season affords; but for *me* there must be always a leg of mutton and an apple-pie." Let the Prince of Wales (or any other smoker) be taken to a banqueting-hall, the tables of which should be spread with all the dainties which persons of wealth are erroneously supposed to be continually consuming, but over the door let there be written the terrible words, "No smoking." Then show him an adjoining room, with a table exhibiting Lord Palmerston's leg of mutton and apple-pie, plus a bundle of cigars. If any one doubts which of these two feasts the Prince of Wales would choose, we tell that doubting individual he has never been a smoker.

Now the short pipe of the hod-carrier is just as good to him as the regalias could be that cost two hundred dollars a thousand in Havana, and sixty cents each in New York. If you were to give him one of those regalias, he would prefer to cut it up and smoke it in his pipe, and then he would not find it as good as the tobacco he usually smokes. The poor laborer's pipe, therefore, is a potent equalizer. To the enjoyment of pleasures purely luxurious there is a limit which is soon reached; and I maintain that a poor man gets as much of this *kind* of pleasure out of his pipe as a prince or a railroad king can extract from all the costly wines and viands of the table.

If there is a man in the world who ought to smoke, that ancient hod-carrier is the man. A stronger case for smoking cannot be selected from ordinary life. Does it pay him? After an attentive and sympathetic consideration of his case, I am compelled reluctantly to conclude that it does not.

The very fact that it tends to make him contented with his lot is a point against his pipe. It is a shame to him to be contented. To a young man the carrying of the hod is no dishonor, for it is fit that young men should bear burdens and perform lowly tasks. But the hod is not for gray hairs. Whenever, in this free and spacious America, we see a man past fifty carrying heavy loads upon his shoulders, or performing any hired labor that requires little skill or thought, we know that there must have been some great defect or waste in that man's life. The first dollar that George Law ever earned, after leaving his father's house, was earned by carrying the hod at Albany. But with that dollar he bought an arithmetic and spelling-book; which, when winter closed in and put a stop to hod-carrying, he mastered, and thus began to prepare to build the "High Bridge" over the Harlem River, where he made a million dollars by using steam hod-carriers instead of Irish ones. The pipe is one of the points of difference between the hod-carrier content with his lot and the hod-carrier who means to get into bricklaying next spring. Yonder is one of the latter class reading his "Sun" after dinner, instead of steeping his senses in forgetfulness over a pipe. He, perhaps, will be taking a contract to build a bridge over the East River, about the time when

his elderly comrade is buried in a corporation coffin.

Of course, there are vigorous and triumphant men who smoke, and there are dull, contented men who do not. It is only of the general tendency of the poor man's pipe that I wish to speak. I mean to say that it tends to make him satisfied with a lot which it is his chief and immediate duty to alleviate. He ought to hate and loathe his tenement-house home; and when he goes to that home in the evening, instead of sitting down in stolid selfishness to smoke, he should be active in giving his wife (who usually has the worst of it) the assistance she needs and deserves. Better the merry song, the cheerful talk, the pleasant stroll, than this dulling of the senses and the brain in smoke. Nobler the conscious misery of such a home, than the artificial lethargy of the pipe. It is an unhandsome thing in this husband to steal out of his vile surroundings into cloudland, and leave his wife and children alone to their noisome desolation.

If it does not pay this hod-carrier to smoke, it pays no man. If this man cannot smoke without injustice to others, no man can.

Ladies, the natural enemies of tobacco, relented so far during the war as to send tobacco and pipes to the soldiers, and worked with their own fair hands many a pouch. Indeed, the pouch industry continues, though we will do the ladies the justice to say that, as their pouches usually have every excellent quality except fitness for the purpose intended, few of them ever hold tobacco. Does the lady who presented General Sheridan the other evening, in New York, with those superb and highly decorated tobacco-pouches suppose the gallant General has had, or will ever have, the heart to profane such beautiful objects with the noxious weed? It is evident, from these gracious concessions on the part of the ladies, that they suppose the soldier is a man whose circumstances call imperatively for the solace of smoke; and really, when the wearied men after a long day's march gathered round the camp-fire for the evening pipe, the most infuriate hater of the weed must have sometimes paused and questioned the science which forbids the indulgence. But, reader, did you ever travel in one of the forward cars of a train returning from the seat of war, when the soldiers were coming home to reenlist? We need not attempt to describe the indescribable scene. Most readers can imagine it. We allude to it merely as a set-off to the pleasant and picturesque spectacle of the tired soldiers smoking round the camp-fire.

In truth, the soldier is the last man in the world who should smoke; for the simple reason, that while he, more than any other man, has need of all his strength, smoking robs him of part of it. It is not science alone which establishes this truth. The winning boat of Harvard University, and the losing boat of Yale, were not rowed by smokers. One of the first things demanded of a young man who is going into training for a boat-race is, *Stop smoking!* And he himself, long before his body has reached its highest point of purity and development, will become conscious of the lowering and disturbing effect of smoking one inch of a mild cigar. No smoker who has ever trained severely for a race, or a game, or a fight needs to be told that smoking reduces the tone of the system and diminishes all the forces of the body. He *knows* it. He has been as conscious of it as a boy is conscious of the effects of his first cigar. Let the Harvard crew smoke during the last two months of their training, and let the Yale men abstain, and there is one individual prepared to risk a small sum upon Yale's winning back her laurels.

A soldier should be in training always. Compelled to spend nine tenths of his time in laboriously doing nothing, he is called upon, occasionally, for a few hours or days or weeks to put forth exertions which task human endurance to the uttermost. The soldier, too, of all men, should have quiet

nerves; for the phantoms of war scare more men than its real dangers, and men's bodies can shake when their souls are firm. That two and two make four is not a truth more unquestionably certain than that smoking does diminish a soldier's power of endurance, and does make him more susceptible to imaginary dangers. If a regiment were to be raised for the hardest service of which men can ever be capable, and that service were to be performed for a series of campaigns, it would be necessary to exclude from the commissariat, not tobacco only, but coffee and tea. Each man, in short, would have to be kept in what prize-fighters call "condition"; by which term they simply mean the natural state of the body, uncontaminated by poison, and unimpaired by indolence or excess. Every man is in duty bound to be "in condition" at all times; but the soldier, — it is part of his profession to be "in condition." When remote posterity comes to read of the millions and millions of dollars expended during the late war in curing soldiers untouched by bayonet or bullet, the enthusiasm of readers will not be excited by the generosity displayed in bestowing those millions. People will lay down the book and exclaim: "How ignorant were our poor ancestors of the laws of life! A soldier in hospital without a wound! How extremely absurd!"

To this weighty and decisive objection minor ones may be added. The bother and vexation arising from the pipe were very great during the campaigns of the late war. Half the time the smokers, being deprived of their accustomed stimulant, were in that state of uneasy longing which smokers and other stimulators know. Men were shot during the war merely because they *would* strike a light and smoke. The desire sometimes overcame all considerations of prudence and soldierly duty. A man out on picket, of a chilly night, knowing perfectly well that lighting his pipe would have the twofold effect of revealing his presence and inviting a bullet, was often unable to resist the temptation. Many men, too, risked capture in seeking what smokers call "a little fire." A fine, stalwart officer of a Minnesota regiment, whose natural forces, if he had given nature a fair chance, would have been abundantly sufficient for him without the aid of any stimulant, has told me there were nights when he would have gladly given a month's pay for a light. Readers probably remember the incident related in the newspapers of one of our smoking generals, who, after being defeated by the enemy, heard of the arrival of gunboats which assured his safety, and promised to restore his fortunes. The *first* thing he did was to send an aid on board a gunboat to ask if they had any cigars. He was right in so doing. It was a piece of strategy necessitated by the circumstances. Let any man who has been in the habit of smoking ten to twenty cigars a day be suddenly deprived of them at a time when there is a great strain upon body and mind, and he will find himself reduced to a state bordering upon imbecility. Knowing what I know of the smoking habits of some officers of high rank, I should tremble for the success of any difficult operation, to be conducted by them in presence of an enemy, if their cigars had given out the evening before; nor could a spy do his employers a better service than to creep into the tents of some generals the night before an engagement, and throw all their cigars and tobacco into a pail of water.

Of all men, therefore, the soldier is the very last man who could find his account in a practice which lowers the tone of his health, reduces his power of endurance, litters his knapsack, pesters him with a system of flints and tinder, and endangers his efficiency in critical moments. If all the world smoked, still the soldier should abstain.

Sailors and other prisoners experience so many dull hours, and possess so many unused faculties, that some cordial haters of tobacco have thought

that such persons might be justified in a habit which only lessens what they have in superfluity. In other words, sailors, being in a situation extremely unfavorable to spiritual life, ought not merely to yield to the lowering influence of the forecastle, but add to it one more benumbing circumstance. On the contrary, they ought to strive mightily against the paralyzing effects of monotony, — not give up to them, still less aggravate them. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a sailor, after a three years' voyage, should not step on shore a man more alert in body and mind than when he sailed, and all alive to communicate the new knowledge he has acquired and the wonders he has seen. Why should he go round this beautiful world drugged?

We must, therefore, add the sailor to the hod-carrier and the soldier, and respectfully take away his pipe. I select these classes, because they are supposed most to need artificial solace, and to be most capable of enduring the wear and tear of a vicious habit. Each of these classes also can smoke without much offending others, and each is provided with an "expectoratoon" which disgusts no one. The hod-carrier and the soldier have the earth and the sailor the ocean. But, for all that, the pipe is an injury to them. Every man of them would be better without it.

But if we must deny *them* the false solace of their pipe, what can be said of the all-but-universal smoking of persons supposed to be more refined than they, and whose occupations furnish them no pretence of an excuse? We now see painters in their studios smoking while they paint, and sculptors pegging away at the marble with a pipe in their mouths. Clergymen hurry out of church to find momentary relief for their tired throats in an ecstatic smoke, and carry into the apartment of fair invalids the odor of ex-cigars. How it may be in other cities I know not, but in New York a parishioner who wishes to confer upon his clergyman a *real* pleasure can hardly do a safer thing than send him a thousand cigars of a good clerical brand. It is particularly agreeable to a clergyman to receive a present which supplies him with a luxury he loves, but in which he knows in his inmost soul he ought not to indulge. No matter for all his fine arguments, there is not one clergyman in ten that succeeds in this short life in reducing his conscience to such a degree of obtuseness that he can buy a box of cigars (at present prices) without a qualm of self-reproach. Editors, writers for the press, reporters, and others who haunt the places where newspapers are made, are smokers, except a few controlling men, and a few more who are on the way to become such. Most of the authors whose names are familiar to the public smoke steadily; even the poets most beloved do so. Philosophers have taken to the pipe of late years. Mr. Dickens, they say, toys with a cigar occasionally, but can hardly be reckoned among the smokers, and never touches a cigar when he has a serious task on hand. Mr. Prescott smoked, and O, how he loved his cigar! It was he who, when his physician had limited him to one cigar a day, ran all over Paris in quest of the largest cigars that Europe could furnish. In my smoking days I should have done the same. Thackeray smoked; he was very particular in his smoking; the scent of a bad cigar was an abomination to him. That Byron smoked, and loved "the naked beauties" of tobacco, he has told us in the most alluring verses the weed has ever inspired. Milton, Locke, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Isaac Walton, Addison, Steele, Bolingbroke, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Talfourd, Christopher North, Lamb, were all smokers at some part of their lives. Among our Presidents, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, General Jackson, and probably many others, were smokers. Daniel Webster once smoked. Henry Clay, down to a late period of his life, chewed, smoked, and took snuff, but never approved of either practice, and stopped two of them. General Grant smokes, but regrets that

he does, and has reduced his daily allowance of cigars. Edwin Booth smokes, as do most of the gentlemen of his arduous profession. Probably a majority of the physicians and surgeons in the United States, under forty years of age, are smokers; and who ever knew a medical student that did not smoke furiously? This, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, since doctors live upon the bodily sins of mankind.

The question is, Does it pay these gentlemen to smoke? *They* know it does not. It would be gross arrogance in any individual to lift up his voice in rebuke of so many illustrious persons, but for the fact that there is scarcely one of them who does not feel that the practice is wrong, or, at least, absurd. Almost all confirmed smokers will go so far as to admit that they wish they had never acquired the habit. Few of them desire their boys to acquire it. None recommend it to other men. Almost all smokers, who are not Turks, Chinamen, or Indians, appreciate at once the wisdom of Sir Isaac Newton's reply to one who asked him why he never smoked a pipe. "Because," said he, "I am unwilling to make to myself any necessities." Nor can any intelligent smoker doubt that the fumes of tobacco are hostile to the vital principle. We smokers and ex-smokers all remember how our first cigar sickened us; we have all experienced various ill effects from what smokers call "smoking too much"; and very many smokers have, once or twice in their lives, risen in revolt against their tyrant, given away their pipes, and lived free men long enough to become conscious that their whole being had been torpid, and was alive again. No, no! let who will deny that smoking is unfriendly to life, and friendly to all that wars upon life, smokers will not question it, unless they are very ignorant indeed, or very young. It will be of no avail to talk to *them* of the man who lived to be a hundred years old and had smoked to excess for half a century. Smokers have that within which keeps them well in mind that smoking is pernicious. If there are any smokers who doubt it, it is the few whom smoke is rapidly killing; such, for example, as the interesting professional men who smoke an excellent quality of cigars and "break down" before they are thirty-five. It is not honest, legitimate hard work that breaks so many people down in the prime of life. It is bad habits.

Smoking is a barbarism. This is the main argument against what is termed moderate smoking. There is something in the practice that allies a man with barbarians, and constantly tends to make him think and talk like a barbarian. Being at New Haven last September, a day or two before the opening of the term at Yale College, I sat in one of the public rooms of the hotel late one evening, hoping some students would come in, that I might see what sort of people college students are in these times. Yale College hath a pleasant seat. Who can stroll about upon that beautiful College Green, under those majestic elms, without envying the youth who are able to spend four long years of this troublesome life in the tranquil acquisition of knowledge amid scenes so refined and engaging? The visitor is bewitched with a wild desire to give the college two or three million dollars immediately, to enable it to become, in all respects, what it desires, aims, and intends to become. Visions of the noble Athenian youth thronging about the sages of eld, and learning wisdom from their lips, flit through his mind, as he wanders among the buildings of the college, and dodges the colored men who are beating carpets and carrying furniture. In this exalted frame of mind, suppose the stranger seated in the room of the hotel just mentioned. In the middle of the small apartment sat one fat, good-humored, uneducated man of fifty, smoking a cigar, — about such a man as we expect to find in the "office" of a large livery stable. At half past ten a young man strolled in, smoking, who addressed the elder by a military title, and began a slangy conversation with him upon the great New Haven sub-

ject, — boat-racing. About eleven, three or four other young men came in, to whom cigars were furnished by the military chieftain. All together they blew a very respectable cloud, and the conversation, being so strongly reinforced, became more animated. Boating was still the principal theme. The singular merits of Pittsburg oars were discussed. A warm dispute arose as to who was the builder of a certain boat that had won a race three years ago. Much admiration was expressed for the muscle, the nerve, and, above all, for the style and method, of the crew of the Harvard boat, which had beaten the Yale boat a few weeks before.

Nevertheless, it did not occur to me that these smoking and damning gentlemen could be members of the college. I supposed they were young loafers of the town, who took an interest in the pleasures of the students, and were exchanging opinions thereon with their natural chief, the lord of the stable. At length one said to another, "Will Jones be here this week?" The reply was: "No, I wrote to the fellow; but, damn him, he says he can't get here till next Thursday." "Why, what's the matter with the cuss?" "O, he's had the fever and ague, and he says there's no pull in him." This led me to suspect that these young fellows were the envied youths of whom I had been dreaming under the elms, — a suspicion which the subsequent conversation soon confirmed. There was nothing wrong or harmful in the subject of their talk. The remarkable circumstance was, that all the difference which naturally exists, and naturally appears, between an educated and an uneducated person was obliterated; and it seemed, too, that the smoke was the "common element" in which the two were blended. It was the *cigar* that kept the students there talking boat till midnight with an elderly ignoramus, and it was the cigar that was always drawing them down to his level. If he had not handed round his cigar-case, they would have exhausted all the natural interest of the session in a few minutes, and gone home to bed. All of them, too, as it happened, confessed that smoking lessens the power of a man to row a boat, and lamented that a certain student would be lost to the crack crew from his unwillingness to give up his pipe.

Smoking lures and detains men from the society of ladies. This herding of men into clubs, these dinners to which men only are invited, the late sitting at the table after the ladies have withdrawn, the gathering of male guests into some smoking-room, apart from the ladies of the party, — is not the cigar chiefly responsible for these atrocities? Men are not society; women are not society: society is the mingling of the two sexes in such a way that each restrains and inspires the other. That community is already far gone in degeneracy in which men prefer to band together by themselves, in which men do not crave the society of ladies, and value it as the chief charm of existence. "What is the real attraction of these gorgeous establishments?" I asked, the other evening, of an acquaintance who was about to enter one of the new club-houses on Fifth Avenue. His reply was: "No women can enter them! Once within these sacred walls, we are safe from everything that wears a petticoat!" Are we getting to be Turks? The Turks shut women in; we shut them out. The Turks build harems for their women; but we find it necessary to abandon to women our abodes, and construct harems for ourselves.

Humiliating as the truth is, it must be confessed, tobacco is woman's rival, her successful rival. It is the cigar and the pipe (it used to be wine and punch) that enable men to endure one another during the whole of a long evening. Remove from every club-house all the means of intoxication, — i. e. all the wine and tobacco, — and seven out of every ten of them would cease to exist in one year. Men would come together for a few evenings, as usual, talk over the evening papers, yawn and go away, perhaps go home, —

a place which our confirmed clubbists only know as a convenience for sleeping and breakfasting. One of the worst effects of smoking is that it deadens our susceptibility to tedium, and enables us to keep on enduring what we ought to war against and overcome. It is drunken people who "won't go home till morning." Tyrants and oppressors are wrong in drawing so much revenue from tobacco; they ought rather to give it away, for it tends to enable people to sit down content under every kind of oppression.

Men say, in reply to those who object to their clubs, their men's dinner-parties, and their smoking-rooms: "Women overwhelm society with superfluous dry goods. The moment ladies are invited, the whole affair becomes a mere question of costume. A party at which ladies assist is little more than an exhibition of wearing apparel. They dress, too, not for the purpose of giving pleasure to men, but for the purpose of inflicting pain on one another. Besides, a lady who is carrying a considerable estate upon her person must devote a great part of her attention to the management of that estate. She may be talking to Mr. Smith about Shakespeare and the musical-glasses, but the thing her mind is really intent upon is crushing Mrs. Smith with her new lace. Even dancing is nothing but an exceedingly laborious and anxious wielding of yards of silk trailing out behind!" etc.

Smoky diners-out will recognize this line of remark. When ladies have left the table, and are amusing themselves in the drawing-room in ways which may sometimes be trivial, but are never sensual, men frequently fall into discourse, over their cigars, upon the foibles of the sex, and often succeed in delivering themselves of one or more of the observations just quoted. As these noble critics sit boozing and smoking, they can sometimes hear the brilliant run upon the piano, or the notes of a finely trained voice, or the joyous laughter of a group of girls, — all inviting them to a higher and purer enjoyment than steeping their senses in barbarous smoke. But they stick to their cigars, and assume a lofty moral superiority over the lovely beings, the evidence of whose better civilization is sounding in their ears.

Now, one of the subtle, mysterious effects of tobacco upon "the male of our species" is to disenchant him with regard to the female. It makes us read the poem entitled Woman as though it were only a piece of prose. It takes off the edge of virility. If it does not make a man less masculine; it keeps his masculinity in a state of partial torpor, which causes him to look upon women, not indeed without a certain curiosity, but without enthusiasm, without romantic elevation of mind, without any feeling of awe and veneration for the august Mothers of our race. It tends to make us regard women from what we may style the Black Crook point of view. The young man who boasted that he had seen the Black Crook forty-seven times in three months must have been an irreclaimable smoker. Nothing but the dulled, sensualized masculinity caused by this peculiar poison could have blinded men to the ghastly and haggard ugliness of that exhibition. The pinched and painted vacancy of those poor girls' faces; the bony horrors of some of their necks, and the flabby redundancy of others; the cheap and tawdry splendors; the stale, rejected tricks of London pantomimes; three or four tons of unhappy girls suspended in the air in various agonizing attitudes, — to think that such a show could have run for seventeen months! Even if science did not justify the conjecture, I should be disposed, for the honor of human nature, to lay the blame of all this upon tobacco.

To a man who is uncorrupt and properly constituted, woman remains always something of a mystery and a romance. He never interprets her quite literally. She, on her part, is always striving to remain a poem, and is never weary of bringing out new editions of herself in novel bindings. Not till she has been utterly conquered and crushed by hope-

less misery or a false religion does she give up the dream of still being a pleasant enchantment. To this end, without precisely knowing why, she turns the old dress, retrims it, or arrays herself in the freshness of a new one, ever striving to present herself in recreated loveliness. Uncontaminated man sympathizes with this intention, and easily lends himself to the renewed charm. Have you not felt something of this, old smokers, when, after indulging in the stock jests and sneers at womankind, you lay aside your cigars, and "join the ladies," arrayed in bright colors and bewitching novelties of dress, moving gracefully in the brilliant gaslight, or arranged in glowing groups about the room? Has not the truth flashed upon you, at such moments, that you had been talking prose upon a subject essentially poetical? Have you never felt how mean and low a thing it was to linger in sensual stupefaction, rather than take your proper place in such a scene as this?

It is true, that a few women in commercial cities, — a few bankers' and brokers' wives, and others, — bewildered by the possession of new wealth, do go to ridiculous excess in dressing, and thus bring reproach upon the art. It were well if their husbands did no worse. Now and then, too, is presented the melancholy spectacle of an extravagant hussy marring, perhaps spoiling, the career of her husband by tasteless and unprincipled expenditures in the decoration of her person. But is it wholly her fault? Is he not the purse-holder? Is it not a husband's duty to prevent his wife from dishonoring herself in that manner? When men are sensual, women will be frivolous. When men abandon their homes and all the noble pleasures of society in order to herd together in clubs and smoking-rooms, what right have they to object if the ladies amuse themselves in the only innocent way accessible to them? The wonder is that they confine themselves to the innocent delights of the toilet. A husband who spends one day and seven evenings of every week at his club ought to expect that his wife will provide herself both with fine clothes and some one who will admire them. Besides, for one woman who shocks us by wasting upon her person an undue part of the family resources, there are ten who astonish us by the delightful results which their taste and ingenuity contrive out of next to nothing.

It would be absurd to say that smoking is the cause of evils which originate in the weakness and imperfection of human nature. The point is simply this: tobacco, by disturbing and impairing virility, tends to vitiate the relations between the sexes, tends to lessen man's interest in women and his enjoyment of their society, and enables him to endure and be contented with, and finally even to prefer, the companionship of men. And this is the true reason why almost every lady of spirit is the irreconcilable foe of tobacco. It is not merely that she dislikes the stale odor of the smoke in her curtains, nor merely that her quick eye discerns its hostility to health and life. These things would make her disapprove the weed. But instinct causes her dimly to perceive that this ridiculous brown leaf is the rival of her sex. Women do not disapprove their rivals; they hate them.

Smoking certainly does blunt a man's sense of cleanliness. It certainly is an unclean habit. Does the reader remember the fine scene in "Shirley," in which the lover soliloquizes in Shirley's own boudoir, just after that "stainless virgin" has gone out? She had gone away suddenly, it appears, and left disorder behind her; but every object bore upon it the legible inscription, *I belong to a lady!* "Nothing sordid, nothing soiled," says Louis Moore. "Look at the pure kid of this little glove, at the fresh, unsullied satin of the bag." This is one of those happy touches of the great artist which convey more meaning than whole paint-pots of common coloring. What a pleasing sense it gives us of the sweet cleanness of the high-bred maiden! If smokers were to be judged by the

places they have *left*, — by the smoking-car after a long day's use, by the dinner-table at which they have sat late, by the bachelor's quarters when the bachelor has gone down town, — they must be rated very low in the scale of civilization.

We must admit, too, I think, that smoking dulls a man's sense of the rights of others. Horace Greeley is accustomed to sum up his opinion upon this branch of the subject by saying: "When a man begins to smoke, he immediately becomes a hog." He probably uses the word "hog" in two senses: namely, *hog*, an unclean creature; and *hog*, a creature devoid of a correct sense of what is due to other creatures. "Go into a public gathering," he has written, "where a speaker of delicate lungs, with an invincible repulsion to tobacco, is trying to discuss some important topic so that a thousand men can hear and understand him, yet whereinto ten or twenty smokers have introduced themselves, a long-nine projecting horizontally from beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a fool at the other, and mark how the puff, puffing gradually transforms the atmosphere (none too pure at best) into that of some foul and pestilential cavern, choking the utterance of the speaker, and distracting (by annoyance) the attention of the hearers, until the argument is arrested or its effect utterly destroyed." If these men, he adds, are not blackguards, who are blackguards? He mitigates the severity of this conclusion, however, by telling an anecdote: "Brethren," said Parson Strong, of Hartford, preaching a Connecticut election sermon, in high party times, some fifty years ago, "it has been charged that I have said every Democrat is a horse-thief; I never did. What I *did* say was only that every horse-thief is a Democrat, and *that* I can prove." Mr. Greeley challenges the universe to produce a genuine blackguard who is not a lover of the weed in some of its forms, and promises to reward the finder with the gift of two white blackbirds.

Mr. Greeley exaggerates. Some of the best gentlemen alive smoke, and some of the dirtiest blackguards do not; but most intelligent smokers are conscious that the practice, besides being in itself unclean, dulls the smoker's sense of cleanliness, and, what is still worse, dulls his sense of what is due to others, and especially to what is due to the presence of ladies.

The cost of tobacco ought perhaps to be considered before we conclude whether or not it pays to smoke; since every man who smokes, not only pays his share of the whole expense of the weed to mankind, but he also supports and justifies mankind in incurring that expense. The statistics of tobacco are tremendous, even to the point of being incredible. It is gravely asserted, in Messrs. Ripley and Dana's excellent and most trustworthy Cyclopædia, that the consumption of cigars in Cuba — the mere consumption — amounts to ten cigars per day for every man, woman, and child on the island. Besides this, Cuba exports two billions of cigars a year, which vary in price from twenty cents each (in gold) to two cents. In the manufacture of Manilla cheroots, — a small item in the trade, — the labor of seven thousand men and twelve hundred women is absorbed. Holland, where much of the tobacco used in smoky Germany is manufactured, employs, it is said, one million pale people in the business. In Bremen there are four thousand pallid or yellow cigar-makers. In the United States the weed exhausts four hundred thousand acres of excellent land, and employs forty thousand sickly and cadaverous cigar and tobacco makers. In England, where there is a duty upon tobacco of seventy-five cents a pound, and upon cigars of nearly four dollars a pound, the government derives about six million pounds sterling every year from tobacco. The French government gets from its monopoly of the tobacco trade nearly two hundred million francs per annum, and Austria over eighty million francs. It is computed that the world is now producing one

thousand million pounds of tobacco every year, at a *total* cost of five hundred millions of dollars. To this must be added the cost of pipes, and a long catalogue of smoking conveniences and accessories. In the London Exhibition there were four amber mouthpieces valued at two hundred and fifty guineas each. A plain, small, serviceable meerschaum pipe now costs in New York seven dollars, and the prices rise from that sum to a thousand dollars; but where is the young man who does not possess one? We have in New York two (perhaps more) extensive manufactories of these pipes; and very interesting it is to look in at the windows and inspect the novelties in this branch of art? In Vienna men earn their living (and their dying too) by smoking meerschaums for the purpose of starting the process of "coloring." Happily, the high price of labor has hitherto prevented the introduction of this industry into America.

An inhabitant of the United States who smokes a pipe only, and good tobacco in that pipe, can now get his smoking for twenty-five dollars a year. One who smokes good cigars freely (say ten a day at twenty cents each) must expend between seven and eight hundred dollars a year. Almost every one whose eye may chance to fall upon these lines will be able to mention at least one man whose smoking costs him several hundred dollars per annum, — from three hundred to twelve hundred. On the other hand, our friend the hod-carrier can smoke a whole week upon ten cents' worth of tobacco, and buy a pipe for two cents which he can smoke till it is black with years.

All this inconceivable expenditure — this five hundred millions per annum — comes out of the world's surplus, that precious fund which must pay all the cost, both of improving and extending civilization. Knowledge, art, literature, religion, have to be supported out of what is left after food, clothes, fire, shelter, and defence have all been paid for. If the surest test of civilization, whether of an individual or of a community, is the use made of surplus revenue, what can we say of the civilization of a race that expends five hundred millions of dollars every year for an indulgence which is nearly an unmitigated injury? The surplus revenue, too, of every community is very small; for nearly the whole force of human nature is expended necessarily in the unending struggle for life. The most prosperous, industrious, economical, and civilized community that now exists in the world, or that ever existed, is, perhaps, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Yes, take it for all in all, Massachusetts, imperfect as it is, is about the best thing man has yet done in the way of a commonwealth. And yet the surplus revenue of Massachusetts is only set down at three cents a day for each inhabitant; and out of this the community has to pay for its knowledge, decoration, and luxury. Man, it must be confessed, after having been in business for so many thousands of years, is still in very narrow circumstances, and most assuredly cannot afford to spend five hundred millions a year in an injurious physical indulgence.

It is melancholy to observe what a small, mean, precarious, grudging support we give to the best things, if they are of the kind which must be sustained out of our surplus. At Cambridge the other day, while looking about among the ancient barracks in which the students live, I had the curiosity to ask concerning the salaries of the professors in Harvard College, — supposing, of course, that such learned and eminent persons received a compensation proportioned to the dignity of their offices, the importance of their labors, and the celebrity of their names. Alas! it is not so. A good reporter on the New York press gets just about as much money as the President of the College, and the professors receive such salaries as fifteen and eighteen hundred dollars a year. The very gifts of inconsiderate benefactors have impoverished the college, few of whom, it

seems, have been able to give money to the institution; most of them have merely *bought* distinction from it. Thus professorships in plenty have been endowed and *named;* but the college is hampered, and its resources have become insufficient, by being divided among a multitude of objects. I beg the reader, the next time he gives Harvard University a hundred thousand dollars, or leaves it a million in his will, to make the sum a *gift*, — a gift to the trustees, — to be expended as *they* deem best for the general and permanent good of the institution, and not to neutralize the benefit of the donation by conditions dictated by vanity. Yale, I have since learned, is no better off. At all our colleges, it seems, the professors either starve upon twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year, or eke out a subsistence by taking pupils, or by some other arduous extra labor. But what wonder that learning pines, when we every year waste millions upon millions of the fund out of which alone learning can be supported!

It is so with all high and spiritual things. How the theatre languishes! There are but four cities in the United States where a good and complete theatre could be sustained. In the great and wealthy city of New York there has never been more than one at a time, nor always one. How small, too, the sale of good books, even those of a popular cast! One of the most interesting works ever published in the United States is the "Life of Josiah Quincy," by his son Edmund Quincy. It is not an abstruse production. The narrative is easy and flowing, interspersed with well-told anecdotes of celebrated men, — Washington, Lafayette, John Adams, John Randolph, Hancock, Jefferson, and many others. Above all, the book exhibits and interprets, in the most agreeable manner, a triumphant human life; showing how it came to pass that Josiah Quincy, in this perplexing and perilous world, was able to live happily, healthily, honorably, and usefully for ninety-three years! Splendid triumph of civilization! Ninety-three years of joyous, dignified, and beneficial existence! One would have thought that many thousands of people in the United States would have hurried to their several bookstores to bear away, rejoicing, a volume recounting such a marvel, the explanation of which so nearly concerns us all. The book has now been published three months or more, and has not yet sold more than three thousand copies! Young men cannot waste their hard-earned money upon a three-dollar book. It is the price of a bundle of cigars!

Mr. Henry Ward Beecher has recently told us, in one of his "Ledger" articles, how he earned his first ten dollars, and what he did with it. While he was a student in Amherst he was invited to deliver a Fourth-of-July temperance address in Brattleboro', forty miles distant. His travelling expenses were to be paid; but the brilliant scheme occurred to him to walk the eighty miles, and earn the stage fare by saving it. He did so, and received by mail after his return a ten-dollar bill, — the first ten dollars he had ever possessed, and the first money he had ever earned. He instantly gave a proof that the test of a person's civilization is the use he makes of his surplus money. He spent the whole of it upon an edition of the works of Edmund Burke, and carried the volumes to his room, a happy youth. It was not the best choice, in literature, perhaps; but it was one that marked the civilized being, and indicated the future instructor of his species. Suppose he had invested the sum (and we all know students who would make just that use of an unexpected ten-dollar bill) in a new meerschaum and a bag of Lone-Jack tobacco! At the end of his college course he would have had, probably, a finely colored pipe, — perhaps the prettiest pipe of his year; but he would not have had that little "library of fifty volumes," the solace of his coming years of poverty and fever and ague, always doing their part toward expanding him from a sectarian into a man of the world, and lifting him from the

slavery of a mean country parish toward the mastership of a metropolitan congregation. His was the very nature to have been quenched by tobacco. If he had bought a pipe that day, instead of books, he might be at this moment a petty D.D., preaching safe inanity or silly eccentricity in some obscure corner of the world, and going to Europe every five years for his health.

We all perceive that smoking has made bold and rapid encroachments of late years. It is said that the absurdly situated young man who passes in the world by the undescriptive name of the Prince of Wales smokes in drawing-rooms in the presence of ladies. This tale is probably false; scandalous tales respecting conspicuous persons are so generally false, that it is always safest and fairest to reject them as a matter of course, unless they rest upon testimony that ought to convince a jury. Nevertheless, it is true that smoke is creeping toward the drawing-room, and rolls in clouds where once it would not have dared to send a whiff. One reason of this is, that the cigar, and the pipe too, have "got into literature," where they shed abroad a most alluring odor. That passage, for example, in "Jane Eyre," where the timid, anxious Jane, returning after an absence, scents Rochester's cigar before she catches sight of his person, is enough to make any old smoker feel for his cigar-case; and all through the book smoke plays a dignified and attractive part. Mr. Rochester's cigars, we feel, must be of excellent quality (thirty cents each, at least); we see how freely they burn; we smell their delicious fragrance. Charlotte Brontë was, perhaps, one of the few women who have a morbid love of the odor of tobacco, who crave its stimulating aid as men do; and therefore her Rochester has a fragrance of the weed about him at all times, with which many readers have been captivated. "Jane Eyre" is the book of recent years which has been most frequently imitated, and consequently the circulating libraries are populous with smoking heroes. Byron, Thackeray, and many other popular authors have written passages in which the smoke of tobacco insinuates itself most agreeably into the reader's gentle senses.

Many smokers, too, have been made such by the unexplained rigor with which the practice is sometimes forbidden. Forbidden it must be in all schools; but merely forbidding it and making it a dire offence will not suffice in these times. Some of the most pitiable slaves of smoke I have ever known were brought up in families and schools where smoking was invested with the irresistible charm of being the worst thing a boy could do, except running away. Deep in the heart of the woods, high up in rocky hills, far from the haunts of men and schoolmasters (not to speak of places less salubrious), boys assemble on holiday afternoons to sicken themselves with furtive smoke, returning at the close of the day to relate the dazzling exploit to their companions. In this way the habit sometimes becomes so tyrannical, that, if the victims of it should give a sincere definition of "vacation," it would be this, "The time when boys can get a chance to smoke every day." I can also state, that the only school I ever knew or heard of in which young men who had formed the habit were induced to break themselves of it was the only school I ever knew or heard of in which all students above the age of sixteen were allowed to smoke. Still, it *must* be forbidden. Professor Charlier, of New York, will not have in his school a boy who smokes even at home in his father's presence, or in the street; and he is right; but it requires all his talents as a disciplinarian and all his influence as a member of society to enforce the rule. Nor would even his vigilance avail if he confined himself to the cold enunciation of the law: Thou shalt not smoke.

To forbid young men to smoke, without making an honest and earnest and skilful attempt to convince their understandings that the practice is pernicious, is sometimes followed by deplorable

consequences. At the Naval Academy at Annapolis, not only is smoking forbidden, but the prohibition is effectual. There are four hundred young men confined within walls, and subjected to such discipline that it is impossible for a rule to be broken, the breaking of which betrays itself. The result is, that nearly all the students chew tobacco, — many of them to very great excess, and to their most serious and manifest injury. That great national institution teems with abuses, but, perhaps, all the other deleterious influences of the place united do less harm than this one abomination.

On looking over the articles upon tobacco in the Encyclopædias, we occasionally find writers declaring or conjecturing that, as smoking has become a habit almost universal, there must be, in the nature of things, a reason which accounts for and justifies it. Accounts for it, *yes;* justifies it, *no*.

So long as man lives the life of a pure savage, he has good health without ever bestowing a thought upon the matter. Nature, like a good farmer, saves the best for seed. The mightiest bull becomes the father of the herd; the great warrior, the great hunter, has the most wives and children. The sickly children are destroyed by the hardships of savage life, and those who survive are compelled to put forth such exertions in procuring food and defending their wigwams that they are always "in training." The pure savage has not the skill nor the time to extract from the wilds in which he lives the poisons that could deprave his taste and impair his vigor. Your Indian sleeps, with scanty covering, in a wigwam that freely admits the air. In his own way, he is an exquisite cook. Neither Delmonico nor Parker nor Professor Blot ever cooked a salmon or a partridge as well as a Rocky Mountain Indian cooks them; and when he has cooked his fish or his bird, he eats with it some perfectly simple preparation of Indian corn. He is an absolutely *unstimulated* animal. The natural working of his internal machinery generates all the vital force he wants. He is as healthy as a buffalo, as a prize-fighter, as the stroke-oar of a university boat.

But in our civilized, sedentary life, he who would have good health must fight for it. Many people have the insolence to become parents who have no right to aspire to that dignity; children are born who have no right to exist; and skill preserves many whom nature is eager to destroy. Civilized man, too, has learned the trick of heading off some of the diseases that used to sweep over whole regions of the earth, and lay low the weakliest tenth of the population. Consequently, while the average duration of human life has been increased, the average tone of human health has been lowered. Fewer die, and fewer are quite well. Very many of us breathe vitiated air, and keep nine tenths of the body quiescent for twenty-two or twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four. Immense numbers cherish gloomy, depressing opinions, and convert the day set apart for rest and recreation into one which aggravates some of the worst tendencies of the week, and counteracts none of them. Half the population of the United States violate the laws of nature every time they take sustenance; and the children go, crammed with indigestion, to sit six hours in hot, ill-ventilated or unventilated school-rooms. Except in a few large towns, the bread and meat are almost universally inferior or bad; and the only viands that are good are those which ought not to be eaten at all. At most family tables, after a course of meat which has the curious property of being both soft and tough, a wild profusion of ingenious puddings, pies, cakes, and other abominable trash, beguiles the young, disgusts the mature, and injures all. From bodies thus imperfectly nourished, we demand excessive exertions of all kinds.

Hence, the universal craving for artificial aids to digestion. Hence, the universal use of stimulants, — whiskey, Worcestershire sauce, beer, wine, coffee, tea, tobacco. This is the only reason I can discover in the nature of

things here for the widespread, increasing propensity to smoke. As all the virtues are akin, and give loyal aid to one another, so are all the vices in alliance, and play into one another's hands. Many a smoker will discover, when at last he breaks the bond of his servitude, that his pipe, trifling a matter as it may seem to him now, was really the power that kept down his whole nature, and vulgarized his whole existence. In many instances the single act of self-control involved in giving up the habit would necessitate and include a complete regeneration, first physical, then moral.

Whether the Coming Man will drink wine or be a teetotaller has not yet, perhaps, been positively ascertained; but it is certain he will not smoke. Nothing can be surer than that. The Coming Man will be as healthy as Tecumseh, as clean as Shirley, and as well groomed as Dexter. He will not fly the female of his species, nor wall himself in from her approach, nor give her cause to prefer his absence. We are not left to infer or conjecture this; we can ascertain it from what we know of the messengers who have announced the coming of the Coming Man. The most distinguished of these was Goethe,—perhaps the nearest approach to the complete human being that has yet appeared. The mere fact that this admirable person lived always unpolluted by this seductive poison is a fact of some significance; but the important fact is, that he *could not* have smoked and remained Goethe. When we get close to the man, and live intimately with him, we perceive the impossibility of his ever having been a smoker. We can as easily fancy Desdemona smoking a cigarette as the highly groomed, alert, refined, imperial Goethe with a cigar in his mouth. In America, the best gentleman and most variously learned and accomplished man we have had, — the man, too, who had in him most of what will constitute the glory of the future, — was Thomas Jefferson, Democrat, of Virginia. He was versed in six languages; he danced, rode, and hunted as well as General Washington; he played the violin well, wrote admirably, farmed skilfully, and was a most generous, affectionate, humane, and great-souled human being. It was the destiny of this ornament and consolation of his species to raise tobacco, and live by tobacco all his life. But he knew too much to use it himself; or, to speak more correctly, his fine feminine senses, his fine masculine instincts, revolted from the use of it, without any assistance from his understanding.

There is no trace of the pipe in the writings of Washington or Franklin; probably they never smoked; so that we may rank the three great men of America — Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson — among the exempts. Washington Irving, who was the first literary man of the United States to achieve a universal reputation, and who is still regarded as standing at the head of our literature, was no smoker. Two noted Americans, Dr. Nott and John Quincy Adams, after having been slaves of the weed for many years, escaped from bondage and smoked no more. These distinguished names may serve as a set-off to the list of illustrious smokers previously given.

Among the nations of the earth most universally addicted to smoking are the Turks, the Persians, the Chinese, the Spanish, — all slaves of tradition, submissive to tyrants, unenterprising, averse to improvement, despisers of women. Next to these, perhaps, we must place the Germans, a noble race, renowned for two thousand years for the masculine vigor of the men and the motherly dignity of the women. Smoking is a blight upon this valuable breed of men; it steals away from their minds much of the alertness and decision that naturally belong to such minds as they have, and it impairs their bodily health. Go, on some festive day, to "Jones's Woods," where you may sometimes see five thousand Germans — men, women, and children—amusing themselves in their simple and rational way. Not one face in ten has the clear, bright look of health. Nearly all the faces have a certain tallowy as-

pect, — yellowish in color, with a dull shine upon them. You perceive plainly that it is not well with these good people ; they are not conforming to nature's requirements ; they are not the Germans of Tacitus, — ruddy, tough, happy, and indomitable. To lay the whole blame of this decline upon smoking, which is only one of many bad habits of theirs, would be absurd. What I insist upon is this : Smoking, besides doing its part toward lowering the tone of the bodily health, deadens our sense of other physical evils, and makes us submit to them more patiently. If our excellent German fellow-citizens were to throw away their pipes, they would speedily toss their cast-iron sausages after them, and become more fastidious in the choice of air for their own and their children's breathing, and reduce their daily allowance of lager-bier. Their first step toward physical regeneration will be, must be, the suppression of the pipe.

One hopeful sign for the future is, that this great subject of the physical aids and the physical obstacles to virtue is attracting attention and rising into importance. Our philanthropists have stopped giving tracts to hungry people ; at least, they give bread first. It is now a recognized truth, that it takes a certain number of cubic yards for a person to be virtuous in ; and that, consequently, in that square mile of New York in which two hundred and ninety thousand people live, there must be — absolutely *must* be — an immense number of unvirtuous persons. No human virtue or civilization can long exist where four families live in a room, some of whom take boarders. The way to regenerate this New York mile is simply to widen Manhattan Island by building three bridges over the East River, and to shorten the island by making three lines of underground or overground railroad to the upper end of it. We may say, too, there are circles — not many, it is true, but some — in which a man's religion would not be considered a very valuable acquisition, if, when he had "got" it, he keep on chewing tobacco. Such a flagrant and abominable violation of the Creator's laws, by a person distinctly professing a special veneration for them, would be ludicrous, if it were not so pernicious.

The time is at hand when these simple and fundamental matters will have their proper place in all our schemes for the improvement of one another. The impulse in this direction given by the publication of the most valuable work of this century — Buckle's "History of Civilization in England" — will not expend itself in vain. If that author had but lived, he would not have disdained, in recounting the obstacles to civilization, to consider the effects upon the best modern brains of a poison that lulls their noblest faculties to torpor, and enables them languidly to endure what they ought constantly to fight.

It is not difficult to stop smoking, except for one class of smokers, — those whom it has radically injured, and whose lives it is shortening. For all such the discontinuance of the practice will be almost as difficult as it is desirable. No rule can be given which will apply to all or to many such cases ; but each man must fight it out on the line he finds best, and must not be surprised if it takes him a great deal longer than "all summer." If one of this class of smokers should gain deliverance from his bondage after a two years' struggle, he would be doing well. A man who had been smoking twenty cigars a day for several years, and should suddenly stop, would be almost certain either to relapse or fall into some worse habit, — chewing, whiskey, or opium. Perhaps his best way would be to put himself upon half allowance for a year, and devote the second year to completing his cure, — always taking care to live in other respects more wisely and temperately, and thus lessen the craving for a stimulant. The more smoke is hurting a man the harder it is for him to stop smoking ; and almost all whom the

practice is destroying rest under the delusion that they could stop without the least effort, if they liked.

The vast majority of smokers — seven out of every ten, at least — can, without the least danger or much inconvenience, cease smoking at once, totally and forever. I managed it in this way: whenever my time came to smoke, which was four times a day, I drank a good stiff glass of whiskey and water. This I did for two days. On the third day, I drank three times, and on the fourth twice. For about a week after, I drank a little whiskey once a day, whenever the desire to smoke became dangerous, generally after breakfast. Before one bottle of Bourbon had been imbibed, I had forgotten both the pipe and the liquor, and have never since had an uncomfortable desire to indulge in either. Yet I had been a smoker for thirty years. As I have now given a trial to both sides of the question, I beg respectfully to assure the brotherhood of smokers that it does *not* pay to smoke. It really does not. I can work better and longer than before. I have less headache. I have a better opinion of myself. I enjoy exercise more, and step out much more vigorously. My room is cleaner. The bad air of our theatres and other public places disgusts and infuriates me more, but exhausts me less. I think I am rather better tempered, as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude, and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke, but, most decidedly, it pays to stop smoking.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

SIXTH CHAPTER.

BROTHER HAWKYARD (as he insisted on my calling him) put me to school, and told me to work my way. "You are all right, George," he said. "I have been the best servant the Lord has had in his service for this five-and-thirty year, (O, I have!) and he knows the value of such a servant as I have been to him, (O yes, he does!) and he 'll prosper your schooling as a part of my reward. That 's what *he* 'll do, George. He 'll do it for me."

From the first I could not like this familiar knowledge of the ways of the sublime inscrutable Almighty, on Brother Hawkyard's part. As I grew a little wiser and still a little wiser, I liked it less and less. His manner, too, of confirming himself in a parenthesis, — as if, knowing himself, he doubted his own word, — I found distasteful. I cannot tell how much these dislikes cost me, for I had a dread that they were worldly.

As time went on, I became a Foundation-Boy on a good Foundation, and I cost Brother Hawkyard nothing. When I had worked my way so far, I worked yet harder, in the hope of ultimately getting a presentation to College and a Fellowship. My health has never been strong (some vapor from the Preston cellar cleaves to me I think), and what with much work and some weakness, I came again to be regarded — that is, by my fellow-students — as unsocial.

All through my time as a Foundation-Boy I was within a few miles of Brother Hawkyard's congregation, and whenever I was what we called a Leave-Boy on a Sunday, I went over there, at his desire. Before the knowledge became forced upon me that outside their place of meeting these Brothers and Sisters were no better than the rest of the human family, but on the whole were, to put the case mildly, as bad as most, in respect of giving short weight in their shops, and not speaking the

truth, — I say, before this knowledge became forced upon me, their prolix addresses, their inordinate conceit, their daring ignorance, their investment of the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and Earth with their own miserable meannesses and littlenesses greatly shocked me. Still, as their term for the frame of mind that could not perceive them to be in an exalted state of Grace was the "worldly" state, I did for a time suffer tortures under my inquiries of myself whether that young worldly-devilish spirit of mine could secretly be lingering at the bottom of my non-appreciation.

Brother Hawkyard was the popular expounder in this assembly, and generally occupied the platform (there was a little platform with a table on it, in lieu of a pulpit) first, on a Sunday afternoon. He was by trade a drysalter. Brother Gimblet, an elderly man with a crabbed face, a large dog's-eared shirt-collar, and a spotted blue neckerchief reaching up behind to the crown of his head, was also a drysalter, and an expounder. Brother Gimblet professed the greatest admiration for Brother Hawkyard, but (I had thought more than once) bore him a jealous grudge.

Let whosoever may peruse these lines kindly take the pains here to read twice my solemn pledge, that what I write of the language and customs of the congregation in question I write scrupulously, literally, exactly from the life and the truth.

On the first Sunday after I had won what I had so long tried for, and when it was certain that I was going up to college, Brother Hawkyard concluded a long exhortation thus : —

"Well, my friends and fellow-sinners, now I told you, when I began, that I did n't know a word of what I was going to say to you, (and no, I did not!) but that it was all one to me, because I knew the Lord would put into my mouth the words I wanted."

("That 's it!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And he did put into my mouth the words I wanted."

("So he did!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And why?"

("Ah! Let 's have that!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"Because I have been his faithful servant for five-and-thirty years, and because he knows it. For five-and-thirty years! And he knows it, mind you! I got those words that I wanted, on account of my wages. I got 'em from the Lord, my fellow-sinners. Down. I said, 'Here 's a heap of wages due; let us have something down on account.' And I got it down, and I paid it over to you, and you won't wrap it up in a napkin, nor yet in a towel, nor yet pockethankercher, but you 'll put it out at good interest. Very well. Now, my brothers and sisters and fellow-sinners, I am going to conclude with a question, and I 'll make it so plain (with the help of the Lord, after five-and-thirty years, I should rather hope!) as that the Devil shall not be able to confuse it in your heads. Which he would be overjoyed to do."

("Just his way. Crafty old blackguard!" From Brother Gimblet.)

"And the question is this. Are the Angels learned?"

("Not they. Not a bit on it." From Brother Gimblet, with the greatest confidence.)

"Not they. And where 's the proof? Sent ready-made by the hand of the Lord. Why, there 's one among us here now, that has got all the Learning that can be crammed into him. *I* got him all the Learning that could be crammed into him. His grandfather" (this I had never heard before) "was a Brother of ours. He was Brother Parksop. That 's what he was. Parksop. Brother Parksop. His worldly name was Parksop, and he was a Brother of this Brotherhood. Then was n't he Brother Parksop?"

("Must be. Could n't help hisself." From Brother Gimblet.)

"Well. He left that one now here present among us to the care of a Brother-Sinner of his, (and that Brother-Sinner, mind you, was a sinner of a

bigger size in his time than any of you, Praise the Lord!) Brother Hawkyard. Me. *I* got him, without fee or reward, — without a morsel of myrrh, or frankincense, nor yet Amber, letting alone the honeycomb, — all the Learning that could be crammed into him. Has it brought him into our Temple, in the spirit? No. Have we had any ignorant Brothers and Sisters that did n't know round O from crooked S, come in among us meanwhile? Many. Then the Angels are *not* learned. Then they don't so much as know their alphabet. And now, my friends and fellow-sinners, having brought it to that, perhaps some Brother present — perhaps you, Brother Gimblet — will pray a bit for us?"

Brother Gimblet undertook the sacred function, after having drawn his sleeve across his mouth, and muttered: "Well! I don't know as I see my way to hitting any of you quite in the right place neither." He said this with a dark smile, and then began to bellow. What we were specially to be preserved from, according to his solicitations, was despoilment of the orphan, suppression of testamentary intentions on the part of a Father or (say) Grandfather, appropriation of the orphan's house-property, feigning to give in charity to the wronged one from whom we withheld his due; and that class of sins. He ended with the petition, "Give us peace!" Which, speaking for myself, was very much needed after twenty minutes of his bellowing.

Even though I had not seen him when he rose from his knees, steaming with perspiration, glance at Brother Hawkyard, and even though I had not heard Brother Hawkyard's tone of congratulating him on the vigor with which he had roared, I should have detected a malicious application in this prayer. Unformed suspicions to a similar effect had sometimes passed through my mind in my earlier school-days, and had always caused me great distress; for they were worldly in their nature, and wide, very wide, of the spirit that had drawn me from Sylvia. They were sordid suspicions, without a shadow of proof. They were worthy to have originated in the unwholesome cellar. They were not only without proof, but against proof. For was I not myself a living proof of what Brother Hawkyard had done? And without him, how should I ever have seen the sky look sorrowfully down upon that wretched boy at Hoghton Towers?

Although the dread of a relapse into a state of savage selfishness was less strong upon me as I approached manhood, and could act in an increased degree for myself, yet I was always on my guard against any tendency to such relapse. After getting these suspicions under my feet, I had been troubled by not being able to like Brother Hawkyard's manner, or his professed religion. So it came about, that, as I walked back that Sunday evening, I thought it would be an act of reparation for any such injury my struggling thoughts had unwillingly done him, if I wrote, and placed in his hands, before going to College, a full acknowledgment of his goodness to me, and an ample tribute of thanks. It might serve as an implied vindication of him against any dark scandal from a rival Brother and Expounder, or from any other quarter.

Accordingly I wrote the document with much care. I may add with much feeling, too, for it affected me as I went on. Having no set studies to pursue, in the brief interval between leaving the Foundation and going to Cambridge, I determined to walk out to his place of business and give it into his own hands.

It was a winter afternoon when I tapped at the door of his little counting-house, which was at the farther end of his long, low shop. As I did so (having entered by the back yard, where casks and boxes were taken in, and where there was the inscription, "Private Way to the Counting-house"), a shopman called to me from the counter that he was engaged.

"Brother Gimblet," said the shopman (who was one of the Brotherhood), "is with him."

I thought this all the better for my purpose, and made bold to tap again. They were talking in a low tone, and money was passing, for I heard it being counted out.

"Who is it?" asked Brother Hawkyard, sharply.

"George Silverman," I answered, holding the door open. "May I come in?"

Both Brothers seemed so astounded to see me that I felt shier than usual. But they looked quite cadaverous in the early gaslight, and perhaps that accidental circumstance exaggerated the expression of their faces.

"What is the matter?" asked Brother Hawkyard.

"Ay! What is the matter?" asked Brother Gimblet.

"Nothing at all," I said, diffidently producing my document. "I am only the bearer of a letter from myself."

"From yourself, George?" cried Brother Hawkyard.

"And to you," said I.

"And to me, George?"

He turned paler, and opened it hurriedly; but looking over it, and seeing generally what it was, became less hurried, recovered his color, and said, "Praise the Lord!"

"That's it!" cried Brother Gimblet. "Well put! Amen."

Brother Hawkyard then said, in a livelier strain: "You must know, George, that Brother Gimblet and I are going to make our two businesses one. We are going into partnership. We are settling it now. Brother Gimblet is to take one clear half of the profits. (O yes! And he shall have it, he shall have it to the last farthing!)"

"D. V.!" said Brother Gimblet, with his right fist firmly clenched on his right leg.

"There is no objection," pursued Brother Hawkyard, "to my reading this aloud, George?"

As it was what I expressly desired should be done, after yesterday's prayer, I more than readily begged him to read it aloud. He did so, and Brother Gimblet listened with a crabbed smile.

"It was in a good hour that I came here," he said, wrinkling up his eyes. "It was in a good hour, likewise, that I was moved yesterday to depict for the terror of evil-doers a character the direct opposite of Brother Hawkyard's. But it was the Lord that done it. I felt him at it, while I was perspiring."

After that, it was proposed by both of them that I should attend the congregation once more, before my final departure. What my shy reserve would undergo, from being expressly preached at and prayed at, I knew beforehand. But I reflected that it would be for the last time, and that it might add to the weight of my letter. It was well known to the Brothers and Sisters that there was no place taken for me in *their* Paradise; and if I showed this last token of deference to Brother Hawkyard, notoriously in despite of my own sinful inclinations, it might go some little way in aid of my statement that he had been good to me, and that I was grateful to him. Merely stipulating, therefore, that no express endeavor should be made for my conversion, — which would involve the rolling of several Brothers and Sisters on the floor, declaring that they felt all their sins in a heap on their left side, weighing so many pounds avoirdupois, as I knew from what I had seen of those repulsive mysteries, — I promised.

Since the reading of my letter, Brother Gimblet had been at intervals wiping one eye with an end of his spotted blue neckerchief, and grinning to himself. It was, however, a habit that Brother had, to grin in an ugly manner even while expounding. I call to mind a delighted snarl with which he used to detail from the platform the torments reserved for the wicked (meaning all human creation except the Brotherhood), as being remarkably hideous.

I left the two to settle their articles of partnership, and count money; and I never saw them again but on the following Sunday. Brother Hawkyard died within two or three years, leaving all he possessed to Brother Gimblet, in

virtue of a will dated (as I have been told) that very day.

Now, I was so far at rest with myself when Sunday came, knowing that I had conquered my own mistrust, and righted Brother Hawkyard in the jaundiced vision of a rival, that I went, even to that coarse chapel, in a less sensitive state than usual. How could I foresee that the delicate, perhaps the diseased, corner of my mind, where I winced and shrunk when it was touched, or was even approached, would be handled as the theme of the whole proceedings?

On this occasion it was assigned to Brother Hawkyard to pray, and to Brother Gimblet to preach. The prayer was to open the ceremonies; the discourse was to come next. Brothers Hawkyard and Gimblet were both on the platform; Brother Hawkyard on his knees at the table, unmusically ready to pray; Brother Gimblet sitting against the wall, grinningly ready to preach.

"Let us offer up the sacrifice of prayer, my brothers and sisters and fellow-sinners." Yes. But it was I who was the sacrifice. It was our poor sinful worldly-minded Brother here present who was wrestled for. The now-opening career of this our unawakened Brother might lead to his becoming a minister of what was called The Church. That was what *he* looked to. The Church. Not the chapel, Lord. The Church. No rectors, no vicars, no archdeacons, no bishops, no archbishops in the chapel, but, O Lord, many such in the Church! Protect our sinful Brother from his love of lucre. Cleanse from our unawakened Brother's breast his sin of worldly-mindedness. The prayer said infinitely more in words, but nothing more to any intelligible effect.

Then Brother Gimblet came forward, and took (as I knew he would) the text, My kingdom is not of this world. Ah! But whose was, my fellow-sinners? Whose? Why, our Brother's here present was. The only kingdom he had an idea of was of this world ("That 's it!" from several of the congregation). What did the woman do when she lost the piece of money? Went and looked for it. What should our Brother do when he lost his way? ("Go and look for it," from a Sister.) Go and look for it. True. But must he look for it in the right direction or in the wrong? ("In the right," from a Brother.) There spake the prophets! He must look for it in the right direction, or he could n't find it. But he had turned his back upon the right direction, and he would n't find it. Now, my fellow-sinners, to show you the difference betwixt worldly-mindedness and unworldly-mindedness, betwixt kingdoms not of this world and kingdoms *of* this world, here was a letter wrote by even our worldly-minded Brother unto Brother Hawkyard. Judge, from hearing of it read, whether Brother Hawkyard was the faithful steward that the Lord had in his mind only t' other day, when, in this very place, he drew you the picter of the unfaithful one. For it was him that done it, not me. Don't doubt that!

Brother Gimblet then grinned and bellowed his way through my composition, and subsequently through an hour. The service closed with a hymn, in which the Brothers unanimously roared, and the Sisters unanimously shrieked, at me, that I by wiles of worldly gain was mocked, and they on waters of sweet love were rocked; that I with Mammon struggled in the dark, while they were floating in a second Ark.

I went out from all this with an aching heart and a weary spirit; not because I was quite so weak as to consider these narrow creatures interpreters of the Divine majesty and wisdom; but because I was weak enough to feel as though it were my hard fortune to be misrepresented and misunderstood, when I most tried to subdue any risings of mere worldliness within me, and when I most hoped, that, by dint of trying earnestly, I had succeeded.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GENIUS.

THE finest spirits of all time concur in ascribing their best effects to a higher power. The genial flow of successful production registers itself in our consciousness, as a special grace beyond the command of the private will. The experience of every true artist, of every great poet, prophet, discoverer, of every providential leader of his time, attests the action of an alien force transcending the calculated efforts of the mind, and working the surprises of art and life.

This latent and reserved power in man the Greeks called Δαίμων (dæmon). Plutarch, in his gossiping discourse on the dæmon of Socrates, reports the vision of one Timarchus, who descended into the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracle on the subject. He there saw spirits which were partly immersed in human bodies, and partly exterior to them, shining luminously above their heads. He was told that the part immersed in the body is called the soul, but the external part is called dæmon. Every man, says the oracle, has his dæmon, whom he is bound to obey; those who implicitly follow that guidance are the prophetic souls, the favorites of the gods. Goethe, in his mysterious way, speaks of the dæmonic in man as a power lying back of the will, and inspiring certain natures with miraculous energy. He disclaims this power for himself, yet in his autobiography represents the poetic faculty dwelling in him as something beyond his control, — as a kind of obsession.

It is this involuntary, incalculable force that constitutes what we call *genius*. The word was originally synonymous with the Δαίμων of the Greeks. It denoted a guardian power beyond the consciousness and above the will of the individual, — a power which determined and controlled his action, but over which he had no control. It is comparatively a recent use to speak of genius as a quality of mind; a power possessed by, instead of a power possessing. We still make use of the phrase "good genius" in the sense of guardian spirit.

Genius is the higher self, and common to all men. What, then, distinguishes men of genius, so called, from the rest of mankind? We may suppose that the higher self is more active in some than in others, or that it finds more docile subjects. Or we may suppose that its quality differs with different individuals. I only contend that genius is not a special faculty which he who has it employs at will, as the painter his brush or the sculptor his chisel, but the higher nature, the man of the man.

It is not, however, of genius as a psychological principle, but of genius as an intellectual phenomenon, — of genius as manifested in science, art, life, — that I wish to speak.

So viewed, its great and distinguishing characteristic is originality. In the etymology of the word lies the sense of productive force, and in vulgar opinion it stands for originating power. In science it appears as discovery and invention, always as newness. It is the mediator between the known and the unknown, the possible and impossible. In science, as in nature, there is always a leap from stage to stage. The beginning of the animal is not the organic sequent of the vegetable kingdom, nor the viviparous animal of the oviparous, nor man of the chimpanzee. At each stage there is a lift between successive orders, a break in the sequence where plastic Nature interpolates a new thought; and the *præsens numen* makes the bridge from kind to kind. The history of intellectual genesis exhibits similar interpolations. The succession between old and new, in science and art, is not a mechanical sequence, but a lift and a leap. The transition from stage to stage is not the measured increment of an arith-

metical series, but a mediation of originating genius. Genius is the bridge-builder, the *pontifex maximus*, in the passage from period to period in science and art.

Such a bridge was built by Kepler, for the science of astronomy, which, after the pregnant conjecture of Copernicus, had come to a stand in the sixteenth century. Tycho Brahé had accumulated at his observatory a mass of facts which he wanted the wit to apply to further progress, still maintaining, in spite of Copernicus, the earth's immobility. Kepler saw these facts, and in his productive imagination they immediately germinated into new discoveries. A discrepance of eight minutes between the position of Mars as noted by Brahé, and that which it should have had as calculated by the Copernican hypothesis, suggested to him the ellipse as the true orbit of planetary motion. With this discovery, to which he added that of the equal areas in equal times of the *radius vector*, and the true proportion of the times of revolution to the distances of the planets from the sun, he inaugurated the new era in astronomy. Kepler's "Three Laws" are the three arches of the bridge by which the sublimest of the sciences crossed the gulf from the Ptolemaic to the modern system.

In later time, when Laplace by victorious arithmetic had solved the portentous problems of the *Mécanique Céleste*, and reduced to order the seeming irregularities of the heavenly bodies, when every planet but one was exactly timed in sidereal horology; when even the revolution of distant Saturn was computed to the day, the hour, the very second of his arrival at the home station after an annual journey of nearly thirty earthly years,— Uranus alone defied arithmetic, and refused to conform to the time set down for him on the heavenly dial. No calculus could fix this extreme member of the spheral school, no equation could dispose of his rebellious eccentricity. "What ails the refractory planet?" asked the star-timing sentinels of science, at their watch-posts. There was a chasm between Uranial and cis-Uranial astronomy. A bridge was needed to span that gulf. Who will build the bridge from Saturn to Uranus? Then said Leverrier, "That bridge must be a planet." And he set himself to work to construct a planet. It must be of such and such dimensions, it must be at such and such distances from the sun and other planets, it must have such and such periods of rotation and revolution. And now, gentlemen at the sentinel-posts of science, your bridge is ready; and if, at a certain hour of a certain night you will turn your telescopes on a certain quarter of the heavens, you will see a planet which was never yet noted by terrestrial eye. And the sentinels pointed their tubes, and saw Neptune emerge from the upper deep, and respond with ray serene to the searching interrogatory of his brother orb.

But before the problems of the *Mécanique Céleste* could be solved, a higher arithmetic was required than any known to ancient science. The methods employed by the old astronomers were not applicable to these new exigencies. A bridge was needed between the old computation and the new problems. That bridge was furnished by Leibnitz, the mathematical genius of the seventeenth century. He examined the methods then in use for determining the values of unknown and variable quantities; and found that by considering number as continuous, and of gradual growth, the process might be simplified, and the values of unknown quantities ascertained by equations established between their derivatives, instead of directly between themselves. The result was the infinitesimal calculus, — the serviceable tool without which astronomy could not have achieved its greatest triumphs.

Richer than science itself in illustrations of originating genius is the application of science to art. Art is the issue to which science necessarily tends. As spirit cannot remain spirit in unconditioned abstraction, but is bound to

precipitate itself in material creations; so knowledge rushes into life, and science hastens to realize itself in art. In whatever department of scientific inquiry, however remote from practical life, a new fact is discovered, the genius of humanity will sooner or later translate that fact into use.

In 1820 a Danish professor, in the midst of a lecture on electricity, was suddenly seized with a thought which so overwhelmed him that he straightway closed his delivery, adjourned with his class from the lecture-room to the laboratory, there to test his idea by a practical experiment. The experiment demonstrated that the electric current is accompanied by a magnetic circulation, and exerts, under certain conditions, a determining influence on the direction of the magnetic needle. In a word, he discovered electro-magnetism. Twelve years later, an American artist returning from Europe hears a fellow-passenger in the home-bound packet-ship recount some experiments with the electro-magnet recently witnessed in Paris. He conceives the idea that the rapid transmission of electricity might be turned to account in the communication of intelligence. After several fruitless experiments, he succeeds in constructing a machine by which the action of the electro-magnet on a lever puts in motion an iron pen, and deposits marks which, used as equivalents of alphabetic signs, produce on paper an intelligible record. Another twelve years, and a message is sent from Baltimore to Washington by this miraculous agent. Meanwhile the pregnant idea has fructified abroad; lightning has become a medium of communication between the capitals of Europe; England builds a colossal steamship, which having miscarried in every other enterprise, and conjugated in her brief history all the moods and tenses of failure, serves at last a providential purpose in threading the Atlantic with an insulating cable which binds the hemispheres in social converse. In less than fifty years from the date of Oersted's experiment, the Old World is wired to the New; continent converses with continent by electro-magnetism. At this rate, how long will it be before the whole earth, girdled round and round with electric lines of intelligence, shall repair the disaster of Babel, and have all her children united once more in conscious communication?

One more illustration of the many which suggest themselves. There has grown up of late an art which, though strictly mechanical in its methods, is nearly allied to beautiful art in its products, and surpasses beautiful art in its faithful rendering of nature,— the art by which the sun is made to copy and fix the pictures he paints on the eye. When we gaze on a beautiful or beloved object which time and distance must soon remove, the desire arises to have what is next to the object itself, — the "counterfeit presentment" that shall reproduce the image when the original is withdrawn. The frolic grace of childhood, the radiant bloom of youth, are charms which the swift years are hastening to obliterate. The fond parent whose house these visions of beauty bless is anxious to preserve in the impress what he cannot retain in the life. The tourist bound for distant lands, intending protracted absence, would fain leave behind some image of himself that may represent him in the home circle, and take with him the images of his beloved. The same tourist bound for home desires some memorial that shall reproduce for him in after years the scenes and wonders of foreign lands. The painter's art may, to some extent, supply these wants, for such as are able to command its service. But the products of pencil and brush are luxuries not accessible to all. A cheaper artist has been secured for these occasions. The same celestial limner that painted the originals is engaged by modern invention to repeat the picture in miniature and portable form. Photography answers the demand of unerring accuracy in the product, with the smallest cost in the process. The history of this invention illustrates the opportuneness of genius

in the application of science to art. The art of photography was impossible until chemistry, the most recent of the sciences, had discovered the physical fact on which it is based. No sooner was the fact discovered than genius was ready to appropriate and translate it into use. It was near the close of the last century that Senebier, investigating the laws of vegetable processes, discovered that the light of the sun is required to enable the leaves of plants to fix the carbon and disengage the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere. Subsequent experiments, suggested by this discovery, established the fact that the violet rays of the prismal spectrum, and those which bound it on the outer side, possess the property of blackening chloride of silver. To ordinary minds there was no particular significance in this fact, no relation to pictorial art. But the genius of Daguerre came in contact with it. He saw in it the germ of a new and wondrous invention; saw in it the possibility of pictures painted by the light, — copies of its own originals, — and gave us in the photograph a bridge of triumph from the laboratory to the easel. By means of this invention, which renders with impartial fidelity every trait in nature and art, the tourist brings home the lands he visits, in his portfolio. Venice and Rome, Switzerland and the Rhine, are sold at the print-shops, and Europe may be seen without the inconvenience of seasickness.

In beautiful art, as in mechanical, the mark of genius is still originality. And here this trait is most conspicuous in the great transitions by which art passes from its rude and elementary stages to its full development, — transitions which culminate in some marked individual, who bursts the trammels of convention, and leads his age by one decisive step from bondage to freedom. Such a deliverer was Praxiteles, when he set before his countrymen the daring novelty of the Cnidian Venus, proclaiming the complete beauty of the human form, and proving that beauty undraped and unadorned, to the eye of the spirit, is sufficient covering. Such a deliverer was Leonardo, who emancipated art from the bonds of Umbrian spiritualism, and instaurated simple humanity in the schools of Italy.

Next to originality, the most distinctive characteristic of genius is a right proportion between the productive and regulative forces of the mind. A certain exceptional amount of intellectual vigor being presupposed, what most distinguishes minds of the first from those of a lower order is that due command of their powers which precludes all wildness and excess, and secures for their works the crowning grace of proportion. The mind of man, like the planet he inhabits, and like all the great agencies of nature, is bipolar. It has its positive pole and its negative, — antagonist forces, which, for want of a better designation, we will call Imagination and Reflection. Imagination is the positive force, reflection the negative; imagination creates, reflection limits and defines. The one gives the stuff, the other the form. Imagination, although the most exalted of the intellectual powers, is also the most universal. It is the first faculty which the infant exercises, and the last to become extinct in old age. Its universality is seen in dreams. The clown dreams as well as the poet; and the dreams of either are just as poetic at one time, and just as absurd at another. Dreaming is an act of pure imagination, attesting in all men a creative power which, if it were available in waking, would make every man a Dante or a Shakespeare. Our night-history is a series of poetic compositions, each one of which, however absurd as a whole, contains, perhaps, some one passage or trait which would make the fortune of a work of art. But though the raw capacity is universal, the trained faculty is peculiar. Out of this unorganized prose imagination the conscious artistic power must develop itself, like the winged bird from the senseless egg. The artist differs from the common man, not so much in the amount

of mind possessed as in the amount taken up into consciousness. Imagination alone does not constitute genius. There may be an excess of that element, unbalanced by the regulative powers. "Men of unbounded imagination," says Dryden, "often want the poise of judgment." In actual life, that excess produces or rather constitutes insanity, — a phenomenon very similar to that of dreaming. The maniac, like the dreamer, is taken out of his true position in space and time. But the reason of the disturbance is not the same in both. In the maniac the imagination, owing to some morbid action of the brain, overrules the impressions derived through the senses; in the dreamer the predominance of the imagination arises from the torpid state of the sentient organs. The dreamer is a madman quiescent, the madman is a dreamer in action.

In intellectual efforts, the excess of imagination over the negative faculty shows itself in overstrained and fantastic productions, in poetic "ambition that o'erleaps its sell." Phaeton, in the Greek mythology, borrows the sun-chariot, but, unable to guide the steeds, is hurried away by them to his own destruction. There are Phaetons in every walk of life, — men of great capacity and vast ambition, who fail in serious undertakings for lack, as we say, of "judgment," that is, of negative power. They are carried away by great conceptions which they are unable to manage and bring to successful execution. They have the positive element of genius, imagination; but want reflection, — that reaction of the mind on its own forces which fixes their limits, and binds them with law and form. Unlimited force is force without effect. The sun's rays would be powerless without the refracting and reflecting planets, which oppose their denser spheres to the prodigal efflux. The planets would fly asunder, and be dissipated in nebulæ, without the centripetal force, which negatives their eager striving for limitless expansion. The vegetable growths of the earth would exhaust themselves in rank excess of leaf and stalk, and never ripen into fruit, were it not for the concentrative power which checks this overgrowth, and, reducing the volume for the sake of the product, collects the luxuriant juices of the plant into edible pulp and marrow. What the centripetal power is to the planet, what concentration is to the plant, that reflection is to the mind, — the power which sets bounds, which corrects and defines, which moulds and perfects and renders available the raw material of imagination.

For want of this negative power, unbalanced minds become the victims of their own ideality. Like the magician's apprentice in Goethe's deep fable, they are drowned by the spirits they evoke. As artists, as poets, they often astonish, but never satisfy. They lacerate the soul with over-excitement. But genius is always self-possessed. The masters in art know how to lay as well as to summon; they command the spirits they conjure, and dismiss them promptly when their work is done.

> "In die Ecke
> Besen! Besen!
> Seid's gewesen!"

They never harrow with excessive emotion. Whatever horrors their subject may bring, the general harmony is not disturbed. If they summon Furies, as in the Eumenides and in Macbeth, they put music in their mouths and a solemn measure in their feet. If they picture deeds of violence, as in Othello, they half envelop them in their own deep shadows. They "use all gently"; "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind" of their "passion," they "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." Whether dealing with elemental fury or wielding the lightnings of vengeance, they never transgress the severe boundary line of beauty, and "o'erstep not the modesty of nature." With the grandest themes they combine the most diligent details. For genius is quite as apparent in elaboration as in conception. It has not only to create the soul of a work, but to mould, part by part, the body that soul

is to inhabit. The flow of thought and feeling, when tending to issues the most tremendous, must be guided with studied care and measured strokes through subtleties the most perplexing; through the marble folds of tangled serpents to Laocoön-struggles, through difficult flesh-tints and anatomical processes to miracles of pictured passion, through rhythmic cadences and dexterous balance of feet and accent to Aias's grief and Lear's despair. In works like these, where passion gives soul to art, and art gives form to passion, true genius unites intense fervor with intenser calm, the fiercest glow of conception with the utmost sobriety of judgment. However imagination may soar, reason must hold it in check. However passion may seethe and foam, a reconciling thought must span the tumult, as the rainbow spans Niagara.

Genius should be carefully discriminated from talent, with which it is apt to be confounded. Talent sometimes culminates into the altitude of genius, but is never at home on those august heights. It is the forced hyperbole of the rocket, not the easy swell of Monadnoc. Talent is some one faculty unusually developed; genius commands all the faculties. The one is a distinct quality; the other, the entire man. Talent manufactures; genius creates. From a summer full of roses and berries talent concocts its essences and preserves; but genius is the summer itself, which grows the roses and berries of its own fecundity. Talent is phenomenal, a spectacle which we contemplate as something foreign and external; but genius makes us a party to its doings, it carries us with it like the course of things. Works of talent are accidental; they might not have happened, or might be other than they are, without seriously affecting the issues of life. But works of genius seem a necessity of nature, — as if they could not be other than they are, and could not but have been. I can as easily imagine Italy or England left out of the map of Europe as I can the Divina Commedia or Hamlet expunged from the world's literature. Talent egotizes, and is always reminding you of itself; it is always conscious. But genius, sufficient to itself, never seems to know what it does. Like nature, it informs its creations with a spirit everywhere present, but nowhere egotistically prominent. Like nature, it works with equal ease and equal satisfaction in the highest and the lowest, and never seems in one thing more than another to take either pleasure or pride. It performs trifles with an air which makes them seem great, and performs wonders with an air which makes them seem trifles. With equal hand it dispenses thunderbolts and thistle-down; thinks as much of the robin's note as it does of the ocean's roar, as much of the daisy in the rock-cleft as it does of the cataract by whose spray it is nourished. It makes the most refractory problems seem absurdly easy, so adroit the simplicity with which it handles them, — as men of great muscular strength make the bodies they lift seem divested of their gravity. We wonder less at the ready solution than we do at our own stupidity, which failed to discover it. As in the story of Columbus and the egg, while school-learning ponders and plods, genius, with easy assurance, marches straight to the goal.

What somnambulism is to ordinary sleep, that genius is to ordinary waking, — a conscious clairvoyance, as somnambulism is an unconscious one. It is a higher waking; it dissolves the dream-band, which in ordinary men interposes between the subject and the object, lifts the heavy lid, and informs with new and sincere perceptions the quickened sense. Something of prophetic insight is proper to it. When Copernicus propounded the soli-central hypothesis, astronomers objected that, if his position were correct, Venus ought to have phases like the moon. Copernicus, nothing abashed, admitted the inference, but immediately added, that, if men should ever come to see Venus more distinctly, they would find that she had phases. This was before

the invention of the telescope. When that instrument was given to science, one of its earliest fruits was the discovery of the phases of Venus. The composition of the diamond was conjectured by Newton on theoretic grounds, before it was ascertained by Lavoisier; and Goethe, in his Morphology, is said to have anticipated some of the leading discoveries of modern science.

Genius, in close *rapport* with nature, discovers new expressions in the old familiar face of things, and so enlarges the vocabulary of metaphor. Until Shakespeare spoke of moonlight sleeping, the peculiar expression of a lunar reflection had never been exactly defined. Now that the word has been spoken, we wonder that any other could ever have been applied to it. "Who," says Coleridge, "has not a thousand times seen snow fall upon water? Who has not watched it with a new feeling from the time when he read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure to

> 'Snow that falls upon a river,—
> A moment white, then gone forever'?"

Above all, genius is humane. It esteems nothing common or unclean; it is no respecter of persons. In politics it is oftenest found on the side of the people, as against exclusive and prescriptive rights. Talent is exclusive, because conventional. Holding not of original nature, but of custom, it exaggerates the artificial distinctions which custom has established. Genius absolves from the ban of convention; it restores to common life its sacred rights. Wherever it appears, humanity is renewed.

I have spoken of genius as manifest in science and art, but these are by no means its exclusive province. Its characteristics are nowhere more conspicuous than in action. There are deeds which bear its stamp as unmistakably as the masterpieces of art. When Themistocles, by a ruse, cuts off the retreat of the Allies, provokes the enemy's attack, and risks the destinies of Greece on a single battle; when Cæsar confounds Pompey at Pharsalus with a fourth cohort; when William of Normandy scuttles the ships which have brought him and his counts from the coast of France, shutting up his expedition within the alternative of victory or death; when Arnold von Winkelried at the battle of Sempach breaks the Austrian line by gathering the enemy's lances in his arms; when Cromwell with a stamp of his foot dissolves the Long Parliament "for the glory of God and the good of the people"; when Israel Putnam, at Reading, baffles the British dragoons by urging his horse over the impracticable precipice; when Napoleon I., with forced marches, crosses the Alps, and surprises the Austrians on the plains of Lombardy,—I discern in those acts a power akin to that which makes the greatness of Kepler or Michel Angelo.

In these cases genius appears linked with fortune. And this is one of its characteristics. Genius approves itself by success. It is vain to talk of what this or that person might have been or have done, if only—. The result is the test. What a man does that he is.

> "One thing is forever good,
> That one thing is success."

And yet there are instances in which something in the nature of genius is manifest in endurance, in passive resistance and negation. Such examples as that of Aristides writing his name on the ballot that was to condemn him; Julius Cæsar, foregoing his revenge on Quintus Ligarius; Cato, self-possessed and self-respecting in the failure of his party, saying, "The victorious cause pleased the gods, but Cato prefers the losing one"; David in his extreme thirst declining the water which his followers had brought him at the risk of their lives; Sir Thomas More refusing to acquiesce in the divorce of Henry VIII.,—such examples, I say, exhibit the same quality, in a passive form, which we had learned to admire in its active demonstrations. For genius has its moral side as well as its intellectual. In all the best products

of the intellect there is a moral element, and in every beautiful act there is something of intellectual life. Virtue in its highest form is also a species of genius.

Is it asked to what individuals on the roll of fame the praise of genius is especially due? The question is one which craves liberal handling. It will not bear a peremptory answer. It is a question on which no one likes that another should dogmatize. The number is small of those to whom all will accord the foremost rank in their Valhalla. The stars of first magnitude in the intellectual firmament are soon catalogued. Some dozen names from Homer to Goethe are all that three thousand years of Indo-Germanic culture have inscribed among the *dii majores* of poetry; a few more in science, and as many in the plastic arts. And even within this innermost court of the sanctuary of fame, our grateful homage demands a separate shrine for such as Plato, Michel Angelo, and Shakespeare, who "rear their starry fronts sublime" above the electest heraldry of genius.

In the realms of poetry and art the boundary line which separates genius from talent is more distinctly marked than it is in the world of affairs. Men distinguished by intellectual creations are more easily classed and graded than men of action. But of those who have become eminent in action, there are some who, by virtue of their position, their ability, or their character, are so linked and implicated with the course of events, that their individuality constitutes a crisis in the history of their time. We call them "providential" men. Moses and Solon, Sakya Mouni, Alexander of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Mohammed, belong to this class. Napoleon I., who fills so large a place in modern history, has been commonly regarded as, among moderns, the highest instance of genius in action. But one fatal deduction invalidates this claim, — the want of final success for himself or his work. The chained Prometheus, who suffers for heavenly gifts communicated to men, loses nothing of our reverence by "the vulture and the rock"; but the vanquished captive, eating his own heart in an island jail, is a figure that throws too dense a shadow on the pomps of empire and the triumphs of ambition. There was wanting to the genius of Napoleon a Waterloo victory; or, failing that, an early death.

Martin Luther, also and emphatically a providential man, without brilliancy and without grace, possessed many of the radical elements of genius. In him the antagonist forces, the positive and the negative, were signally and marvellously blended and balanced. "He had qualities," says Heine, "which are seldom found united, which we are apt to regard as irreconcilable antagonisms. He was at once a dreamy mystic and a practical man of action; his thoughts had not only wings, but hands; he was not only the pen, but the sword of his time. He was at the same time a scholastic word-thresher and an inspired, God-intoxicated prophet. . . . . He was wild as the storm that uproots the oak, and gentle as the zephyr that dallies with the violet. A complete man, I might say an absolute man, one in whom body and spirit were not divided. He had something original, incomprehensible, miraculous, such as we find in all providential men; something awfully *naïf*, blunderingly wise, sublimely narrow; something invincible, dæmonic."

A signal instance of genius in action is the Emperor Charlemagne, the foremost figure in mediæval history. Not even Augustus so completely identified his age with himself. The world of his day was but the circling frame which held this lustrous *solitaire*, the pliant setting of this "Mountain-of-light." In him were united the gallant warrior, the sagacious general, the profound statesman, the wise potentate, the friend of letters and art, the devout Christian and zealous son of the Church. Christendom found in him a champion who compelled at length the

homage of Islam; and when the "Commander of the Faithful" in the East stretched forth his hand with gifts to the commander of the faithful in the West, the civilized world was irradiated by their friendship. A great actor requires a great field. "You cannot," says Harrington, "plant the oak in a flower-pot; she needs the earth for her roots and the heavens for her branches." The empire of Charlemagne repeated in its ample sweep the dominion of the Cæsars of the West. With one foot of his command on the Spanish peninsula and the other on the banks of the Tiber, he rose in colossal grandeur, the noblest man of his millennium, — rose not like "heaven-daring Teneriffe" abrupt from the plain, but lifted Europe with him as he rose; and when he subsided in the final event of the grave, Europe sank with him into long lugubrious mediæval night.

"Dark was the night, and darker rose the morn,
That saw the western earth
Of the divinest presence stript and shorn
It ever woke to birth."

"It seemed beyond the common lawful sway
Of death and nature o'er our kind,
That such a one as he should pass away
And aught be left behind."

To an American jealous of national fame the question presents itself, What is our part and lot in this matter? What have we that may vie with the splendid examples of the Old World? "Brag to me not yet," says Carlyle, "of our American cousins. Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire has been produced there? Not one; the American cousins have done none of these things." To this peevish judgment no American born will assent, or hesitate to answer with venerated names of military, civil, and scientific renown. In art, if we have nothing that competes with ancient celebrities, we need not shun comparison with living artists of other lands. But in literature, it must be confessed that, while we excel in productive energy, we are poor in finished products, and can boast of few masterpieces in proportion to the whole amount produced. The national mind is too diffusive as yet to admit of supreme excellence. We have good positive qualities, but want the negative. Our mental energy, like our physical, lacks the restraining power. The consequence is a fatal "too-much-ness" in our style. In our haste to "flog creation," we neglect to discipline ourselves. Some sagacious philosopher discovered that gunpowder would make a capital motive-power, if only, he said, we could find out a way to "make it work slower." The American mind is somewhat in the same predicament, subject to the same infirmity of over-haste. Flashy, impatient, unskilled to wait, it does not take conditions enough with it. It shrinks from careful elaboration; it spends itself with a flash. But without careful elaboration literary eminence was never yet attained.

The bane of American genius is popularity, the pursuit and the tyranny of the popular vote. Without the popular vote no American is great or blest. Our heaven is an elective privilege; not to be popular is the American hell. So the custom of the ballot extends its sway over letters and art; no standard of success is acknowledged but a numerical one. So many readers, so many copies sold, so much merit. As if intellectual pre-eminence, like political, could be conferred by the ballot-box. The writer will never prosper with that prosperity which the genuine artist desires, who has the fear of the majority before his eyes, or thinks more of his readers' judgment than his own. The best works are never popular. Milton's Lycidas has probably fewer admirers than Poe's Raven or Macaulay's Lays. M. F. Tupper has a hundred readers to one of Wordsworth. Let him who seeks popularity renounce the higher walks of art. Whoever is conscious in himself of creative power

must make up his mind whether he will please the many or satisfy the few; whether he will have his pay in puffs and pudding, or in the consciousness of having, like Milton, produced a work which "the world will not willingly let die"; like Kepler, a work "to be read whether by present or future ages it matters not."

As to the influence of foreign models which is thought by some to act unfavorably on native genius, I can see no hindrance in that direction. European art can no more extinguish ours than the old European could preclude the new, or Sophocles extinguish Schiller. Other minds are to native genius but so much nature, one among the many ingredients in the common soil from which by its own elective chemistry it draws its life.

There is a periodicity in the world of mind as in the world of material nature. Epochs of creative power recur at certain, as yet incalculable, intervals in the course of time. Every zone receives in its turn the full illumination of the sun of history. No doubt this nation will have in its turn, as others before it have had, its golden age of intellectual glory. And when that age arrives, the American poet or prophet or sage who shall worthily represent the mind of this continent, will find his place prepared for him by more commanding antecedents, his work reinforced by ampler resources, than ever yet fell to the lot of genius. The past of two worlds will be his inheritance, their funded experience his capital, their successes and their failures his teachers and guides. His tools will be the perfection of art, his position the fulness of time. Expectant nations will sit at his feet, and the future will date from his word.

ORION.

THREE worlds he wears as bosses on his belt,
Never ungirded; mortals theirs lay down;
Great Aaron his; Moses in Moab felt
The Sovereign Hand his high estate discrown;
Kings and great men, or clad in mail or gown,
Disrobe and die; but lo! from year to year
Those banded worlds the mutual distance own
Which Adam saw when Night came up the sphere.
God's golden compasses there measure still.
Night unto night by this great symbol shows
Far forth this counsel: Ever be the same,
Planted by God, and fear no shame, no ill.
"Canst loose Orion's bands?"—this to thy foes,
O faithful soul! nightly the heavens proclaim.

A WEEK IN SYBARIS.

IN the Atlantic Monthly for July, 1867, was published a short description of the visit I made to Sybaris, at the head of the Gulf of Tarentum, when I was serving on Garibaldi's staff. At the close of that article, I explained the reason why I did not then print my journal of "A Week in Sybaris." The passages which I copied from it have attracted the attention of some friends, who have been curious to see the rest. Some of these passages, indeed, needed the explanation which other extracts would afford.

The remainder of the journal is therefore printed here. It has the fault which all journals have, that their memoranda are apt to be fullest when one has the most time to write, and that they are therefore most barren just at those points of crisis when the writer really has most to tell. This remark will be found near the beginning of "John Adams's Journal," of which it is signally true.

After the passage first copied in the Atlantic for July, the journal proceeds as follows.

. . . . . .

The *πρόξενος*, Proxenus, as this officer is called, (officer whose business is to care for strangers, quite after the old Athenian system,) was very civil, though a short-metre kind of person, used evidently to affairs in the time of affairs, and to nothing else. He offered Greek at first for talk, as the man had done at the station; but, finding I preferred Italian, fell into that readily. I am too tired to-night, not to say sleepy, to try to write out much of what he told me, or I told him. He was very expeditious, when he heard about the boat, in sending to her relief. He led me to a good map of the city and harbor which hung on the office wall, and in five minutes had sent a despatch which he said would fit out a tug which would bring the old man and the boys up to the city. I offered to go with them. But he said, no, — that I should be of no use there, — or rather of none which a note from me would not serve as well; and that, as I must have had a fatiguing night, I should be much better off at my inn. I observed he used the telegraph constantly, even sending his own despatches by his own instrument, at his office desk, — writing as readily so as I do these words. In answer to a question of mine, he said there were delivery offices almost everywhere, and that they hardly ever had occasion to use a special messenger. But, when he wanted to send my note to the tug, and afterwards to send me here, he beckoned to his son, a tall, pleasant-looking boy, who brought me, to show me the way.*

The inn covers a good deal of ground for the number of rooms, but there is not a staircase in it. The whole is of one story, as is every other house I have so far seen in Sybaris.† The mistress is a jolly-looking person, who for all her jollity seems careful and thoughtful, and desirous to be of service; and, without worrying me, she has really made me very comfortable. She knocked just now herself, and, in quite a studied speech, said that I was the first American she had ever had here; that she was wholly unacquainted with our customs, but that she would be much obliged to me if I would indicate to her any improvements which the inns of my own country might suggest to me. The poor soul had been at the

* After I knew the Proxenus better, I told him that this ready and constant use of the telegraph was one of the first of their conveniences I noticed. He said the telegraph was an old affair with them, and he wondered other nations had been so slow in copying it; that they used it as long ago as what he called their day of horrors, when Sybaris was crushed by the Crotoniates, more than five centuries before Christ. I was amazed at this, but in their public library afterwards I found in Pliny that that defeat was known at Olympia in Greece on the day it happened, and the same statement is in Cicero *De Naturâ Deorum*. See Pliny, VII. 22. (1), and compare Plutarch in *Paulus Æmilius*.

† Stair-builders are not permitted in the state.

pains to look up "United States" in some book of travels, and had even written to the Proxenus to ask how she should cook pork and beans for me, and what she should give me instead of salt codfish. He had written her a funny note, which she showed me, in which he said that I should be satisfied with pheasants and quails for a day, and that the next day he would tell her.

Experience of my own country indeed! There was not a fly in the room where the *table d'hôte* is served, nor is there in this apartment.* This consists of a pretty, airy sitting-room with a veranda opening from it, and in the next room the bed and its appurtenances. I found on the table pen, ink, and paper, which I never found ready in my own room at the Brevoort; I found in the bedroom a foot-tub, a shower-bath, more towels than I could count, and hot and cold water ready to run for me. I have not smelled a smell since I came into the house, excepting the savory breakfast and dinner which she gave me, and these lovely Italian violets which stand on the writing-table; and, of course, my cigar on the veranda. But I shall write no more. Now we will see if there are any smooth rose-leaves in the beds of Sybaris.

Friday, 9th Kal. Θαργηλιών. — Everything seems to be new here. Place, language, and all are changed, — and so my old book for these memoranda gave out last night, and I have had to rummage up another from my stores. Fortunately the traps came up from the boat even before I was awake this morning. One does sleep well in such a bed, — without steam-whistles or cockerels or brass-founders. It was as quiet as the mid-country.

The calendar is as new as the book, (of which the paper is not half as good as the old was). It seems an odd mixture of Italian and Greek, and I do not yet understand it. But I put at the top of the page what the Proxenus tells me to, were it only for practice. This is, he says, the ninth of the Kalends of Thargelion, but he counts it Friday, as I did. For my part, I thought the Greeks had no Kalends; but it would seem that the Sybarites have.

It has been a rainy day, but I have managed with their convenient arrangements here to do about ten times as much as I should have done at home. If I do not get too sleepy, I will go into a little more detail than I have been apt to do since the campaign began. The peculiarity of this place seems to be, that everybody has plenty of time.

I slept late after the excitement of the night before, and if the lady Myrtis's nice mattresses are made of rose-leaves, none of the leaves were crumpled. I rang, as I had been bidden, as soon as I woke; and a ravishing cup of coffee appeared almost on the moment, on the strength of which I dressed slowly, and went down to the *table d'hôte*. Breakfast was very nicely served; but I do not stop to describe it, because some rainy day I will make a chapter on the cookery of Sybaris, so different from that of our Sicilian allies, — alas! so different from the taverns of my beloved New England. While I was at breakfast there came in this clever little note in this pretty Greek *Hand-schrift* from the Proxenus, whose name, it appears, is George: —

[Translation.]

OFFICE OF THE PROXENUS,
Sybaris, 9th Ka. Thar.

COLONEL INGHAM, &c., &c.: —

DEAR SIR, — The report from Pylades, chief of boat-builders, is that your boat will require a new stern-post as well as rudder, and that one whole streak on her larboard side must be renewed. She was ordered to the government works last night, and the men undoubtedly went to work on her this morning.

* I put my foot in it afterwards by complimenting my hostess on this. She took the remark as a lady at home would have taken my compliment, had I said at breakfast that I had found no fleas nor worse in my bed. In Sybaris they consider the house-fly a disgusting, unclean beast of prey, and do not tolerate it.

I shall have the pleasure of calling on you at seven minutes after noon, when I shall be relieved from office duty here. If you have no pleasanter engagement, let me take you in my carriage to see our granite quarries and to bathe. We can do this before dinner. My wife will be very happy if you will join our family party at four.

Farewell,

GEORGE, *the Proxenus.*

What his other name is, I do not yet know. They seem to sign like English bishops.

I strayed round a little before noon, and made a little sketch of a seat for passengers waiting for the street railroad cars. At twelve I rendered myself on the hotel veranda, and at seven minutes past the Proxenus drove up in a pretty covered buggy, with a nice little trotting mare. He apologized for the cover; said, if the day had been fine he could have shown me more of the country, but as it rained, why, we must e'en bear it as we could.

We drove first to the granite quarries, which are worked with great precision by a fine-looking set of men, — who have much more of the Lombard, not to say Yankee, look about them in their promptness of movement than I have seen anywhere else in Southern Italy. Then the Proxenus asked me if I were used to swimming as early as this in the season. When I said there were few seasons and few waters in which I did not swim, and that I should greatly enjoy a plunge, he turned his horse's head, and we drove by a charming up-and-down-hill drive, I should think six miles down the old course of the Crastis River till we came to a signal station, — what one might call Watch Hill, — where was a beautiful view of the gulf, grand bluffs, smooth beaches, and a fine surf for bathers. It almost seemed as if we had been expected. A quaint old fisherman fastened the horse to a fence, provided towels, pointed out two little sheds for undressing, and we had a brisk swim in the surf. How delicious this Mediterranean water is, swept off the Syrtes by that tremendous Euroclydon! I hardly thought yesterday morning that I should be speaking of it so good-naturedly.

Home to dinner. The Proxenus said his wife would excuse my frock-coat. And at his house, at dinner, and in the garden, and on the veranda, I have stayed ever since, till now. The family was charming, — his wife sweet pretty (reminds you of S—— G——), and seven children, — four boys, three girls, — my friend James, who showed me the way yesterday, being the second son. He and I are great friends, and his father says I may take him from the office any day when I want a guide. The girls have pretty Greek faces, — the youngest about as big as little Fan-fan, only her name is Anna, say nine years old.

As for the dinner, I leave that till I can write the essay on cookery into which the breakfast is to go. But I do not wonder that that old fellow took his cooks with him when he went from here to Athens.

It was not exactly the family party which the note promised. The Chief Justice was there, — who, if I understand, is the cousin of my hostess, — and his pretty wife; a young man named Joannes Isocrates, whom I accused of being a great-grandson of the orator; and Philip, the brother of the Proxenus. It was a round table for twelve. Some of the children had to sit at a side table, and they were very merry there.

The talk was very ready and free, — generally general; but sometimes I got off into a separate private talk with Kleone — as I shall begin to call George's wife — and with the Chief Justice's wife. Her husband calls her Lois. We sat long at table, spending more than half the time over the fruit and coffee. There was no wine. The dessert, however, had been served in another room than that we ate the meats in. We passed from room to room, as we used to when we dined with Howqua, at Canton. And in the new

room we did not take the same places as before.

I said in the course of talk, that either they were all very much at leisure here, or that I had taken an unconscionable amount of George's time. . . . .

[In the original journal follows a passage which has been substantially reprinted in the Atlantic, pp. 75, 76, of the last volume.]

The Chief Justice said that he thought George hardly answered my question. He said that their system compelled everybody to do what he could do best, and to a large extent secured this by inviting people to do what they could do best. A messenger in a public office, for instance, is invariably a man who has legs and a tongue, but who has no arms. That is, if such a place is vacant, search is at once made for some person who shall fill this place well; and if he can show that there is no other place he can fill, on that showing he is almost sure of the appointment. "We have not a copying-clerk in the Court-House," said the Chief Justice, "who has two legs. Most of them in fact have no tongues, which is a convenience." Starting from this, as George had said, it followed that there were no *vauriens*, and of course the amount of work fell lighter on each. But this is not the whole. Custom in part, statute in part, and in part this terrible verdict which they all so dread, — the verdict of ἁρπαγμός they call it,* — have so wrought on them that they destroy very little which they have once created. "Time will do that for us," said Philip, laughing. "My rear wall tumbles down fast enough without my helping the fall."

I said I remembered that Judge Merrick said that, if the thousand million men now in the world could be set to work in intelligent organized labor, they could in a generation duplicate the present monuments of the race of men. The existing farms, roads, bridges, ships, piers, cities, villages, and all the rest, could be produced in one generation. All the other generations have been spent in men's cutting each other's throats, and in destroying what other people have been at work upon.

The Chief Justice said this was undoubtedly true. They tried as far as they could to prevent such waste of life, and to a large extent he thought they succeeded. The solidity of their building is such that they have dwelling-houses which have been occupied as such for two thousand years.

I said that in London they had told me their houses tumbled down in eighty.

"Exactly," said the Chief Justice, "and what a waste that is! When my father was in London, they were greatly delighted with a system of sewers they had just turned into the Thames. When I was there, they were as much delighted, because they had discovered a method of leading their contents away from the Thames."

"When my father was in Boston," said George, "they were all very proud to show him their success in digging down their highest hill. When I was there, they were building it up to the old height, to make a reservoir on top of it."

"We have come to the conclusion," said the Chief Justice, "that it is rather dangerous interfering much with nature. That is to say, when a large body of men have nestled down in a region, it was probably about what they wanted. If one of them tries to mend, he is apt to mar. We had a fellow over on the Crastis there, who was stingy about using steam-power; so he made a great high dam on the river, — and, by Jupiter, Colonel Ingham, five hundred thousand people lost their fish because that fellow chose to spin cotton a ten-millionth part of a drachma cheaper than the rest of mankind."

"He got ἁρπαγμός with a vengeance," growled Philip, who is a little touchy.

"He got ἁρπαγμός," said the Chief Justice, "and he had to put in fish-

* The verdict of ἁρπαγμός is given on an indictment brought by the state's attorney in a criminal court. It means, "He has taken from a citizen what he cannot restore."

ways. You must take our friend out to see the fish go up his stairways, George. But what happened at Pæstum was worse than that. They had some salt marshes there, — what they called flats. They undertook to fill them up so as to get land in place of water. They got more than they bargained for. They disturbed the natural flow of the currents, and they lost their harbor. Land is plenty in Pæstum now. The last time I was there the population was two owls and four lizards, and there was never a rose within five miles!"

I called him back to this universal occupation, resulting in universal leisure. He said I should understand it better after I had been about a little. I said we had difficulty at both ends, — the poorest people did not know how to work, and the richest people were apt not to want to, and did not know what to do. I said I was at one time asked to become secretary of the "Society for providing Occupation for the Higher Classes." He said, as to the first they clung to the old apprenticeship system. Every child must be taught to do something. If the parents cannot teach, somebody else does. The other difficulty he had seen in travelling, but he did not believe it was necessary. They have here but few very large fortunes transmitted from father to son. They have no such transmission by will, and unless a man has given away his property before his death the state becomes his executor. Of course, in practice, except in cases of sudden death, people are their own executors. Then they give every man and woman who is over sixty-five a small pension, — enough to save anybody from absolute want. They insist on it that this is the most convenient arrangement. They know almost nothing of drunkenness; and what follows is, that everybody does something somewhere.

As the chief explained this to me, I saw his wife and Philip were laughing about something, and when the learned talk was done Philip made her tell me what it was. It was the story of one of their attempts to save time, which had not succeeded so well. Two or three enterprising fellows, in those arts which rank as the disagreeable necessities, went into partnership, offering to their customers the saving of time gained by getting through the minor miseries together. You sat in a chair to have your hair cut, and a dentist at the same time filled your teeth.* Then you were permitted at the same time to have any man up who wanted to read his poems to you, and you could hear them as you sat. While the dentist was rolling up the gold, they had a photograph man ready to take your likeness. Lois declared she would show me a likeness of her husband that was so savage she was sure it was taken there. But of course this was running the thing into the ground. It was only an exaggeration, and did not last after the novelty was gone.

I said they certainly had got the right men in the right places in administration, as far as I had seen, bowing to the Proxenus.

He parried the compliment by pretending to think I meant the railroad people, and said I was right there, that they had a very good staff in the transportation department.

I said that we had tried the experiment, in some cases, of placing idiots in charge of the minor railway stations, and to drive the little railway cabs or flies from such stations. He said he had observed this in America, but he should not think it would work well. I said the passengers generally knew what they wanted, — that we had an excellent class of men as train conductors, and that these idiots must be put somewhere. Yes, he said, but that you never could tell what station might be important; that I might depend upon it it was cheaper in the long run to have a man competent for the full conceivable duty of the place, even if we had to pay him something more.

* I believe a part of the plan was to have a chiropodist look at your feet; but at table they did not speak of that.

About eight o'clock, I bowed myself out. George walked home with me, and we had a cigar on the veranda. They raise their own tobacco, in some cross valleys they have running east and west, and the cigars are splendid, — real Vuelta d' Abajo, I should have thought them.

[The close of this day's entry has already been printed, Atlantic for July, p. 76.]

Saturday, Θαργηλιών, *8th Kal.* — A fine day. But I find one does not rise very early in the morning.

Spent the morning from nine to twelve with the Chief Justice in court. Business very prompt, very interesting, of which more at another time. I have full notes of all the cases, in the printed briefs which the Judge gave me. At twelve the court closed with absolute promptness. All their public offices of administration work four public hours, as they say. But an office where one calls for information — as the Post-Office, the Public Library, or any of the charities — is open night and day the century round. The Public Library has not been closed, they say, since Herodotus wrote there. They showed me his pen, and the place where he sat. This seems a little mythical. Of course the same people are not on duty. But they say there is no harm in changing clerks on duty. There can be no secrets then, no false accounts, no peculation, and no ruts. At all events, they say, that if a man chooses to go and read at three in the morning, he has a right to; and that the Post-Office is established for the convenience of the citizen, and not for that of the clerks, which certainly seems true.

The Chief Justice, at twelve, said he was at my service; and at my request he took me to the Public Library, where we spent a couple of hours, — of which at another time. We then called at his house, where we found his wife and daughters just entering their carriage. We did not leave his little wagon, but all drove off together. The object was again a bath, with a chowder and fish dinner at a little extemporized seashore place. The drive was charming, and the bath Elysium. The ladies bathed with us. I complimented Mrs. Lois, as I led her down into the surf, on their punctuality, — saying that they had not kept us waiting an instant. But she hardly understood me. "Why should we have kept you?" said she. "I had a despatch at noon from my husband, proposing that we should all start at two." And when I asked if they had been waiting, "Why should we have been waiting?" said she. "We all knew you were not to be at home before two." The Chief Justice laughed and said: "People are so used to punctuality here, that Lois, who is a homebody, hardly knows what you are talking about. The truth is, that, if she had kept you thirty seconds, while she went back for her gloves, she would have been afraid of ἁρπαγμός; and these girls, — why, if one of their watches had been a twenty-thousandth part of a second wrong when the ball fell at noon to-day, I should have had no peace till I had bought such a love of a diamond-mounted little repeater that there is at Archippus's." And he laughed at his joke heartily, and the girls said, "O papa!"

Girls and boys, men and women, all swim like fishes, — taught at a very early age. No scholar is permitted to go forward in any school after seven years of age, unless he can swim, just as we require vaccination. "If you mean to be at the charge of training them," said the Chief Justice, "it is a pity to have them drowned just when they are fit for anything." And so we had a brisk, jolly swim, and dressed, and went to old Strepsiades's little cabin, where were fish baked, fish broiled, fish cooked in every which way conceivable, hot from the coals, and we with the real sea appetite. We lounged round on the bluffs and shore for an hour or two, the girls sketched and botanized a little, and by another pretty drive we came home. I took a cup of tea with them, came back here to dress, and they then called for me and took me to a pretty dancing-party.

But I am too tired to write it out to-night. Χαῖρε.

Sunday, 7th Kal. Tharg. — We have a lovely morning. I have this pretty little note from the charming Kleone, asking me whether I will go to their little parish church or to the more grand cathedral service. Of course I have elected the parish church with them at eleven. Meanwhile, I seize this half-hour to fill out one or two gaps above.

I see I have said nothing about their going and coming. The sidewalks are all well laid; and I have thus far been nowhere, where, on one side of the way at least, there was not one in perfect order. But I can see that they are very much tempted not to walk; and I think they get their exercise more in rowing, swimming, riding, drill, and so on. This shows itself in the fine chests of boys and girls, men and women. Not only are the public conveyances admirable, and dog-cheap, — very rapid too, so that you feel as if you could hardly afford to walk, — but they have any number of little steam dog-carts, which run on the public rail, or, if necessary, on the hard Macadam road. The fuel is naphtha, or what we call petroleum; the engines are really high-pressure, but the discharge-pipe opens into a chamber kept very cold by freezing mixtures, which you can change at any inn. Philip, who told me about these things, says they are used, not so much as being better than horses, but as an economy for that immense class of people who keep no servants, do not choose to be slaves to a coachman, have no one to care for a horse, or indeed do not want the bother. This little steam wagon stands in a shed at the back of the house. Whoever fills the other lamps fills and trims the wicks of their burners. When you sit down to breakfast, you light the lamps. And when your breakfast is done, steam is up, and you can drive directly to your store or office. When you get there, it stands a month if you choose, and is a bill of expense to nobody. It gives the roads a very brisk look to see these little things spinning along everywhere.

The party, last night, was charming in the freshness and variety and ease of the whole thing. I hope the host and hostess enjoyed it as much as I did, and they seemed to. How queer the effect of this individuality is when you come to see it in costume! Of course the whole thing was Greek. You saw that, from the girls' faces down to the buckles of their slippers. But then the individual right, to which everything I have seen in Sybaris seems dedicated, appeared all through, and fairly made the whole seem like a fancy ball. If I thought of Gell's Greek costumes, it was only to think how he would have stared if anybody had told him that a hundred and fifty miles from Naples, would he only risk the cutting of his throat by brigands, he might see the thing illustrated so prettily. I danced with ——

Philip has come to take me to church.

[The substance of the diary for Sunday has been printed in the July Atlantic, pp. 79, 80.]

Father Thomas, as they all call him, took me home to his house to dinner. He had one of those little steam wagons which I have described, of which there were sixty-five standing in the grounds around the church. His wife and children went home in a large one. As soon as the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced, the sexton went round with a lantern and lighted their lamps, and while we stood round talking in the porch, the steam was got up, so that I suppose everybody was off in twenty minutes. Father Thomas said the talk then and there, in the church and in the porch, was one of the most satisfactory parts of the whole service, and was pleased when I quoted μὴ ἐγκαταλείποντες τὴν ἐπισυναγωγὴν ἑαυτῶν.* I said I had never heard the Greek of the Greek

* "Not forsaking the assembling ourselves together."

Testament read in service before. He said that the people all followed, with entire interest and understanding of it, though it is not as near their Greek as our Bible is to modern English, and probably never would be. For they regard their Greek as being better than the Attic Greek of Demosthenes's time, — and of course they will not cede an inch towards the Alexandrianisms of late centuries. "Indeed," said he, "the Academy and the Aristarchs are a deal too stiff about it. They are very hard on us theologues, and seem to me absurd." I said I had been a little dashed in my poor efforts both to speak and to write, instancing the Πλήρον of the horse-cars. He caught my idea at once, and said, "You would have said Πλήρες, of course. That is a perfectly fair illustration. Really there are men here who would send you to Coventry* for saying Πλήρες, just because that is the Greek of Demosthenes and the New Testament." "But," said I, "it is the Greek of Homer, Hesiod, and your own Herodotus." "It is," said he, "in the manuscripts which come down through Alexandrian copyists, and of course it is very good Greek. But what I mean is, there are plenty of sticklers here who would say that πλήρον was the older form; and they will show you manuscripts in the library which have it, I do not know how many million years old."

Father Thomas's house is one such as they say there are a great many of, which show their only concession to a community system. With all this intense individualism, one can see that Robert Owen would hang himself here. But Father Thomas says this arrangement works well, and is a great economy both in time and money. Four houses, each with its half-acre garden, standing near each other, there is built, just on the corner where the lots meet, a central house, — *μεσοικία*, they call it, — for the common purposes of the four. There is one kitchen, and they unite in hiring one cook, who gets up all the meals for the four several families in their own homes, according to their several directions. There is one large playroom for the children. I asked if there were one nurse; but he said, not generally, though families settled that as they chose. What he laid most stress on was one book-room or library for the four. And certainly this was a lovely room. There were four bookcases, — one on each side, — which held severally the books of the four families. All Father Thomas's were together. But, in the long run, it happened that none of them duplicated the other's books, so far as they kept them in this room. There would be but one Herodotus, one Dante, one Shakespeare, one French Dictionary, for the four. Then this room made a pleasant place of reunion among the families, without mutual invitation, and without the feeling that you might be boring the others. Indeed, I spent the evening there, — as will appear, if this narrative ever comes down to the evening.

In the afternoon I had a long walk with Father Thomas in his parish. We went first to one of the four cathedrals, where he had the three o'clock service. (There are seven services each Sunday in each cathedral, and a daily service on week-days.) The congregation was from all parts of the town and neighborhood, — many people attending there, he said, who never went to any of the parish churches. The different clergymen take these services in order. I should think there were four or five thousand persons here. The service lasted an hour, and he then took me from place to place with him, showing me, as he said, how people lived. And so I have had, in very short time, insight into a wider range of homes than I have ever had in Europe. Everywhere comfort, and the most curious illustrations of what comfort is.

Their system seems to give more definiteness to the work of the clergy and of the churches than ours does. Thus Father Thomas preaches regularly

* "To little Trœzene" is their proverb. I do not know what either proverb springs from.

in the church I was in this morning (*τῆς Ζωῆς αἰωνίου* is its name, — the Church of Life Eternal). There gather perhaps a hundred families, from all parts of the city and neighborhood. And, as I understand it, his relations to them are much like those of one of our Congregational ministers to his flock, — say Haliburton's to his in Cairo, or mine to my people when I was settled in Naguadavick. But this is rather a personal relation between him and these people, who have, so to speak, gravitated towards him. He preaches there usually once every Sunday, and, as I understand it, our practise of exchanging pulpits is wholly unknown. They would be as much surprised, on going into the "Church of Life Eternal," to find any minister but Father Thomas, as they would be, on going into court for the trial of a case, to find that the counsel they had engaged had made an "exchange" with some other man, who had come to plead in his place. As I have said, the service here seems to be regarded, at law at least, as a secondary part of the matter. This Church of Life Eternal is regarded as in a thousand ways responsible for a whole *νομός* or territorial district, in one corner of which, indeed, it stands. It is exactly like the theory of our territorial parish; but they do not use the word "parish," *παροικία*, or rather they use it for a different thing. Everybody in the nomos of "Life Eternal," numbering say four hundred families, is under the oversight, not so much of Father Thomas, as of all the committees, visitors, deacons, deaconesses, and people with names unknown to me, who are the workers of this church. "Under the oversight" means that this church would be disgraced if there were a typhus-fever district in this nomos, or if a family starved to death here, or if there were a drunken row. It would be considered that the church of the nomos was not doing the thing for which churches are established here.

Father Thomas reminded me that, in the newspaper reports of criminal trials, I always see, next the name of the offender, the name of his nomos, as "St. Paul's," "Old North," "South Congregational," "Disciples'," — "Life Eternal," said he, "if we had been so unlucky. But none of our people have been before the court for thirty-one years. In consequence," he said, "if such a misfortune did happen to us, I should not hear the last of it for a month. Every man I met in the street would stop me to sympathize with me; and I should know that people considered that we had made some bad mistake in our arrangements, if we should have a series of such things happen. Of course, we cannot help people's throwing themselves away. But it is supposed that, if Christianity means anything, it means that Jesus Christ came to take away the sins of the world; and this church is regarded as his representative, at least so far as that vulgar or concrete form of sin goes which men call crime."

I take it this arrangement by which a fixed organization is responsible in every locality for the prevention of poverty and the prevention of crime has a great deal to do with the curious insignificance of their criminal business in the courts.

I am terribly tired, but feel as if I understood them a little better than I did yesterday. Χαῖρε.

Monday 6th. — A busy day; but, warned by yesterday, I have not fagged myself out as I did then. Or, rather, I ought to say, I have taken their advice, instead of living in my own fashion. I am really becoming a Sybarite myself, and therefore sit down here at 9.30 at night, not dead knocked up by the day's work, as a Yankee would be, and as I was yesterday.

The programme was, breakfast with the boat-builder Pylades; then to go through the schools with Kleone, who takes a good deal of interest in them; to drive and bathe with Philip's people; to dine with the Angelides, — nice people whom I met at the party, Friday, — and with them go to their theatre, where their daughters were to act. All this is

over, and I am here at 9.30, as before said.

They make much account of breakfast parties. I noticed on Saturday, that the Chief Justice said he liked to see people before they had begun to go to sleep, and that most people did begin to go to sleep at noon. Here was, at eight o'clock in the morning, a charming party, just evenly divided between men and women, round a large, circular table, in a beautiful room opening on a veranda. The table blazed with flowers, and even with early fruit from the forcing-houses. I took out Kleone, but the talk was general.

[The greater part of this day's entry has already been printed. See July Atlantic, pp. 80, 81.]

Being so much with Kleone, — spending, indeed, an hour quietly at their house, after our school tramp, and before we went to bathe, — I got a chance to ask her about household administration. I did not know whether things did go as easily as they seemed, or whether, as with most households, when strangers are visiting for a time, they seemed to go easier than they did. But I think there cannot be much deception about it. Kleone is not in the least an actress, and she certainly wondered that I thought there could be so much difficulty. She finally took me out into her kitchen, pantry, and so on, and showed me the whole machine.

I do not understand it a great deal better than I did before. But here are a few central facts. First, no washing of clothes is done in any private house. For every thirty or forty families, there is one laundry, — λουτρόν they call it; and the people there send twice a week for the soiled linen, and return it clean at the end of forty-eight hours. Kleone said that these establishments were so small that she knew all the work-people at that near hers; and if she had any special directions to give, she ran in and told what she wanted. Of course they could have all the mechanism they wanted, — large mangles, steam-dryers, folding-machines, and so on. Next, I should think their public baking establishments must be better than ours. Kleone no more thought of making her own bread than my Polly thinks of making her own candles. "I can make it," said she, with a pretty air; "but what 's the good (τῷ καλῷ), when I know they do it as well as I?" For other provant, there is the universal *trattoria* system of all Italy, carried on with the neatness and care of individual right, not to say whim, which I find everywhere here.

I took care to ask specially about servants, and the ease or difficulty of finding and of training them. Here Kleone was puzzled. It was evident she had never thought of the matter at all, any more than she had thought of water-supply, or of who kept the streets clean. But, after a good deal of pumping and cross-questioning, I came at some notion of why this was all so easy. In the first place, there is not a very great amount of what we call menial service to be done in establishments where there are no stairs, no washing, no ironing, no baking, no moving, few lamps to fill, little dusting or sweeping (because all roads and streets here are watered), few errands, and little sickness. But Kleone did not in the least wink out of sight the fact that there was regular service to be done, and that it did not do itself. But, as she said, "as no girl goes to school between fourteen and eighteen, and no boy or girl ever goes to school more than half the time, — as no girl under eighteen or boy under twenty-one is permitted to work in the factories, or indeed anywhere, unless at home, — there is an immense force of young folks who must be doing something, and must be trained to do something. You see," said Kleone, "no girl is married before she is eighteen, and perhaps she may not be married before she is twenty-five. From these unmarried women, who are of age after they are eighteen, we may hire servants. And we may receive into our houses girls under that age, if only we exact no duties of them but those of home. Now, if you will think," said

she, "in any circle of a hundred people, — say in any family of brothers, sisters, and cousins, — there are enough young people to do all this work you ask about. All we have to do is to exchange a little. That pretty girl who let you in at the door is a cousin of my husband's, who is making a long three months' visit here, — glad to come, indeed, for it is a little quiet, I think, at Trœzene, where her people live. I do not pretend to be a notable housekeeper you know; but if I were, I should have any number of girls' mothers asking me if I would not have them here to stay, and they would do most of my dusting and bed-making for me. Elizabeth, whom I believe you have not seen, is the only person I hire, in the house. She will be married next year, but there are plenty more when she goes."

Speaking of Sophia's letting me in at the door, there is a pretty custom about door-bells. To save you from fumbling round of a dark evening, the bell-pulls are made from phosphorescent wood, or some of them of glass with a glow-worm on a leaf inside, so that you always see this little knob, and know where to put your hand.

The plays were as good and bright as they could be. The theatre is small, but large enough for ordinary voices and ordinary eyes. There are ever so many of them. Then the actors and actresses were these very people whom I have been meeting, or their children, or their friends. The Chief Justice himself took a little part this evening, and that pretty Lydia, his daughter, sang magnificently. She would be a *prima donna assoluta* over at Naples yonder. Father Thomas's daughter is a contralto. She does not sing so well. I do not suppose the Chief is often on the stage; but he was there to-night, just as he might be at a Christmas party in his own house. He said to me, as he walked home with me: "We are not going to let this thing slip into the hands of a lot of irresponsible people. As it stands, it brings the children pleasantly together; and they always have their entertainments where their fathers and mothers do."

A funny thing happened as we left the play. A sudden April shower had sprung up, and so we found the porches and passage-ways lined with close-stacked umbrellas; they looked like muskets in an armory. Every gentleman took one, and those of the ladies who needed. Angelides handed one to me. It proves that the city owns and provides the umbrellas. When I came to the inn, I put mine in the hall, and that was the last I shall see of it. But I have inquired, and it seems that, as soon as the rain is over, the agent for this district will come round in a wagon and collect them. If it rain any day when I am here, a waiter from the inn will run and fetch me one. I shall carry it till the rain is over, and then leave it anywhere I choose. The agent for that district will pick it up, and place it in the umbrella-stand for the nomos. In case of a sudden shower, as this to-night, it is, of course, their business to supply churches or theatres.

Tuesday, 5*th*. — Fine again. I have been with the boys a good deal to-day. They took me to one or two of the gymnasiums, to one of the swimming-schools, to the market for their nomos, and afterwards to an up-town market, to the picture-gallery, πινακοθήκη, and museum of yet another nomos, which they thought was finer than theirs, and to their own sculpture gallery.

[This entry has been copied already in the July Atlantic, pp. 78, 79.]

. . . . We bathed in the public bath for this nomos, which is not the same as George's. The boys took me home with them to dine, and George came round here this evening. We have had pleasant talk with some lemon and orange farmers from the country.

I have not said anywhere that their *acquajuoli* are everywhere in the streets; and a little acid in the water, with plenty of ice and snow, seems to take away the mania for wine or liquor, just as it does in Naples. The temperance

of Naples is due, not to the sour wine people talk of, for the laboring men do not drink that, but to the attractive provision made of other drinks. And it is very much so here. These *acqua-juoli* are just like those in Naples.

But here no street cuts another at right angles. There is always a curve at the corner, with a chord of a full hundred feet. This enables them to have narrower streets, — no street is more than fifty feet between the sidewalks, — and it gives pretty stands for the fruit-sellers and lemonade-sellers at the quadrants. There is iced water free everywhere, and delicious coffee almost free.

[See July Atlantic, p. 79, for the remainder of this entry.]

Wednesday, 4th. — As soon as breakfast was over, I went down to Pylades, the boat-builder. I own it, I am distressed to say that he is exactly in time, and the boat, to all purposes, is repaired. She is a much better boat than she ever was before. They know no such thing as a mechanic being an hour late in his performance of a contract. "The man does not know his business, if he cannot tell when he will be done," said Pylades to me. And when I asked what would have happened if his men had not finished this job in time, he shook his head and said, Ἁρπαγμός· I should have taken from a citizen what I could not restore, namely, the time you had to wait beyond my promise." I said it was very kind in him to count me as a citizen.

As to that, he said, ξενία, or the duties of hospitality, were even more sacred than those of citizenship; and he quoted the Greek proverb, which I had noticed on the city seal: Αἰσχύνη πόλεως πολίτῳ ἁμαρτία, — "The shame of the city is the fault of the citizen."

I cannot see that there is any sort of excuse for my loitering here longer than to-morrow. The paint will be dry and the stores (what a contrast to what I sailed with!) will be on board to-night. Among them all, I believe, they will sink her with oranges and cigars, sent as personal presents to me by my friends.

Andrew took me through some of the registration offices. They carry their statistics out to a charm; I could not but think how fascinated Dr. Jarvis would be. But they say, and truly enough, that nothing can be well done in administration unless you know the facts. Take railroads, for instance; if you know exactly how many people are going to come down town from a particular nomos, you can provide for them. But if you do not, they must trust to chance. They know here, and can show you, how many men they have who are twenty-three years and seven days old, or any other age; and every night, of course, they know what is the population of the country in every ward of the whole government.

By appointment, I met the Chief Justice as he adjourned the court, and we rode to the Pier for our last bath. Delicious surf!

I asked him about something which Kleone said, which had surprised me. She said no woman was married till she was eighteen, and that she might not be till she was twenty-five. I did not like to question her; but he tells me everything, and I asked him. He went into the whole history of the matter in his reply, and the system is certainly very curious.

He bade me remember the fundamental importance, as long ago as the laws of Charondas, of marriage in the state. "The unit, with us," he said, "is the 'one flesh,' the married man and women. We consider no unmarried man as more than a half, and so with women." Then he went on to say that they had formerly a hopeless imbroglio of suits, — breach of promise cases, divorce cases, cases of gossip, and so on, which had resulted in the present system; and, without quoting words, I will try to describe it. Kleone was right. No woman may marry before she is eighteen. They hold it as certain that, before she is twenty-five, she will have met her destiny. They say that, if no gossip, or

manœuvring, or misunderstanding intervene, it is certain that before she is twenty-five, in a simple state of society like this, which places no bar on the free companionship of men and women, the husband appointed for her in heaven will have seen her and made himself known to her. They say that there is no unfair compulsion to his free-will, if they intimate to him that he must do this within a certain time. If it happen that she do not find this man before that age, she must travel away from Sybaris for thirty years, or until she has married abroad. They regard this as exile, which these people, so used to a comfortable life, consider the most horrible of punishments. To tell the truth, I do not wonder. Practically, however, it appears that the punishment is never pronounced. More male children are born into the State than female. This alone indicates that the age of marriage for men must be somewhat higher than that of women. Their custom is, keeping the maximum age of men's marriage at thirty, for the Statistical Board to issue every three months a bulletin, stating what is the minimum age. Just now it is twenty-three years, one month, and eleven days. If a man does not choose to marry here when he is thirty, he spends thirty years in travel, looking for the wife he has not found at home. But, as I say of the women, practically no one goes.

I said that I thought this was a very stern statute, and that it interfered completely with the right of the individual citizen, which they pretend was at the bottom of their system. The Chief Justice said, in reply, that everybody said so. "L'Estrange said so to me in England," "and Kleber said so to me in Germany, and Chenowith said so to me in America, and Juarez said so to me in Bolivia. But the truth is, that it is absolutely certain that before a woman is twenty-five, and before a man is thirty, each of them has met his destiny or hers. If the two destinies do not run into one, it is because some infernal gossip, or misunderstanding, or ignorance, or other cause, — I care not what, — intervenes. Now," said he, "you know how hard we are on gossip, since Charondas's time. 'No talebearer shall live.' What is left is to see that sentiment, or modesty, or self-denial, or the other curse, as above, shall not intervene to defeat the will of Heaven. For in heaven this thing is done. I can assure you," said he, "that this calm, steady pressure of an expressed determination that people shall carry out their destiny, saves myriads of people from misunderstanding and misery; and that, in practice, no individual right is sacrificed. I know it," he added, after a moment, "for I am the person who must know it. It is not true that all marriages are made here by the Lord Chancellor, — as Dr. Johnson proposed. But it is true that I send into exile the people who will not marry. How many do you think I have exiled, now, in thirteen years?"

I guessed, for a guess' sake, five hundred.

"Not one," said the Chief Justice. "No, nor ever seemed to come near it but once. Every three months there is a special day set apart when the Statistical Board shall send me the lists. For a fortnight before the day, there are a great many marriages. When the day comes, I go, Colonel Ingham, into an empty court-room, and sit there for three hours. No officers of court are permitted to be present but myself. Once it happened that when I went in I found a fine young officer, a man whom I knew by sight, sitting there waiting his sentence. I bowed, but said nothing. I took my papers, and asked him if he would come in again at eleven. At half past ten came in a woman whom I had watched since she was a child, — one of those calm, even-balanced people, who are capable of blessing the world, but are so unselfish that they may be pushed one side into washing dishes for beggars. She had her veil down, but walked to the bench, and laid her card before me. I pointed her a seat, and went on with my writ-

ing. As the clock struck eleven, I asked her to excuse me for a moment, and I withdrew. I stayed in my private room an hour. I came back at noon, — and my lieutenant-colonel and my queenly Hebe were both gone. It was the victory of a young love. He had worshipped her since they were at school together, and she him. But some tattling aunt — she died just in time to save herself from the galleys — put in some spoke or other, I know not what, that blocked their wheels; she had calmly said "No" to a hundred men, and he had passed like a blind, deaf man among a thousand women. Both of them were ready to go into exile, rather than surrender the true loyalty of youth. But I had the wit to leave them to each other. They were married that afternoon, and all is well!"

And to-morrow night I shall be jotting my entries here as the sea pitches me up and down in the gulf. When shall I see all these nice friends again? I feel as if I had known them since we were born. I cannot yet analyze the charm. I believe I do not want to. They certainly do not pretend to be saints. They have rather the complete self-respect of people who do not think of themselves at all. The state cares for the citizen, and for nothing else. There is no thought of conquest; nay, they court separation from the world outside. But, on the other hand, the citizen cares for the state, — seems to see that he is lost if this majestic administration is not watching over him and defending him. Because the law guards their individual rights, even their individual caprices, there is certainly less tyranny of Mrs. Grundy and of fashion. But yet I never lived among people who had so little to say about their own success, — about "I said," "I told him," or "my way," or "I told my wife."

When I spoke to the chief one day of their homage to individual right, he said they made the citizen strong because they would make the state strong, and made the state strong that it might make the citizen strong. I quoted Fichte: "The human race is the individual, of which men and women are the separate members." "Fichte got it out of Paul," said he. "If you mean to have a sound mind in a sound body, you must have a sound little finger and a clear eye. But you will not have a clear eye, or a sound little finger, unless you have a sound mind in a sound body. Colonel Ingham, Love is the whole!"

It has been a pretty bleak evening. I have been running round with George to say good by. Kleone asked me, so prettily, when I would come with Μαριάδιον. It was half a minute before I reflected that Μαριάδιον is Greek for Polly!

Thursday, 3*d* Θαργηλ. — At the boat at 8.30. The old man was there without the boys.

[See July Atlantic, p. 84.]

Wind N. N. W., strong. I have been pretty blue all day. And the old man is too. It is just 7.30 P. M. The lights of the Castle of Otranto are in sight, and I shall turn in. Χαῖρε.

THE VICTIM.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
"The Gods are moved against the land."
The priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whitened all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the priesthood moaned:
Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
"The king is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

III.

The priest went out by heath and hill;
The king was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the priest.
The priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy."

IV.

The king returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, "They have taken the child,
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your nearest?
Is *he* your dearest?
(Answer, O answer)
Or I, the wife?"

V.

The king bent low, with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the priest has judged for me."
The king was shaken with holy fear;
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the priest was happy,
His victim won.
"We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son!"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake the wife,
And shrieking, "*I* am his dearest, I —
I am his dearest!" rushed on the knife.
And the priest was happy,
"O, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The Gods have answered:
We give them the wife!"

Alfred Tennyson.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MASSINGER, AND FORD.

WE have seen, in what has been already said of the intellectual habits of the Elizabethan dramatists, that it was a common practice for two, three, four, and sometimes five writers to co-operate in the production of one play. Thus Dekkar and Webster were partners in writing "Northward Ho!" and "Westward Ho!" Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, in writing "Eastward Ho!" Drayton, Middleton, Dekkar, Webster, and Munday, in writing "The Two Harpies." These unions were evidently sometimes formed, as in the case of Webster and Dekkar, from a mutual belief that the sombre mind of the one was unsuited to the treatment of certain scenes and characters which were exactly in harmony with the sunny genius of the other; but they were doubtless often brought about by the demand of theatre managers for a new play at a short notice, in which case the dramatist who had the job hurriedly sketched the plan, and then applied to his brother playwrights to take stock in the enterprise, payable in daily or weekly instalments of mirth or passion. But there were two writers of the period, twins in genius, and bound together by more than brotherly affection, whose literary union was so much closer than the occasional combinations of other dramatists, that it is now difficult to dissociate, in the public mind, Francis Beaumont from John Fletcher, or even to change the order of their names, though it can easily be proved that the firm of Beaumont and Fletcher owes by far the greater portion of its capital to the teeming brain of the second partner.

The materials for their biography are scanty. Beaumont was the son of a judge, was born about the year 1586, resided a short period at Oxford, but left without taking a degree, and, at the age of fifteen, was entered a member of the Inner Temple. Fletcher, the son of the "courtly and comely" Bishop Fletcher, was born in December, 1579, and was educated at Cambridge, but seems to have been designed for no profession. At what time and under what circumstances the poets met we have no record. The probability is, that, as both were esteemed by Ben Jonson, he it was who brought them together. It is more than probable that Fletcher, the elder of the two, had written for the theatres before his acquaintance with Beaumont began; and that in "The Woman-Hater" and "Thierry and Theodoret" he had proved his ability both as a comic and tragic dramatist before Beaumont had thought of dramatic composition. When they did meet, they found, in Aubrey's words, a "wonderful consimility of phansy" between them, which resulted in an exceeding "dearnesse of friendship"; and the old antiquary adds: "They lived together on the Banke side, not far from the playhouse, both bachelors, lay together," and "had the same cloths and cloak" between them. Their first joint composition was the tragi-comedy of "Philaster," produced about the year 1608; and we may suppose that this community of goods as well as thoughts continued until 1613, when Beaumont was married, and that the friendship was unbroken in 1616, when Beaumont died. Fletcher lived until August, 1625, at which time he was suddenly cut off by the plague, in his forty-sixth year.

In regard to the question as to Beaumont's share in the authorship of the fifty-two plays which go under the name of Beaumont and Fletcher, let us first quote the indignant doggerel which Sir Aston Cokaine addressed to the publisher of the first edition, in 1647:—

> "Beaumont of those many writ in few;
> And Massinger in other few: the main
> Being sole issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
> But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
> Fletcher's chief bosom-friend informed me so."

This gives us no information touching

the special plays which Beaumont assisted in producing. None of them were published as joint productions during his life, and only three during the nine or ten years that Fletcher survived him. Of the fifty-two dramas in the collection, fifty were written in the eighteen years which elapsed between 1607 and 1625. During the first years of their partnership neither seemed to be dependent on the stage for support; and it is almost certain that Beaumont's income continued to be adequate to his wants, and that his pen was never spurred into action by poverty. The result was that the earlier dramas were composed more slowly and carefully than the later. A year elapsed between the production of their first play, "Philaster," in 1608, and "The Maid's Tragedy," in 1609. In 1610 Fletcher alone brought out "The Faithful Shepherdess." In 1611, "A King and No King" and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" were acted. These five dramas, one exclusively by Fletcher, the other joint productions, are commonly ranked as their best works, and are considered to include all the capacities of their genius. If we suppose that after 1611 they wrote two plays a year, we have fifteen as the number produced up to the period of Beaumont's death, leaving thirty-five which were written by Fletcher alone in nine years. We do not think that Beaumont's hand can be traced in more than fifteen of the plays, or that it is predominant in more than six.

With individual differences as to mind and temperament, these dramatists had some general characteristics in common. They agreed in being tainted with the fashionable slavishness and fashionable immorality of the court of James. They believed in the divine right of kings as piously as any bishop, and they violated all the decencies of life as recklessly as any courtier. The impurity of Beaumont, however, seems the result of elaborate thinking, that of Fletcher the running over of heedless animal spirits. They agreed also in certain leading dramatic conceptions and types of character; and they agreed, in regard to the morality of their plays, in subordinating their consciences to their audiences. But the mind of Beaumont was as slow, solid, and painstaking as his associate's was rapid, mercurial, and inventive. The tradition runs that his chief business was to correct the overflowings of Fletcher's fancy, and hold its volatile creativeness in check. Everybody of that age commended his judgment, and even Ben Jonson is said to have consulted him in regard to his plots. The plays in which he had a main hand exhibit a firmer hold upon character, a more orderly disposition of the incidents, and greater symmetry in the construction, than the others. The verse is also simpler, sweeter, more voluble, with few of the double and triple endings and harsh pauses of Fletcher's. Take, for example, the passage in which Philaster recounts his meeting with Bellario: —

> "Hunting the buck,
> I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
> Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
> And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
> A garland lay him by, made by himself
> Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
> Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
> Delighted me; but ever when he turned
> His tender eyes upon 'em he would weep,
> As if he meant to make 'em grow again."

Now contrast this with a characteristic passage from Fletcher: —

> "All shall be right again; and, as a pine,
> Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
> Jointed again, and made a mast, defies
> Those raging winds that split him; so will I
> Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
> Steer through these swelling dangers, plough their prides up,
> And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests."

Beaumont also, though his general temperament was not so poetical as his partner's, had a thin vein of poetry in him, which was superior in quality and depth to Fletcher's, though sooner exhausted. Beaumont, we think it was, who conceived that beautiful type of womanhood of which Bellario in "Philaster," Panthea in "A King and No King," and Viola in "The Coxcomb," are perhaps the most exquisite

embodiments, and which also appears, somewhat dissolved in sentimentality, in Aspasia in "The Maid's Tragedy." It is true that Shakespeare had already represented this type of character with even more force and purity in his Viola; but still Beaumont's mind appears to have penetrated to its ideal sources, and not to have copied it from his greater contemporary. Beaumont could only repeat it under other names, after its first embodiment in Bellario; but it was too delicate and elusive for Fletcher even to repeat, and it never appears in the dramas he wrote after Beaumont's death. Fletcher has given us many examples of womanly virtue, devotion, and heroism; but he had a bad trick of disconnecting virtue from modesty, and the talk of his best and noblest women is often such as would scare womankind from any theatre of the present day. Beaumont alone could combine feminine innocence with feminine virtue, the most ethereal softness and sweetness with martyr-like heroism, knowledge of good with ignorance of evil, and invest the whole representation with a visionary charm, so that it affects us as Panthea did Arbaces: —

> "She is not fair
> Nor beautiful; these words express her not:
> They say her looks have something excellent,
> That wants a name."

Fletcher could not, we think, have written Bellario's account of her love for Philaster, as it runs in Beaumont's limpid verse: —

> "My father oft would speak
> Your worth and virtue; and as I did grow
> More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
> To see the man so praised. But yet all this
> Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
> As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
> Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
> I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates;
> My blood flew out and back again, as fast
> As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
> Like breath; then was I called away in haste
> To entertain you. Never was a man,
> Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
> So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
> Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
> From you forever; I did hear you talk,
> Far above singing. After you were gone,
> I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
> What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!"

With this superior fineness of perception, Beaumont also excelled his associate in solid humor. The chief proof of this is to be found in his delineations, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," of the London citizen and his wife. These have a geniality, richness, and raciness, a closeness to nature and to fact, unexcelled by any contemporary pictures of Elizabethan manners and character, not excepting even Ben Jonson's. A more extravagant, but hardly less delicious, example of Beaumont's humor is his character of Bessus, in "A King and No King," —a braggart whose cowardice is sustained by assurance so indomitable as to wear the aspect of courage; one who is too base to feel insult, who cannot be kicked out of his chirping self-esteem, but presents as cheerful a countenance to infamy as to honor.

After, however, awarding to Beaumont all that he can properly claim, he must still be placed below Fletcher, not merely in fertility, but in force and variety of genius. Of Fletcher, indeed, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea, without running into some of his own extravagance, and without quoting passages which would shock all modern notions of decency. He most assuredly was not a great man nor a great poet. He lacked seriousness, depth, purpose, principle, imaginative closeness of conception, imaginative condensation of expression. He saw everything at one remove from its soul and essence, and must be ranked with poets of the second class. But no other poet ever had such furious animal spirits, a keener sense of enjoyment, a more perfect abandonment to whatever was uppermost in his mind at the moment. There was no bar in his rakish and dissolute nature. Everything in him — wit, humor, fancy, appetite, sentiment, passion, knowledge of life, knowledge of books, all his good and all his bad thoughts — met no impediment of taste or principle in their rush into expression. His eyes flash, his cheeks glow, as he writes. His air is hurried and eager; the blood

that tingles and throbs in his veins flushes his words; and will and judgment, taken captive, follow with reluctant steps and half-averted faces the perilous lead of the passions they should direct. As there was no reserve in him, there was no reserved power. Rich as were the elements of his nature, they were never thoroughly organized in intellectual character; and as no presiding personality regulated the activity of his mind, he seems hardly to be morally responsible for the excesses into which he was impelled. Composition, indeed, sets his brain in a whirl. He sometimes writes as if inspired by a satyr; he sometimes writes as if inspired by a seraph; but neither satyr nor seraph had any hold on his individuality, and neither could put fetters on his caprice. There is the same gusto in his indecencies as in his refinements. Though an Englishman, he has no morality, except that morality which is connected with generous instincts, or which is awakened by the sense of beauty. Though the son of a bishop, he had no religion, except that religion which consists in an alternate worship of Venus, Bacchus, and Mars. An incurable mental and moral levity is the characteristic of his writings, — a levity which has its source in an intoxication of the soul through an excess of feeling and sensation, and which makes him moral or immoral, sentimental or sensual, according to the impulse or temptation of the moment.

This giddiness of soul, in which decorum is ignored rather than denied, is most brilliantly and buoyantly exhibited in his comedies. In "The Chances," "The Spanish Curate," "The Custom of the Country," "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," "The Wild-Goose Chase," and especially in "Monsieur Thomas" and "The Little French Lawyer," we see the comic muse emancipated from all restraint, loose, free-spoken, sportive, sparkling, — indeed almost madly merry. It is not so much any quotable specimens of wit and humor as it is the all-animating spirit of frolic and mischief, which gives to these comedies their droll, equivocal power to please. In Fletcher's serious plays the same levity is displayed in pushing sentiment and passion altogether beyond the bounds of character; and the volatile fancy which, in his comedy, riots in fun, in his tragedy riots in blood. What lifts both into a poetic region is the tone of romantic heroism by which they are almost equally characterized. His coxcombs and profligates, as well as his conquerors and heroes, are all intrepid. They do not rate their lives at a pin's fee, — the first in comparison with the gratification of a passing desire or caprice; the second, in comparison with glory and honor. The peculiar life, indeed, of Fletcher's characters consists in their being careless of life. Wholly absorbed in the feeling or object of the instant, their action is ecstatic action, and flashes on us in a succession of poetic surprises. This is the great charm of Fletcher's plays; this gilds their grossness, and has kept them alive. You find it in his Monsieur Thomas as well as in his Cæsar. All the comic characters profess a sportive contempt for consequences, and startle us with unexpected audacities. Fear of disease, danger, or death never dissuades them from the rollicking action or expression of eccentricity and vice. Their concern is only for the free, wild, reckless whim of the moment. Thus, in the play of "The Sea Voyage," Julietta, enraged at the jeers of Tibalt and the master of the ship, exclaims:—

> "Why, slaves, 't is in our power to hang ye!"

"Very likely," retorts the jovial Master, —

> "'T is in our powers then to be hanged, and scorn ye!"

This heroism of the blood, when it passes from an instinct into some semblance of a principle, adopts the chivalrous guise of honor. Honor, in Fletcher's ethical code, is the only possible and admissible restraint on appetite and passion. Thus in the drama of "The Captain," Julio, infatuated with the wicked Lelia, thinks of marrying her;

and confesses to his friend Angelo that her bewitching and bewildering beauty has entirely mastered him. When she speaks, he says :—

"Then music
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts
Lay by their rages ; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder ; and the sea, whose surges
Shook their white heads in heaven, to be as midnight
Still and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she pleases !"

Angelo admits the temptation ; says he would be willing himself to sacrifice all his possessions, even his soul, to obtain her ; but then adds : —

"Yet methinks we should not dole away
That that is something more than ours, our honors ;
I would not have thee marry her by no means."

Again : Curio, in "Love's Cure," when threatened by his mistress with the loss of her affection if he fights with her brother, replies that he would willingly give his life, "rip every vein," to please her, yet still insists on his purpose : —

"Life is but a word, a shadow, a melting dream
Compared with essential and eternal honor."

In the plays of "The Mad Lover," "The Loyal Subject," "Bonduca," and "The False One," Fletcher attempts to portray this heroic element, not as a mere flash of courageous inspiration, but as a solid element of character. He strains his mind to the utmost, but the strain is too apparent. There is no calm, strong grasp of the theme. His heroes are generally too fond of vaunting themselves, too declamatory, too screechy, too much like embodied speeches. In his own words, they carry "a drum in their mouths" ; and what they say of themselves would more properly and naturally come from others. Thus Memnon, in "The Mad Lover," tells his prince, in apology for his roughness of behavior : —

"I know no court but martial,
No oily language but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death ; no lofty measures
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
Larums at midnight Valor's self would shake at ;
Yet I ne'er shrunk. Balls of consuming wildfire,
That licked men up like lightning, have I laughed at,
And tossed 'em back again, like children's trifles.
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I have marched like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand waiting,
Death at my right, Fortune my forlorn hope :
When I have grappled with Destruction,
And tugged with pale-faced Ruin, Night, and Mischief
Frighted to see a new day break in blood."

This is talk on stilts ; but it is still resounding talk, full of ardor and the impatient consciousness of personal prowess. In the characterization of Cæsar in "The False One," the same feeling of individual supremacy is combined with a haughtier self-possession, as befits a mightier and more imperial soul. We feel, throughout this play, that there is power in the mere presence of Cæsar, and that his words derive their force from his character. The very minds and hearts of the Egyptians crouch before him. He sways by disdaining them ; even his clemency is allied to scorn. "You have found," he says, —

"You have found me merciful in arguing with ye ;
Swords, hungers, fires, destruction of all natures,
Demolishment of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators."

When they bring him the head of Pompey, whom they have slain for the purpose of propitiating him, his contempt for them breaks out in a noble tribute to his great enemy : —

"Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him ? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness ;
To which I leave him."

When he is besieged in the palace by the whole Egyptian army, he prepares, with his few followers, to cut his way to his ships. Septimius, a wretch who has been false to all parties, offers to show him safe means both of vengeance and escape. Cæsar's reply is one of the finest things in Fletcher : —

"Cæsar scorns
To find his safety or revenge his wrongs
So base a way ; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor ! I have towered
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not digged for't like a mole. Our swords and cause

Make way for us ; and that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers that would merit Cæsar's favor
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this sword makes for you."

But perhaps the play in which the heroic and martial spirit is most dominant is the tragedy of "Bonduca"; and the address of Suetonius, the Roman general, to his troops, as they prepare to close in battle with the Britons, is in Fletcher's noblest vein of manliness and imagination : —

"And, gentlemen, to you now :
To bid you fight is needless ; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself.
. . . .
Go on in full assurance : draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice ;
The gods of Rome fight for ye ; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the under-world, all nations, the seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells ;
Wakens the ruined monuments ; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say ; valiant and wise rule heaven,
And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name ; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valors
You 'll find him fly to nothing. This is all.
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valors : fight and conquer !"

The maxim here laid down, that "Valiant and wise rule heaven," is much better or worse than Napoleon's, that "Providence is always on the side of the heaviest columns."

It might be supposed that the extreme susceptibility of Fletcher, the openness of his nature to all impressions, ludicrous, romantic, heroic, or indecent, would have made him a great delineator of the varieties of life and character. But the truth is, it made him versatile without making him universal. He wrote a greater number of plays than Shakespeare, and he has between five and six hundred names of characters ; but two or three plays of Shakespeare cover a wider extent of human life than all of Fletcher's. To compare them is like comparing a planet with a comet, — a comet whose nucleus is only a few hundred miles in diameter, though its nebulous appendage flames millions of leagues behind. Fletcher's susceptibility to the surfaces of things was almost unlimited ; his vital sympathy and inward vision were confined to a few kinds of character and a few aspects of life. His variety is not variety of character, but variety of incident and circumstance. He contrives rather than creates ; and his contrivances, ingenious and exhilarating as they are, cannot hide his constant repetition of a few types of human nature. These types he conceived by a process essentially different from Shakespeare's. Shakespeare individualized classes ; Fletcher generalized individuals. One of Shakespeare's characters includes a whole body of persons ; one of Fletcher's is simply an idealized individual, and that often an exceptional individual. This individual, repeated in play after play, never covers so large a portion of humanity as Shakespeare's individualized class, which he disdains to repeat. But, more than this, the very faculties of Fletcher, his wit, humor, understanding, fancy, imagination, though we call them by the same words we use in naming Shakespeare's, stand for different things. Shakespeare was a great and comprehensive man, whose faculties all partook of his general greatness. The man Fletcher was so much smaller and narrower, and the materials on which his faculties worked so much more limited, that we are fooled by words if, following the example of his contemporaries, we place any one of his qualities or faculties above or on a level with Shakespeare's.

Keeping, then, in view the fact that the man is the measure of the poet, let us glance for a moment at Fletcher's poetic faculty as distinguished from his dramatic.

As a poet he is best judged, perhaps, by his pastoral tragi-comedy of "The Faithful Shepherdess," the most elaborate and one of the earliest of his works. It failed on the stage, being, in his own phrase, "hissed to ashes"; but the merits, which the many-headed monster of the pit could not discern, so enchanted Milton that they were vividly in his

memory when he wrote "Comus." The melody, the romantic sweetness of fancy, the luxuriant and luxurious descriptions of nature, and the true lyric inspiration, of large portions of this drama, are not more striking than the deliberate desecration of its beauty by the introduction of impure sentiments and images. The hoof-prints of unclean beasts are visible all over Fletcher's pastoral paradise; and they are there by design. Why they are there is a question which can be answered only by pointing out the primal defect of Fletcher's mind, which was an incapacity to conceive or represent goodness and innocence except as the ideal opposites of evil and depravity. He took depravity as the positive fact of life, and then framed from fancy a kind of goodness out of its negation. The result is, that, in the case of "The Faithful Shepherdess,' Chloe and the Sullen Shepherd, the depraved characters of the play, are the most natural and lifelike, while there is a sickliness and unreality in the very virtue of Amoret. It is not, therefore, as some critics suppose, the mere admission of vicious characters into the play that gives it its taint. Milton, whose conceptions both of good and evil were positive, and who represented them in their right spiritual relations, entirely avoided this error in "Comus," while he availed himself of much in "The Faithful Shepherdess" that is excellent. In "Comus" it is virtue which seems most real and permanent, and the vice and wickedness represented in it do not mar the general impression of moral beauty left by the whole poem. But Fletcher, having no positive imaginative conception of the good, and feeling for depravity neither mental nor moral disgust, reverses this order. His vice is robust and prominent; his virtue is vague, characterless, and fantastic; and though his play has a formal moral, it has an essential impurity.

But if the general effect of the pastoral is not beautiful, none can deny its beauty in parts, especially in the lyrical portions. What Milton condescended to copy everybody must be delighted to applaud. But not merely in "The Faithful Shepherdess" is this lyric genius displayed. Scattered over all his plays are exquisite songs and short poems, representing every variety of the poet's mood, and each perfect of its kind. As an example of the softness, sweetness, and melody of these we will quote the hymn to Venus from "The Mad Lover": —

> "O divinest star of heaven,
> Thou, in power above the seven;
> Thou, sweet kindler of desires,
> Till they grow to mutual fires;
> Thou, O gentle queen, that art
> Curer of each wounded heart;
> Thou, the fuel and the flame;
> Thou, in heaven, here, the same;
> Thou, the wooer and the wooed;
> Thou, the hunger and the food;
> Thou, the prayer and the prayed;
> Thou, what is or shall be said;
> Thou, still young and golden tresséd,
> Make me by thy answer blesséd!

Fletcher died in 1625, and the dramatist who succeeded him in popular esteem was a less fiery and ebullient spirit, PHILIP MASSINGER. Massinger, the son of a gentleman in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, was born in 1584, was educated at Oxford, left the University without taking a degree, and about the year 1606 went to London to seek his fortune as a dramatist. Here he worked obscurely for some sixteen years; the only thing we know about him being this, that in 1614, in connection with Field and Daborne, he was a suppliant to old Manager Henslowe for five pounds, to relieve him and them from the most pinching pecuniary distress. In 1622 "The Virgin Martyr," a play written in connection with Dekkar, was published, and from this period to his death, in 1640, his most celebrated dramas were produced. He wrote thirty-seven plays, twenty of which have perished. Eleven of them, in manuscript, were in the possession of a Mr. Warburton, whose cook, desirous of saving what she considered better paper, used them in the kindling of fires and the basting of turkeys; and would doubtless have treated the manuscript of the "Faery Queene" and the "Novum Organum"

in the same way, had Providence seen fit to commit them to her master's custody.

Massinger's life seems to have been one long struggle with want. The price for a play in his time varied from ten to twenty pounds; if published, the copyright brought from six to ten pounds more; and the dedication fee was forty shillings. The income of a successful dramatist, who wrote two or three plays a year, was about fifty pounds, equivalent to some twelve hundred dollars at the present time. But it is doubtful if even Fletcher could count on so large an income as this, as some of his plays failed in representation, great master of theatrical effect as he undoubtedly was. Massinger was always poor, and, by his own admission in one of his dedications, depended at times on the casual charity of patrons. When poverty was not present, it seems to have been always in prospect. He had a morbid vision of approaching calamities, as —

> "Creeping billows
> Not got to shore yet."

It is difficult to determine how far his popular principles in politics interfered with his success at the theatre. Fletcher's slavish political doctrines were perfectly suited to the court of James and Charles. We are, says one of his characters, —

> "We are but subjects, Maximus. Obedience
> To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
> Is all we can call ours."

Massinger, on the contrary, was as strong a Liberal as Hampden or Pym. The political and social abuses of his time found in him an uncompromising satirist. Oppression in every form, whether of the poor by the rich or the subject by the king, provoked his amiable nature into unwonted passion. In his plays he frequently violates the keeping of character, in order to intrude his own manly political sentiments and ideas. There are allusions in his dramas which, if they were taken by the audience, must have raised a storm of mingled applause and hisses. Though more liberty seems to have been allowed to playwrights than to members of Parliament, Massinger sometimes found it difficult to get his plays licensed. In 1631 the Master of the Revels refused to license one of his pieces, on the ground that it contained "dangerous matter"; and the dramatist had to pay the fee, while he lost all the results of his labor. In 1638, in the height of the dispute about ship-money, he wrote a drama, now lost, called "The King and the Subject." On looking it over, the Master of the Revels was horrified to come upon the following passage: —

> "Moneys? we 'll raise supplies which way we please,
> And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
> We 'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
> In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
> But what their swords did ratify; the wives
> And daughters of the senators bowing to
> Their wills as deities."

The play was shown to King Charles, and he, marking the obnoxious passage, wrote with his own hand: "This is too insolent, and to be changed." It is, however, to be mentioned to his honor, that he allowed the piece to be acted after the daring lines had been expunged.

Massinger's spirit, though sufficiently independent and self-respectful, was as modest as Addison's. He chid his friends when they placed him as a dramatist by the side of Beaumont and Fletcher. All the commendatory poems prefixed to his plays evince affection for the man as well as admiration for the genius. But there is a strange absence of distinct memorials of his career; and his death and burial were in harmony with the loneliness of his life. We are told that, on the 16th of March, 1640, he went to bed, seemingly in good health, and was found dead in the morning. In the parish register of the Church of St. Saviour's, under the date of March 20, we read: "Buried, Philip Massinger, a stranger." No stone indicates where in the churchyard he was laid. "His sepulchre," says Hartley Coleridge, "was like his life, obscure; like the nightingale he sung darkling, — it is to be feared like the nightingale of the fable, with his breast against a thorn."

Massinger possessed a large though not especially poetic mind, and a temperament equable rather than energetic. He lacked strong passions, vivid conceptions, creative imagination. In reading him we feel that the exulting, vigorous life of the drama of the age has begun to decay. But though he has been excelled by obscurer writers in special qualities of genius, he still attaches us by the harmony of his powers, and the uniformity of his excellence. The plot, style, and characters of one of his dramas, all conduce to a common interest. His plays, indeed, are novels in dialogue. They rarely thrill, startle, or kindle us, but, as Lamb says, "are read with composure and placid delight." "The Bondman," "The Picture," "The Bashful Lover," "The Renegado," "A Very Woman," "The Emperor of the East," fasten our interest as stories. "The Duke of Milan," "The Unnatural Combat," and "The Fatal Dowry" are his nearest approaches to the representation of passion, as distinguished from its description. The leading characters in "The City Madam" and "A New Way to pay Old Debts" are delineated with more than common power, for they are embodiments expressing the author's hatred as well as his genius. Massinger's life was such as to make him look with little favor on the creditor portion of the British people; and when creditors were also oppressors, he was roused to a pitch of indignation which inspired his conceptions of Luke and Sir Giles Overreach.

Massinger's style, though it does not evince a single great quality of the poet, has always charmed English readers for its dignity, flexibility, elegance, clearness, and ease. His metre and rhythm Coleridge pronounces incomparably good. Still his verse, with all its merits, is smooth rather than melodious; the thoughts are not born in music, but mechanically set to a tune; and even its majestic flow is frequently purchased at the expense of dramatic closeness to character and passion.

Though there is nothing in Massinger's plays, as there is in Fletcher's, indicating profligacy of mind and morals, they are even coarser in scenes; for as Massinger had none of Fletcher's wit and humor, he made his low and inferior characters, whether men or women, little better than beasts. As even his serious personages use words and allusions which are now banished from all respectable books, we must suppose that decorum, as we understand it, was almost unknown in the time of James and Charles. Thus "The Guardian," one of the most mellifluous in diction and licentious in incident of all Massinger's works, was acted at the court of Charles I., and acted, too, by order of the king on *Sunday*, January 12, 1633. This coarseness is a deplorable blot on Massinger's plays; but that it is to be referred to the manners of his time, and not to his own immorality, is proved from the fact that his vital sympathies were for virtue and justice, and that his genius never displayed itself in the depravities he aimed to represent. As a man he seems to have had not merely elevated sentiments, but strong religious feelings. If his unimpassioned spirit ever rose to fervor, the fervor was moral; his best things are ethically, as well as poetically, the best; and in reading him we often find passages like the following, which leap up from the prosaic level of his diction as by an impulse of ecstasy:—

"When good men pursue
The path marked out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits.

. . . . . .

"Honor is
Virtue's allowed ascent; honor, that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms, that craves
No more respect than what she gives, that does
Nothing but what she 'll suffer.

. . . . . .

"As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue winged with brave action: they draw near
The nature and the essence of the gods
Who imitate their goodness.

. . . . . .

"By these blessed feet
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,

By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure you
With pity to look on me."

We now come to a very different dramatist, JOHN FORD, whose genius and personal appearance are shrewdly indicated in a ragged couplet from a contemporary satire :—

"Deep in a dump, John Ford by himself sat,
With folded arms and melancholy hat."

In that somewhat dainty mental loneliness, and under that melancholy hat, the mind of the poet was absorbed in the intensest meditation of the ideal possibilities of grief and guilt, and the strange aberrations of the passions. Massinger has little sway over the heart ; but Ford was not merely the poet of the heart, but of the broken heart, — the heart bending under burdens, or torn by emotions, almost too great for mortality to bear. In reading his tragedies, as in reading Webster's, we are fretfully conscious of being shut up in the sultry atmosphere of one morbid mind, deprived of all companionship with healthy nature and genial human life, and forced into a shuddering or sickly sympathy with the extremes of crime and suffering. But the power of Webster lies in terror ; the power of Ford, in tenderness. Out of his peculiar walk, Ford is the feeblest of finical fine writers. His attempts at liveliness and humor excite, not laughter, but rather a dismal feeling of pitying contempt. His great gift is displayed only in the tragedies of "The Broken Heart," in "'T is Pity," and in two or three thrilling scenes of the tragedy of "Love's Sacrifice." In "The Broken Heart," the noblest of his works, our sympathies are on the whole rightly directed ; and the death of Calantha, after enduring the most soul-crushing calamities, concealed from others under a show of mirth, is exquisitely pathetic :—

"O my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced forward" ;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
. . . . . .
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart strings ;
Let me die smiling."

Of another of Ford's tragedies, which can hardly be named here, Campbell justly remarks : "Better that poetry should cease to exist, than have to do with such subjects." But it is characteristic of Ford, that his power and tenderness are never so great as in their worst perversions. Without any austerity of soul, diseased in his sympathies, a sentimentalist rather than a man of sentiment, he brooded over guilt until all sense of its wickedness was lost in a morbid pity for its afflictions, and the tears he compels us to shed are rarely the tears of honest and manly feeling.

Ford died, or disappeared, about the year 1640, and with him died the last original dramatist of the Elizabethan age ; for Shirley, though his plays fill six thick volumes, was but a faint echo of Fletcher. Thus, in a short period of fifty years, from 1590 to 1640, we have the names of thirteen dramatists, varying in power and variety of power and perversion of power, but each individual in his genius, and one the greatest genius of the world, — the names of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Middleton, Marston, Dekkar, Webster, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford. Though little is known of their lives, it is through them we learn the life of their time, the manners, customs, character, the ideas, habits, sentiments, and passions, the form and the spirit, of the Elizabethan age. And they are all intensely and audaciously human. Taking them in the mass, they have much to offend our artistic and shock our moral sense ; but still the dramatic literature of the world would be searched in vain for another instance of so broad and bold a representation of the varieties of human nature, — one in which the conventional restraints both on depravity and excellence are so resolutely set aside, — one in which the many-charactered soul of man is so vividly depicted, in its weakness and in its strength, in its mirth and in its passion, in the appetites which sink it below the beasts that perish, in the aspirations which lift it to regions of existence of which the visible heavens are but the veil.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

PART II.

JOEY stood silent, with down-clasped hands, full in the light, while Geordie was just behind her. Group by group the fire attracted others. All paid their tribute to it as they came; and, so supplied, it roared higher, and sent great clouds of sparks flickering away upon the blackness; and scattering its radiance on the surge that seemed to break in a dust of fire, and far off to soar in shooting spires of spume; the wind-swept flashes cut sharply into tremendous shadows, and with all the faces and figures assembled there made as wild a sea-shore scene as foam ever fell on. While they clustered there, a crazy woman from the town, long since bereft on such a night as this, came down among them, separating each knot, and stood close upon the brink, her hair flying over her face, and her lifted hand sheltering her eyes that peered deep into the shadow of the elemental tumult. All at once she turned and laughed, and began hurriedly to smooth her hair. "Lord! here comes my husband!" cried she. "Wing and wing! Both mainsels on one side! Gunnel under water! I must go home." Which — not finding it convenient to crowd more impossibilities into one sentence — she accordingly did. Suddenly, while Joey sent a terrified glance after her, as if she saw her own fate in hers, and while the woman spoke, all eyes but Joey's seemed simultaneously to light on one object, a bright thing glittering out upon the margin of the stormy dark. Was it a sail, or was it only a towering wave? It came nearer, reddening in the light, gathered shape, took outline, rose and fell, slid up the slope of a mounting wave, plunged down its hollow, lost in the gulfs and flashing out again, cut the water to right and left, and came ploughing up the sand with a shock that started all its seams.

A shout of welcome rose. "Did that handsomely!" cried Geordie.

"O, there are two of them, — they 're bringing him home!" cried Joey, turning and hiding her face on Geordie's arm. He put the arm round her a moment, holding her from sinking upon the sand. Nobody heard the words, but every one saw the movement. In a moment Lucian's voice was ringing cheerily in her ears, though he was speaking not to her but to others; and the good Doctor was patting Joey's shoulder, as his profession's prerogative allowed, lifting her bewildered face, and laughing in it.

"Well, Miss Joey, am I a bad penny?" said he. "Come now, take my arm; we 're all right."

Joey looked round, startled and blushing, and gathering her cloak about her. "Are you sure, Doctor?" whispered she. But the Doctor heard no whisper, and went on. "To tell you the truth, your young friend here rather frightened me before we set out. I never had any sea-legs to find. And when it seemed fairly impossible to get across, I made Mr. Lucian 'bout ship and back again!"

"I think we could have made in, Doctor," said Lucian, joining them.

"Into the other world, without doubt," replied the Doctor.

"I declare, it 's beginning to rain!" said Joey, as if nothing at all had happened. "Doctor, can you run? I shall be wet through!"

"O you selfish atom!" cried the Doctor, "when neither Lucian nor I have a dry thread about us. There! that will do; you must remember I 'm not Ulysses, to carry the winds in a bag."

"Ah! here 's Mr. Thurlow come down in his wagon," said Joey; "now you and Lucian get in, and Geordie and I will follow on foot"; and as she was a little

despot in her own way, things were done as she chose, and Joey followed, with Geordie, trolling in strange levity, as it seemed to the townspeople, considering how near they had been to danger and death, the refrain of a rollicking boat-song, snatches of which came down on the rain and wind as the pair left the main street, and wound their way up a back path to the Widow Hazard's cottage.

Lucian had laid a fire on the great hearth that extended half across the room, and the flames were wallowing up the flue, while the Doctor, having indued such garments of Lucian's as he would not be completely lost in, — for it would have taken logarithms to calculate the difference between Lucian's longitude and the Doctor's latitude, — was now turning round and round, like a jack, before the fire, endeavoring to dry the rest of him, the steam rising on every side, till he must have looked like an ancient god in his cloud, when Joey and Geordie, with their uproarious chorus, came in.

Joey stood a moment, dripping. "So Lucian," said she, carelessly, "I thought we had seen the last of you."

"I told you I would come back, Joey," said Lucian.

"Lucian always keeps his promises," said Geordie.

"Those that are made to be kept," said Lucian, looking at Joey peculiarly.

Joey turned carnation. "I never keep any promises, for I never make any!" said she, and flirted out of the room.

"Now, Geordie," said Lucian, "I 'll see if there's such a thing as a dry jacket up stairs, while you go out and shed those seven-leaguers."

"Yes," said Geordie, looking down at the great boots in which he was encased almost to the waist, "I 'd about forgotten there was a joint in my knee; I feel like a whole troop of Hessians. Well, Mother Hazard," opening the door into the kitchen, "you 've more than you bargained for in the house to-night."

If anything could have increased Mrs. Hazard's hostility, this address was calculated to do so; but after a moment's struggle, as nothing perhaps occurred to her sufficiently tart to annihilate him, she only retorted, "The more the merrier."

"Come now," said Geordie, "I like that." And he removed the boots outside, and washed his hands at the sink. "D' you suppose there are enough peeps to go round?" said he then, lifting the cover of the pot, and looking in.

"Go along with you for a cotquean!" exclaimed she. "Had n't you better be tasting it?"

"Jove! I should like to!" he replied.

"There 's the spoon," said she, grimly anticipating her revenge.

"With the fate of the man in the south before my mouth? Not I, Mrs. Hazard," returned he, and beat a laughing retreat.

Joey had come down in a white woollen wrapper that was perhaps her morning-gown for best occasions, of which her mother would probably consider the Doctor's visit one, and, with her pale face and glittering eyes that night, as she took her seat by the fire, looked like nothing but a little white wraith of herself. Geordie went and sat beside her.

"I never saw one walk over the water in better style than Lucian to-night. Did that neatly, — did n't he?" said he.

"O, I was n't looking," answered Joey.

"Well, this is the way it was," said Geordie; and he bent forward with animation, drawing, with the tongs, a map of the situation, in the ashes, and explaining to her how anybody but Lucian would have been in the deep sea-caves before then, while Joey, with her face turned towards him, seemed to hang upon his words, and they were still so when Lucian entered. "That 's how it was," said Geordie, putting a period to his sentence, as with the tongs he returned the last coal that had

snapped out to its place beneath the log.

"Toasting your feet, Joey?" said Lucian.

"Yes," answered Joey.

And seeing her so short, the Doctor wondered how Lucian had offended her now, — it must have been something serious, since he fancied that if she had spoken two words instead of one the stone would have been rolled away from a perfect Undine's spring of tears. Men are so stupid! now a doctor ought to have known better. Geordie might have been excused for supposing a misunderstanding; it would have been the fault of his sex, which can never comprehend the source of a nervous woman's crying. Lucian, however, was as wise as the Doctor. He left Joey to entertain Geordie, and got down a case of shells and specimens that he had brought from the South Seas, and exhibited them to his visitor, and was to all appearance as deeply lost in his explanations as the Doctor himself, — who had to travel all the way from Otaheite, he says, — when called to supper, though Joey and Geordie had been setting the table between them with enough clatter of tongues and dishes, Mrs. Hazard declared, for a swarming, all the time the others had been studying the corals.

"Well, Doctor," said Mrs. Hazard, "I have n't had time to ask you about your sail."

"It 's a sore storm that blows both ways," said Geordie; "on the other side, I suppose there 's somebody walking the floor and looking out every two minutes; on our side we 've an evening with the Doctor."

"My wife 's not a nervous woman," replied the Doctor. "And, so far as the sail goes, it 's well enough to remember, but I think it will do my nerves good to *ride* round the bay tomorrow."

"I 'm never afraid when Lucian 's at the helm," said Mrs. Hazard.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I must say that every time I saw his head relieved against the belt of fire that the breakers made, I felt as if a young sea-god had come up to take me safe to shore.

"Are you listening, Jouvency?" asked Geordie.

"Go on," answered Lucian. "You can't be so famished as I am, though. For if you continue your subject, there will be no peeps left."

"Fair play now, Jouvency."

"That is rather late for you, Geordie," said Lucian with a sudden flash and a strange accent. Geordie stared an instant, and the Doctor remarked to himself that, if Lucian were famished, a very little satisfied him.

"O, we 're not all of us praising you, Lucian," said Mrs. Hazard. "Here 's Joey don't think it 's anything remarkable."

"I don't really suppose, though," added Mrs. Hazard, "you 'd have made in so well if it had n't been for Geordie's fire —"

"Nothing for Lucian," said Joey.

"To give the Devil his due," laughed Geordie, who knew very well that Mrs. Hazard hated him, and why she did it.

"That saved us," said Lucian.

"Geordie brought the spars as if they had been splinters," said Joey. "He burned the whole of a wreck."

"We always see our way, I have heard," said the Doctor, "by the light of other people's misfortunes."

"And he comforted Mr. Thurlow, and saw his boat for him, and quieted the women, and kept them out of the blaze."

"And was, in short," said Geordie, "the hero of the occasion. If I had only known that when your keel scattered the sand!"

"Any one that had caught sight of him, mother, standing in the glow, would have said it was a giant. Did n't you see him, Lucian?"

"I saw *you*," said Lucian.

"What did I look like?" asked Joey, suddenly.

"Like Hop o' my Thumb," said Lucian, with his smile. And afterwards, when I knew him, Lucian's smile always put me in mind of golden autumn sunlight.

"I 'm not so very small," was the pouting reply.

"Just large enough to fill a man's heart," interpolated Geordie.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Hazard. "Lucian, have some more tea? Joey, pass the Doctor's cup. Do let me give you another. No? I don't know what makes it so weak to-night, of all nights in the year"; lifting the lid and pensively gazing in, while stirring the contents with a spoon. "And the bread 's slack-baked," continued Mrs. Hazard, with proper housekeeping depreciation. "'Most finished your Fate-lady, Joey?"

"It has almost finished me," said Joey.

"She does look good enough to eat," said Geordie.

"Come, come, Mr. Romilly. I don't allow Joey to hear that kind of talk."

"Going to make a nun of her?"

"I 'll see to that," answered Mrs. Hazard. "Doctor, I 'm afraid your trip has tired you out."

"Not at all," said the Doctor. "One is always quiet when reading a romance," he added in undertone for Miss Joey's ears.

Joey turned upon him for an instant a roguish look like a battle-gage, then she grew as white as she had been all the evening, and her starry eyes shone over her face as large and serious as before. The Doctor could not make up his mind whether she were the more lovely in this pale phase, or in that of the morning when she had varied every shade between white and red, and rung every change between laughter and tears.

"You don't like that our little Miss Joey here should receive compliments then?" said the Doctor.

"No," answered Mrs. Hazard. "I never had them myself when I was a girl. And unless she 's going to be married for her beauty —"

"Which is n't at all likely," was Geordie's gay aside.

"No," said Lucian, quietly.

Meanwhile the color came and went again in Joey's face.

"It would be a case out of my experience, if it were," said the Doctor.

"Few people are so sensitive to beauty as that, though it undoubtedly fires the spark."

"'T would n't be safe for me," said Geordie. "I should never cleave to one woman if nothing else bound me. I should fall away when her beauty did."

"How is that, Mr. Lucian?" said the Doctor.

"I should love her still," replied Lucian, gravely, "because it was she who once had the beauty that I loved."

"That rings true," said the Doctor.

Suddenly, as Joey gave her head its little shake, all the bright hair, that with the rain had insisted on its rights and its ringlets, shook from the comb and fell about her face, — and suddenly Joey was surprised with sobs.

"There, there!" cried Mrs. Hazard, catching her gown before she could rush from the room. "It 's nothing but excitement, — let her alone. There, Joey, have a hysteric, if you want this water in your face! Now, — it 's all right. Don't make me so much trouble, child!"

"I don't know what you 'll all think," said the quivering voice of the little wretch.

"Only that your walk on the beach, and up the hill in the storm, was too much for you," responded the Doctor.

"And singing too, Joey," said Lucian, coming behind her chair from the closet where he had gone. "Sip this wine. They said that Crazy Jane was down there on the beach, and she 's enough to upset stronger people than you are."

"'T was n't that," said Joey. "O, I 'm a little hypocrite! I don't want your wine, it strangles me"; and she threw it on the coals. Lucian walked back to the table.

"Well," said Geordie, "I 've made way with everything in reach. It 's a desert round my place, with nothing but damson-stones for the ostriches. Did you ever see an ostrich's eye, Joey? It 's a — a — what do you call it, Doctor, in spy-glasses?"

"Lens?"

"A lens of lustre. As if the rays had entered but never escaped. Are you going to let two jolly tars have a smoke, Mrs. Hazard?"

"Not a whiff of one. If you want to smoke, Geordie Romilly, you can go out in the shed."

"Just as you please, ma'am," said Geordie, lighting his pipe with a coal. "Only if your house and shed go to blazes before morning, don't you blame us. Come along, mate."

"Geordie does n't seem a favorite of yours, Mrs. Hazard," said the Doctor, when the two young men had withdrawn, and Joey was bustling about again in the fire-light.

"No, that he is n't, to be plain!" exclaimed the worthy woman. "A vagrant fellow that my boy picks up in the foretop and fetches home here, brought up above his place as any one can see with his words and ways, what business has he to play the common sailor? nobody knowing his beginnings nor able to guess his endings, — no reverence in him, — never quiet two minutes together, — as great a gypsy as ever boiled his pot across two stolen sticks, to my mind," said Mrs. Hazard. "And that 's what he is!"

The Doctor laughed. "I suppose you 'll forgive me, though, if I go and join the scamp with my cigar?" said he.

"Never in the world," said Joey. "Mother 'd just as lief you smoked here. Lucian always does. It was only a whim. I 'll call the boys back, sir." And in a moment Geordie's hand and face came round the side of the door, as he tipped back in his chair beside the kitchen hearth.

"Not beyond earshot," said he. "You 're a venturesome man, Doctor. Mrs. Hazard is disturbed enough with our hanging round the kitchen. But pipes in the parlor?"

"It 's what we doctors call a counter-irritant," was the sly answer.

Pretty soon, however, Geordie knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and came in and sat by Joey again at the lamp, while she dressed her Fate-lady; and there he fell to swallowing scissors, penknives, and thimbles, and producing them all again out of Lucian's pockets.

"Mrs. Hazard," said he, at last wearying of his accomplishments. "I am going to bring my mother to Netherby next week. She 's been in this country some time. Will you see to her now and then?"

"Your mother?" she replied, with a little start. "Bless me! I did n't know you had one!"

"Yes," said Geordie, briefly, snipping then with the scissors. "I was born of woman. Perhaps you will think me less of a reptile now?" he added, with his quick look.

"Lord, Geordie Romilly, you 're as sharp as a needle!"

"A thorn in the flesh," said Geordie.

"Then you are going to make Netherby your home!" exclaimed Joey.

"That 's as it may be," said Geordie, looking at her, his boldness half changing to bashfulness. "Would you?"

"O, how pl—"

"Joey!" was the cry from Mrs. Hazard.

"It will be Lucian's home, you know," said Geordie; "he 'll be tired of sea-faring, and settle here when he 's been captain a couple of voyages. Then I 'll step into his shoes —" Geordie stopped, and flung his hair back here impatiently. "I 'd like to see the old fellow once a year, at all odds," added he. "I sha'n't say but what it would be pleasant to have you to come home to, too, Joey."

"Yes," said Joey, innocently. "I never should be happy out of Netherby. There, that 's done!"

"Done, is it? Then I 'll try my luck first, or shall Jouvency?"

"O, Lucian 's too busy for such play," said Joey.

Lucian, who was carving jackstraws for Joey's fair, across the table, only kept his teeth shut tight over his lower lip, and allowed himself neither look nor answer.

Joey gave the Fate-lady a twirl, and both she and Geordie bent their heads

together over the little couplet on which the wand rested: —

"In hazel eyes
Your picture lies."

"I wonder if it does," said Geordie, looking up at her. But Joey was adjusting this pivot on which fortune turned, and did not mind him.

"Let 's see how that may be," continued Geordie, and he set the poor Fate-lady spinning again till she might have been giddy.

"How can you expect an oracle from such a teetotum?" asked Joey, fearing damage.

"The poor thing's head must be turned, you think?" replied Geordie. "Now what is it?"

"Fear not, but put your fate to the touch;
That man wins little who never dares much."

"A knowing young lady. How can she tell that I have a fate to put to the touch? What would you do about it, Joey?"

"'That man wins little who never dares much,'" replied Joey, concisely.

"Cross your palm with silver, my pretty lady," said Geordie, "and I can tell your fortune as well as another."

"My fortune 's told!" answered Joey, shortly.

"Third time lucky," said Geordie, with a final twirl of the cardboard. "We shall get quite a code of signals for our instruction."

"If she blushes when she sees you,
Be assured she 'd like to please you."

"Look up here, Joey," whispered he. "Is it the fire or the Fate-lady on your cheeks?"

Joey's face did redden, but only at his whisper; she was as white as before in a minute, and laughing her little laugh, that was hard to interpret, turned it full upon him.

"A lover and your blushes," then said Geordie, "is like the centurion and his servants; he says to them, Come, and they come. He has his very slaves in the blood in your veins. If I were the lord to command that color!"

"You bold boy!" whispered she in return. "If mother heard you!"

But there was no danger from Mrs. Hazard just then; for, having secured the Doctor for the night in a concentration of many calls in one, she was making the most of her opportunities, dilating upon her present diseases, and amassing a pathological fund for the future ones. Meanwhile the Doctor was answering at stated intervals, keeping the thread of her discourse, which a long similar passage made familiar, and with an ear and an eye to spare for the little farce of Joey's lovers.

So Joey put away the doll of destiny, and began to lay the jackstraws nicely together in a box, and Geordie, murmuring impertinent things in his subdued tone to her, amused himself by snuffing the candles the while, and all at once snuffed them out. In the instant of darkness that ensued before the glow of the fire filled it, the Doctor thought he saw a powerful hand reach suddenly across the table, seize Geordie's fingers in a grasp that shook the snuffers from them, and a click resounded from the chimney as they dashed upon it in two fragments and fell among the logs. Directly afterward Joey flourished a little torch about, lighted the candles; but all her efforts failed to find the snuffers, and only showed her Geordie standing and leaning one hand upon the table, and flashing his eyes across it. For a moment he seemed undecided, he glanced toward the door, then took his resolution.

"I owe you a reminder, Mr. Jouvency," said he, and pushed his seat nearer to Joey's, and, laying his arm unreproved on the back of her chair, fell into the old tone, laughing or earnest as it might be, but inaudible to the others.

And Joey, apparently with a vague impression that Lucian had done some savage act, smiled upon Geordie with her white face, replied in the same key, allowed him the satisfaction of tearing her handkerchief to ribbons and making it whole again, and printing a deuce of hearts upon it, tried on a ring that he slipped from his finger, did twenty atrocious things in as many minutes,

and all as if there were not another soul in the room than themselves. Towards the close of those twenty minutes the Doctor looked at Lucian; he still sat there carving at the tiny splinters, dark, silent, but with all his strength unable now and then to keep from quivering with his self-contained wrath; and at last, as if positive personal pain were easier borne than this, he lifted the thin sharp blade, and gashed across the back of his hand from end to end.

With a step the Doctor arrested the knife. Joey gave one shuddering look, — she was of the kind constitutionally faint at sight of blood, — leaned back in her seat and shut her eyes. Mrs. Hazard flew to the rescue with her handkerchief, which had not been made subject to the deuce of hearts. As for Geordie, "It is only a scratch," said he lightly. "But you teach one, Jouvency, that it 's dangerous playing with edge tools. Miss Joey, you should be binding up your brother's hand."

Perhaps Joey would have touched a scorpion sooner after that, — Lucian was no brother of hers.

"How could you be so careless?" said she in a trembling voice. "You shall make no more jackstraws for me." And she swept them all away. "It is lucky that the Doctor happened to be here," then said she. "Now, as soon as that is dressed, I am going to play Christmas eve and make eggnog; sha'n't I, mother? You won't be a stern prophet, Doctor, and threaten us with bilious horrors and dyspepsias, — will you?"

The Doctor confessed that he was in the habit of purchasing an eggnog with a nightmare once a year.

"You can't beat it now, Lucian," said she, coming and standing beside him a minute, and puckering her little mouth as the Doctor bound the bandage, and made enough stir about it for Lucian to regret his ill-advised measure. "So Geordie 'll have to," concluded she. And having at last set every one at work, she fluttered about among them all like a little white butterfly, and did nothing.

So a lively time they had of it, and, out of all patience at length, Mrs. Hazard plainly signified what it was no use at all to hint, and Geordie began to institute a search for his hat, while Joey went and raised a sash to let a cool current of air through the room that was at a red-heat.

"Ah, what a night!" said she. "Too dark to see one's hand. A howling wilderness and raining brooks! And there 's a wind to take you off your feet. You can never reach home in it all, Geordie!"

"We 'll see," said Geordie.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Hazard, going to the window where Joey was, and putting out her hand, and drawing it in as if she had burned it. "I should n't like to turn a dog out-doors on such a night — "

"Thank you, Mrs. Hazard," laughed Geordie.

"Don't you be so quick, sir," said she. "I was going to say, there are two beds in Lucian's room up stairs; and he 'd be glad of your company."

"Not he!" was the reply.

"You are mistaken, Geordie," said Lucian, slowly, as if he exercised some command over himself, yet growing cordial as he spoke. "I can't set you adrift in such a gale. Share my room, old boy, and you 'll have the rain on the roof, — it 's a long time since you heard the sound."

"And will be longer before I do! I hate a roof; it stifles me. I must have my walk to the inn, if only to drown out my devils. It 's nothing but turning out of a warm bunk to stand my watch. Thank you all, and good night"; and he plunged out into the darkness and down the hill.

"Contrary fellow," said Mrs. Hazard. "One never knows where to find him. There 's the gypsy again. I 'll be bound he 'd rather sleep under a fence in a pelt of rain than in the best down that ever was plucked. If his mother was n't a high-born dame that ran off with one of the tribe, I never 'll guess again! Now, Joey, take your light.

The Doctor 'll think it no wonder we 're all sick here. It 's hard on eleven. Lucian, show the Doctor his room. I hope you 'll sleep well, sir; there 's not such another bed this side the bay, though I say it; as fluffy eider as ever feathered a nest." And with this cheerful promise to one who had as lief be raked up in coals as in feathers, she bade him good night.

The Doctor's room was on the ground-floor, in an ell of the long rambling cottage, and opposite one of the windows was the shed, all one side of which was open to the weather; and soon hearing a quick, sharp sound there, it occurred to the Doctor to look out, and, distinct against a lantern's light, his glance rested on Lucian splitting kindlings, although there was a stack of them beside him. "Working off his vim," thought the Doctor, — "do him good," and went on with his preparations. But in a few minutes, having extinguished his own light, just as the good man was about to lay his head on the pillow, his eye was again caught, and he saw the young athlete standing erect, his head thrown back, his arm uplifted, and the hatchet whirled and glanced through the air like a meteor, and was buried to the helve in one of the side-posts of the shed. Then Lucian came out into the unroofed space, and stood in the black rain that poured upon him from open heavens, fiery and fierce; and the Doctor fancied that he could no less than see the hot breath shoot in its swift jet from the disdainful and angry nostril. There was something about the struggling fellow that the Doctor felt he had perhaps no right to see, and he silently dropped his curtain. "Alas, my man," thought he, "the temper that, being restrained, requires such vent as this, will one day betray you to a desperate deed!" But Lucian stood there till the storm must have cooled and soothed the fever of his passion; for it was several minutes before the Doctor heard his retreating step, slow and heavy, as if virtue had gone out from him, while the gleam of the lantern slid across the cornice and vanished, and left the place dark and still save for the rush and rustle of the storm.

The next morning it was clear and fine, the great clouds were drifted over by the west-winds, and piled in pearly battlements along the east; one could still hear the sea lashing the crags of the Tusks, but everything on shore was sparkling, fresh, and fair. In good season, Geordie came up, leading the horses for Joey and himself to accompany the Doctor round the head of the bay.

"I thought you were going, Lucian," said his mother.

"No," answered Lucian, mounting Joey, "I 've other work to-day."

Joey looked at him a moment, half hanging back, then sprang into the saddle, tucked her short skirt about her, and set her horse to dancing.

"Well, I don't blame you," said Mrs. Hazard in reply. "If there 's anything ridiculous, it 's a sailor with both feet plaited together under the girth! Look at him now, as if the nag meant to throw him!"

"Geordie has ridden the bowsprit in too many a black squall, mother, to be thrown by a hack to-day," said Lucian; and as he spoke the three waved their hands and rode off together.

And the Doctor's private opinion of Geordie that morning was, that, if to-day he was sailor, yesterday he had been first rider in the ring, and had now got the whip-hand of Joey.

Except the single time that he was called over to visit Mrs. Romilly, — one of those little pale women that appear fragile as a flower, while they cling to life with a thready vitality of stem that neither suns nor snows impair, and who perfectly justified the theory of Mrs. Hazard concerning her, being quite that shadowy nonentity which vanishes entirely before a stronger will, — except for this occasion, when he found Miss Joey wearing the willow and taking care of her, that was the last the Doctor heard of the Netherby people, till one day he dropped the paper as he would have done a live coal, crying out, "Great Heavens, wife! here is Lu-

cian Jouvency up for the murder on shipboard of Geordie Romilly!"

And the next day the Doctor received a polite summons himself to attend the trial, and tell the world what he knew of Lucian Jouvency, his hate of Geordie, and his love of Joey. And the Doctor required no one but himself to "curse him the blabbing tongue" that had once laughingly mentioned to his old friend, the prosecuting attorney of the case, the trouble that pretty Joey Hazard was brewing for him.

After the Doctor had anathematized Elizabeth for receiving and introducing the summons, he hastened to ascertain on what point he was expected to testify, and in his vexation he was ready either to expatriate himself or to feign a brain-fever, since in everything but delirium he could be waited upon at his home for testimony; but to say nothing of the critical condition of one or two of his patients, the prosecution had seriously threatened to shut him up that moment, unless he promised to be in attendance as required. "For," said the lawyer, "if the man is innocent, it must be proved. If he is guilty, you have no business to shelter such a villain from justice, and put fresh lives in danger."

"No," said the Doctor, glumly. "It is my business to put them out of danger."

"As it stands," continued the other, "it is a case I don't care to handle."

Then the Doctor proceeded on a reconnoissance to Netherby. He found Mrs. Hazard in a fine condition of bodily health, real troubles having choked out her fanciful ones; but she was walking the floor from night till morning, or sitting fixedly staring at the green boughs in the chimney-place, in a state of excitement that was scarcely less than insanity.

"He was the light of my eye," was what she kept saying. "'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. But when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness.' But Lucian, my boy Lucian!"

It seemed that nearly every one in Netherby, from his mother down, found some reason to believe in Lucian's guilt. He had never been a favorite of the village, — a moody fellow, rocking all day out alone in his boat, or clambering over the hills with his gun, — they were ready to impute much to this unsocial disposition. Every one but Joey; she went about her work more quietly, indeed, than ever before, doing all that there was to do, and a great deal that there was n't. "Yes!" thought the Doctor, "it is absolutely necessary that she should keep busy; let her sit down to think and there is this boy, like a brother, with his life and his innocence hanging on a thread, and all for her and her naughty capers. She could never be so calm as this if she cared about him. Yet the other one is gone, and where are her tears? Be hanged myself if I can understand a woman!" But if the Doctor's expression bordered on levity, it was because his heart was so full of trouble.

Before the Doctor went, Joey told him how they had first heard of the terrible affair. They were sitting without candles, she and her mother together, expecting Lucian, and watching each leaf shake white and cold in the moonlight, when a step sounded on the doorstone.

"That 's he!" cried Mrs. Hazard, springing up. And before Joey could contradict her, the outer door was opened, and then the inner one, and a little woman stood before them with only a shawl thrown over her head, and it was Mrs. Romilly, but white and weird in the moonlight as some angry ghost.

"Where 's my boy?" cried she.

"Who?" said Mrs. Hazard. "O, they 're coming in a minute. I 'm expecting Lucian with every breath I draw."

"Expecting him! expecting him!" repeated she, shrilly. "But where 's my boy? Where is Geordie?"

"Where is Geordie?" echoed Joey, wonderingly, for there was something in the woman's voice that frightened her.

"Yes, Joey Hazard! And who should know better than you, — you who are the wicked cause of it all!"

"I?" stammered Joey.

"O, God punish you! God requite you! You have killed him, girl, — you and he between you! Ah, I pray Heaven — "

"O, hush! hush!" cried Joey. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that my boy 's dead, drowned, murdered at sea! And that her boy is safe — "

"Thank Heaven for that!" cried Mrs. Hazard before she thought, and beginning to rock to and fro again.

"For that? Ah, if you can! It 's less, less, less than I have to be thankful for. Ah then, I came for my revenge, woman, — your boy killed him!"

"Never in this world!" said Joey, clutching at a seat, but feeling as though for that one moment she were called upon to asseverate the truth to God.

Mrs. Hazard sat upright and icy. The little slender creature was towering in the middle of the room, like a flame, in her wild white wrath. When at last Lucian's mother spoke, it was with no assertion of his innocence, her mind had coursed over all the possibilities, and measured them; she knew his moods and methods of old. But in a dull, dead, rough voice, as if she were speaking into some hollow thing: "How do you know that?" said she, sharply.

"How do I know it?" responded the other. "Why the winds know it, and the waves. And men and women know it, and are babbling at the corners of it. And four stone walls of a prison know it!"

This was too much. Mrs. Hazard sprung to her feet, and begun to walk up and down. As she walked, there stood the woman in her way. She stopped before her, glaring at her.

"What have I ever done to you," exclaimed Mrs. Hazard, "that you come to me now like a devil in your glee?"

"In my glee?" cried she, throwing up her arms. "In my glee? O my boy, my boy!" And she sunk down on the floor by a chair, covering her face with her shawl, and drenching it in gusty tears. "O, we knew trouble together!" cried she. "He was all I had. When he was a baby he had such blue eyes! And his little hair crept round my finger of itself, in its pretty yellow curl. Geordie, Geordie, will I never lean on your strong arm again? will I never hear your step? What a laugh you had! ah, what comfort it could send through me now! And you suffered so! — and I never shall know! — ah, that staggering moment, that one breath, that horror, — no help. O my darling, my boy, my boy!" And with her head upon her knees, and her hands along the floor, she went on wailing aloud.

Mrs. Hazard looked down at her a moment, and made as if she would stir her with her foot, gave a glance at the panic-stricken Joey, and then suddenly stooped to Mrs. Romilly's side, lifted her head and laid it on her own shoulder, stroking it with her hard hand. "We 're mothers together, dear," said she; "let us help one another. If you 've lost your child, I 'm likely to lose mine. I never had one of my own. I wanted one; I 'd have liked a tender little thing that had been a part of my own self and of him, — to have held my love and my life in my arms. But there was Lucian, and I just filled my hungry heart with him. And now — and now —" And Mrs. Hazard herself broke down, and the little woman in her arms put up a hand to still her sorrow in turn, and the two mingled their tears together.

After that they kept Mrs. Romilly among them, and her fire having fallen to ashes, she was as eager as they for Lucian's acquittal, and the defence intended to make the fact a strong point of the argument.

"Joey," said the Doctor, when she had told him all this, "I am glad to see you quiet yourself. But you must n't use so much control as to occasion a reaction by and by. Tears are secur-

ity, just as fever is remedy. Still, I confess, I don't — "

"O," said Joey, turning all colors at once, "I have seen Lucian."

"Seen Lucian?"

"Yes. I went — to the place — one day. And they let me — I obtained permission to go in. And when he saw me, he cried out, and checked himself, and held his arms to me, — he always kissed me when he came home, you know," said Joey, simply. "But Mrs. Romilly was with me, and she held me back. It was of no use for mother to go, of course; she thinks he — did it. She won't see him till — till afterward. And there were men with him, — two lawyers. And I looked at him where I stood, and I said in a whisper, — I could n't speak any louder, — 'Lucian, did you kill Geordie?' And he raised his — his eyes, and rested them full on mine, and his voice was clear and steady. 'No, Joey,' said he. And he never told a lie. Never, you know. And he and Mrs. Romilly spoke together; and he was so tender and compassionate to her; and she believed him. And he made me sit down in the only chair; and though he was thin and white, he was as smiling and calm as here at home, — and O, shall I ever see him here again?" and Joey threw her apron over her head, and ran from the room.

As for the rest of that scene in the cell, as it really occurred, it was not from Miss Joey, with her ruling passion actually strong in death, that the Doctor learned it.

Lucian Jouvency was brought to trial in the maritime court.

The evidence against him was opened with testimony that, ever since the marriage of Lucian's stepmother and Joey's stepfather the two children had been constantly together; that Lucian had always called Joey his little wife, and that Joey had appeared well content with the arrangement till Geordie Romilly appeared upon the scene; and the small servant — after much hesitation and frequent avowals that she was sure Mrs. Hazard would n't like it — deposed that her mistress had often spoken confidently to her of the time when the two should be one, up to the hour of Mr. Romilly's arrival, when the said mistress had been heard to say she wished him drowned in the Red Sea before he ever set foot in Netherby. Mr. Thurlow and others were then introduced in witness of Joey's volatile behavior on the night when Lucian was in such danger from having attempted to set the Doctor across the bay; and how she threw herself into Geordie's arms, walked, singing, up the hill with him, went to ride with him next morning, and other similar items, were all rehearsed, although not without much sarcasm and objection on the part of the defence, and ruling on the part of the court. The Doctor was then called, as an expert, and a person whose words were of weight, to detail something of the incidents that had passed under his eyes, and to give his opinion with reference to the passions evinced by the prisoner. You may be sure the Doctor shortened matters, and was as close-mouthed and crusty as he dared to be, and would have said nothing at all of Lucian's disposition but for examination; but on being asked if he did not consider the circumstances narrated to evince a violent temper, subject to uncontrollable paroxysms, he was obliged to admit that such certainly appeared to be the fact, and to declare, moreover, in reply to the narrow questioning to which he was subjected, that he believed Geordie to be the possessor of Joey's favor, and that intense jealousy existed on the part of the prisoner. And although not an iota had been gained from him without questions from the prosecuting attorney himself, the Doctor retired with a crestfallen conviction that he was no better than a street-corner gossip. The next witnesses were called to prove that Lucian and Geordie had shipped together on the bark Josephine, Lucian as mate and Geordie as captain of the foretop; that during all the voyage out the former's conduct

had been variable, — now cheerful, and now sullen ; that once, being becalmed and discipline lax, there had been a wrestling-match between the two, begun perhaps in sport, but ending in such serious earnest that each had borne the marks for a week ; that the voyage having been accomplished in less time than usual, the first mail from home had been given them by an outward-bound ship ; that Lucian had received no letter, but Geordie had one that seemed to contain a daguerreotype, which he made off with, going forward, and then catching Lucian's eye as he looked back he raised his hand in his prankish way, and shook it in the air, and immediately Lucian, growing black as a thunderbolt, had seized a marline-spike in his paroxysm of rage and flung after him, and the spike had missed him, but struck the letter in his hand, and had gone with it into the sea. And Geordie, with an oath, had sprung back at him, but Lucian had cried out between his set teeth, "Don't tackle me now, or I shall kill you!" and Geordie had returned, "Kill and be damned! The letter was from her!" And then, "Who, Geordie?" called a half-dozen.

"From pretty Joey Hazard!" laughed he. And at that, as if her name were too good to be bandied, Lucian had flamed up again ; he was just going below, but he came back and shook his fist at Geordie, crying, "Say your prayers to-night, my man! For, by God, we 'll have a settlement before morning!" Several witnesses substantiated this. John Tarbox, having then been called, testified that, being very short of hands through sickness, on the night following this day, he having the helm, Geordie Romilly and one other were called for the last watch before sunrise ; that the mate, Jouvency, had excused the other, saying he would take his place himself ; that then, it being a clear starlight night, and the ship sailing on a straight course, the first he knew was a bucket of salt water dashed upon him, and he saw the sun coming up the horizon, and the mate standing over him, grim as death,—for he always kept the men up to the mark when on duty, — but above or below they two were all there was between the deck and the sky, and Geordie Romilly never trod those planks again, unless it was his ghost that played in the foretop all the rest of the voyage ; and that while he was asleep Lucian had mastered and made away with Geordie, he was as ready to swear as that his own name was Jacky Tar. Since he could not swear it, it was of no consequence how ready he was to swear it, the defence remarked, and, inquiring as to how he remembered he was asleep on that night, the witness replied that the cat-o-nine-tails printed it on his back next morning ; and being asked if the prisoner had been in the habit of carrying weapons, he replied that the mate always wore his knife in his belt, and being without it that morning, it had been found for him behind a pile of cordage, where he said he had thrown it lest he should use it. Being further questioned as to why the captain had not taken cognizance of these affairs, he gave answer that the captain thought the mate too good an officer to lose, and he was not capable of noticing the occurrence, moreover, having that night and the day before been rather set up.

"Set up?" asked the counsel for the defence, willing to badger the man a bit.

"Too near the wind, maybe," said the witness, unsuspiciously. "He was very happy all the time ; but for a day or two had been half-snapt, — what we call rather over the bay."

"Explain yourself, sir!"

"Well, pretty tight, I should say."

"That would be — ?"

"A little sprung, sir," was the puzzled reply.

"How could one be pretty tight if he were a little sprung?"

"By seeing double!"

"How am I to understand your meaning?"

"You must be a green-hand if you don't know what it is to be half-seas-over!" cried Jacky Tar. "I mean the captain had been drinking!"

And having thus begun, the defence proceeded with a critical cross-examination of the witness as to his narration; and the testimony against the prisoner, damnatory in its character although circumstantial, was concluded.

The evidence for the defence was brief, a few persons being summoned to swear to the prisoner's unblemished reputation hitherto, and especially as to his temper and humanity. The captain of the bark Josephine bore witness that he was an invaluable officer; but the effect of what testimony he had to offer was sensibly diminished by his forced admission of the fact that he had been, as John Tarbox had testified, unable to attend to his business of sailing the ship upon the night in question. Testimony was then entered that no noise of scuffling or contention had been heard by any on board during that time, and there rested. And with all the current of opinion setting with him, the prosecutor rose for his argument.

After giving the reasons for the dark deed, he summed up conclusively such evidence as he had, and then made an argument that nothing less than an elaborate special plea could overcome, while singling out each member of the jury, haranguing and convincing him as he was himself convinced, bringing the responsibility home to each personally, presenting the enormity of the crime in all its force, and the fatal consequences of such flagitiousness once left unpunished. That done, he took his seat contentedly, borrowed a leaf from the grave-diggers in Hamlet, and enlivened the gloom with a jest; he had wrought out his points to his own satisfaction, all his solicitude ceased at once, and he was as ready to compassionate Mrs. Hazard as Mrs. Romilly. The jury looked as solemn as if they already saw the scaffold, and the senior counsel for the defence whispered to his junior that the case looked black as murder. Everything now depended on his own eloquence merely, and even his well-known power of making black appear white must tell against the prisoner. If Lucian understood his situation, he had manifested it by no dead torpor, nor by any angry impatience to interrupt the speaker; and the lofty assurance of his quiet manner remained the same, as unruffled, stately, and serene he walked from the court-room. And there the statements and inferences of the evening paper ceased.

DOCTOR MOLKE'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER II.

ROLFSON THE MISSIONARY.

THE reader who has followed the account of Sipsu through the last chapter will remember that when we parted with that untamable savage a shadow of suspicion hung about him. The mysterious circumstance of his appearance in the fog, at a time when all hunters should be at home, and his subsequent behavior, led Doctor Molke to believe, as was very evident, that something was going wrong; and from the time of our first encounter until we had crept into our tent to sleep, I was conscious that the Doctor had lost something of his usual gayety. He had become thoughtful, and evidently a little anxious. What it was all about I could not pretend to guess.

For myself, the meeting with Sipsu was simply a novel experience, and one of great interest to me. It soon became clear, however, that our journey, undertaken for the gratification of curiosity, had acquired a serious aspect.

The Doctor's reticence puzzled me, and to judge from that I might have thought something particularly dreadful was going to happen. I did not, however, care to question him, seeing that he was not inclined to talk about the matter of his own free will, — if, indeed, there was anything to talk about at all. In proportion, however, as I put this restraint upon myself, my curiosity very naturally increased; and how long after we had crawled out of our fur beds I should have found myself able to keep entirely quiet I cannot pretend to say.

But the Doctor spoke at last. We had just finished an excellent breakfast that Adam had set out for us upon the flat rock where he had served the supper on the previous evening. "I have been thinking," said he, "a great deal about the behavior of Sipsu. Ordinarily the fellow is lively enough, and I thought that I should be able to show you a simple savage in his savage retreat, and give you one more novelty to carry home with you. But, although he is really acting his character perfectly, he does not reveal the side of it that I wanted you to see. To cut a long story short, I am pretty well convinced that he would cause trouble, if he only could, to some people in whom I have much interest. I am not sure of it, by any means; yet the feeling is so strong upon me that I think those people ought to know what we have seen."

"Ought to know what we have seen?" I repeated in my mind. "Ought to know what we have seen? — an odd-looking savage, with an odd-looking boat, in an odd sort of place! That is what I have seen. If the Doctor has seen more, then the plot thickens! If the Doctor is serious, are we likely to have some work on hand?" But for the life of me I could not make out what harm this skin-clad and unwashed dweller in the ice forest, called Sipsu, could do to anybody, or what possible motive he could have for doing it.

"I feel obliged, therefore," continued the Doctor, "to go somewhat out of my way in returning home, and I hope you will not find it greatly to your inconvenience."

The Doctor was really serious, after all! There was not the least room for doubting it.

"By no means," I answered promptly. "It will not inconvenience me in the least. On the contrary, the further the journey is prolonged the better I shall be pleased. You know I am 'enlisted for the war,' and will see you through."

"Then you would not mind seeing another of my friends?"

"Certainly not; and if he is as interesting a specimen of humanity as this fur-bound barbarian friend of yours, then my debt of thanks will be doubled."

"I think," replied the Doctor, "you will find him quite as interesting, though in a very different way."

"But let me ask, is this other friend another savage?"

"No, not a savage this time, but an honest gentleman"; and without further ado the Doctor called Adam, and told him to prepare for starting with all possible despatch.

And so, after finding a luxury-loving man, and starting a savage, I was to seek an honest gentleman! "Truly," thought I, "this home of the icebergs, and land of the glaciers, and realm of everlasting frost, is not so bad a place to come to, after all!" and thus wondering what was next going to happen, I followed the Doctor up to Sipsu's tent, while Adam got the breakfast ready.

Sipsu had not once come near our camp, and he seemed wholly indisposed (as well he might) to have anything to do with us. But if he was angry with Doctor Molke for bringing him back to the island, why should he stay there nursing his wrath? why did he not start off again while we were sleeping? I put these questions to the Doctor.

"That 's easily explained," was his reply. "He knew that he was watched, or thought he was, which is pretty much the same, and would not risk a second humiliation and the chance of being shot to boot!"

"Who is the man on post?" I asked; and it struck me as something ludicrous, to see a sentry "standing post" in such a place.

"Adam," answered the Doctor, "and he hates the savage very cordially, and has just sense enough, besides, to obey orders. Sipsu would, however, be off almost as soon as we, if he had his own way. But I do not mean to let him have his own way, as you shall see."

We found Sipsu seated on a rock near his tent; and he wore the same sullen look that he had worn the day before. He tried hard, however, to look pleasant as we came up to him, and succeeded about as well as a griffin might be supposed to if he tried to laugh. But the treatment he had received at the Doctor's hands had thrown such a heavy shadow on his face, that not a ray of sunshine had yet come back to it, — if, indeed, any such thing did ever find its way to his face at all.

The Doctor did not seem to be in the least taken aback by the smile of the griffin order with which he greeted us, but hailed him in the same off-hand and easy manner with which he had before accosted him:

"Hallo, Sipsu! Looking for seals, eh?"

"No!" answered Sipsu with a fearful grunt, which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth instead of from his own.

"I want to borrow your kayak, Sipsu," continued the Doctor; and now the grunt with which the savage answered was even more fearful than before; but whether it signified "yes" or "no" I could not well make out. The Doctor did not, however, seem to be for an instant in doubt about it; but went right on to where the boat was, followed by one of our crew, who took it down, and carried it off upon his arm to the camp.

"Thank you, Sipsu," said the Doctor, "much obliged to you; will send it back in a day or so."

As soon as the Doctor's back was turned, Sipsu came close up to me, and in a very hurried manner asked me, "What Dok-tee-mo-kee want with my kayak?"

Of course I did not know, and told him so.

"I know!" continued he. "He no want my kayak at all. He want to keep me here. Dok-tee-mo-kee one very great wise man. He know what I think, I know what *he* think too"; and the savage looked as he would say, "I 'll be even with Dok-tee-mo-kee yet."

When the Doctor joined me, and we had turned to leave this strange creature of the island, he said to me, "A shrewd rascal that; but I have blocked his game this time, I think." And Doctor Molke laughed good-naturedly at the discomfiture of his friend, the savage Sipsu.

We were now soon in our boat, afloat once more upon the waters of the fiord, with one of our crew in Sipsu's kayak following after. The day was in striking contrast to the previous one. The fog had lifted and melted away, and the great forest of icebergs was glittering in a brilliant sunlight. Not a cloud was visible, the air had grown quite warm; and before a light wind we sailed on and on upon our tortuous course, — icebergs rising before us and sinking behind us, as they had done when we had first set out upon our journey, — while the same voices of their crumbling and overturning came from every side to startle us, to win our admiration and excite our wonder.

On and on we sped for hours and hours, and watched the changing forms of the icebergs as we passed them by, and the islands with the hunters' little huts upon them, until the scene became wearisome. I was not sorry, therefore, when the Doctor told me that we were near our destination. Soon afterward we rounded a point of land, and the little trading station of Karsuk stood in view, perched upon a dark, naked, rocky slope, looking much like the town where Doctor Molke lived, — exhibiting the same one-story, pitch-and-tar-coated houses, the

same stone-and-turf-built huts, the same seal-skin tents, the same unmistakable odor peculiar to every fishing-town, the same great pack of howling dogs, the same odd sort of people standing near the rocky beach gazing at us.

If these things presented little that was picturesque or pleasant to the eye, there was yet one thing there to delight the heart. A little Christian church, with its front painted white, beamed brightly in the Arctic sunshine beneath a Christian cross; and if frowned upon by "Greenland's icy mountains," it yet inspired the same emotions, and suggested the same sentiments of love and hope and faith, as if it had gleamed over the rich foliage of our own home summer above some peaceful "village of the plain."

Near the church there stood a modest-looking little dwelling, — black like all the rest. "And there," said the Doctor, pointing to it, "lives the 'honest gentleman' that I told you of."

I had a great curiosity to know something of this "honest gentleman" in advance, and said so to my companion.

"A missionary after St. Paul's, and a man after my own heart," was the reply.

"An excellent recommendation truly; but by what name might this new wonder be called?"

"His name is Eric Rolfson," answered the Doctor; "but Rolfson the missionary is the name by which he is known in all the country round."

We were fortunate in finding Rolfson the missionary at home; and seeing our boat approach, he hastened to the landing-place to meet us. I had a fine look at him, as he stood close by the margin of the water, waiting for the boat to touch the rocks, and then to help us ashore.

He appeared to be a vigorous, hearty man; and was tall and well proportioned. His dress did not differ in its general pattern from our own; but the cap, waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots were made of seal-skins instead of cloth. He wore a simple, heavy brown cloth coat. Of course such clothing would spoil the finest figure in the world; but his was one of those on which everything hangs gracefully, and one forgot the clothing while looking at the man. His features were regular, and his complexion was very fresh and fair, as I thought, for such a climate. His hair and beard were light, and almost golden. Of the latter there was not enough to hide the outlines of his chin, and his hair was long and soft, and it curled about his temples in a gentle, tender sort of way; and, altogether, Eric Rolfson, as he stood upon the rocks waiting for us to step ashore, was an attractive-looking person, and claimed the interest instantly. He met us in a cordial, graceful manner that was very winning. "A thousand thanks for your coming." Greetings over, he instantly proposed to lead us to his "hut," as he called his residence.

"But first," broke in the Doctor, "I must tell you why we came."

"Of course you came to see me," answered Rolfson; "what else *could* have brought you here?"

"Of course to see you, good Rolfson," replied the Doctor; "but we came rather by accident than original design, I fear."

"Now, don't tell me that," remonstrated the missionary,— "don't tell me that; because you see it would be so poor a compliment."

"Poor compliment or not," went on the Doctor, "you must take it for what it's worth. But, Rolfson, come, I must have a word with you at once"; and turning to me he excused himself, and then turning to Rolfson he pulled him aside; but as they did not move more than a few paces, and as I could not move in any direction without passing nearer to them, some parts of their conversation reached my ears.

"Indeed!" I heard Rolfson exclaim. "Then he has left the island!"

"Who told you that?" inquired the Doctor.

"I do not know how the news came here," answered Rolfson; "but there are those who pretend to say that it is true."

"Then," replied the Doctor with evident satisfaction, "it is not true."

"No?" exclaimed the missionary, half questioning, half in surprise, "I am truly glad: I have been greatly worried about it, and am much rejoiced you came."

It was clear enough that both the Doctor and the missionary anticipated that harm might come to somebody through the savage Sipsu, and that both were upon their guard; but of the nature of this harm I had not yet received the slightest hint, nor could I form the least idea. By and by the Doctor raised his voice again, and I heard him say: "What! do you think me such a dunce?"

"Never that at any time," replied Rolfson, "but I cannot see what you possibly could do."

"Do!" exclaimed the Doctor as if surprised,— "do! why I brought this kayak with me, to be sure."

"And left him a prisoner on his own island!" exclaimed the missionary.

"Exactly so," said the Doctor; and the missionary laughed outright, and said it was "too good a joke to be true." Then the conversation was continued in an undertone for some moments longer, when I heard the missionary say to the Doctor, "I'll do anything you want me to"; and it was a very easy thing to see, as they stood together on the rocks, that, if the Doctor admired the missionary as an "honest gentleman," the missionary, on the other hand, gave that submission which the weaker nature always offers to the stronger one, when they are brought together.

"I want you to do just nothing at all, good Rolfson," answered the Doctor, —"nothing, at least, but entertain my friend here"; saying which he turned towards me, and made some excuse for leaving me alone so long, and then remarked that he suspected I "must be somewhat curious about this Sipsu, of whom they had been saying so much."

I told him that his suspicions were quite correct.

"Well," continued the Doctor, "it is an odd sort of a history, and I am sure it will amuse you. I have said little about the savage to you, being myself a dreadfully poor story-teller, while Rolfson here is one of the very best; and he has promised me that he will tell it to you,—eh, Rolfson?"

The missionary looked at the Doctor as if he should like to reprove him for his wickedness, and would have done it certainly had the Doctor not seemed to him a shade above that sort of thing. It was clear enough that the missionary had made no promise of the kind, and that he had no mind to be thought "one of the best of story-tellers."

"No matter, then!" exclaimed the Doctor, in his good-natured, pleasant way, seeing that the missionary was both shocked and puzzled, "Rolfson is modest, and his memory is bad; but we 'll have the story none the less before we 've done with him. If he does not tell it to you while I am away, I 'll draw it out of him when I come back." Then turning to me he said: "It is necessary for me to go on a little farther in the boat, and I am very certain that you will enjoy a day or so here much better than you would with me"; and he turned to leave us, as if in the greatest hurry to be off.

"Come, come," cried Rolfson, intercepting him, "this will never do. It must not be said that Doctor Molke came to see the missionary and went away without tasting of the missionary's hospitality,—even although he may be able to offer but a crust of bread and a cup of coffee."

"Pardon me, Rolfson," replied the Doctor, "I meant no discourtesy; but I have need, as you know, to make some haste, rather than to break bread and drink coffee."

"Haste or no haste," expostulated the missionary, "I am sure that no enterprise can prosper which is begun by the neglect of a sacred obligation. So now, for once, you must let me give orders, and say 'Come along.'"

"Well, well," exclaimed the Doctor,

resignedly, "have your own way, good man. One who follows you cannot go very far astray, at any rate; but you see I must not tarry long."

"Tarry no longer than you please," replied the missionary, "I shall let you off right soon. 'Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,' is as good for Greenland as elsewhere"; and while he spoke he turned about and conducted us to his house, ushering us into a small, uncarpeted, and very plainly furnished room. The walls, made of plain pine boards, were without paint, and their smoke-stained surface was unbroken by ornament of any kind except a few engravings in plain wooden frames, — all portraits of men who had been connected with the early settlement of Greenland. Among the most conspicuous were those of Hans and Paul Egede, who were the first to preach the Christian faith in these wild places, and of Count Zinzendorf, through whose pious efforts the Moravian Brothers were established at New Herrnhut.

"What a contrast to Doctor Molke's luxurious lodge!" I inwardly exclaimed. A few pine shelves were arranged along one side of the room, and they were well stocked with books. Opposite these shelves there was a huge stove, and near the stove an old-fashioned wooden lounge or settee, and three plain wooden-seated chairs were placed around a plain pine table, on which a short, stoop-shouldered, wrinkled, and altogether ancient and singular-looking woman, dressed in seal-skin pantaloons and boots, and fur-bound jacket (in general form like Sophy's, only lacking neatness), placed some ill-matched plates and knives and forks and cups, and then brought in a dish of ill-flavored seal-flesh, and an urn of steaming coffee, and a pile of Danish naval bread, which looked about as edible as bricks, and which resembled bricks in everything but its brown color. To soften the harshness of this uninviting repast there was, beside the coffee, some home-brewed beer and a bottle of Danish corn brandy.

"This is but humble fare, my friends," said the missionary, in an apologetic tone, as we drew round the table, — "very humble fare indeed; but somehow or other I was never a good caterer for the table, and I sometimes think that I trust quite too much to Barbara"; and the missionary called "Barbara, Barbara," and in an instant the stoop-shouldered, wrinkled, and ancient dame above described came waddling through the door leading from the kitchen.

"Have you nothing but this, Barbara?" inquired the missionary, in a rather hopeful tone of voice, as I thought.

At this question Barbara appeared surprised, and it was quite evident that she looked upon it in the light of a personal reflection. "What better fare than seal-meat, fried in its own fat, and smelling savory, should anybody want, I should like to know?" was the question she seemed to be coming to, as she stood before her master; and, viewed in that light, her whole body seemed to be twisted into an enlarged note of interrogation. But although she did not speak the question, she grew voluble, — told us when and where the seal was caught, and what pains and trouble she had taken with the cooking of it, and what a time she had had with the coffee, and how she had gone expressly over to the storehouse to get the bread, and had gone to another place for a cracked cup, and to another place for a battered spoon, for she had never set a table for so many people in all her life before, and she had to borrow furniture; and all the while she was making this little speech (which was an admirable speech to hear but for the ending of it, when we were plainly told that there was nothing else to eat in all the house) she seemed to be unrolling herself, for she grew several inches taller, and in this operation she appeared to aid herself by sundry shakes of her seal-skin clothes, as a rhinoceros might shake its loosely fitting hide, to get the wrinkles out, and be ready for expansion.

"Not another thing, Barbara?" repeated the missionary, in a much less

hopeful tone of voice than before. "Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure! Not another thing to eat in all the house," quoth Barbara.

"Then Heaven help my hungry guests!" was, as it appeared to me, the not unreasonable appeal of our now quite hopeless host.

"Amen!" cried the Doctor, who, no longer able to restrain himself, broke out into a hearty laugh at Rolfson's woful face. "Upon my word, good man," continued he, "I think you are very far from being sufficiently thankful for Heaven's gifts; for such rare coffee as this should of itself be enough to insure contentment to any reasonable being; and as for the corn brandy, it is excellent, as I know from former experience; but since you appear to think so poorly of its merits, and like rather the more aromatic distillations of Santa Cruz, your very reasonable and moderate desires may be satisfied by sending this very ancient and voluble Barbara down to the boat."

"Now just listen to him!" cried the missionary. "How adroitly he wants to get rid of my bad corn brandy, that he may replace it with his own fine Santa Cruz; but Barbara shall bring the Santa Cruz for all that, and (how stupid it was in me not to have thought of it before!) she shall bring all the other good things she finds there." So Barbara, being called, was despatched upon the errand, expressly charged to "bring everything in the eating and drinking line that she could lay her hands upon."

"The pious thief!" exclaimed the Doctor, when Rolfson had finished, "who ever heard of such a cool proceeding? But I have learned to be resigned, for so this good man always treats me."

"So the Doctor treats himself," retorted the missionary. "The sinful Sybarite! he is always fearful that the hermit's hut will have nothing good enough for his fastidious palate, and hence, when he comes this way, he always crowds his boat with insubstantial luxuries."

"Of which insubstantial luxuries," answered the Doctor, "the said sinful Sybarite is very speedily relieved by the said abstemious hermit, as example illustrates; for here comes Barbara, waddling along like a pack-mule under a pair of panniers heavy enough to break her back. A well-instructed servant is Barbara, and used to foraging expeditions of this sort."

Thus did we in a pleasant manner fill up the time of Barbara's absence; and thus did we neglect the missionary's brickbat bread and steaks of seal-flesh.

Barbara came staggering in under her heavy burden, dropped it on the floor, straightened herself out to the extent of about half a foot, gave herself a shake or two after the rhinoceros fashion, took three long pulls at the close atmosphere of the little room, and began to unpack.

"Heavy?" said the Doctor, looking at her with interest and satisfaction.

"Ugh! Adam!" and a point at the door was the only answer.

Adam was there sure enough, and his scowling face and half his body were pushed through the half-open doorway. His arm was raised above his head, and he had thrown something into the room, with an angry "There, you forgot that! Take it!" before he saw the party at the table, or knew that we were in the house. But the deed was done, and the fellow had shrieked out "Oh!" and quickly closed the door, as if he feared the Doctor's plate was coming at his head, and he was running frightened away; and the luckless Barbara was "doubled up" in such a manner as to show that Adam had been true with his aim, and that Barbara's three pulls at the close atmosphere of the little room had proved a useless effort. The "game chicken" himself could hardly have done it more effectually.

"What 's the matter?" cried the missionary.

"Matter plenty," answered Barbara (with an angry scowl at the door where Adam's head had been), as soon as she had pulled in her breath again,

— "matter plenty; I leave him one loaf of bread to eat, and he want more or will have none; and he get mad and run after me, and double me all up with no wind in me."

"It was very evident that the missionary's housekeeper had obeyed her orders to the letter, and that she had left our boat as destitute of eatables as an iceberg of warmth, and that the pilot Adam had made defence like a faithful dog, and had been overcome, and was therefore spiteful.

"Thanks, thanks, good, honest, faithful Barbara!" spoke the Doctor in a soothing tone. "Never mind the wind, but let us have the spoils, and we 'll settle with Adam by and by."

Being thus encouraged, Barbara soon made the old pine table look quite cheery with the good things she had brought; and a meal which had a very modest and humble beginning had a very different ending.

The Doctor was soon afterward off upon his journey, and Rolfson and I set out to take a stroll about the hills and valleys in the neighborhood. The day was warm; we wandered far, climbed high, and talked much.

And the walk was one long to be remembered. Strange groups of people met us everywhere as we strolled near the beach, gazing and grinning at us as we went along; strange little seal-skin tents peeped up here and there from among the rocks; strange little huts were found in lonely places; and strange-looking men in their little boats were streaming in from every quarter of the sea, with fish or seals, seeking home and shelter, for the sky was threatening a storm.

The missionary proved to be a most genial and pleasant companion for a walk. He had a gentle word for every hunter, child, or woman that we passed, and they all seemed fond of him. He was fond of exercise, and was a vigorous walker, and his mind was keenly alive to whatever there was of beauty or sublimity in the scenes which broke upon us in the changing view. The cheerfulness of his spirits seemed to me quite wonderful, when I thought of the hardships and privations he must needs endure, not only in his lonely life in this lonely place, but in his wanderings, to and fro, through the frosts and snows of winter and the storms of summer, in the performance of his missionary duties, — carrying into the huts and villages, far and near, Christian counsel and a cheerful face.

My interest in him, excited at the first moment of our meeting, increased greatly as we walked on and talked together. His character I thought quite easily read: it seemed all written in his face and manner. It appeared to me, as I watched and listened to him, that he had banished himself to this distant desert place for the simple love of doing good, and that his happiness was in his work, and that he was satisfied. And yet, as I reflected, more and more it did seem strange to me that one of such a social and sympathetic temperament could bring himself to live alone, as he was doing here, even with this incentive and this satisfying aim; and in the end I found myself wondering how this earnest yet gentle man, with education and refinement, should be content to dwell in solitude and poverty, even more than I had wondered at the motives of Doctor Molke; for while the latter was one of those strong, self-reliant men whose actions seem wholly independent of persons or of circumstances, Rolfson, on the other hand, belonged to that class of mortals who are strong only when guided by the conscience, — one of those to whom the heart warms instinctively, who, hiding no action of the daily life, are ever free to give confidence when it is sought without unworthy aim, and who gain the unsolicited confidence of others.

Patient and self-sacrificing, giving everything and receiving nothing but the simple satisfaction of doing good; humble, yet proud; always zealous, yet ever cheerful; pious without austerity or asceticism, — such are the true servants of the Lord and teachers of His word.

Fortunately for my curiosity in re-

gard to himself, Rolfson made no effort at concealment. During our walk he spoke frequently of himself, inquired eagerly about the world, and alluded often to his long banishment from it.

The pleasant walk came to an end, and once more we found ourselves seated in the dreary little dining-room of the missionary's hut. And here our conversation ran on as before, only it became more pointed and particular. I did not at the time observe it, but afterward I recalled the circumstance, that throughout our walk, and for some time after our return, Rolfson asked me only general questions, and seemed desirous only of hearing general news; but as the evening wore on he seemed to seek more accurate knowledge of the world. And now, as I spoke of particular events, either historical or of my own personal knowledge, that had happened on the south side of the Arctic Circle, I could perceive that his eagerness grew and grew, as if some great restraint had been removed; but as it grew, his manner became less cheerful and more intense, and the brightness vanished from his face.

Had I been watching him carefully and curiously, as at first, I might have noticed that the change was gradual; but as it was, when I came at length to a pause in my rapid speech, and fixed my eyes upon him steadily, it seemed to me almost as if another man had come to take the place where Rolfson had been sitting by the fire.

I was really startled. I was wholly unprepared for this great change in my companion, so completely had he impressed himself upon my mind as one whose life was and always had been passed in joyous sunshine. I felt that he had a warm and generous heart, and I had hastily inferred that his soul must be always tranquil if his days were passed in his Master's service. In some sense (indeed, a large one) this was true, but how impossible it is that we should ever reach the depths of the human heart with our plummet-line! how constantly we err in the conclusions that we draw! how unjust we often are! how seldom it is that we count or know the cost at which a human life has gained the privilege of a narrow footing on the narrow road!

In our silence the lines of sadness deepened in the missionary's face; and, anxious to fill the pause, I found myself asking: "In spite of all your active, pressing duties, do you not find your place at times wearisome and your life lonely?"

"Very lonely indeed my life is sometimes," replied Rolfson; "though not more so here, perhaps, than it would be in the most crowded city of the world. All places are pretty much alike to me"; and as he answered me he rose from his seat, and, crossing the room, looked vacantly out of the window.

He must have been himself conscious that his voice and manner had both changed; for, as he passed me in returning to his seat, he paused in front of me and said: "Pardon a momentary weakness. You do not know what a strange effect you produce upon me. You have come to me, as it were, with the rich perfume of the world about you, and you tell me of the world's delights and of its pleasant places. For years I have scarcely allowed the world to come across my thoughts. But your words were such as to call up, in spite of all that I could do, associations which I would place beyond the reach of memory. At first you saw me much excited and very eager. It has never been easy for me to control my emotions. These few hours of our acquaintance, of our walking and talking together, have exposed to you two very opposite features of my character."

I was much surprised with his extraordinary frankness, and felt that we were no longer strangers to each other. But I was really alarmed at the result of our conversation, — fearing that I had unwittingly said, as I hurried on, something to give him pain.

"Our conversation," said he, in answer to my expression of this feeling, "was of my own seeking, — at least that part of it which concerns the world from which you come"; saying which,

he walked once more to the window, and, for a moment, pressed his forehead against the window-pane. Then he paced two or three times up and down the room, and then resumed his seat.

The situation had, by this time, become to me embarrassing. I rose from my chair, took down a book from one of the pine shelves, and turned the leaves. Then I replaced the book upon the shelf, and, crossing the room, opened the door and looked out upon the bay. Seeing that I was not observed, I passed through the doorway, glad to get where I could think freely of the strange alteration which had taken place in the missionary.

Presently the door was opened, and Rolfson came out after me; and, putting his arm within mine, he said, "Come, let us walk."

We went down to the beach where we had landed, and then talked for a little while with a group of native men and women who were standing about some captured seals; then we went up to the little church, in which I found myself much interested, and after this we returned to the dining-room once more.

I observed now that the missionary had become more like himself again; but this proved to be only temporary; for his thoughts were clearly fixed intently upon something, and I found it impossible to lead him again into conversation.

At length he said, quite abruptly: "You have told me that you wondered to see me here, and have hinted that you would like to know why I came."

"I must own," said I, "that I have had a deep interest in your life aroused by what I have seen and by what you have told me; and, without desiring to be obtrusive, I would have learned more, for your career is very different from that of ordinary men."

"Then you shall know what brought me here," said he; "words are oftentimes a great relief to us. For years I have not spoken of myself to any human being. Of what I may tell you I have not said a word to Molke. Why I should speak of it to you seems strange. But, as I have said before, you come to me with all the associations of the great world about you, — a world in which I have found much true happiness; and, in spite of me, your mere presence here during these past few hours has brought up at every moment a past which I thought I had put behind me forever, saying, 'God's will be done.' You would not believe how very weak I am; how constantly I am forced to struggle with myself, if I would in this life fulfil my allotted task. The cause of my being here is quickly told. I came to find a wilderness where I could bury a heavy sorrow."

The tone of voice in which he made this declaration, the sadness that was on his face, told very plainly that the sorrow, whatever it might be, still lingered in the heart, and was not buried yet, nor would be until the heart had throbbed its last throb, let him wander where he would or seek a wilderness wherever he might. One grave alone must bury it and him together.

While speaking he had risen from his seat again, and approached the door leading to his chamber. As he placed his hand upon the latch he turned to me and said: "I will let you see what I have not for a long time dared trust myself to look upon. Will you follow me?"

His face was very pale, his eyes were fixed and vacant, his step seemed to have lost its natural firmness, and as I followed him I felt amazed at the change that had come over him.

The chamber into which he conducted me was small, and, like the other room, was poorly furnished. The walls were wholly bare, — unadorned by anything whatever, except that above his narrow bed there hung a richly gilded frame, covered with a piece of black drapery, evidently put there to hide it. Advancing to this frame Rolfson lifted the drapery, and exposed the picture that it held.

It was a woman's face exquisitely painted, and very beautiful, — one of those sunny faces not often seen, — perfectly moulded, bright and loving

and lovable, — one of the most delicate and pure of blondes, — with auburn hair so massive yet so light that it did not seem to touch the forehead as it waved over it, and fell back in ringlets upon the neck and shoulders.

My whole attention was for some moments so absorbed by the portrait, that I had neglected, or forgotten, the companion at my side, standing there holding up the drapery, which seemed as if it might not have been touched before for years. When at length I did remember him, and looked into his face, a strange calmness had come over it; there was no blood there to give color to the cheeks or lips, but the agitation which I had before witnessed had disappeared.

Long and steadily he gazed upon the lovely face, and it seemed as if it was possessed with life and was speaking to him. Then he drew the drapery across it slowly and solemnly, and turned and walked away. As we passed back through the door he leaned his hand upon my shoulder and said, in a low and feeble voice, "She was my wife."

She was his wife! Those simple words told all the tale. She was his wife! No wonder for the heavy load of sorrow that this meek and pious man was carrying in his heart; no wonder that he could not wholly put the past behind him, saying in all meekness and humility, "God's will be done!"

"It has been a long, long time," said Rolfson, after he was seated, as if talking to himself, — "a long, long time indeed since I looked upon her picture; but her sweet face is ever present to my memory." And then, arousing himself suddenly, he addressed me, saying, "Shall we go into the open air? I will tell you what I promised at another time."

Once outside, the color soon returned to Rolfson's face, and the manly freshness to his spirits. We walked on over the rough rocks, and came presently upon the sea. The wind was blowing heavily, and a swell which was coming in from the open ocean was pounding great lumps of ice against the rocks beneath our feet. The air was alive with screaming gulls; and storm-clouds, rising from beyond the line of tumbling waters, and leaving far behind the spray, which streamed over the icebergs in the sea, dashed madly against the solid cliffs above our heads, and were there shattered and broken into phantom shapes, that clung to the dark gorges and gloomy caverns among the crags, and seemed to crave protection from the shrieking winds.

"Ah, this is what I love!" cried Rolfson, with enthusiasm, as we looked out upon this troubled scene. "This is what I most enjoy! Molke loves the solemn, quiet grandeur of the hills and glaciers, and the icebergs which make a forest of the sea; but I love the storms. The screaming of these gulls is more to me than the linnets' warblings; the pounding of the ice, and the beating of the sea upon the cold gray stones are more pleasant to my ear than the dashing waterfall; these dark and fiercely rushing clouds speak to me a language more cheering than the Italian sunset; for in these things I read God's power more truly; in them I seem nearer to his throne; in them I can forget wholly the senses and the delights they bring, and, wandering from this life, which to all of us should be (though it never is) filled constantly with thoughts of the life to come, I seem to be within the heavenly light. What strength, what power, this scene seems to give me always! How it lifts me from myself, and makes me long to do some worthy thing, that, when I have fought my fight and kept my faith, I may be at peace, if it is God's will!"

The deep earnestness of Rolfson's voice as he spoke these words was most impressive. The man whom I had seen in the early afternoon; the man with whom I had wandered in the sunshine, through the valleys and on the hill-tops, stood now before me quite his former self again; stronger, no doubt, and better that the storm within had come and passed. The cheerful

smile had lighted up his face again, and showed the victory won.

We turned our backs upon the gale and walked again to the missionary's hut; and as we went along, Rolfson, speaking gently, said: "Ah, my friend, you have seen me exhibit a weakness for which I need offer no apology, for I cannot be ashamed of it. It was but human, and was caused by the mere circumstance of your coming here, as I have already said, fresh from a world that I thought I had forgotten. How little I had forgotten it I thank you for having shown me. Come," and he put his arm within my own, "let us hasten home. And since we have had our enjoyment of the storm, let it blow itself to pieces as it will; and while it blows, you shall mingle with the wailing wind the story of my life."

As we neared the hut, the gale blowing now even more fiercely than before, I said to Rolfson, "While the storm is raging so, have you any fears for Doctor Molke in his boat?"

"What! fears for Molke, in his boat or anywhere!" exclaimed the missionary, as if the question took him by surprise, and had been no more thought of than that he himself should work a miracle,—"fears for Molke, no; I have no fears for Doctor Molke at any time or in any place. Danger and Doctor Molke seem to have parted company long ago. The one is to the other as water to the feathers of a swan. At the present moment I dare say he is having a right royal supper in some safe place; or *if* in danger, you may be sure that he will light upon his feet with not a feather ruffled, or a muscle of his genial face disturbed, or one pulsation added in the hour. Fears for him? why, I never thought of such a thing. No, indeed! no fears for him! no fears for Doctor Molke in the storm or anywhere!"

THE ROMANCE OF CERTAIN OLD CLOTHES.

TOWARD the middle of the eighteenth century there lived in the Province of Massachusetts a widowed gentlewoman, the mother of three children. Her name is of little account: I shall take the liberty of calling her Mrs. Willoughby, — a name, like her own, of a highly respectable sound. She had been left a widow after some six years of marriage, and had devoted herself to the care of her children. These latter grew up in a manner to reward her tender care and to gratify her fondest hopes. The first-born was a son, whom she had called Bernard, after his father. The others were daughters, — born at an interval of three years apart. Good looks were traditional in the family, and these young persons were not likely to allow the tradition to perish. The boy was of that fair and ruddy complexion and of that athletic mould which in those days (as in these) were the sign of genuine English blood, — a frank, affectionate young fellow, a capital son and brother, and a steadfast friend. Clever, however, he was not; the wit of the family had been apportioned chiefly to his sisters. Mr. Willoughby had been a great reader of Shakespeare, at a time when this pursuit implied more penetration of mind than at the present day, and in a community where it required much courage to patronize the drama even in the closet; and he had wished to record his admiration of the great poet by calling his daughters out of his favorite plays. Upon the elder he had bestowed the charming name of Viola; and upon the younger, the more serious one of Perdita, in memory of a little girl born between them, who had lived but a few weeks.

When Bernard Willoughby came to his sixteenth year, his mother put a brave face upon it, and prepared to execute her husband's last request. This had been an earnest entreaty that, at the proper age, his son should be sent out to England, there to complete his education at the University of Oxford, which had been the seat of his own studies. Mrs. Willoughby valued her son three times as much as she did her two daughters together; but she valued her husband's wishes more. So she swallowed her sobs, and made up her boy's trunk and his simple provincial outfit, and sent him on his way across the seas. Bernard was entered at his father's college, and spent five years in England, without great honor, indeed, but with a vast deal of pleasure and no discredit. On leaving the University he made the journey to France. In his twenty-third year he took ship for home, prepared to find poor little New England (New England was very small in those days) an utterly intolerable place of abode. But there had been changes at home, as well as in Mr. Bernard's opinions. He found his mother's house quite habitable, and his sisters grown into two very charming young ladies, with all the accomplishments and graces of the young women of Britain, and a certain native-grown gentle *brusquerie* and wildness, which, if it was not an accomplishment, was certainly a grace the more. Bernard privately assured his mother that his sisters were fully a match for the most genteel young women in England; whereupon poor Mrs. Willoughby quite came into conceit of her daughters. Such was Bernard's opinion, and such, in a tenfold higher degree, was the opinion of Mr. Arthur Lloyd. This gentleman, I hasten to add, was a college-mate of Mr. Bernard, a young man of reputable family, of a good person and a handsome inheritance; which latter appurtenance he prepared to invest in trade in this country. He and Bernard were warm friends; they had crossed the ocean together, and the young American had lost no time in presenting him at his mother's house, where he had made quite as good an impression as that which he had received, and of which I have just given a hint.

The two sisters were at this time in all the freshness of their youthful bloom; each wearing, of course, this natural brilliancy in the manner that became her best. They were equally dissimilar in appearance and character. Viola, the elder, — now in her twenty-second year, — was tall and fair, with calm gray eyes and auburn tresses; a very faint likeness to the Viola of Shakespeare's comedy, whom I imagine as a brunette (if you will), but a slender, airy creature, full of the softest and finest emotions. Miss Willoughby, with her rich, fair skin, her fine arms, her majestic height, and her slow utterance, was not cut out for adventures. She would never have put on a man's jacket and hose; and, indeed, being a very plump beauty, it is perhaps as well that she would n't. Perdita, too, might very well have exchanged the sweet melancholy of her name against something more in consonance with her aspect and disposition. She was a positive brunette, short of stature, light of foot, with dark brown eyes full of fire and animation. She had been from her childhood a creature of smiles and gayety; and so far from making you wait for an answer to your speech, as her handsome sister was wont to do (while she gazed at you with her somewhat cold gray eyes), she had given you the choice of half a dozen, suggested by the successive clauses of your proposition, before you had got to the end of it.

The young girls were very glad to see their brother once more; but they found themselves quite able to maintain a reserve of good-will for their brother's friend. Among the young men their friends and neighbors, the *belle jeunesse* of the Colony, there were many excellent fellows, several devoted swains, and some two or three who enjoyed the reputation of universal charmers and conquerors. But the home-bred arts and the somewhat boisterous gallantry of these honest young colo-

nists were completely eclipsed by the good looks, the fine clothes, the respectful *empressement*, the perfect elegance, the immense information, of Mr. Arthur Lloyd. He was in reality no paragon; he was an honest, resolute, intelligent young man, rich in pounds sterling, in his health and comfortable hopes, and his little capital of uninvested affections. But he was a gentleman; he had a handsome face; he had studied and travelled; he spoke French, he played on the flute, and he read verses aloud with very great taste. There were a dozen reasons why Miss Willoughby and her sister should forthwith have been rendered fastidious in the choice of their male acquaintance. The imagination of women is especially adapted to the various little conventions and mysteries of polite society. Mr. Lloyd's talk told our little New England maidens a vast deal more of the ways and means of people of fashion in European capitals than he had any idea of doing. It was delightful to sit by and hear him and Bernard discourse upon the fine people and fine things they had seen. They would all gather round the fire after tea, in the little wainscoted parlor, — quite innocent then of any intention of being picturesque or of being anything else, indeed, than economical, and saving the expense of stamped papers and tapestries, — and the two young men would remind each other, across the rug, of this, that, and the other adventure. Viola and Perdita would often have given their ears to know exactly what adventure it was, and where it happened, and who was there, and what the ladies had on; but in those days a well-bred young woman was not expected to break into the conversation of her own movement or to ask too many questions; and the poor girls used therefore to sit fluttering behind the more languid — or more discreet — curiosity of their mother.

That they were both very nice girls Arthur Lloyd was not slow to discover; but it took him some time to satisfy himself as to the balance of their charms. He had a strong presentiment — an emotion of a nature entirely too cheerful to be called a foreboding — that he was destined to marry one of them; yet he was unable to arrive at a preference, and for such a consummation a preference was certainly indispensable, inasmuch as Lloyd was quite too much of a young man to reconcile himself to the idea of making a choice by lot and being cheated of the heavenly delight of falling in love. He resolved to take things easily, and to let his heart speak. Meanwhile, he was on a very pleasant footing. Mrs. Willoughby showed a dignified indifference to his "intentions," equally remote from a carelessness of her daughters' honor and from that hideous alacrity to make him commit himself, which, in his quality of a young man of property, he had but too often encountered in the venerable dames of his native islands. As for Bernard, all that he asked was that his friend should take his sisters as his own; and as for the fair creatures themselves, however each may have secretly longed for the monopoly of Mr. Lloyd's attentions, they observed a very decent and modest and contented demeanor.

Towards each other, however, they were somewhat more on the offensive. They were good sisterly friends, betwixt whom it would take more than a day for the seeds of jealousy to sprout and bear fruit; but the young girls felt that the seeds had been sown on the day that Mr. Lloyd came into the house. Each made up her mind that, if she should be slighted, she would bear her grief in silence, and that no one should be any the wiser; for if they had a great deal of love, they had also a great deal of pride. But each prayed in secret, nevertheless, that upon *her* the glory might fall. They had need of a vast deal of patience, of self-control, and of dissimulation. In those days a young girl of decent breeding could make no advances whatever, and barely respond, indeed, to those that were made. She was expected to sit still in her chair with her eyes on the carpet, watching the spot where the mystic handkerchief should

fall. Poor Arthur Lloyd was obliged to undertake his wooing in the little wainscoted parlor, before the eyes of Mrs. Willoughby, her son, and his prospective sister-in-law. But youth and love are so cunning that a hundred little signs and tokens might travel to and fro, and not one of these three pair of eyes detect them in their passage. The young girls had but one chamber and one bed between them, and for long hours together they were under each other's direct inspection. That each knew that she was being watched, however, made not a grain of difference in those little offices which they mutually rendered, or in the various household tasks which they performed in common. Neither flinched nor fluttered beneath the silent batteries of her sister's eyes. The only apparent change in their habits was that they had less to say to each other. It was impossible to talk about Mr. Lloyd, and it was ridiculous to talk about anything else. By tacit agreement they began to wear all their choice finery, and to devise such little implements of coquetry, in the way of ribbons and top-knots and furbelows as were sanctioned by indubitable modesty. They executed in the same inarticulate fashion a little agreement of sincerity on these delicate matters. "Is it better so?" Viola would ask, tying a bunch of ribbons on her bosom, and turning about from her glass to her sister. Perdita would look up gravely from her work, and examine the decoration. "I think you had better give it another loop," she would say, with great solemnity, looking hard at her sister with eyes that added, "upon my honor." So they were forever stitching and trimming their petticoats, and pressing out their muslins, and contriving washes and ointments and cosmetics, like the ladies in the household of the Vicar of Wakefield. Some three or four months went by; it grew to be midwinter, and as yet Viola knew that if Perdita had nothing more to boast of than she, there was not much to be feared from her rivalry. But Perdita by this time, the charming Perdita, felt that her secret had grown to be tenfold more precious than her sister's.

One afternoon Miss Willoughby sat alone before her toilet-glass, combing out her long hair. It was getting too dark to see; she lit the two candles in their sockets on the frame of her mirror, and then went to the window to draw her curtains. It was a gray December evening; the landscape was bare and bleak, and the sky heavy with snow-clouds. At the end of the long garden into which her window looked was a wall with a little postern door, opening into a lane. The door stood ajar, as she could vaguely see in the gathering darkness, and moved slowly to and fro, as if some one were swaying it from the lane without. It was doubtless a servant-maid. But as she was about to drop her curtain, Viola saw her sister step within the garden, and hurry along the path toward the house. She dropped the curtain, all save a little crevice for her eyes. As Perdita came up the path, she seemed to be examining something in her hand, holding it close to her eyes. When she reached the house she stopped a moment, looked intently at the object, and pressed it to her lips.

Poor Viola slowly came back to her chair, and sat down before her glass, where, if she had looked at it less abstractedly, she would have seen her handsome features sadly disfigured by jealousy. A moment afterwards, the door opened behind her, and her sister came into the room, out of breath, and her cheeks aglow with the chilly air.

Perdita started. "Ah," said she, "I thought you were with mamma." The ladies were to go to a tea-party, and on such occasions it was the habit of one of the young girls to help their mother to dress. Instead of coming in, Perdita lingered at the door.

"Come in, come in," said Viola. "We 've more than an hour yet. I should like you very much to give a few strokes to my hair." She knew that her sister wished to retreat, and that she could see in the glass all her movements in the room. "Nay, just

help me with my hair," she said, "and I 'll go to mamma."

Perdita came reluctantly, and took the brush. She saw her sister's eyes, in the glass, fastened hard upon her hands. She had not made three passes, when Viola clapped her own right hand upon her sister's left, and started out of her chair. "Whose ring is that?" she cried, passionately, drawing her towards the light.

On the young girl's third finger glistened a little gold ring, adorned with a couple of small rubies. Perdita felt that she need no longer keep her secret, yet that she must put a bold face on her avowal. "It 's mine," she said proudly.

"Who gave it to you?" cried the other.

Perdita hesitated a moment. "Mr. Lloyd."

"Mr. Lloyd is generous, all of a sudden."

"Ah no," cried Perdita, with spirit, "not all of a sudden. He offered it to me a month ago."

"And you needed a month's begging to take it?" said Viola, looking at the little trinket; which indeed was not especially elegant, although it was the best that the jeweller of the Province could furnish. "I should n't have taken it in less than two."

"It is n't the ring," said Perdita, "it 's what it means!"

"It means that you 're not a modest girl," cried Viola. "Pray does mamma know of your conduct? does Bernard?"

"Mamma has approved my 'conduct,' as you call it. Mr. Lloyd has asked my hand, and mamma has given it. Would you have had him apply to you, sister?"

Viola gave her sister a long look, full of passionate envy and sorrow. Then she dropped her lashes on her pale cheeks, and turned away. Perdita felt that it had not been a pretty scene; but it was her sister's fault. But the elder girl rapidly called back her pride, and turned herself about again. "You have my very best wishes," she said with a low courtesy. "I wish you every happiness, and a very long life."

Perdita gave a bitter laugh. "Don't speak in that tone," she cried. "I 'd rather you cursed me outright. Come, sister," she added, "he could n't marry both of us."

"I wish you very great joy," Viola repeated mechanically, sitting down to her glass again, "and a very long life, and plenty of children."

There was something in the sound of these words not at all to Perdita's taste. "Will you give me a year, at least?" she said. "In a year I can have one little boy, — or one little girl at least. If you 'll give me your brush again, I 'll do your hair."

"Thank you," said Viola. "You had better go to mamma. It is n't proper that a young lady with a promised husband should wait on a girl with none."

"Nay," said Perdita, good-humoredly, "I have Arthur to wait upon me. You need my service more than I need yours."

But her sister motioned her away, and she left the room. When she had gone, poor Viola fell on her knees before her dressing-table, buried her head in her arms, and poured out a flood of tears and sobs. She felt very much the better for this effusion of sorrow. When her sister came back, she insisted upon helping her to dress, and upon her wearing her prettiest things. She forced upon her acceptance a bit of lace of her own, and declared that now that she was to be married she should do her best to appear worthy of her lover's choice. She discharged these offices in stern silence; but, such as they were, they had to do duty as an apology and an atonement; she never made any other.

Now that Lloyd was received by the family as an accepted suitor, nothing remained but to fix the wedding-day. It was appointed for the following April, and in the interval preparations were diligently made for the marriage. Lloyd, on his side, was busy with his commercial arrangements, and with establishing a correspondence with the great mercantile house to which he

had attached himself in England. He was therefore not so frequent a visitor at Mrs. Willoughby's as during the months of his diffidence and irresolution, and poor Viola had less to suffer than she had feared from the sight of the mutual endearments of the young lovers. Touching his future sister-in-law Lloyd had a perfectly clear conscience. There had not been a particle of sentiment uttered between them, and he had not the slightest suspicion that she coveted anything more than his fraternal regard. He was quite at his ease; life promised so well, both domestically and financially. The lurid clouds of revolution were as yet twenty years beneath the horizon, and that his connubial felicity should take a tragic turn it was absurd, it was blasphemous, to apprehend. Meanwhile at Mrs. Willoughby's there was a greater rustling of silks, a more rapid clicking of scissors, and flying of needles than ever. Mrs. Willoughby had determined that her daughter should carry from home the most elegant outfit that her money could buy, or that the country could furnish. All the sage women in the county were convened, and their united taste was brought to bear on Perdita's wardrobe. Viola's situation, at this moment, was assuredly not to be envied. The poor girl had an inordinate love of dress, and the very best taste in the world, as her sister perfectly well knew. Viola was tall, she was full and stately, she was made to carry stiff brocade and masses of heavy lace, such as belong to the toilet of a rich man's wife. But Viola sat aloof, with her beautiful arms folded and her head averted, while her mother and sister and the venerable women aforesaid worried and wondered over their materials, oppressed by the multitude of their resources. One day there came in a beautiful piece of white silk, brocaded with heavenly blue and silver, sent by the bridegroom himself, — it not being thought amiss in those days that the husband elect should contribute to the bride's *trousseau*. Perdita was quite at loss to imagine a pattern and trimmings which should do sufficient honor to the splendor of the material.

"Blue 's your color, sister, more than mine," she said with appealing eyes. "It 's a pity it 's not for you. You 'd know what to do with it."

Viola got up from her place, and looked at the great shining fabric as it lay spread over the back of a chair. Then she took it up in her hands and felt it, — lovingly, as Perdita could see, — and turned about toward the mirror with it. She let it roll down to her feet, and flung the other end over her shoulder, gathering it in about her waist with her white arm bare to the elbow. She threw back her head, and looked at her image, and a hanging tress of her auburn hair fell upon the gorgeous surface of the silk. It made a dazzling picture. The women standing about uttered a little "Ah!" of admiration. "Yes, indeed," said Viola, quietly, "blue is my color." But Perdita could see that her fancy had been stirred, and that she would now fall to work and solve all their silken riddles. And indeed she behaved very well, as Perdita, knowing her insatiable love of millinery, was quite ready to declare. Yards and yards of lovely silks and satins, of muslins, velvets, and laces, passed through her cunning hands, without a word of envy coming from her lips. Thanks to her efforts, when the wedding-day came Perdita was prepared to espouse more of the vanities of life than any fluttering young bride who had yet challenged the sacramental blessing of a New England divine.

It had been arranged that the young couple should go out and spend the first days of their wedded life at the country house of an English gentleman, — a man of rank, and a very kind friend to Lloyd. He was an unmarried man; he professed himself delighted to withdraw and leave them for a week to their billing and cooing. After the ceremony at church, — it had been performed by an English priest, — young Mrs. Lloyd hastened back to her mother's house to change her wedding gear for a riding-dress.

Viola helped her to effect the change, in the little old room in which they had been fond sisters together. Perdita then hurried off to bid farewell to her mother, leaving Viola to follow. The parting was short; the horses were at the door, and Arthur impatient to start. But Viola had not followed, and Perdita hastened back to her room, opening the door abruptly. Viola, as usual, was before the glass, but in a position which caused the other to stand still, amazed. She had dressed herself in Perdita's cast-off wedding veil and wreath, and on her neck she had hung the heavy string of pearls which the young girl had received from her husband as a wedding-gift. These things had been hastily laid aside, to await their possessor's disposal on her return from the country. Bedizened in this unnatural garb, Viola stood at the mirror, plunging a long look into its depths, and reading Heaven knows what audacious visions. Perdita was shocked and pained. It was a hideous image of their old rivalry come to life again. She made a step toward her sister, as if to pull off the veil and the flowers. But catching her eyes in the glass, she stopped.

"Farewell, Viola," she said. "You might at least have waited till I had got out of the house." And she hurried away from the room.

Mr. Lloyd had purchased in Boston a house which, in the taste of those days, was considered a marvel of elegance and comfort; and here he very soon established himself with his young wife. He was thus separated by a distance of twenty miles from the residence of his mother-in-law. Twenty miles in that primitive era of roads and conveyances were as good as a hundred at the present day, and Mrs. Willoughby saw but little of her daughter during the first twelvemonth of her marriage. She suffered in no small degree from her absence; and her affliction was not diminished by the fact that Viola had fallen into a spiritless and languid state, which made change of scene and of air essential to her restoration. The real cause of the young girl's dejection the reader will not be slow to suspect. Mrs. Willoughby and her gossips, however, deemed her complaint a purely physical one, and doubted not that she would obtain relief from the remedy just mentioned. Her mother accordingly proposed on her behalf a visit to certain relatives on the paternal side, established in New York, who had long complained that they were able to see so little of their New England cousins. Viola was despatched to these good people, under a suitable escort, and remained with them for several months. In the interval her brother Bernard, who had begun the practice of the law, made up his mind to take a wife. Viola came home to the wedding, apparently cured of her heartache, with honest roses and lilies in her face, and a proud smile on her lips. Arthur Lloyd came over from Boston to see his brother-in-law married, but without his wife, who was expecting shortly to be confined. It was nearly a year since Viola had seen him. She was glad — she hardly knew why — that Perdita had stayed at home. Arthur looked happy, but he was more grave and solemn than before his marriage. She thought he looked "interesting," — for although the word in its modern sense was not then invented, we may be sure that the idea was. The truth is, he was simply preoccupied with his wife's condition. Nevertheless he by no means failed to observe Viola's beauty and splendor, and how she quite effaced the poor little bride. The allowance that Perdita had enjoyed for her dress had now been transferred to her sister, who certainly made the most of it. On the morning after the wedding, he had a lady's saddle put on the horse of the servant who had come with him from town, and went out with the young girl for a ride. It was a keen, clear morning in January; the ground was bare and hard, and the horses in good condition, — to say nothing of Viola, who was charming in her hat and plume, and her dark blue riding-coat, trimmed with fur. They rode all the morning, they lost their way, and were

obliged to stop for dinner at a farm-house. The early winter dusk had fallen when they got home. Mrs. Willoughby met them with a long face. A messenger had arrived at noon from Mrs. Lloyd; she was beginning to be ill, and desired her husband's immediate return. The young man swore at the thought that he had lost several hours, and that by hard riding he might already have been with his wife. He barely consented to stop for a mouthful of supper, but mounted the messenger's horse and started off at a gallop.

He reached home at midnight. His wife had been delivered of a little girl. "Ah, why were n't you with me?" she said, as he came to her bedside.

"I was out of the house when the man came. I was with Viola," said Lloyd, innocently.

Mrs. Lloyd made a little moan, and turned about. But she continued to do very well, and for a week her improvement was uninterrupted. Finally, however, through some excess of diet or of exposure, it was checked, and the poor lady grew rapidly worse. Lloyd was in despair. It very soon became evident that the relapse was fatal. Mrs. Lloyd came to a sense of her approaching end, and declared that she was reconciled with death. On the third evening after the change took place she told her husband that she felt she would not outlast the night. She dismissed her servants, and also requested her mother to withdraw, — Mrs. Willoughby having arrived on the preceding day. She had had her infant placed on the bed beside her, and she lay on her side, with the child against her breast, holding her husband's hands. The night-lamp was hidden behind the heavy curtains of the bed, but the room was illumined with a red glow from the immense fire of logs on the hearth.

"It seems strange to die by such a fire as that," the young woman said, feebly trying to smile. "If I had but a little of such fire in my veins! But I 've given it all to this little spark of mortality." And she dropped her eyes on her child. Then raising them she looked at her husband with a long penetrating gaze. The last feeling which lingered in her heart was one of mistrust. She had not recovered from the shock which Arthur had given her by telling her that in the hour of her agony he had been with Viola. She trusted her husband very nearly as well as she loved him; but now that she was called away forever, she felt a cold horror of her sister. She felt in her soul that Viola had never ceased to envy her good fortune; and a year of happy security had not effaced the young girl's image, dressed in her wedding garments, and smiling with fancied triumph. Now that Arthur was to be alone, what might not Viola do? She was beautiful, she was engaging; what arts might she not use, what impression might she not make upon the young man's melancholy heart? Mrs. Lloyd looked at her husband in silence. It seemed hard, after all, to doubt of his constancy. His fine eyes were filled with tears; his face was convulsed with weeping; the clasp of his hands was warm and passionate. How noble he looked, how tender, how faithful and devoted! "Nay," thought Perdita, "he 's not for such as Viola. He 'll never forget me. Nor does Viola truly care for him; she cares only for vanities and finery and jewels." And she dropped her eyes on her white hands, which her husband's liberality had covered with rings, and on the lace ruffles which trimmed the edge of her night-dress. "She covets my rings and my laces more than she covets my husband."

At this moment the thought of her sister's rapacity seemed to cast a dark shadow between her and the helpless figure of her little girl. "Arthur," she said, "you must take off my rings. I shall not be buried in them. One of these days my daughter shall wear them, — my rings and my laces and silks. I had them all brought out and shown me to-day. It 's a great wardrobe, — there 's not such another

in the Province; I can say it without vanity now that I 've done with it. It will be a great inheritance for my daughter, when she grows into a young woman. There are things there that a man never buys twice, and if they 're lost you 'll never again see the like. So you 'll watch them well. Some dozen things I 've left to Viola; I 've named them to my mother. I 've given her that blue and silver; it was meant for her; I wore it only once, I looked ill in it. But the rest are to be sacredly kept for this little innocent. It 's such a providence that she should be my color; she can wear my gowns; she has her mother's eyes. You know the same fashions come back every twenty years. She can wear my gowns as they are. They 'll lie there quietly waiting till she grows into them, — wrapped in camphor and rose-leaves, and keeping their colors in the sweet-scented darkness. She shall have black hair, she shall wear my carnation satin. Do you promise me, Arthur?"

"Promise you what, dearest?"

"Promise me to keep your poor little wife's old gowns."

"Are you afraid I 'll sell them?"

"No, but that they may get scattered. My mother will have them properly wrapped up, and you shall lay them away under a double-lock. Do you know the great chest in the attic, with the iron bands? There 's no end to what it will hold. You can lay them all there. My mother and the housekeeper will do it, and give you the key. And you 'll keep the key in your secretary, and never give it to any one but your child. Do you promise me?"

"Ah, yes, I promise you," said Lloyd, puzzled at the intensity with which his wife appeared to cling to this idea.

"Will you swear?" repeated Perdita.

"Yes, I swear."

"Well — I trust you — I trust you," said the poor lady, looking into his eyes with eyes in which, if he had suspected her vague apprehensions, he might have read an appeal quite as much as an assurance.

Lloyd bore his bereavement soberly and manfully. A month after his wife's death, in the course of commerce, circumstances arose which offered him an opportunity of going to England. He embraced it as an alleviation to his sadness. He was absent nearly a year, during which his little girl was tenderly nursed and cherished by her grandmother. On his return he had his house again thrown open, and announced his intention of keeping the same state as during his wife's lifetime. It very soon came to be predicted that he would marry again, and there were at least a dozen young women of whom one may say that it was by no fault of theirs that, for six months after his return, the prediction did not come true. During this interval he still left his little daughter in Mrs. Willoughby's hands, the latter assuring him that a change of residence at so tender an age was perilous to her health. Finally, however, he declared that his heart longed for the little creature's presence, and that she must be brought up to town. He sent his coach and his housekeeper to fetch her home. Mrs. Willoughby was in terror lest something should befall her on the road; and, in accordance with this feeling, Viola offered to ride along with her. She could return the next day. So she went up to town with her little niece, and Mr. Lloyd met her on the threshold of his house, overcome with her kindness and with gratitude. Instead of returning the next day, Viola stayed out the week; and when at last she reappeared, she had only come for her clothes. Arthur would not hear of her coming home, nor would the baby. She cried and moaned if Viola left her; and at the sight of her grief Arthur lost his wits, and swore that she was going to die. In fine, nothing would suit them but that Viola should remain until the little thing had grown used to strange faces.

It took two months for this consummation to be brought about; for it was not until this period had elapsed that Viola took leave of her brother-in-law. Mrs. Willoughby had fretted and fumed

over her daughter's absence; she had declared that it was not becoming, and that it was the talk of the town. She had reconciled herself to it only because, during the young girl's visit, the household enjoyed an unwonted term of peace. Bernard Willoughby had brought his wife home to live, between whom and her sister-in-law there existed a bitter hostility. Viola was perhaps no angel; but in the daily practice of life she was a sufficiently good-natured girl, and if she quarrelled with Mrs. Bernard it was not without provocation. Quarrel, however, she did, to the great annoyance not only of her antagonist, but the two spectators of these constant altercations. Her stay in the household of her brother-in-law, therefore, would have been delightful, if only because it removed her from contact with the object of her antipathy at home. It was doubly — it was ten times — delightful, inasmuch as it kept her near the object of her old passion. Mrs. Lloyd's conjectures had fallen very far short of the truth touching Viola's feeling for her husband. It had been a passion at first and a passion it remained, — a passion of whose radiant heat, tempered to the delicate state of his feelings, Mr. Lloyd very soon felt the influence. Lloyd, as I have said, was no paragon; it was not in his nature to practise an ideal constancy. He had not been many days in the house with his sister-in-law before he began to assure himself that she was, in the language of that day, a devilish fine woman. Whether Viola really practised those insidious arts that her sister had been tempted to impute to her it is needless to inquire. It is enough to say that she found means to appear to the very best advantage. She used to seat herself every morning before the great fireplace in the dining-room, at work upon a piece of tapestry, with her little niece disporting herself on the carpet at her feet, or on the train of her dress, and playing with her woollen balls. Lloyd would have been a very stupid fellow if he had remained insensible to the rich suggestions of this charming picture. He was prodigiously fond of his little girl, and was never weary of taking her in his arms and tossing her up and down, and making her crow with delight. Very often, however, he would venture upon greater liberties than the little creature was yet prepared to allow, and she would suddenly vociferate her displeasure. Viola would then drop her tapestry, and put out her handsome hands with the serious smile of the young girl whose virgin fancy has revealed to her all a mother's healing arts. Lloyd would give up the child, their eyes would meet, their hands would touch, and Viola would extinguish the little girl's sobs upon the snowy folds of the kerchief that crossed her bosom. Her dignity was perfect, and nothing could be less obtrusive than the manner in which she accepted her brother-in-law's hospitality. It may be almost said, perhaps, that there was something harsh in her reserve. Lloyd had a provoking feeling that she was in the house, and yet that she was unapproachable. Half an hour after supper, at the very outset of the long winter evenings, she would light her candle, and make the young man a most respectful courtesy, and march off to bed. If these were arts, Viola was a great artist. But their effect was so gentle, so gradual, they were calculated to work upon the young widower's fancy with such a finely shaded *crescendo*, that, as the reader has seen, several weeks elapsed before Viola began to feel sure that her return would cover her outlay. When this became morally certain, she packed up her trunk, and returned to her mother's house. For three days she waited; on the fourth Mr. Lloyd made his appearance, a respectful but ardent suitor. Viola heard him out with great humility, and accepted him with infinite modesty. It is hard to imagine that Mrs. Lloyd should have forgiven her husband; but if anything might have disarmed her resentment, it would have been the ceremonious continence of this interview. Viola imposed upon her lover but a short probation. They were married, as was becoming, with

great privacy, — almost with secrecy, — in the hope, perhaps, as was waggishly remarked at the time, that the late Mrs. Lloyd would n't hear of it.

The marriage was to all appearance a happy one, and each party obtained what each had desired, — Lloyd "a devilish fine woman," and Viola — but Viola's desires, as the reader will have observed, have remained a good deal of a mystery. There were, indeed, two blots upon their felicity; but time would, perhaps, efface them. During the three first years of her marriage Mrs. Lloyd failed to become a mother, and her husband on his side suffered heavy losses of money. This latter circumstance compelled a material retrenchment in his expenditure, and Viola was perforce less of a great lady than her sister had been. She contrived, however, to sustain with unbroken consistency the part of an elegant woman, although it must be confessed that it required the exercise of more ingenuity than belongs to your real aristocratic repose. She had long since ascertained that her sister's immense wardrobe had been sequestrated for the benefit of her daughter, and that it lay languishing in thankless gloom in the dusty attic. It was a revolting thought that these glorious fabrics should wait on the bidding of a little girl who sat in a high chair, and ate bread-and-milk with a wooden spoon. Viola had the good taste, however, to say nothing about the matter until several months had expired. Then, at last, she timidly broached it to her husband. Was it not a pity that so much finery should be lost? — for lost it would be, what with colors fading, and moths eating it up, and the change of fashions. But Lloyd gave so abrupt and peremptory a negative to her inquiry, that she saw that for the present her attempt was vain. Six months went by, however, and brought with them new needs and new fancies. Viola's thoughts hovered lovingly about her sister's relics. She went up and looked at the chest in which they lay imprisoned. There was a sullen defiance in its three great padlocks and its iron bands, which only quickened her desires. There was something exasperating in its incorruptible immobility. It was like a grim and grizzled old household servant, who locks his jaws over a family secret. And then there was a look of capacity in its vast extent, and a sound as of dense fulness, when Viola knocked its side with the toe of her little slipper, which caused her to flush with baffled longing. "It 's absurd," she cried; "it 's improper, it 's wicked," and she forthwith resolved upon another attack upon her husband. On the following day, after dinner, when he had had his wine, she bravely began it. But he cut her short with great sternness.

"Once for all, Viola," said he, "it 's out of the question. I shall be gravely displeased if you return to the matter."

"Very good," said Viola. "I 'm glad to learn the value at which I 'm held. Great Heaven!" she cried, "I 'm a happy woman. It 's a delightful thing to feel one's self sacrificed to a caprice!" And her eyes filled with tears of anger and disappointment.

Lloyd had a good-natured man's horror of a woman's sobs, and he attempted — I may say he condescended — to explain. "It 's not a caprice, dear, it 's a promise," he said, — "an oath."

"An oath? It 's a pretty matter for oaths! and to whom, pray?"

"To Perdita," said the young man, raising his eyes for an instant, but immediately dropping them.

"Perdita, — ah, Perdita!" And Viola's tears broke forth. Her bosom heaved with stormy sobs, — sobs which were the long-deferred counterpart of the violent fit of weeping in which she had indulged herself on the night when she discovered her sister's betrothal. She had hoped, in her better moments, that she had done with her jealousy; but here it raged again as fierce as ever. "And pray what right," she cried, "had Perdita to dispose of my future? What right had she to bind you to meanness and cruelty? Ah, I occupy a dignified place, and I make a very fine figure! I 'm welcome to what Perdita has left!

And what has she left? I never knew till now how little! Nothing, nothing, nothing!"

This was very poor logic, but it was very good passion. Lloyd put his arm around his wife's waist and tried to kiss her, but she shook him off with magnificent scorn. Poor fellow! he had coveted a "devilish fine woman," and he had got one. Her scorn was intolerable. He walked away with his ears tingling, — irresolute, distracted. Before him was his secretary, and in it the sacred key which with his own hand he had turned in the triple lock. He marched up and opened it, and took the key from a secret drawer, wrapped in a little packet which he had sealed with his own honest bit of blazonry. *Teneo*, said the motto, — "I hold." But he was ashamed to put it back. He flung it upon the table beside his wife.

"Keep it!" she cried. "I want it not. I hate it!"

"I wash my hands of it," cried her husband. "God forgive me!"

Mrs. Lloyd gave an indignant shrug of her shoulders, and swept out of the room, while the young man retreated by another door. Ten minutes later Mrs. Lloyd returned, and found the room occupied by her little step-daughter and the nursery-maid. The key was not on the table. She glanced at the child. The child was perched on a chair with the packet in her hands. She had broken the seal with her own little fingers. Mrs. Lloyd hastily took possession of the key.

At the habitual supper-hour Arthur Lloyd came back from his counting-room. It was the month of June, and supper was served by daylight. The meal was placed on the table, but Mrs. Lloyd failed to make her appearance. The servant whom his master sent to call her came back with the assurance that her room was empty, and that the women informed him that she had not been seen since dinner. They had in truth observed her to have been in tears, and, supposing her to be shut up in her chamber, had not disturbed her. Her husband called her name in various parts of the house, but without response. At last it occurred to him that he might find her by taking the way to the attic. The thought gave him a strange feeling of discomfort, and he bade his servants remain behind, wishing no witness in his quest. He reached the foot of the staircase leading to the topmost flat, and stood with his hand on the banisters, pronouncing his wife's name. His voice trembled. He called again, louder and more firmly. The only sound which disturbed the absolute silence was a faint echo of his own voice, repeating his question under the great eaves. He nevertheless felt irresistibly moved to ascend the staircase. It opened upon a wide hall, lined with wooden closets, and terminating in a window which looked westward, and admitted the last rays of the sun. Before the window stood the great chest. Before the chest, on her knees, the young man saw with amazement and horror the figure of his wife. In an instant he crossed the interval between them, bereft of utterance. The lid of the chest stood open, exposing, amid their perfumed napkins, its treasure of stuffs and jewels. Viola had fallen backward from a kneeling posture, with one hand supporting her on the floor and the other pressed to her heart. On her limbs was the stiffness of death, and on her face, in the fading light of the sun, the terror of something more than death. Her lips were parted in entreaty, in dismay, in agony; and on her bloodless brow and cheeks there glowed the marks of ten hideous wounds from two vengeful ghostly hands.

THE MEETING.

THE elders shook their hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
"What part or lot have you," he said,
"In these dull rites of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship? — Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air,
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, he framed no creed;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene
Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with His gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
"Unmeasured and unlimited,
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer

Whose hearing ear is everywhere;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less He owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude, —
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But here, in its accustomed place,
I look on memory's dearest face;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;
No eye save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me!
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The rest of simple trust to gain;
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room;
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew;
Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The Eternal beauty mirrored there.
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face, —
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet!

"I ask no organ's soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,
No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,
No cool philosopher to teach
His bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolaters
Themselves their gods and worshippers,
No pulpit beat by ruthless fist
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows for the hand of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

"God should be most where man is least;
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need, —
Where farmer-folk in silence meet, —
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered pride,
And, lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,

The soul is lost that 's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart; in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer: —
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly-gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good;
That to be saved is only this, —
Salvation from our selfishness;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven, —
The blessed means to holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day."

FOUR MONTHS ON THE STAGE.

BY A PAINTER.

NOT long since, combined necessity and inclination led me into an unknown country, as it were, where it was my fortune to encounter many surprising novelties. It happened in this wise. I was a painter, and had been for some years enthusiastically, but far from profitably, devoted to my art, when one day I was suddenly made aware that my exchequer had become lean, consumptive, nay, utterly collapsed, and that I must do something to get my daily bread and butter.

Naturally imaginative, and having more or less closely observed men and things from the painter's stand-point, I had not been so completely taken up with my own art as to shut my eyes to the intimate relation and interdependence of all the arts. Indeed, this underlying unity had always been a favorite subject of contemplation, and I was now induced to think that, though my artistic sense might be denied the dearer method of expression, still another was left, not inadequate, and for which I believed myself in a measure fit. In short, I made up my mind to strut a brief hour on the stage, and thus put what dramatic talent I possessed to immediate use. I determined on this course, moreover, because I could offer my services as a commodity which would bring a price somewhat corresponding to its real worth in the theatrical market. Acting is in one respect like sawing wood; for a stipulated sum an alloted task is to be accomplished; beyond this arrangement one preserves as complete independence as is possiblein any business relation.

Without consulting any one, or making undue delay, I sought means to carry out my intention. Having obtained from a friend a letter of introduction to Mr. Edwin Booth, and, during an interview late in the summer of 1866, having convinced that gentleman that I was no sentimental, stage-struck youth, but well aware of the serious difficulties to be surmounted and the indignities to be borne, and that I was willing to fight, he generously extended to me the right hand of fellowship; my name was enrolled in the "Winter Garden" company, and I thus became a member of the actors' guild. Having thorough conception of the inevitable apprenticeship to be served before the first principle of art can be mastered, I did not expect that the treatment of important characters would be intrusted to me. Nor did I desire it. Thinking that a true artist may assert his feeling in carving a knife-handle as well as in hewing a colossal statue, the difference being only in degree, I deemed it an ample opportunity that I should be permitted to play what are called inferior parts, and thought it no shame to give my whole strength to the study of the most insignificant rôle in which I might be cast. For experience had taught me that, in getting at a refined conception of the essential qualities of Shakespeare's characters, it was not only requisite to study a part itself, but to comprehend the play in its entirety, and the relations of all the *dramatis personæ*. I saw also that, though I might have in my own mind a clear image of the character I would exhibit, the limitations of the art must then be known before I could hope to make my conception evident to an audience. Art is not nature, but the interpretation of nature; and in reconciling what I knew of the latter to the exigencies of the stage, I anticipated not only difficulty, but was prepared to encounter failure if need were, and even through defeat win the laurel I coveted, — which was not a clapping of hands.

Luckily, I had never acquired the

tricks and mannerisms of amateur dramatic associations, so I had nothing to unlearn. Elocution I shunned as I would a dangerous quicksand, but I studiously noted the inflections and modulations of ordinary conversation, the connection of gesture with word or thought; in the street I was equally keen to remark manner, gait, expression, and the like, and to discover every indication of temperament. A few weeks were left before the commencement of the season at the "Winter Garden"; meanwhile I embraced the opportunity to increase my knowledge of Hamlet, Othello, Taming of the Shrew, etc., committing several of the "utility parts" in each, and making ready, so far as possible, for the work to come. In the mechanical drudgery of learning text, I soon found that the retentive faculty may be cultivated by practice as surely as muscular quickness is developed by fencing; and that, besides the facility acquired in constant use, the memory is greatly stimulated when necessity obliges one to depend on it. The labor of memorizing was distasteful; but the idea of the new life before me, with the novel relations I should sustain, and the opportunity for knowing many curious people I might never otherwise meet, filled me with a kind of buoyant exhilaration. There was not wanting a strong desire to view closely every type of individual character, to know the full gamut of social life, and to scrutinize human nature with the impersonal Shakespearian sense. The idea of becoming remote from myself, of investing my personality in the disguise of an assumed character entirely opposite to my real nature; of hiding behind an impenetrable mask that should reflect some one's villany, perhaps, and make him wince; or of serving the great cause of poetic justice in any way, delighted me.

Hamlet was announced. The time of trial had come. Summoned to rehearsal, I made my maiden effort in the mimic art by assuming a bold front, anxiously concealing a sense of greenness that threatened to undermine my self-possession. For the first time I entered the stage-door of a theatre, repaired to the mysterious purlieus of the yet unexplored green-room, and, as I had expected, found my patronymic low down, on the call, opposite Guildenstern of the play. While waiting for rehearsal to begin, I should have suffered a chilling disillusion, had not my interest and love of the picturesque been excited by the novel secrets of my prison-house. On the right stood the prompt-box, — that fish-pond of the actor, restorer of lost lines, and solace of distracted brains; to the left, the property-room, — temple of vanity and delusion, gaudily bedecked with refulgent paste-jewels, wooden banquet-sets, and bogus armor; its treasury rich in brass medals, spurious coin, purses stuffed with broken glass. In every condition of freshness and demolition, queer stacks of scenery were piled against the wall, partly hid by deep, grotesque shadows; while against slits of dim light, let fall on the stage through the narrow wings, various groups of actors defined themselves like sharp-cut silhouettes. Top-hamper, by which the dingy flies, drops, and floating lights were manipulated, and intricate as the rigging of a ship, appeared vaguely, far above. Consulting their ragged paper "plots," or directions for working the machinery, shirt-sleeved carpenters bustled about, dexterously handling the unwieldy scenes and flats to be used in the evening. Beyond the curtain and foot-lights, its red plush swathed in ghastly cerements of protecting linen, gaped the inane obscure of the auditorium, filled with cavernous reverberations, and the expended breath of last night's audience, unpleasantly suggestive of this "muddy vesture of decay." Actors, actresses, and ballet-girls — or "wax-works," as these last are sometimes called, — whose arduous duty it is to fill the important rôles of "lords-ladies-and-pages," stood carelessly about, conning their lines, or idly talking of everything, perhaps, but the business of the morning. On the bridge, swung at

the rear of the theatre, scene-painters plunged their free pencils in pots of vivid ochre, and lathered the virgin canvas with that festive breadth of touch generally reputed to be indispensable to the embodiment of their gorgeous creations.

At eleven o'clock the prompter posted himself at the front of the stage, ready for business; and, instructed by this official to "call one," the call-boy began rehearsal by crying sharply, in a peculiar nasal monotone, "Hamlet-act-first-scene-first-Francisco-Bernardo-Horatio-Marcellus-and-ghost," and so made the call throughout the play, adding, "lords-ladies-and-pages," whenever those personages were to appear. The stage-manager, with cast in hand, called the names of actors who took part in the first scene, indicating their proper entrances and relative positions; the characters named sauntered leisurely upon the boards, in street dress, cut the long speeches, and mumbled the short ones, repeating only the cues with tolerable distinctness. At first rehearsal it is permitted to read from the book, and every one availed himself of the prerogative. The "business" of the scene merely was ascertained, and no effort made at even the slightest sketch of the character to be interpreted. My turn to go on the stage came in the second act. I deliberately went through the part just as I intended to do in the evening, reading in as clear a voice as I could command; though by so doing I was fully aware attention would be drawn to the fact of my being a novice, and inexperienced in theatrical matters. My mind was too much excited to note the comments probably indulged, but I had a particularly uncomfortable sensation of being quizzed, though I could not detect what eyes were turned upon me. I knew actors to be great mockers, nor was I ignorant of their ingrained aversion to anything that savors of innovation; a young aspirant, I could not wonder at being placed under the ban, and ridiculed, till the rawness had worn away, and practice given me assurance. My object was to make short work with what I conceived to be the first obstacles to be cleared; and, determined to win the first thing to be aimed at,—ease and self-possession,—it mattered little to me whether the method I chose were considered *en règle*. I was prepared for every disappointment, but must confess having been annoyed to find the interest wanting that would have inspired every one to feel a personal responsibility and pride in the harmonious conception of the piece.

The bugbear of a young actor is stage-business. This means the mechanical action requisite to preserve the sequence of the play, and includes, among other things, making entrances effective; relative position, or assuming a place so chosen as to develop the main interest of the scene by bringing characters into a degree of prominence corresponding with the dramatic importance of each; and above all, it consists in such preparation for exit as shall prevent the feeble anticlimax of a dreary and meaningless walk across the stage when the last word of interest has been spoken. The moment a character has ceased to be indispensable to the action of the scene, he must disappear. Of course the methods to be followed in treating the "business" of different plays are as various as the effects to be produced; but there are certain principles that always hold good, and may never with safety be disregarded. The object of rehearsal is mainly to secure smooth working of these mechanical details, by giving to every actor a chance to so modify his conception of the business belonging to his part that it shall become adapted to the requirements of the stage, and not interfere with, but complement, expression of the other characters. Only when this "business" is thoroughly understood by the actor can he allow himself to become possessed by the passion of his rôle. I knew the play of Hamlet intimately, and had my own views of the situations, having carefully studied them on what I took to be naturalistic principles; but

my ideas met with little consideration, and, abandoning what I thought right methods, I was obliged to yield to the dictation of the stage-manager. I soon learned that the "business" of our stage is principally founded on conventional rules, far from anything that at all resembles nature; and that infringement of these rules is considered a sort of sacrilege, every suggestion of varying from theatrical tradition being regarded with holy horror. Rehearsal is supervised and the "business" directed by the stage-manager, who, if he perform the numberless duties required of him, must be ubiquitous and omniscient. He is king in his sphere, and from his decisions it is difficult to make appeal. By him the play is cast, and costumed according to his notions of historical accuracy, so far as the wardrobe at his disposal will permit. He directs the carpenters in setting the scene, and the property-men in arrangement of accessories. He is the Jupiter of the theatre; the elements obey him; at his command, lightnings flash, and thunder rolls — on wheels; he lifts his finger, rain descends, or the calcium light shoots moonlight through a grass-green lens; he is relied on for flourish of trumpets and proper introduction of red fire; he is as necessary to the success of a play as the hangman at an execution, and the position he holds about as ungrateful; if anything goes wrong, blame is pretty sure to light on his shoulders.

At rehearsal I had not betrayed extraordinary dulness, and having succeeded in fulfilling the requirements of the occasion, felt moderately satisfied with the result. It now remained to brace my mind for the coming ordeal of a first appearance, and I had need, as I thought, of all the resolution I could summon. Strangely enough, I became possessed with an involuntary calm, and was unembarrassed by the quaking fear I apprehended. When I entered the theatre in the evening, all was quiet, the curtain down, stage prepared, and actors in their dressing-rooms, engaged in the deep mysteries of the player's toilet. Through the baize I could hear the boys of the lobby crying "Books of the play!" and a slight muttering of voices and rustle of programmes magnified in my mind the real size of the audience, causing a momentary spasm of nervousness; but this was the only sensation of the kind I experienced during that performance.

I went to the dressing-room assigned me under the stage, which I shared with three comrades, arrayed myself in the short tunic and toga, and then proceeded to the wing, where I might survey the scene of approaching trial, and watch the progress of the first act. Time fairly flew; almost before I could become conscious that I was placed in any unwonted predicament, I found myself before the audience, talking to Hamlet's mother and uncle-father as easily as though I were in my own studio with old friends. Words seemed to come without any volition on my part, and I made my exit hardly able to realize that anything unusual had happened. My mind was intensely excited, and so preoccupied was I with the rôle, that there was no time for reflection, and I preserved this unnatural state till the end of the play. While off the stage I did not allow myself to lapse from contemplation of the spirit of the piece, but continually endeavored to believe in it as an actual reality. That night I slept serenely, and the next night was a repetition of the first. I had heard actors say there was no hope for a novice who could so easily keep command of himself, and began to think I had made a mistake, till, a few nights after these unlooked-for evidences of impassibility, there came a revulsion in the worst form of stage-fright, from which, had I measured my talent by it, I must have inferred extraordinary ability for the theatre.

The next piece called was "Richelieu." I was anxious to play "François," the young priest, — a part I admired, and had enthusiastically studied. Indeed, I had obtained a half-promise that, did I show fitness, the rôle should be mine. After some hesitation it was

decided I might make the attempt; I was allowed to rehearse the character, and sketch my idea of Richelieu's *protégé*. Full of confidence, and ambitious to distinguish myself, I went boldly to work preparing for the representation, never dreaming that I should be deserted in my hour of need by what I mistook for constitutional indifference to the presence of an audience. Alas, how vain are all things here below! How may our hopes be shattered! But I did not merely hope, I was sanguine; *hinc illæ lacrymæ!* François's first entrance is in the first act, when he has only to make an announcement. In going on the stage I noticed a slight feeling of sea-sickness, the boards seeming to tilt like a ship; this looked ominous, but I thought little of it then, and trusted all would yet be well. Somewhat nervous, but unabashed, I made ready to cover myself with glory in the second act; the moment I set foot on the stage, however, I knew my hour had come. The confidence I had felt in a power to keep cool left me unprepared to combat the violent reaction that attacked my nervous system. The stage seemed a wilderness. I saw Richelieu very dimly, and had but an indistinct notion of the lines he addressed to François; but the audience appeared to my fixed eye a hundred times larger than it was, and every individual stood out alone. My legs suddenly turned to lumps of lead, and refused to move; my breath was stifled; my paralyzed tongue lolled against my teeth incapable of speech. My head swam, and the audience began to revolve with an ever-increasing velocity, and seemed like a great bewildering pattern of mosaic; while cold beads of sweat stood out on my brow. Marian de Larme, catching the infection, cut the Cardinal out of half a speech, and hurriedly withdrew; I seemed bound to her with hooks of steel, and by a gigantic effort of will restoring animation to my deadened pedal extremities, incontinently fled after her as though scourged by fiends. Richelieu, who had just before taken the stage to the left, turned to deliver the closing lines, but was perforce obliged to apostrophize thin air. The dreadful nightmare clung to me, I could not shake it off, but wandered restlessly from one dark corner to another, trying to escape from myself, and dreading to face again the crowded auditorium. Perfectly worn out, and benumbed with fear, I got through the following scenes, I know not how. In the prison the terror again assailed me, and I made frantic efforts to tear open the flat, mistaking the seam where it was joined for the door through which I had to pass. The last words I spoke, "O my lord, I have not failed!" stung my ears like a horrible mockery. Connected with this almost intolerable mortification and pain was a psychological phenomenon worthy of notice. I seemed to have a dual existence, and while one of the two individuals confined within my mortal frame was stretched on the rack, the other, invested with the phlegm of an inquisitor, incisively anatomatized the agony of the victim, whose every throe he noted with cold-blooded accuracy. I have never heard this mentioned as a usual accompaniment of stage-fright, though it occurred in my own case.

On another occasion I had to suffer the consequences of ignorance in regard to a phenomenon that sometimes unpleasantly obtrudes itself on the actor's notice. I mean the fact that one may become too well acquainted with his author, or, as it is called, study the text out of his head. A beneficiary of the theatre had chosen "The Wife," and I was cast to fill a small part; but after the piece had been rehearsed, the person becoming ill who was to have done "Lorenzo," the young advocate, it fell to my lot to take his place. Accordingly, the day before the benefit, I began to memorize the insane rhetoric of that drowsiest of all dramatists, Sheridan Knowles, continuing to study after that evening's performance; and by five o'clock in the morning had learned the part, and could repeat it, though I was not "dead-letter perfect."

After two hours' sleep I was injudicious enough to again apply myself to the text, and continued to do so till that afternoon, when I had to play at a *matinée*. Worried at the thought of not having rehearsed the character, and fearing lest I should make sorry confusion of the stage-business, I studied when not in the scene. To my horror and amazement I found my benumbed brain refusing to retain the lines. Redoubled exertion only made a bad matter worse; the lines insisted on stealing out of my treacherous memory; and by the time I ought to have had them pat, I could not remember a single word. Calling to mind my late experience in François, I had hardly courage to go upon the stage; but there was no way of compromise. Somewhat to my relief, I found that, though I could not recall a vestige of the original text, I was collected enough to give its spirit in my own language, and, gaining confidence, played the rôle without betraying the state of affairs to the spectators. After these trials I found myself growing to be in unison with the audience, and knew I had experienced that best estate of the actor, when he feels a grateful sympathy without which he must vainly strive to enlist the affections of those he would move. But from the sublime to the other extreme is only a step: sometimes when perhaps most deeply preoccupied with the spirit of my part, or interested with what might be taking place in the scene, a trivial occurrence, that at no other time could have excited my risibles, would appear so extravagantly absurd that it required the exercise of great self-control to prevent an explosion of laughter. I was particularly loath to attempt the part of François again; but I overcame this feeling, and my victory was rewarded with applause. The ice had been broken. I had tasted the bitterest calamity likely to befall a novice. Self-possession had been won, and from that time I rapidly improved. The routine of theatrical life grew easy. I considered myself of some little importance. The study which a young actor ought to pursue, and which I had proposed to myself, in many ways gratified my artistic sense, though this was sometimes hurt by having to play when physically unfit, or by having to study in the very teeth of an audience, trying experiments with different methods of expressing character, and unable to explain, "This is an unfinished sketch." Questions continually arose concerning principles of dramatic art, and these I had to solve for myself, trusting to my unaided research for information in every important particular. Through continual reference to nature I sought to escape affected mannerism, and secure originality of invention, at the same time closely observing the dignified breadth of art with which the interior sense of human passion was laid bare by the powerful actor under whom it was my privilege to study. I have reason to sincerely thank that good "friend at court" for having stood between me and much that would have been disagreeable.

While my attention was chiefly devoted to pursuit of the æsthetic principles involved in my new profession, the curious relations and elements that went to make up the strange world in which I found myself awakened constant interest; and I could not fail to notice, as an inexhaustible source of amusement, that here, as everywhere, life was a medley of aspirations and low aims, generosity and suspicious jealousy, community of interest and conflicting ambition. But, on the whole, a greater degree of harmony existed than could have been expected; and a friendly feeling was apparent, much like the bond that unites sailors who have trusted their fortunes in the same ship. The prejudice, that an actor's life is intrinsically demoralizing, I discovered to have not the slightest foundation in truth. It is not the requirements of his profession, but his habits outside the theatre's walls, that injure him as a man. At both rehearsal and performance there is little time for anything but the slightest association; and in the green-room, unless a piece is played for a long period, the actor is

entirely devoted to his present duty. If he is playing a rôle for the first time, then even an old hand is anxious enough to fix his mind on the business of the hour. Nor is the fatigue following the performance so excessive as is imagined. It is as natural for an actor, if his temperament be nervous, to require exercise for it, as for a gymnast to desire means to throw off his surplus muscular activity. Unless nature be overwrought, the weariness in both cases is equally healthful.

The "sups" and ballet-girls formed a class by themselves, the actors' contact with which was confined to the stage. I never saw in their conduct anything offensive, or that I would not have permitted in my own house. The ballet was made up of young women who had their living to make, and when not on the scene they were generally engaged in embroidery, sensation novels, or quietly watching the play. So far as my observation went, — and I kept my eyes open, — there was no greater amount of immorality among them than among the same number of sewing-girls of our great cities: they were always treated with respect. The "sups" were a rough crew, given to noise, and rather difficult to manage, but, on the whole, kept tolerably repressed. As most of them were blacksmiths, coopers, machinists, etc., they did not rehearse, being directed at night by a captain. The sum paid them was nominal, these romantic youths thinking it sufficient honor to dress in shabby Turkey-red, and carry a spear. The dressing-room in which they disported themselves was a perfect pandemonium, where they spent their valuable leisure between the acts, revelling in never-ending games of cards. The great jubilee for these merry gentlemen is "Richard III."; the fifth act of which affords them ample opportunity to indulge their ambition to be seen of men, and satisfy the grudges that may have occurred over their greasy cards by hacking each other gloriously with tin swords. On one such occasion, I very nearly paid dear for having inadvertently incurred the sovereign displeasure of one of these roaring blades; in the confusion of the fight between Richmond's and Richard's armies, the indignant "sup," aided by one or two whom he had prevailed on to join the conspiracy, hammered me over the sconce without mercy, and I only escaped a broken pate by virtue of the helmet in which my head was encased. During this adventure a quarrel broke out in another part of the field and resulted in the thorough fright of one of the belligerent parties, who had his throat deeply enough scratched to draw his precious blood.

Though my experience had failed to teach me why an actor, as such, should be thought a person of questionable respectability, I was forced to endure a portion of the odium that has always attached to the guild. A few friends deliberately expressed what many felt, and regretted that I should compromise my social position by remaining on the boards. Considering the thoughtless way in which the matter was sure to be regarded, the objection was not surprising; but in my mind its only title to respect lay in its moss-grown antiquity. If age could have the effect of making it reverend, it had a powerful argument on its side; the prejudice against actors is the inheritance of nearly eighteen centuries; and we may even trace it beyond the beginning of our era. Plato omitted actors from his Republic. From the beginning of Christian Church history, players have been a proscribed race, held in contempt, as pernicious to the welfare of mankind. From the very first the Fathers of the Church eyed them with suspicion, exercising every possible means to make them odious and their profession disreputable; they pursued actors with an ingenuity of persecution only rivalled by that inflicted on the Jews. Edicts were promulgated, making it impossible for an actor to embrace the Christian faith until he had formally renounced his calling, and received absolution; the same edicts de-

nied him right of baptism or burial in consecrated ground. A canon of the African Church, in the third century, forbade "such infamous persons as comedians" from making accusations in court. The Christian emperors Theodosius and Valentinian, in a prohibitory instrument, call Thespians "that infamous race of players," and speak of their vocation as a "shameful trade." Through these emperors the pious Fathers procured excommunication of all renegades from the true faith who should abet or tolerate "the children of Sathanas." In 1568, Charles Borromeo, Bishop of Milan, exhorted the preachers "to represent incessantly how much the shows, the sports, and other little diversions (which are the remains of paganism), are contrary to the Christian discipline; how execrable and detestable they are; how many public evils and afflictions they draw down on the Christian people." "Omit nothing," says the good bishop, "that may contribute to destroy these irregularities and debauches." Detractors have never been wanting. Stephen Gosson, who had himself been a player, but repented of his wickedness, embodied the intolerance that obtained in Shakespeare's time in a well-known pamphlet entitled "The School of Abuse; containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, etc.," "and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth." It is needless to recount the oppressions heaped upon them by the Puritans, who entertained the theory of Tertullian, that all art is "a counterfeit and a lie," synonymous with spiritual death. Finally, the adverse opinion of our own time is adequately expressed in a "Lecture on Popular Amusements," delivered to young men by a celebrated preacher at Indianapolis, in 1846. With admirable perspicacity the lecturer places "vagabond fiddlers, fashionable actors, strumpet dancers, dancing horses, and boxing men" in the same category, and with a naïveté truly refreshing asks his hearers if they ever knew a theatre in which a prayer at the beginning and at the end of the performance would not be considered an intrusion. The only term fit to apply in characterizing such extravagance is "bigoted intolerance," and many will think opposition useless and unprofitable. But this tirade represents the opinion of a very large and important part of the community, who think twice before making such a compromise with conscience as to go to the theatre themselves, and who would never dream of permitting such lapses from grace on the part of their children. The feeling is illiberal, and evidence of incomplete culture. It is an ill time, however, to defend the drama, when the Black Crook is in its "second year," nor shall I attempt it. Yet I need not deny myself the pleasure of saying how nobly, during my brief acquaintance with the stage, the drama was vindicated by the genius and character of Edwin Booth, whose imaginative instinct and creative intelligence exhibit the synthetic nature of his art, which appeals like music to the senses, at the same time stimulating intellectual perception. In these days of rationalism and materialism, much is said of naturalistic treatment in art. But this actor's conceptions, while they are in accord with the principles of the French school, and are derived from a wide and searching knowledge of nature, transcend petty details that would obscure the interior sense and relation of the passions he impersonates; divested of everything superfluous, they have all the harmony and sublime repose that dignify Greek art. His incisive insight, his illustration of hidden recesses of character, and his lucid interpretations of nature, are worth stacks of commentaries and libraries of books. In the spirit of true art, he elevates common things into an ideal realm, and makes plain unsuspected meanings. His subtile magnetism sways the audience, as the passion of the part he plays vibrates through his sensitive nervous temperament. No one so well as he can make us feel the immediate and terrific presence of the supernatural. But his is no vulgar conception of terror. His Hamlet stands in so unearthly a frame of

mind, that spiritual perception dominates physical sensibility; we look through and beyond the mortal Hamlet, and breathlessly watch the soul of the Dane in dreadful conflict with the powers of the air. Yet we never lose sight of his humanity; and Edwin Booth's Hamlet is surpassingly pathetic, because above all he realizes a soul trammelled and dejected by a secret burden, and holds up a glass that brings near to every one of us the spectral shadow of his own spirit's wrestling. A conception that equally attests the genius of this actor is his rendering of Shylock, — an interpretation remarkable for refined intellectual discrimination, and flexible versatility. In his hands the cruel Jew becomes a colossal character, and type of his race, symbolizing the curse that cost "thirty talents of silver." The avarice of Judas consumes him, and his great badness is shown to consist in his great meanness, never permitted to pass from sight even in the pathetic passage where Shylock laments his stolen turquoise because he had it of Leah when he was a bachelor. A true hero is equally a hero in defeat. Had Shylock been the hero he is often represented, he would have sacrificed himself, spite of Portia's quibble, and cut the flesh from Antonio's heart. Great art is shown in making the Jew enter court as though he had deluded himself with the idea that, directly appointed by God and the prophets, he is the avenger of his oppressed people, hunting down the Christian merchant from pure motives of divine justice; and then in his becoming terror-stricken, and utterly cast down, when he finds what extreme penalty will be demanded of him as the price of his revenge. Avarice has stood for a time in abeyance, but a life's passionate greed makes him incapable of martyrdom. Iscariot reigns there still.

Such interpretations make plain the function of dramatic art, and through such the high office of the actor becomes potent. But even if one have genius, this perfection is only to be attained by laborious discipline, and an amount of intellectual culture that would of itself make honorable any other walk in life, but that seems to be left entirely out of consideration in estimating the histrionic profession. This might be otherwise, and will be, when the people see that their national and domestic life is traduced, and has no adequate expression in the theatre. When they see the necessity for a trained school of actors, and for something in the way of a dramatic college, that may induce our best youth to look to the stage as an honorable career, and render possible a national dramatic literature, — then may the actor hope to impress his genius on the art of his time, and leave some trace behind him.

THE DESTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY.

THE twenty-first Presidential election, which will take place in eight months, will be one of the most important elections that ever a great people were called upon to hold. It would, indeed, be no exaggeration to say that it will be *the* most important election that Americans ever have known, for they then will have to decide whether they will restore power to that party to whose selfishness and unprincipled ambition this nation owes the late civil war, and all the evils of its calamitous course. The canvass of 1864 was one of serious importance, but not of equal anxiety with that upon which the country is now about to enter; for in 1864 the people had given abundant proof that they would wage the war then going on till the

Rebels should be subdued. Of President Lincoln's re-election there was no doubt; but whether he would be re-elected by a large or a small majority in the colleges was a point about which men could not agree; and the small majority he received in the great State of New York showed that their inability to agree was based on knowledge of the political condition of the country. The heavy Union majorities given in many States in 1863 — that was the year in which Mr. Vallandigham, the Democratic candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio, was defeated by a majority of more than one hundred thousand votes — made men confident of the good result of the next year's national election; so that when that year opened they knew that before its close the peace party would be beaten, and that thus the Southern Confederacy would be dealt a more damaging blow than it had received either at Gettysburg or at Chattanooga. It was possible that the peace party might carry some influential States, but that it would be victorious was held to be possible by no loyal citizen. All loyal citizens voted under the full assurance of success on the 8th of November, 1864; and they labored throughout the campaign with the same assurance of success. Had there been anything like grave doubt as to the result, the effect would have been very disastrous, not only in a political sense, but in respect to military matters. In all probability, neither Grant nor Sherman nor Farragut would have been able to accomplish those deeds by which the Confederacy was made to know it was fighting in a hopeless contest. Why should soldiers have striven to destroy the "new nation," when it was possible that voters would disown their work, and confide the national government to the charge of men who believed our armies were engaged in a cause that was unconstitutional, unjust, and unholy, and therefore to be condemned by statesmen, moralists, and Christians? Fortunately, voters and soldiers were of one mind, and worked to the same end. The soldiers were convinced that they could conquer the Rebels of the South, and the voters were equally convinced that they could overthrow the allies of Rebellion in the North. The result showed that these convictions were founded in reason. The people, whether armed with the ballot or with the bayonet, were true to their country; and, in consequence, the country was saved, and its foes were overthrown, though not slain, — conquered, but not destroyed. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln settled the fate of the Rebellion; but it left the Rebels and their allies in the land, and they have since done much to show that they have the power to disturb the country they were unable to destroy. At this moment they are completing their preparations for a political campaign, which they hope will, through its decision, reverse all that was done in and through the war, and restore ascendency to that organized anarchy which aimed at the overthrow of the national government as soon as its own chiefs were deposed, although their deposition was effected in strict accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and in no sense was made contrary to the requirements of law.

The circumstances under which this presidential canvass opens are very different from those that existed four years since. In 1865 the elections were favorable to the national cause. President Johnson had not then showed himself to be one of the basest of men, and his official influence was not arrayed on the side of the rebellious Democracy. The Democratic party was so enfeebled through the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the capture and imprisonment of Mr. Davis, and other "returns" from the South, that it was not able to make a respectable show at the polls. Even Connecticut gave so large a Republican majority that the effect was injurious to the victors, and had much to do with their subsequent defeat in the land of unsteady political habits. By the time the elections of 1866 began,

President Johnson had proved himself to be a renegade ; and his language was so persistently violent that the impression became common that he was a most dangerous man, who could be kept from proving a greater nuisance to the country than President Buchanan had been only through vigorous popular action in opposition to his "policy." Hence the heavy Republican majorities in most of the States in the autumn of 1866. What Mr. Johnson might have done, had there not been a popular demonstration against his purpose, no one can say. If he had a *coup d'état* in contemplation, it never took the form of action. He contented himself with growling over the decision made by the people, while he avowed his adherence to what the people had condemned, and his belief that another appeal to them would be followed by a result more favorable to his opinions and projects.

Time and events have, partially at least, showed that the President was not altogether wrong in looking for a change in popular sentiment. Although nothing had occurred in relation to national politics that should have wrought a change in the political sentiments of any man who voted for Republican candidates in 1866, the results of the elections of 1867 were very disastrous to the Republicans. They were beaten in Connecticut, the Democrats electing their candidate for governor by a small majority. Their popular majorities were reduced in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Maine. Massachusetts gave a Democratic vote of more than 70,000. In Ohio, their majority was changed from more than 43,000 to less than 3,000. California went over to the Democrats by a respectable majority. In Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Kansas, there were Republican losses. New York's Democratic majority was but little short of 50,000 ; Pennsylvania's less than 1,000 ; and in Whig New Jersey the Democrats regained their old supremacy. These changes, and others that might be mentioned, are attributed to the temperance question, and to the colored-suffrage question, and to the discontent that has grown out of the evil working of our national financial system. Such causes for the popular action of last year would be entirely satisfactory as causes, were the two parties which contain most of our voters alike constitutionally disposed, and were it not certain that the Democratic party is a lawless and destructive faction, which has no more idea of upholding the Constitution of the United States than Louis Napoleon had of upholding the Constitution of the French Republic when he took the required oath so to do in 1848. Supposing the people dissatisfied with the want of comprehensive action on the part of the Republicans in regard to financial affairs, they would have done wisely when they gave victory to the Democrats, if the latter were loyal to the nation ; but as the Democrats are not a loyal party, — as from the very beginning of their corporate existence they have been enemies of the political system under which this nation exists, and have acted steadily with the design to destroy that system whenever they should be excluded from power ; as their selfish ambition was the immediate cause of the secession war, and as they still sympathize with the defeated Rebels, with whom they are renewing the old alliance existing for more than sixty years before that war broke out, — the people did *not* act wisely when they gave encouragement to a party which cannot be restored to power without imminent hazard to the country's peace, and even its existence. We are not in the least disposed to underrate the importance of the subjects of finance and taxation, and we think the Republican party deserves censure for the want of statesmanlike action which has marked almost its entire treatment of these subjects ; but before these subjects can be properly attended to, the political character of the government must be settled, and it should be made clear that the civil war is not to be renewed. Inspirited

by what has taken place, the Democratic party is preparing with great energy for the Presidential contest; and it is certain that the soberest of its members believe its chances of success at least equal to those of the Republican party, while its masses are confident of success. This is a condition of mind which often creates the success which is anticipated. A year ago, no man supposed the Democracy could look for victory in the campaign of 1868. Now, Republican journalists are pointing out the States they believe their candidates are certain of carrying, and their columns of names and figures are by no means of those great proportions which they would have assumed had they been made six months earlier. That the Republicans will elect their candidates in November we have no doubt; but it is evident that the battle will be, as Cromwell said of Worcester fight, "as stiff a business" as ever was seen in this country. We trust that, like Worcester fight, it will be, not only "a very glorious mercy," but a "crowning mercy." Such will be the result of the contest if the people are desirous of repose, and if they will but reflect on the history of the Democratic party, which is full of facts showing it to be a destructive faction, — a rule or ruin faction, — which abhors peace, and which is resolved that that blessing never shall be known to this nation unless under a Democratic despotism. That it now calls itself conservative is only another proof of its destructive nature and intentions; for there never yet existed a conservative party which did not turn out to be as thoroughly devoted to destruction as if it had been animated by the sentiments of barbarians moving through a civilized country.

The Democratic party came into existence more than seventy years since, when Washington was President. The material from which it was made had long existed, but some years passed before the party had a regularly organized existence. The nucleus of the organization was that part of the people who had opposed first the formation and then the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Around these men gathered most of the foreign adventurers who had been attracted to the country by its success in the war of the Revolution, or who had been forced to leave their own countries through their attachment to the cause of revolutionary France, and who thought, with Mr. Jefferson, that the American Constitution was not sufficiently democratical in its character. Then came all the men who were opposed to paying the debts contracted during the Revolution, — the predecessors of the Pendletonian Democrats of to-day, who would swamp the existing debt by an enormous issue of greenbacks. Then came the better portion of the party, — men who sympathized with the French in their struggles against the monarchs and aristocrats of Europe, and who thought the national government's sympathies were with the enemies of France. The party that was formed out of these various materials began to make itself felt early in the second term of Washington's presidency, and its temper was so rancorous and its action so unprincipled, that even the great President himself was occasionally moved to the use of indignant language when speaking of its course. Nor were overt acts wanting to show that violent opposition could be made to the administration of the Father of his Country. The Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, in 1794, was the work of Democrats, and meant something more than mere hostility to an excise duty. Even Mr. Jefferson, who was a friend to the rebels throughout, admits that "there was, indeed, a meeting [of rebels] to consult about a separation"; but he is careful to add, "but to consult on a question does not amount to a determination of that question in the affirmative, still less to the acting on such a determination." Certainly not; but when men met, in 1794, "to consult about a separation" from the Union, their consultation showed what kind

of spirit animated them. Considering that consultation by the light of recent history, we see how great was the danger to which the country was exposed in 1794. Had the President been a bad, weak partisan, — had he been a Buchanan, — 1795 would have been to 1794 what 1861 was to 1860. But George Washington was not the man to grasp nettles with a soft hand. He crushed the rebels at a blow. He summoned fifteen thousand men, who stamped out Democratic rebellion with their armed heels, and so there came no civil war. Had Mr. Buchanan been as energetic in 1860, civil war would not have come upon us in 1861. The difference between the conduct of the two men is as the difference between their characters. Washington was a great statesman and a pure patriot; Buchanan, a pettifogging politician and a mere partisan.

So vehement, bitter, and unscrupulous was the conduct of the Democratic party in Washington's time, that nothing short of the name and influence of Washington could have saved the Constitution from perishing even more rapidly than the Mexican Constitution perished not forty years later. John Adams, who succeeded him as President, not only had no such moral power as Washington possessed, but he was obnoxious as being a Northern man; for the Democratic party from the first day of its life exhibited that strong sectional character which it has steadily manifested throughout its entire existence; and in its youth as in its advanced years, it was the patron of slavery and the friend of slaveholders. Mr. Adams was doubly offensive to the Democracy, — offensive as a Northern man, and offensive as a constitutional Federal statesman. Mr. Jefferson, though he was Vice-President of the United States, and might have been called upon at any moment to become President, was at the head of the opposition, and took the lead in action that looked to forcible resistance to the national government. He wrote in behalf of having Virginia pass a law that would have put the authority of the United States under the ban in the Ancient Dominion, and have punished any Virginian seeking justice in the national courts. He wrote the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which, after being modified by Mr. George Nichols, were adopted by the Kentucky Legislature; while the same year the yet more celebrated Virginia Resolutions were adopted. These were from the pen of Mr. Madison, who stood next to Mr. Jefferson as a leader of the Democracy, but who was not a member of the government against which the resolutions were directed. These resolutions became the creed of the Democratic party, as well they might, for they contain the heresy of nullification, and declare that the Constitution is a compact between *States;* and it is not difficult to find the principle of secession plainly expressed in the Kentucky Resolutions, and it is implied in those of Virginia. The course of South Carolina in 1832 was in strict accordance with the "Democratic platform" laid down in 1798; and the reason why the Democrats were so hostile to the national cause during the late civil war is to be found in their adherence to the principles of their party as expounded by its two greatest doctors, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. No man who believes in the resolutions of '98 — and they have embodied the Democratic faith for sixty-nine years — can honestly say that he believes the American people were right when they coerced their government to begin and to complete the work of coercing the *States* that seceded. All parties are faithful to their original principles, when once those principles are fairly called in question; and in 1860–1865 the question at issue was between the national principle and the Democratic principle. The States that seceded after President Lincoln issued his first proclamation calling for volunteers, did so because they believed he meant to compel the return of States that had seceded under the encouragement afforded to rebellion by the Bu-

chanan administration,—the last Democratic administration the country has known, and the last it ever should know. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas were faithful to Democratic principles, and false to the country, when they joined the Confederacy; and the Democratic leaders of the North also were faithful to those principles when they upheld the proceedings of the revolting States, and did all they could to embarrass the national government throughout the civil war. The mob that held possession of most of New York City in July, 1863, was faithful to Democratic principles; and it acted under their influence, and would have converted a riot into a revolution, had not its action been postponed by the news from Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The "principles of '98" led to rebellion, secession, and civil war, and to rioting and murder in the streets of our cities. Replace the Democratic party in power, and we shall see repeated all that followed from that party's anger when the North refused to permit the introduction of slavery into all the free States. That was the specific end at which the Northern branch of the Democracy aimed in 1860, and they hoped to gain it by alarming that large class of useless citizens who are known as "timid men," and who would have sold even their own small souls at less than their value, — if anything less than that can be imagined, — rather than consent to make war on the slaveholders. It was fortunate for the country that this class of men, though numerous, became of no account, except to be taxed, as soon as a patriotic spirit was roused. The same cowardice that would have made them most useful instruments in the hands of the destructive Democracy, acting in accordance with the "principles of '98," caused them to side with patriots as soon as it was clear that the country was not to be destroyed without a fight for its preservation. The Democracy were cowed by the exhibition of popular feeling that followed from the taking of Fort Sumter, and had for the moment to abandon the open advocacy of their principles; and during that moment they lost the support of the "timid men," never to regain it in full, though it was given to them again in part whenever the rebels made an unusually good hit in the field. Had the people been cold when the flag went down that had floated over Fort Sumter, nine tenths of the Democrats would have gone over to the enemy openly, as they were already with him in their hearts.

Virginia went almost as far in support of rebellion in 1798–99 as South Carolina went some sixty years later. She sought to obtain the co-operation of other States, to which she sent her resolutions of rebellion; and she "collected arms, and made other preparations to repel force by force," her intention being to wage war against the general government. That she did not go as far as South Carolina saw fit to go, at the close of 1860, was owing to the fact that she received no such assurances of assistance as the latter obtained. The Old Dominion could get no promise that, if she would go over Niagara, there would be many fools to follow her. The Palmetto State was given to understand that her lead to destruction would be followed handsomely, — and over she went. Moreover, the men leading Virginia on the road to ruin soon saw that it was possible to obtain possession of the general government, which they could manage to their liking. As they were not fools, — as they did not bear any mental resemblance to those Democrats who threw away national power in 1860, — they resolved, before making treasonable things of their rebellious words, upon a vigorous effort to pull down Mr. Adams, and to place Mr. Jefferson in the Presidential chair. They succeeded in preventing Mr. Adams's re-election, but the House of Representatives had to decide whether Mr. Jefferson or Colonel Burr should be his successor; and had that body made Colonel Burr President, the Southern Democracy would have resisted his government, though he would

have been as legally elected to the national chief magistracy as Mr. Jefferson himself was elected in February, 1801. Not only was it necessary that the Democrats should triumph, if the country's peace was to be preserved, but it was equally necessary that Mr. Jefferson should be made President. Yet it was to Colonel Burr that the party owed its victory. His peculiar labors secured for it the electoral votes of New York; the giving of which for the Federal party's candidates would have secured Mr. Adams a second term, and bestowed the Vice-Presidency on Mr. Pinckney.

The success of the Democracy, in 1801, was final, as against the Federal party of the first generation of the Republic under the existing Constitution. For twenty-four years they held the Presidency, the Presidents being all Southern men and Virginians. Therefore they were under no temptation to resist the national government. Mr. J. Q. Adams became President in 1825; and he, being a Northern man, encountered a bitter and an unprincipled opposition, though his administration was one of the most constitutional character, no attacks being made on the States. But the Democracy had declared, through the mouth of one of their leaders, that Mr. Adams's administration must be "put down, though it were as pure as the angels which stand at the right hand of God," and they acted in accordance with this strong declaration. The celebrated Rufus King, then a Senator from New York, brought forward a resolution to provide that, after the payment of the public debt, the net proceeds from the sales of the public lands should be appropriated in aid of the emancipation of slaves and the colonization of colored persons, when such action should be allowed by the laws of the States. The Democracy, — at that time trying to make an arrangement with England for the return of slaves who should seek refuge in Canada, — took up this matter as if it were an attack on human liberty; and they made the administration responsible for what Mr. King had done on his own responsibility. The matter was also taken up by Southern legislatures, and as much was said about the meddling of fanatics with the local rights of Southern States as ever was said twenty years later, when Mr. Garrison had become a power in the land. Governor Troup, who will be remembered by some of our readers as an insatiable fire-eater, spoke most fiercely on the subject in a message to the Legislature of Georgia, which body he entreated "to temporize no longer." "I entreat you," he proceeded to say, "most sincerely, now that it is not too late to step forth, and having exhausted the argument, to stand by your arms." This message was referred to a committee of fire-eaters, who responded: "The hour is come, or is rapidly approaching, when the States, from Virginia to Georgia, from Missouri to Louisiana, must *confederate*, and as one man say to the Union: 'We will no longer submit our retained rights to the snivelling insinuations of bad men on the floor of Congress,' and to 'the decision of judicial benches.' 'As Athens, as Sparta, as Rome was, we will be: they held slaves; we hold them.'" This inflammatory nonsense was greatly applauded by the Democracy, who were ever glad to see attacks made on the general government when it was not in the hands of their chiefs.

Governor Troup, with the approval of the Democracy, resisted the general government when it protected the Indians whose lands were sought by Georgians. He went to the very verge of treason, if he did not actually step over the thin line that separates the loyalist from the traitor. But government refused to be governed by the mad governor, and enforced its decrees, much to the disgust of all Democrats, whose creed it is that a State can do no wrong,— unless it be an anti-Democratic Northern State, which changes the moral and legal bearings of the question altogether.

During Mr. Adams's term of service, the nullification movement began, and plots were formed in South Carolina for the dissolution of the Union. It originated in hostility to a protective tariff, and would have become important as early as 1828, had not Mr. Adams failed of a re-election that year. Supposing that General Jackson was more friendly to their views than Mr. Adams was, and expecting to have control of the national government after the General's inauguration as President of the United States, the Carolinian leaders, most of whom were men of great talents, would not allow the question to proceed to extremities in 1828. President Jackson not only did not do what they expected of him, but he did many things adversely to them and their personal interests, that no one could have counted upon. He quarrelled with Mr. Calhoun, who had expected to be his successor in the Presidential chair. This quarrel precipitated rebellion. South Carolina prepared to nullify the laws of the nation, which differed in nothing essential from rebellion; and the President prepared to flog her back to her duty. His vast personal popularity made him the best possible champion of the national cause; and had he led the Democrats against the Carolinians, they would have had to pitch to the dogs State rights, and "the principles of '98," and all the rest of that budget of anarchical fancies which makes up what long has been known as "Democratic principles." Those principles have survived all the attacks that have been made on them. They have outlived the defeats of 1840 and 1848, and also the far greater defeats they met with on the bloody battle-fields of 1861–1865; but they could not have survived the attacks that would have been made upon them by the Democrats themselves, had Andrew Jackson been permitted to lead his party against the nullifiers. Unfortunately, Mr. Clay was enabled to patch up a compromise, — the famous Compromise of 1833, — through the temporary success of which the inevitable quarrel was postponed for about twenty-eight years. This was exactly the worst thing that could have happened, for it was highly necessary that the Democratic party should be blooded in a war against Southern rebels. Then they would have become as good Federalists as even Washington could have desired to see them, — as good Federalists as James Madison himself could have wished to see them when, speaking of New York's proposition to enter the Union with the reserved right to leave it whenever she should think proper to do so, he said, "The Constitution requires an adoption *in toto*, AND FOREVER," — and that a State could *not* enter the Union as New York wished to enter it. Not only, however, was the Democratic party prevented from being placed in an attitude of intense hostility to its disorganizing dogmas by the success of Mr. Clay's compromise, but from that time it began to show a fondness for Southern ideas that never had been known to the Jeffersonian Democracy. Beginning to change about 1835, it changed fast, and marched far in its desire to get out of sight and hearing of what it had done, under the grand lead of President Jackson, against traitors and treason. It was heartily ashamed of the best thing to be found in its history. In fact, it was not the Democratic party that put down nullification, but Andrew Jackson, who stands out as honorably and brightly in contrast with most of the Democrats of 1832–1833, as John Knox stands out in contrast with the Scottish reforming nobility of three hundred years ago. Had Mr. Adams been re-elected in 1828–29, nullification would have been a success; for the Democrats would have sided with the rebels, who did not go in the least beyond the doctrines laid down in "the resolutions of '98." As it was, almost the whole of the two opposition parties — the National Republicans and the Anti-Masons, — rallied to the support of President Jackson, by whom they had just been beaten badly in a great national contest. The leading champion of the Union cause, and as

such peculiarly honored by President Jackson, was Mr. Webster, then at the height of his fame; and he spoke the Union sentiments of the opposition in words that will perish only with the language. Such is the difference between American parties. The Democracy sides ever with the enemies of the country, if it happens to be out of power, while men of other political views give their support to a Democratic government when it is assailed by traitors. Had there been a revolt at the beginning of Mr. Buchanan's administration, he could have counted as surely on Republican support as on that of the men who had voted for him; how the Democrats bore themselves toward President Lincoln is matter of history. Their conduct was in strict accordance with the "resolutions of '98," the Democratic book of rebellion.

No opportunity was afforded for a Democratic revolt for many years after 1833. The Whigs came into power in 1841, but the early death of President Harrison placed the government in the hands of the South, in the person of President Tyler. Then came the Democratic administration of President Polk. An attempt was made to effect secession under the Whiggish administration of President Taylor, but that stern soldier soon let the secessionists know that they would find another Jackson in him. His death was a great misfortune, for he was prepared to stamp out rebellion; and his successor, President Fillmore, was a mere tool in the hands of the South, though it is said he behaved with spirit toward South Carolina, who was as ready to secede in 1850 as she was ten years later. The administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, being of the ultra-Democratic order, were not troubled by the action of rebels. True, the secession Rebellion began while Mr. Buchanan was President, but he did nothing to prevent the success of the Rebels, though he might have reduced them to despair by the firm use of his constitutional powers. He bore himself as the head of the Democratic party, not as the chief magistrate of the Republic. Not what would be useful to the country, but what would be beneficial to the Democratic party, was that to which he gave his thoughts; and, whether such was his intention or not, his course was, in almost every respect, precisely what the Rebels would have dictated had he done them the honor to consult them in regard to their exact wishes. The Southern members of his Cabinet were regular conspirators, and deserved well of the Rebels, who never could have opened *their* "national" career so advantageously had they not had such powerful friends at court. Cobb, Thompson, and Floyd were three of the most expert rogues that ever conspired; and there is really something sublime in the audacity of their action,— cabinet officers taking the lead in destroying the government, of which they were the most prominent members after the President himself! The conduct of these men — the three greatest scoundrels that ever figured even in American politics — shows how loosely the sentiment of honor is held by the ruling Southern Democratic politicians. It was at one time supposed that Toucey, of the Navy Department, was as bad as either of the Southern men in Buchanan's Cabinet; but time has made it clear that he was not the equal of even the least rogue of the three. His intentions may have been bad enough, but capacity and courage were wanting to make him perfectly useful to the Democracy. Poor old General Cass, who was seventy-eight when South Carolina rebelled, seems to have been the tool of his Southern Cabinet associates, and never to have suspected, till suspicion became useless, that they were in earnest when they talked treason. He thought it all a trick, a part of the political play. The entire picture is a shocking one,— the government of a mighty nation taking the principal part in the foul and treacherous business of destroying it; for such was the part of the Buchanan administration during the greater part of the last year of its existence.

The very agency that was relied upon for protection against conspirators was itself in the conspiracy! Yet what was then seen is what the country must expect to see repeated, should the Democratic party now be restored to power, and should it afterward be found necessary to displace it because of its evil doing.

Mr. Buchanan has written a book to show that he ought not to be blamed for the occurrence of the Rebellion. He cannot be complimented on the success of his argument. He mentions that General Scott stated, on the 30th of October, 1860, that there were but five companies of Regulars (four hundred men) available for garrisoning the Southern ports. This was, indeed, a bad state of things; but it might have been worse, for if those five companies had been placed in the Charleston forts, and two or three small armed steamboats had been sent to Charleston Harbor, there would have been no Rebellion. Everything then depended upon the action of South Carolina, and that State would not have seceded had government thrown men into the Charleston forts, with orders to fire on all parties that should have attempted to raise works against those forts. As to the four hundred available men, it would have been easy to double their number by recruiting sailors, who would have been as useful as regular artillerists in the working of great guns. A thousand sailors could have been got in a day in our seaports. Not one of the Southern States would have seceded till South Carolina led the way; and South Carolina would not have led the way had government been firm with her, and made her understand that any action directed against the forts would be met by adequate resistance. This is the conclusion derived from her course. She did not secede till the 20th of December, 1860, more than six weeks after the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, nor till she had received solemn and official assurance from President Buchanan that no opposition should be made to her action in seceding. On the 3d of December, 1860, Mr. Buchanan sent his last annual message to Congress, in which he discussed the state of affairs at length; and in course of the message occurs this remarkable passage: "The question fairly stated is, 'Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the confederacy?' If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to make war against a State. After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, or to any other department of the Federal government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the Constitution, that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress; and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not 'necessary and proper for carrying into execution' any one of these powers. So far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the Convention which framed the Constitution." This was a letter of license to South Carolina. It announced to her that she should not be molested while seeking the Union's destruction, and that she might besiege the Charleston forts without drawing a shot from one of their guns. Accordingly, in seventeen days after the President of the United States had advised her of the vitally important fact that he should not offer opposition to any action she might take for the promotion of rebellion, South Carolina seceded; and soon had such works raised that it became difficult, if not impossible, to send men and munitions to the assistance of the feeble force in Sumter, the only fort over which the national banner was flying at the opening of the year 1861. The Democratic press approved of what the President had said in support of the position that government had no constitutional power "to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to

withdraw, or has actually withdrawn, from the confederacy." The Democratic party approved of it. They all — President, journalists, and party — acted in a perfectly consistent manner. The President had done no more than to set forth the old Democratic doctrine neatly and concisely. He expounded "the resolutions of '98," and he could have done no less, and retained his political position, unless he had remained silent; and that was scarcely possible, considering the state of things at the close of 1860. The facts are deeply interesting: because they show, first, what is the logical consequence of the Democratic theory of government, namely, the right of any and every State to withdraw from the Union, with or without cause; and, secondly, what the American people would have to expect should the Democratic party regain that power which they so grossly abused in 1860. If South Carolina had the right to secede in 1860, because, as she said, slavery's safety was threatened, she will have the right to secede in 1872, because slavery was abolished — violently abolished — by the national government; and should there be a Democratic President in December, 1872, he would act as Mr. Buchanan acted in 1860, and his conduct would be in strict accordance with Democratic principles. If the American people choose to organize anarchy, and make it permanent, they will restore power to the Democracy; if they wish for peace, they will take care to keep power and the Democracy forever apart.

The most convincing evidence in support of the assertion that the Democratic party is a destructive party, and that it will seek the overthrow of the national government, whenever it is not allowed to control it, is found in the political history of the year preceding the secession war, and in the history of the early part of that conflict. The Democratic party, deliberately and of settled purpose, prepared the way for civil war, and then, as coolly, plunged the country into the terrible gulf. There could have been no resistance made to the will of the American people constitutionally expressed at the national election of 1860, had not the Democratic party encouraged traitors to take up arms, and had it not so borne itself as to furnish to the Southern secessionists what they believed to be sufficient cause for resistance, and on the occurrence of which, they had long and often said, their States would "throw themselves on their reserved rights." Had the Democratic party done merely its duty as a party, and yet entirely disregarded the duty of each and all its members to the country, that *occasion* for the Rebellion, which the secessionists asserted was fairly found in Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency by Northern votes alone, never would have been afforded them; for up to the month of April, 1860, the Republican party had not even the remotest chance of succeeding in the nineteenth Presidential election, then so near at hand; and without the success of the Republicans at that election, not even South Carolina could have ventured upon rebellion, or, if she had rebelled, she would not have found one Southern State so mad as to follow her insane example. It was necessary, in order to carry out the conspiracy formed by the destructive Democracy, that the Democratic party should be beaten in 1860; and, as every well-informed man knew that it could not, if united, be beaten at the polls, it was arranged that it should be divided, and its strength reduced to weakness, at the very opening of the political campaign. As it sometimes happens in war, that an army is purposely sacrificed in order that a particular diplomatic end may be effected; so was the Democratic party sacrificed in 1860, in order that a certain purpose of its leaders might speedily be accomplished. That those leaders did not achieve their purpose no more establishes their innocence than the loss of his stake by a gamester proves that he never risked it. Their intentions were the worst possible; but their pow-

er was not equal to their will, and, instead of accomplishing the specific end at which they aimed, they had to content themselves with causing the loss of half a million lives, the expenditure of six or seven thousand millions of dollars, the creation of an indefinite amount of trouble and sorrow and general misery, and the complete defeat of their Southern friends and allies in the field. They used everybody ill, but they used the slaveholders worst of all; and it is strange that the latter should be so ready to renew an alliance that once was the cause of their overthrow. We can account for their readiness to forgive the treacherous Democracy, — false alike to the North and to the South, — only by supposing they are anxious to revenge themselves on the men who overthrew them in war. Believing themselves to be an aristocracy, they feel themselves disgraced, not merely because they were beaten, but because they were beaten by mechanics, laborers, fishermen, pedlers, traders, and others of the "lower classes." To be beaten may be the lot of the bravest and best men, they argue, and there have been very few of the greatest of soldiers, from Hannibal to Napoleon, who have not drank deeply of the cup of defeat; but to be conquered by "the rabble," as they consider their successful antagonists, is doubly galling. They feel as the Austrian chivalry felt when it was beaten to the ground by the churls of Switzerland. They feel as that fierce patrician, Lord Ulswater, felt when, though mounted and armed, he had been done to death by the plebeian Wolfe, who was both on foot and unarmed. "O," said the dying aristocrat, "slain! slain in a ditch by a base-born hind! O, bitter, bitter, bitter!" Such is the feeling that animates the slaveocracy, who would sell themselves to Satan for the chance of revenge; and who are ready to go even a step further, and once more ally themselves with the Democrats for the same purpose. We trust they will learn, when the knowledge will not be of much service to them, that they have made another of those blunders which form the chief illustrations of their crazy history of the last fourteen years, ever since they revived slavery agitation at the beginning of 1854. For if they are bent upon having revenge, the American people, who are much the stronger party of the two, are quite as resolute that they never shall sit at that banquet which is said to be too exquisite to be served up to anybody beneath the gods. They may be devoted to vengeance, but we of the North are not such sheep as to submit our throats to the teeth of wolves, no matter how hungry they may be, or how urgent is the necessity that they should have blood.

The Charleston Convention, being the last full Democratic national convention that met in that old Union which the Democratic party destroyed, assembled on the 23d of April, 1860. There was a fitness in its place of meeting which could not fail to be noted at the time, and the force of which was further felt when, a few months later, the regular working of Democratic principles led to the secession of South Carolina from the Union, and the city of Charleston was the scene chosen by the first Rebels for their first display of madness. Charleston had been named for the place of the convention long before, in order to show how thoroughly the Democracy had given themselves up to the rule of their masters, the slaveholders, all of whose demands they were not only ready to grant, but even to anticipate. It is probable that the Northern men who insisted on having the convention meet at Charleston did so because they believed it would be easier to bring over any doubtful delegates to the support of slavery on slavery's own ground. If they thought the secessionists would be pleased with the compliment, and so softened with regard to their "ulterior intentions," they were very hopeful, indeed, considering what sort of training they must have gone through in order to attain to distinction in the Democratic party.

There were four parties in the Charleston Convention. 1. The Southern secessionists, pure and simple, who sought the dissolution of the Union, and said so, distinctly, and who were, not the less, on the best possible terms with the leaders of the Northern Democracy. 2. The Southern Democrats who wished to see a Republican elected to the Presidency in 1860–61, but who as yet were not quite ready to dissolve the Union, reserving that as a great card, to be played on another day. These gentlemen were headed by Mr. Jefferson Davis, who expected, and desired, that Mr. Seward would become President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1861, — as did Mr. Seward himself. Mr. Davis was moved both by ambition and by hatred to the course he pursued. He wished to become President of the United States in 1865, and he knew that, were Mr. Seward elected in 1860–61, his own prospects would be greatly improved; and he hated Mr. Douglas, who was the favorite of the majority of the delegates, — bitterly and vindictively hated him, — and was resolute in the determination that he should not receive the nomination of a united Democracy. 3. The Douglas delegates, who were ready to do almost anything that would operate for the interest of their leader, but who, though in a majority, were cut off from success through the existence of the two-thirds rule. 4. A number of Northern delegates, who hoped that advantage would be taken of the prevailing troubles to bring about such changes, under the name of "compromise," as should legalize slavery in all the free States, and in that way accomplish two things: first, the soothing of the South; and, secondly, the permanent ascendency of the Democratic party through its union with slaveholders. Had these delegates been patriots as well as partisans, they would, after the usual amount of wrangling, have stopped such child's play, and gone seriously to work, in order to prevent the coming of civil war upon the country. They could not have sinned in ignorance, for they had said, ten thousand times, that the election of any Republican to the Presidency — Mr. Lincoln was not nominated till June, 1860 — certainly would lead to a dissolution of the Union, and they could not have expected that that would be quietly allowed; and yet they took the only course that made the election of a Republican to the Presidency, and of Republican majorities in Congress, possible! They quarrelled among themselves as fiercely as if they had been a convention of old Whigs, or older Federalists, and not the flower of the Democratic party, — a party renowned for the astuteness of its management, a party which never before had allowed its representatives to do more fighting among themselves than was necessary for the promotion of pure fraternal feeling. Had they been wise men, and as such desirous of keeping their country free from the evils of war, they would have postponed their private disputes to a more convenient season, and, dropping their chief aspirants to the Presidency, would have nominated a new man, for whose support all the forces of their party could have been combined, and who would have been chosen by a far greater vote than that to which Mr. Buchanan owed his election four years earlier. Such was their duty, according to the views they were loud in promulgating; but their duty was the last thing they thought of doing. They quarrelled to extremity, and the Charleston Convention was purposely broken up, in order that the treasonable purposes of some Democratic leaders, and the ambitious purposes of others, might be promoted. As the secessionists were the most resolute and determined of these men, — the Jacobins of the Democracy, — they had their own way, and made use of the Democratic party and of the Democratic administration to help bring about a dissolution of the Union. The course of the men who composed the Charleston Convention — the representative men of their party — forcibly illustrates the position that the Democracy constitutes a destructive political

organization, and therefore is unfit to be intrusted with the work of government. Hostile to the Union from its origin, and from the character of its principles, it should be relegated to the "cold shade" of opposition, and forbidden to concern itself with the business of administration. It is faithful only to itself, and such selfish fidelity compels it to be false to the nation in which for years it claimed to be the sole national and constitutional organization.

THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS.

THE eighteenth century has bequeathed to us one work which embodies in itself the spirit of the century, — that is the *Encyclopédie*. There are, of course, other works of that epoch more perfect, or nearer that perfection which was always the aim of its great authors. These are, however, the works of individual authors, and they give us only the labors of each author separately, while the *Encyclopédie* gives us the picture of an age which was one of the most important in the history of the world. With the subsidence of the bitter quarrels that characterized the publication of the *Encyclopédie*, not a little of the popular interest in the work has ceased. It remains, however, the intellectual fortress of its epoch, and although its defenders and its besiegers have lost much of their heat and ardor, it is not because the world of letters is grown more just or more peaceful, but because there are new fields of battle on which the warlike intellects of our own day find plenty to try their mettle. The *Encyclopédie* may well be read to-day, not for the interest of novelty which it once possessed, but for its importance in the history of literature and philosophy.

There is no recent summary of the lives of the *Encyclopédistes;* for the most part they are obscure men; and without going as far as Lebas (*Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la France*, — forming part of Didot's *Univers Pittoresque*) in depreciating them, or as far as Lord Brougham in extolling them, it is doubtful whether there is anywhere an exact account of all of them. Indeed, many of the numerous contributors wrote only an article or two; the *Biographie Universelle* probably contains all that is worth knowing of the principal writers, and Grimm's correspondence tells a thousand stories and anecdotes about these. D'Alembert and Voltaire are treated especially by Brougham in his "Men of Letters and Science," but it is in a merely popular way. It is not easy anywhere to obtain satisfactory and direct reference to authorities on the subject; but perhaps the lives of the three great chiefs, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, cover all the necessary grounds of knowledge with regard to their followers.

Two new works of interest, if not of authority, have appeared within this year, and each in its way is worth attention, and is sure to command it, as showing the hold which the *Encyclopédistes* still have on art and letters. Fichel, the cleverest painter in the newest school of French *genre*, has lately given us a capital picture, *Les Encyclopédistes*, — a group of the famous men of that large family, — in a library with the furniture, dress, and appointments of the period. Some of the faces are familiar to us even here, — Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Rousseau, Buffon, — and the others have also the sharp lines and speaking features of truthful portraits. A desire to find out the unnamed persons in the painting first caused the inquiry into the subject, which now takes this shape. Almost at the same time that Fichel's

picture was given to the world, the *Librairie Internationale* in Paris published *Les Encyclopédistes, leurs Travaux, leurs Doctrines, et leur Influence, par Pascal Duprat*, — a readable and attractive volume of nearly two hundred pages. It tells the story of the *Encyclopédie*, the political and moral state of France when it began, the incidents of its publication, and, sketching the authors who took part in its composition, explains its object and plan, its general spirit, its philosophical doctrine, its politics, its political economy, its influence on the eighteenth century, and the French Revolution, its opponents then and its value now. All this is done briefly, clearly, and well by one of the lesser lights of French letters, who, however, reflects fairly enough the influence, powerful alike for good and bad, which the Encyclopedists still continue to exert.

It is of course generally known that the *Encyclopédie* was not a *proles sine matre*, as Montesquieu vaunted, but a translation and expansion of Chambers's "Cyclopædia," which was noteworthy, simply because the title, borrowed from the Greek, was then for the first time applied to modern literature. It had been used, for the first time in the sixteenth century, by Ringelberg, in his "Cyclopædia," printed at Basle in 1541; then by Paul Scalich, in his "Encyclopædia," Basle, 1599; by Martinus, in his *Idea methodicæ et brevis Encyclopædiæ sive adumbratio Universitatis*, Herborn, 1606; and by Alsted, in his "Encyclopædia," Herborn, 1620. These were all written in Latin, each by its own single author, and with a limited field. Chambers, a century later, at Dublin, 1728, produced a work vastly beyond all his predecessors in merit; but it was perhaps the greatest triumph of his work, that it gained such favor as to command the labor of men like Diderot and his brethren in the task of reproducing it in French.

It was in 1750 that the Prospectus, written by Diderot, announced the publication of the first volume of the *Encyclopédie, ou Dictionnaire raisonné des Sciences, des Arts et des Métiers, par une Société des Gens de Lettres*. D'Alembert wrote the Preliminary Discourse, and these papers give the key-note of the work itself. But, after all, the Encyclopedists were not the discoverers of a new world of letters and philosophy, in spite of their fond belief and loud proclamation of that fact. They were the last product of a long intellectual cultivation, of a gradual development of principles which culminated in the great French Revolution, and which included Church and State, politics, religion, letters, in France, in Europe, and in almost the whole modern and civilized world. It was a revolution which began at least with Bacon, was advanced by Hobbes, was furthered by Locke, and was brought to its social and scientific results in France. In that country the philosophy of Descartes was taught by the Jansenists, by Arnauld, Pascal, and Nicole; yet the Church, which by its oppression limited their power, was one of the first institutions to suffer by its gradual decline. The interweaving of English and French philosophy runs through a long course of years and events. France sought in England what it wanted, what of its own strength it could never attain, — first, philsophical culture, next, political principles. England received from France the influence of some of the greatest minds of modern philosophy, but each drew from the other much of the doctrine which characterized the nation for over a century. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Shaftesbury, Wollaston, and, last and greatest of all, Bolingbroke, reflected the tone and temper of French philosophy, with its grace of style, and charm of clearness, — next best to truth.

It was in his exile at Touraine, after the death of Queen Anne, that Bolingbroke met Voltaire, found in him intelligence and inclination, and inspired him to become the apostle of a new philosophy of pure reason. It was Voltaire's journey to and residence in England that brought him into

close intimacy with the Freethinkers there. About the same time, Montesquieu made his studies in England of the English Constitution, as a preparation for his greater work. It was the reverence which Voltaire saw exhibited in England for Newton at the time of his almost royal funeral in 1727, that led him to study Newton's physical theories and to translate them into French. He felt all the more strongly from the contrast of English liberty the weight imposed in his own country by heavy despotism, official corruption, the censorship, and all the burdens put on intellectual freedom. He worked courageously and steadily, for a long time alone, to produce some change in the philosophical atmosphere of France. The weakening influence and the gradual decline of political and religious power favored the emancipation of the spirits hitherto held in check. New ideas began to show themselves, and literature spread them throughout France. Authors became a power, and showed it by adopting the name of *gens de lettres;* they were almost a fourth estate. Literature ceased to be a pompous luxury of the great; it gave up its solemn, measured steps; it threw off the elegance and perfection at which it had hitherto always striven as essentials; but in becoming light and even frivolous in form, it became popular in itself and powerful in forming public opinion, and then it was that the *Encyclopédie* was announced.

A year's advertisement of Diderot's circular produced four thousand subscriptions of two hundred dollars each, — a prodigious price for the time. The first and second volume followed in rapid succession, and the world of letters and philosophy was fired with the quarrels that grew out of them. The Jesuits and the Jansenists suspended their own quarrels and joined forces to attack a common enemy, for as such they looked on the authors of the *Encyclopédie.* And yet the two volumes were written with great moderation; and the articles on religious questions carefully avoided all theological discussions. Nevertheless, they were bitterly attacked, and finally the publication was suspended by the government. Diderot and his associates, however, knew where to look for help, and they found it in the right quarter.

Mme. de Châteauxroux belonged to that honest and virtuous family of Nesle which had already furnished Louis XV. with two mistresses, — Mme. de Mailly and Mme. de Vintimille. For four years her protection proved sufficient, and in that time five volumes appeared in which Voltaire and the *Encyclopédie* lent each other strength. New success brought new attacks, and the Jesuits and the Jansenists repeated their assaults, — the one column led by the Archbishop of Paris, the other by the Advocate-General Joly de Fleury and the Parliament. The *Encyclopédie* was again suspended, and with it the privilege of publication. It was made the target for unnumbered pamphlets, and the subject of a comedy, Les Philosophes, by Palissot. Then came the loss of D'Alembert, and with him of many of the contributors. Diderot, however, found in Voltaire an ally worth all that had abandoned him. For eight years they worked together, first to prepare material for future volumes, and next to gain the privilege of publishing them. At last, and again by help of a woman, and that woman the king's mistress, — this time Mme. de Pompadour, — the privilege was renewed, but still with a loss of some of its earlier and exclusive rights. However, in 1765 the work again began, and in 1771 it was completed, making seventeen volumes of text, and eleven of plates; and in 1776 and 1777 five volumes of supplement were printed, nominally, at least, in Amsterdam, and the great work was then peacefully concluded.

In looking over this great work, and its army of authors, — not much short of a hundred, — two names are specially distinguishable, — Diderot in all that relates to philosophy, D'Alembert in

all that relates to science. D'Alembert, too, has the credit of having gained Voltaire to their aid, and from the fifth volume on he furnished nearly all the articles on literature, beginning with the word "esprit," — *tout à propos pour se définir lui-même!* But his labor did not nearly end with that which was printed in the successive volumes: his correspondence shows untiring zeal, interest, and activity on behalf of the work which in his eyes was big with the fate of the eighteenth century. Rousseau, on the other hand, wrote only two articles, — one on Music, the other on Political Economy, and shone in neither. Montesquieu, too, appeared but once; but his works preceded and helped to make the *Encyclopédie*, while the *Encyclopédie* helped to make the success of those writings of Rousseau which succeeded it. Buffon, too, was one of those we may call the group of the first rank, who lent little but a name to the new enterprise.

Of those of less importance in the eyes of the world then, but of more use in the work, who stand together on another level, there were Duclos, Dufresnoy, Marmontel, Holbach, Turgot, Condorcet, and some others of mark in their own way and time. A third group is made up of the theologians whose names and writings appear in the Encyclopædia: put there, it has been suggested, as the conquerors of Egypt, in moving towards the Nile, put in front of their army the sacred animals of Egypt, — with the hope of allaying the prejudices which they could not conquer. Morellet, Yvon, De Prades, and Mallet were the Abbés of the Encyclopædia; and later Polier, a neighbor and recruit of Voltaire's, who claimed the merit of softening his theological fury and bringing his liberty of thought within the reasonable limits of his own. But the individual contributors, who furnished articles on their own special subjects, were among those who gave much of its value to the work. The art of war was discussed by a professor of strategy; seamanship, by a sailor; salt-works, by a manufacturer; sugar, by a planter; silks, by a Lyons merchant; and so in succession through every class of articles. There was, therefore, a concert of action on the part of the intellect of France, an alliance of literature and science in the war for the truth, realizing Bacon's anticipation of the time when the world would profit by just such men and just such measures. This was, however, carried on with very irregular steps. The two first volumes were wisely restrained in tone, then five volumes were published under a permission which exacted a somewhat similar limitation; still the spirit of the book improved, although its most marked features were traced rather in subsidiary articles than in those of prime importance; and the boldest proposals for political and moral reform were conveyed in articles on grammar or philology. With the eighth volume there was almost entire liberty of speech; but the editor then in charge has his own fears awakened, and did not hesitate to lay a sacrilegious hand on the articles sent in. A letter of Diderot, dated November 12, 1764, berates his subordinate roundly for his treachery. In spite, however, of the mutilation, the concluding volumes show a hearty hatred of existing abuses and a zeal for reform, strong protests against prejudice, error, and injustice, and warm encouragement to every movement looking to social, moral, or political progress. The writers speak with greater elevation, the work takes a loftier position, and in its pages can be heard the rustling of the storm that was then gathering, and was soon to break over the devoted head of France. It is this that gives it to this day an importance that no literary or scientific merit alone could have perpetuated.

The persecutions that environed the *Encyclopédie* gave it its first success; the influences brought to bear upon the king, to secure its continued publication, gave it value in his eyes and in those of the court; it was addressed to the nobility and to the better classes, because there were no readers in a public which could not read. Its readers

were confined necessarily to the ruling classes, and its conquests were the more effective on that account. Its influence can be traced out step by step; the liberty in trade which it advocated in 1750 was granted in 1764; between 1761 and 1774 Turgot carried out in the administration of Limoges the reforms which the *Encyclopédie* had demanded, — new and better roads, the abolition of internal tariffs, military requisitions, etc., etc. In 1774, when he became minister of Louis XIV., he applied to the kingdom those reforms which he had tried in a province. The same resistance which the ideas of the *Encyclopédie* had met and overcome met and overcome Turgot, but the final result was the same. Necker, Calonne, and Brienne in vain sought to govern the nation by other principles. The government appealed to the nation by convoking the *Tiers État*, and the three orders met and told their wishes. It was again the plan, the principle, almost the text of the *Encyclopédie.* In the midst of the Revolution the same voice could be heard, and it was that voice which triumphed over the storm, and brought France once more to peace, to industry, and to progress, material, intellectual, political. Those who made and the pilot who rode the storm safely are all graduates of the school and indoctrinated with the lessons of the *Encyclopédie.* Its opponents and their attacks are long since forgotten, and the weapons with which they were overcome are obsolete, but still the fact remains that the *Encyclopédie* was a powerful lever with which its authors overturned the past and raised the standard of reform for the future; and this it is that gives it value even in our own day.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise. Translated from the German by Miss ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

THE appearance of a new translation of Lessing's master-work is another indication of the wide interest that people abroad and at home are feeling in the man, the like of whom Goethe told Eckermann the world needed. The enthusiasm of his countrymen would seem to increase as time goes by. There is no end of pamphlets about him as critic, philosopher, reformer. The literature created by the "Nathan" alone, as summed up in Naumann's recent *Catalogue raisonné*, occupies with the merest description of works one hundred and twenty-five pages. Germany's most eminent names are on the list of writers who have devoted their talent to the interpretation and spread of Lessing's ideas.

Till lately, Lessing has been hardly better known in France than here. The "Nathan" was translated there by Friedel and Bonneville as early as 1783. Twice it has been adapted for the stage; once as a versified drama in three acts; and once as a "Comédie Héroïque," whatever that may be, in prose. Baron de Barante made a French version of it in 1823. Hermann Hirsch attempted in 1863 the same feat. Three years ago, M. Arthur Arnould enlightened the Parisians by telling them they would find the piece "very childish" as a work of art. "Modern readers," he says, "will be astonished at the simplicity of this revolutionary undertaking, at a time when Voltaire was filling the whole world with his name and ideas." M. Ernest Fontanès, in his recent "Christianisme Moderne," a study on Lessing, has the honor of introducing him to the French as "the man who opened in Germany new paths of religious thought; than whom no one is better fitted to meet the taste of our people, no one better qualified to make the general public acquainted with the problems of theology."

"Nathan the Wise" was translated into Dutch by an unknown hand in 1780; into Danish, in 1799, by Rahbeck; into Swedish, in 1841; into Polish, in 1867; and into Modern Greek, under the title, "The Wise Old Jew of Kaliourgos." The last version was published in 1840. The merit of these translations does not concern us now.

England showed her appreciation long ago. Macaulay pronounced Lessing the foremost European critic. As early as 1781 a version of "Nathan the Wise," made by R. E. Raspe, was published in London. It attracted little notice. Ten years later, in 1791, William Taylor's translation appeared. This version, which was printed in the Edinburgh and the Retrospective Reviews, reached a second edition in 1805, and was afterwards reprinted in Mr. Taylor's "Historic Survey of German Poetry," London, 1828–1830. Lowndes pronounced this "an excellent translation"; but it falls far short of the best modern standard. A third translation of the poem, exceedingly literal, by Dr. Adolph Reich, was published in London, in 1860; and a fourth translation was offered in manuscript to Messrs. Leypoldt and Holt, on their announcing a purpose to include "Nathan the Wise" in their foreign series, along with the Frithiof Saga and the Kalevala, the latter translated by the late John A. Porter, of Yale College.

In America Lessing is little known. The republication of Stahr's "Life of Lessing" made the better class of the reading public acquainted with his private history and his genius. Mr. Lowell's article in the North American Review has eloquently presented the man's claims to honor; but his masterpieces have never found their way to the American mind. This is the more singular, as Lessing was a modern man. He lived far in advance of his own age and his own people, and will come into full enjoyment of his intellectual existence, towards the close of the nineteenth century. He was a man, too, for America. He walked large over the continent of thought as we do; he kept step with those who walk largest. His place is with the most enlightened as well as the bravest of our liberal teachers. The sudden interest in him proves that he is needed, and that he comes to call. In the present condition of speculative thought, particularly on the subject of religion, his contribution of criticism and of faith, of sight and of insight, will be the more valuable for having been prepared when and where it was, — in the last century, in the seclusion of Germany, under the action of purely literary powers, within limits that gave him every intellectual facility, and shut out political and social distractions. His thought comes to us in perfect form of art, and with the least possible alloy.

Lessing was a clear, cordial, devout Theist. His "Nathan der Weise" was his confession of faith. We may say more than this. We may call it the confession of faith of the modern Theist. At first sight it seems to be an effort to decide between the claims of the three great religions, — Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. A second glance gives assurance that no such thought as this could have so much as passed across Lessing's mind. It looks as if he meant to harmonize the three religions by showing that charity was the heart of them all. But this interpretation does not satisfy, either. A careful study of the poem convinces us that Lessing meditated nothing less than an illustration in dramatic form of the essence of religion itself. The characters represent in all its phases and contrasts that quality of self-abnegation which is the soul of faith. Engaging as a story, vivid as a drama, brilliant as a poem, it is very profound and rich as a work of religious philosophy. The reading of it combines instruction with delight.

Miss Frothingham undertook her translation some years ago, as a work of love, and in the same spirit she completed it. Its publication was suggested by the announcement of a purpose to present the poem to the American people. It was submitted, prior to acceptance, to the severe scrutiny of sharp-eyed critics, good scholars, and men whose enthusiasm for Lessing made them very jealous of his honor. From their hands the manuscript went back to the translator's for final revision. The public may, therefore, rest satisfied that this is no job work, done to order. Miss Frothingham's version was selected because by competent judges, German as well as English, it was considered better than any existing translations.

To say it is perfect would be claiming too much. That can never be said. Of the correctness of rendering, in some few passages, there may be a question; but they are passages on whose precise shade of meaning German scholars differ. We have noticed lines that would have been stronger had the phrase been more condensed. Here and there it struck us that a more literal rendering would be an improvement. But on the whole the work is exceedingly well done. It is faithful and elegant. It reads like a piece that was originally written in English. To those who are uninitiated into the mysteries of turning thoughts from one language into another, the smoothly flowing, bright, poetical verse will seem to be the only form of verse

that was suited to express the idea. As a work of art, inwardly and outwardly, it stands at the head of the series of which it forms a part.

A short account of Lessing's life and labors introduces the poem to the reader. An appendix gives, in condensed form, Kuno Fischer's admirable essay on "Nathan the Wise," for the interest of all who may peruse it, and for the instruction of all who may wish a deeper interpretation of the piece than their own intelligence reveals.

Ohio in the War; her Statesmen, her Generals, and Soldiers. By WHITELAW REID. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, and Baldwin. (Published by subscription.)

IT is so very pleasant to turn from Ohio in the last elections to Ohio in the war, that we might welcome Mr. Reid's work, if it had no other attraction, as a relief from the fact that certain mean prejudices are still dominant among otherwise noble and generous people. But Mr. Reid approaches us with a better claim than this upon the general interest, for it needs no great critical acumen to perceive that the history of Ohio in the war is also a history of the war, since that State gave the nation the great generals who gained its battles. The three leaders, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, whose names come first to mind at the mention of the war, as well as McDowell, McPherson, Rosecrans, Buell, Mitchell, Gillmore, Garfield, Cox, Steedman, Schenck, and many other captains only less famous than these, were natives of Ohio, while McClellan was a resident of Cincinnati, and was first appointed to a command by the Governor of Ohio. Her rank and file, moreover, fought in nearly all the battles of the war, and the contribution of Ohio to the success of the struggle was, in point of numbers alone, very great. Under the first call, the State furnished some ten thousand men in excess of her quota; and when the war ended she had given five thousand more than had been asked of her, having placed in the field three hundred and ten thousand men.

Mr. Reid divides his work of some two thousand pages into three parts, of which the first is the history of the State during the war; the second, biographies of all the Ohio generals; the third, the history of all the Ohio regiments and military organizations, succinctly but very faithfully stating all the great facts in the career of each regiment, and presenting in tables a complete list of all its officers, with the dates of their appointment and promotion, discharge or death. The whole work seems to us very admirably and clearly arranged; but neither the first nor the third part requires special comment here. The latter has great statistical value, and must be prized for its faithful record of deeds and names heroic enough, but often not famous; the former is in great degree the story of most other State governments during the war, — the story of peace-bred officials overwhelmed by a sudden and unprecedented demand for military experience, of their rapid education in the main requisites, and of their rise to the level which the people attained with a bound. This record is, of course, varied with full notice of Mr. Chase's career as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Stanton's conduct of the War Department; for the latter Secretary, although appointed from Pennsylvania, is a native of Ohio. The picturesque episode of Morgan's invasion and capture further relieves the accustomed narrative of State governmental action.

In the lives of the Ohio generals, as we have hinted, Mr. Reid makes a demand upon the interest of readers everywhere, and supports this claim with some very obvious qualifications. He was prominent among those bards who sang in telegraphic despatches and letters of epical length the heroic deeds of the war contemporaneously with their occurrence, — in other words, he was the very well-known war-correspondent ("Agate") of a Cincinnati journal; and he writes usually about that which he saw, and often about that of which he was part. It is a defect of his present work, that it sometimes reads too much as if even now, after the exigency is long past, it had been written amid the tumult of the camp upon the correspondent's knee, or a canteen, or a drum-head. We mean to say that it is sometimes careless in style and loose in form. But it is always very lively narrative; it is unscrupulously frank; and, considering what popular histories usually are and have been, it is amazingly free from idolatry. Plainly, it is Mr. Kinglake among modern historians, rather than the Rev. Mr. Abbott or the Rev. Mr. Headley, whom Mr. Reid has had in mind. If he is at all unjust, it is towards success, and if he has a particular

fondness for any general, it is sure to be some one with whom the balance has been inclined by popular estimate, if not actual event, towards failure. General McClellan, it is true, is not one of the gainers by this trait of his biographer. We have found him nowhere more coldly and unpityingly described than in Mr. Reid's book; and perhaps it would be impossible to kindle sympathy from the facts of that career, which, up to the moment when it closed as effectively as if in death, seemed a game of persistent self-seeking and constant self-losing. But Mr. Reid comes out bravely in defence of Rosecrans, and while acknowledging his ignorance of character, his tenderness towards worthless subordinates, and his indiscreet pride with superiors, vindicates his reputation as a general, and certainly endears him to the reader as a man. He also arrives at a far more favorable estimate of Buell than that usually held, and ranks him, for some reasons, with the ablest generals of the war, while he awards generous praise to McDowell for his most unpopular and unquestionable virtues and talents.

Of the three most distinguished Ohio generals, Sheridan receives by far the greatest share of our author's liking and admiration; and we are made to see the heroic cavalryman in his higher character of a skilful and sagacious military leader, and a firm and incorruptible military ruler. It must be confessed that popular worship does degrade its idols a little, in order the better to get at them; and it is well to have our eyes turned from Sheridan's ride at Winchester to Sheridan's generalship in sixty-seven other battles, and Sheridan's rule in Texas and New Orleans. It is well also to look over his brilliant career in Mr. Reid's book, and perceive how few errors have marred it, and how generous his instincts have always been. He is almost sole among the soldiers educated at West Point in having had no sympathy for Southern institutions; and, so far as he had been a politician before the war, in being liberal and democratic-minded, — Irish and Catholic as he was by blood and faith.

The want of equally generous instincts in other leaders, and especially in General Sherman, finds no palliation in Mr. Reid's book. Full justice is done to Sherman's brilliant and unquestionable military genius, and his success is duly applauded, while his scarcely less remarkable errors are touched with an unsparing hand. The victories of the march to the sea are celebrated, but the ravages which Mr. Reid thinks needless are freely deplored, and the depopulation of Atlanta bitterly condemned. At the close of Sherman's life, his biographer groups his characteristic extravagances and inconsistencies of word and deed in a style that must be called effective, if nothing more.

As we have shown, Mr. Reid's is a very unusual method of writing popular history, but on the whole we are inclined to think it an improvement on the old fashion. His frankness can do little harm to our heroes, and none to the people, who cannot know too much of the feelings and prejudices of men liable to Presidency. Mr. Reid uses the same freedom in speaking of General Grant that marks his treatment of Sherman; but, the man being different, the result is different. Still, the biography of Grant cannot be called enthusiastic. It is, in fact, a very self-possessed estimate of that great soldier who snatched from egregious errors the most surprising successes, and who, in passing from defeat to victory, was as little elated as he had been cast down. We are told that if Grant did more than other generals, he also received greater and more constant support from the government, and that he achieved many of his triumphs, as he achieved his last, more by reason of his tremendous odds than his military skill. At the same time we are continually reminded of his integrity and his modesty, his good sense and his patriotism. Of his political opinions Mr. Reid says no more than General Grant says himself, and this, as we all know, is very little; he simply states that before the war Grant's "sympathies were strongly Southern," and that "since the war his feelings have been intensely loyal, but conservative," and, he might have added, perfectly Congressional.

We can only refer to Mr. Reid's biographies of Generals Gillmore, McPherson, Mitchell, and Garfield as exceedingly interesting, like those of greater and minor generals. Of course, the larger proportion of each biography is devoted to the military career of its hero; but the earlier events and associations that form character are also fully noticed. On this more dangerous ground Mr. Reid does not often lose his footing. He speculates little; and in speaking of the boyhood of his heroes, he does not consider it necessary to become himself puerile. In fact, he is very manly

throughout, and we should be very glad to see his lives of the Ohio generals, with the biographic notices of Chase, Stanton, and other Ohio statesmen, published as a work for general sale.

Four Years among Spanish Americans. By F. HASSAUREK, late U. S. Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

OUR social and political system is not all that patriotism could desire, but it abounds in fortunate individual results if nothing else, and perhaps such a man as Mr. Hassaurek is one of the most striking of these. By birth German, and trained in the schools of German thought, and then thoroughly utilized in the stirring practical life of a Western city as a lawyer and a politician, — a bold leader of native and adoptive citizens alike in support of liberal and sincere republicanism, — a man at once of speculative culture and of popular influence, — he is worthy of note even in our civilization of contrasts and surprises. Few could be better qualified to write of another and utterly different state of things, and we took up this book with expectations which have not been disappointed. Mr. Hassaurek is not an enthusiast, but he is as generous as he is critical. His book abounds in entertaining detail concerning life in Spanish America, but it is all thoroughly digested, and it all leads naturally to the conclusions at which he arrives. If the union of local reporter and philosopher could be conceived of, perhaps that idea would best represent Mr. Hassaurek's attitude toward Ecuador. Little is untold that we would like to know; few topics are neglected that we would like to think upon. This dual character of the book is declared in its manner as well as its matter; the narrative is sometimes marred by careless or local expressions, while the speculative parts are notable for their clear and admirable English.

We land with Mr. Hassaurek at the port of Guayaquil, and journey with him through the tropical coast-lands; we ascend the breezy, temperate heights that lead to Mount Chimborazo, we pass that famous mountain and arrive at Quito, where we settle down to study of the political, social, and religious character of Ecuador, thereafter making excursions to interesting places in the provinces of the North. Returning to the capital, we review the ground passed over in the light of history. This is the plan of the book, and there is an agreeable shapeliness in all its parts.

Of the general character of the Spanish Americans there was little to tell us that was absolutely novel. We had, before coming to Mr. Hassaurek's book, a notion of their religious bigotry, their political restlessness, their commercial unthrift, their social degradation. Nevertheless, it is well to know upon his good authority that our preconceived notion was not unjust, and Mr. Hassaurek keeps our curiosity constantly pleased while he instructs us as to the cause of all this corruption, and vividly impresses us with its results. It is an amazing spectacle, certainly, that Republic of Ecuador (which only differs in degree from other South American Republics), with its despotic president irregularly elected and deposed by revolution, and often intrigued in and out of office by sharp-tongued, rebellious-minded ladies of the capital; with its barefooted armies of mulattoes and negroes recruited by press-gangs; with its idle, amiable, aristocratic white population, having no ambition but to make or to unmake some new president, and to get into the public offices or be shot in the plaza; with its system of forced loans, and its habit of plundering the poor of their labor and the rich of their money; with its fine state buildings and its territory without roads; with its free-born native population held in perpetual bondage for debt; with its established religion, and its dissolute clergy without political power; with its untrammelled press, of which the only member ever mad enough to establish a journal opposed to an existing government precipitately retired to the fastnesses of the Cordillera after his "first issue," — it is an amazing spectacle, but it is the inevitable result of the Spanish colonial system, which transported moribund feudalism bodily to the New World, and there, shutting out the light and air of heaven, and absolutely isolating it from all modern contact and influences, left it full of incurable sins and sores to the decay of time. Any one who has known Latin civilization in Europe feels at every moment, in reading Mr. Hassaurek's book, that it is not democracy which is in ruin in miserable Ecuador, but Romish Spain; and such a reader will be prompt to agree with our author, and with the thinking people of Ecuador, that Spain in religion and polity, if not in race, must wholly pass

away, must succumb under North American progress, before there can be any hope of regeneration for those mock republics of the South.

Mr. Hassaurek describes the whites of Quito as very good-natured and hospitable, but without strength of character. They are in their ignorant way elegant and luxurious; but they are incurably dirty and insincere. He notes the intellectual liveliness of the women, which strikes most travellers in Spanish America, and he defends the ladies of Quito against the common charge of immorality, declaring them too cautious and too indolent even for intrigue, though they do contrive to take an active part in political conspiracies. They are religious, as in all Latin countries; and their literature is confined to such French novels as the Church has not forbidden. Our author does not despise the small affairs of household economy, but furnishes a great deal of novel and entertaining information about the every-day life, in doors and out doors, at Quito, which is a city not only without a hotel, but, with a population of forty thousand, with great wealth, and with abundant display, is without public cleanliness, and without the first means of private decency.

The portions of Mr. Hassaurek's book which refer to the aboriginal population of Ecuador have a very melancholy interest, and form a picture of degradation and misery upon which he encourages us to look with scarcely more hope than upon the condition of the Spanish Americans. These wretched beings have not even the prospect of annihilation, as our own Indians have. They do not decrease, but, on the contrary, are very prolific, and multiply themselves for slavery and oppression of every kind. They are drunkards and gluttonous, ignorant and unspeakably filthy, without spirit, without aspiration of any kind, living only in the present wretched hour. Their sole virtue is their inalienable good-nature; their sole blessing is the exemption from military service which their cowardice procures for them.

The historical notice of events in their subjugation with which Mr. Hassaurek closes his book is one of its most valuable chapters; and we can but express a cordial hope that he will complete the review of Spanish colonial civilization therein projected. What he has already done for the Spanish American present is guaranty for a critical and delightful study of the Spanish American past.

Book of the Artists. American Artist Life, comprising Biographical and Critical Sketches of American Artists: preceded by an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Art in America. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. With an Appendix containing an account of Notable Pictures and Private Collections. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

ONE feels with pride, in looking over Mr. Tuckerman's book, that the future student of our period must, basing his opinion upon the information here given, fondly regard this epoch as the Golden or Augustan Age of American Art. "At no other period, perhaps," we imagine our student, centuries hence, to write, "and we had almost said in no other country, has art attained such universal and unexceptional perfection. It is not merely that, in the fortunate epoch of which we speak, America had great geniuses in every æsthetic vocation, but that, so far as we can learn from Tuckerman's elaborate work, none of her artists had any peculiar defect, while each had some striking and original merit."

In all this the future admirer of Mr. Tuckerman would overstate the matter somewhat, as a writer must if he would praise or would blame effectively. The truth is, Mr. Tuckerman does not laud all our artists alike, though it must be owned that the difference is rather in quantity than in quality of compliment. We do not know that the result was one easily to be avoided by a good-natured man, as most of the artists celebrated here are still in the flesh, and capable, if you tickle them, to laugh, or if you prick them, to cry; and, along with its excessive kindness, the work has very positive value of a different kind. It opens with a pleasant essay upon American art, from the earliest to the latest times; and then ensue very full and interesting, and often very sympathetic and graceful, biographical notices of most of our great painters and sculptors, beginning with Copley and ending with Bierstadt. A second division of the work contains brief sketches of the later artists who are of less note in Mr. Tuckerman's estimation, or who are of too great number to be treated as elaborately as the others. Obviously, men of such marked and characteristic genius as Ward, H. K. Brown, and Story deserve greater consideration than our author gives them, and these have probably suffered through the multitude of their

contemporaries. The biographical material has been generally well managed, and Mr. Tuckerman has added to the well-known facts in the lives of our great artists a fund of anecdote from fresh sources. His book is a complete review of all that has been done in art in America, and of the influences exerted upon it by the different schools of art in Europe. If the picture presented is perhaps too glowing, we feel sure that it will improve with time, which shall bring our artists up to the author's ideal. It is a good fault, as the tailors say when a boy's garment turns out too large. As a nation we have in many respects to grow to the praise that has been given us.

The Legende of St. Gwendoline. With Eight Photographs by ADDIS, from Drawings by JOHN W. EHNINGER. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

NOTHING is so difficult as to imitate simplicity. To reproduce, therefore, the naive narrative of the old legends of chivalry is as hard a problem as any author can set himself to work out. This "Vision of St. Gwendoline" is a careful and quite successful attempt in that direction. The story is a little more dramatic than the old legend-writers chose to write or ever were tempted to write; and now and then a word slips in which Professor Child and the Anglo-Saxon pundits would laugh at unmercifully, because it belongs to our low English, and not to their golden age. But the story compels the modern reader to finish it, and this might not have happened had it been perfectly true to the narrative style of the real chroniclers of King Arthur's court.

For ourselves, when brave men love lovely women, and when, in their hearts, these lovely women love the brave men, we have still the fancy of a child of seventeen, that it is better that this mutual attachment shall be acknowledged, defined, and solemnized by a sympathizing church, that this brave man and this lovely woman shall be united before some appropriate shrine by "that holy knot, which, when hearts and hands are one, makes a paradise on earth." But, in reply to this view, it may be urged that there is then no story. "Happy are the people whose history is unwritten," and, by a correlative law, of happy people there is no history to write. Had such been the career of the "bravest of the brave, and the fairest of the fair," whose fortunes are here recorded, we should have had no opportunity for Mr. Ehninger's genius, nor beautiful volume for the reader to present to his next friend.

Mr. Ehninger has outdone himself in the beauty of these illustrations. They are exquisitely copied in photograph, and the book is one of the most attractive books among those issued for the holidays.

The Turk and the Greek; or Creeds, Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and the Isles of Greece. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

MR. BENJAMIN writes from thorough acquaintance with his subject, and tells us a good deal about Levantine places and people. His chapter on Crete is particularly interesting at this time, though it will do nothing to change the pretty generally received idea of a half-barbaric, generous people, heroically and almost hopelessly struggling, not against the Turk at Constantinople, for he is virtually dead, but against Mr. Podsnap in London and M. César Crapeau at Paris, — in fact, against the Turk throughout Christendom. In treating of the kingdom of Greece, Mr. Benjamin is partially confirmatory of two very widely differing authorities, — of Edmond About and of the late President Felton. He declares that the Frenchman is infallible as regards Greek brigandage and Greek roguery generally, and he is not less cordial than the American scholar in his recognition of the intellectual capacity of the modern Greeks. In fact, there is probably, after the ex-lazzaroni of Naples and our own freedmen at the South, no people so eager to learn and achieve mental advantages as the Athenians.

Of Constantinople, — where, as the son of a missionary, he spent part of his childhood, — Mr. Benjamin does not write so entertainingly as of Scio, where he passed a summer. The notable aspects of life in Stamboul must be few, we suppose, and bazaars and Pera and veiled ladies and festive cemeteries do at last pall upon the taste; whereas a sojourn in a country-house at Scio, among picturesque and kindly peasant folk, can still please. We must own that Mr. Benjamin does not make the most of his materials in any case.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXXIV. FEBRUARY, 1868.

DR. PALMER'S Preface to the "Poetry of Compliment and Courtship" will introduce the reader to a very valuable and unique collection of poems:—

"The 'Poetry of Compliment and Courtship' forms the first instalment of a particular compilation of verse in Five Parts, which are to appear at regular intervals, and, together, constitute a voluminous collection, the specialty and plan of which are apparent in the order of the titles:—

"PART II.: THE POETRY OF MARRIAGE AND OFFSPRING.
" III.: THE POETRY OF HOME AND FRIENDS.
" IV.: THE POETRY OF MEETING, PARTING, AND SEPARATION.
" V.: THE POETRY OF BEREAVEMENT, CONDOLEMENT, AND CONSOLATION.

"Thus tracing, in choice selections of appropriate verse, the life of the Family, from its founding to its breaking up, through all its fortunes, happy or sad, all its ties of kindred or friendship, and all its homeliest associations, from 'The Old Oaken Bucket that hangs in the Well,' to 'The Big Ha'-Bible, ance the father's pride': in other words, a noble Home Book of Poetry, exclusively the poetry of *the Family;* and the Editor has reason to believe that no similar collection—at least none so projected and arranged—exists in any language. It will contain nearly three thousand poems, English and translated; of which scarcely fewer than two thousand are not to be found together in any other compilation of verse.

"But, like this 'Poetry of Compliment and Courtship,' each of the succeeding Parts will be found complete in itself,—absolutely independent of all the others, although by its arrangement *carefully connected, at the beginning and the end, with the Part which precedes and that which follows it.* The Reader has but to compare the first five pages of this volume with the last five, to perceive that it has a method, not always discoverable in the madness of such 'collections'; and just as the Poetry of Compliment and Courtship opens with a familiar morceau of gay gallantry, and closes with a wedding, so the poetry of the Family begins with the birth of a love, and ends with the death of the beloved.

"So much has seemed necessary, by way of explanation, to account for the absence from these pages of certain choice or favorite effusions relating to the various emotions and expressions of Love, which the Reader, not informed of the plan and scope of the work in its completed form, might have expected to discover here. Every such poem shall almost surely be found in its proper place, in another of these connected compilations. But this one is devoted exclusively to the poetry of compliment and courtship; and, in that character, is expected to commend itself acceptably to the needs or the opportunities of the palpitating multitude of admirers and lovers.

"As to the Editorial handiwork apparent in this volume, the Compiler would indulge himself in hoping that the following features will be accepted as positive advantages:

"1st. The extraordinary number and variety of the poems presented; and especially the peculiar appropriateness of the shorter pieces to the uses of the Album and the Valentine,—and all the various occasions of amatory enterprise.

"2d. The diligence with which authorships have been traced, and the names of both poet and translator given correctly; the comparative rarity of the word *Anonymous* in the Table of Contents.

"3d. The scrupulous fidelity with which authentic versions have been procured: every word in this volume has been twice or thrice *proof-read* by the most approved authorities. Only in three instances have a few lines been omitted, for reasons obvious to any one familiar with the rejected passages.

"4th. The punctilious care bestowed upon the Punctuation, which is peculiar to this collection, and aims to mark the true sense and full force of the verse. The Editor fondly imagines that it will be hard for any but the very worst of readers to deliver these lines stupidly or weakly.

"5th. The substitution of new Titles, demanded or suggested by the themes themselves, for the unmeaning and misleading 'Lines,' 'Stanzas,' 'To ——,' 'Song,' 'Sonnet,' 'Madrigal,' &c., &c., so thickly sown through other collections. Thus the Reader may readily find the appropriate poetical expression for his *penchant* or his passion,—a bouquet or a *billet-doux*,—a picture, a ringlet, or a ring."

THE sale of "No Thoroughfare" promises to exceed that of "Mugby Junction." Over seventy thousand copies of the former story were sold within two weeks after the day of publication. As the demand for Dickens's Christmas stories continues throughout the year, it will probably require no less than two hundred thousand copies of "No Thoroughfare" to supply the reading public. On the other side of the water the book is equally successful. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Anything from Mr. Dickens's pen, or in the planning and writing of which he has at least had a share, is welcome at any time. The Liverpriper would receive the most sympathetic attention, whether she came in summer or winter, and Barnum's Brothers would have as cordial a reception if he presented himself with the goose at Michaelmas as with the mince-pies in December."

"No Thoroughfare" is the most attractive Christmas story that has been published for years. The careful reader will discover, what some readers have not, that Mr. Dickens wrote the greater part of it, and that the plan and conduct of the plot are also principally his. The *Evening Transcript* states, on good authority, that Mr. Dickens wrote all but fifteen pages. As those pages were intrusted to a trained and skilful pen, the reader, without any detriment to his critical faculty, may safely allow himself to be entertained by the entire contents of the "Extra Number of Every Saturday."

CHARLES READE'S NEW SERIAL NOVEL.—"Every Saturday," bearing the date of January the 4th, signalized the commencement of a new volume (Vol. V.) by

publishing the opening chapters of "FOUL PLAY," a new serial novel by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. No living novelist, with the exception of Mr. Dickens, is more popular in this country than the author of "Peg Woffington," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith Gaunt," etc., etc. Through arrangements made with the holder of the English copyright, the conductors of "Every Saturday" are enabled to reprint "Foul Play" from advance sheets prepared exclusively for this journal. The attention of the reading public will not need to be directed to anything from the pen of Charles Reade.

"QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS," by Mrs. Stowe, is one of the most popular juveniles of the season. A competent critic says of it: "It is a thoroughly delightful and healthy book for children. The childlike love of beasts and birds and insects is rightly and wisely drawn upon, not by asking children to laugh at beasts in the habits of men, but by translating the real life of the animals into humanity as literally as children's intelligence would allow. There are capital bits of satire and fun in them. As we have said in a recent article, a good book for children must contain much that the children cannot understand. We have enjoyed this book very much, and expect all wide-awake children and all childlike grown people to enjoy it too."

IN a note prefixed to the last volume of the Diamond Edition, Mr. Dickens writes as follows: "In this volume are brought together various short stories of my writing, which have not yet been collected in England. Most of them are reprinted from Christmas Numbers of 'Household Words,' or 'All the Year Round,' and represent the portions of those numbers written by myself as my contribution towards the execution of my own general design. They were originally so constructed as that they might express and explain themselves when republished alone."

This collection renders the Diamond Edition of Dickens's novels the most complete edition published. To many readers it will be an entirely new book. These hitherto uncollected papers, illustrated by twelve full-page drawings by Eytinge, are not, however, the only feature which distinguishes the concluding volume of the series. The list of characters introduced in the author's various novels, with a synopsis of the principal incidents, is a valuable addition to the work. The possessor of any of the numerous editions of Dickens will find this appendix almost indispensable. The multiplicity of the writer's *dramatis personæ* is sometimes perplexing to the memory. In the "Pickwick Papers," for example, the reader meets with no less than *one hundred and twenty-three people*. Taking the novels collectively, the keenest reader may well be at a loss to remember in what book such and such a minor character figures. The carefully prepared compendium at the end of the concluding volume of the Diamond Edition will at once settle the question. The amount of time and trouble which this index will spare the general reader is beyond computation.

THE *London News* thus speaks of the illustrated edition of Mr. Whittier's "Snow-Bound": "The American publishers of this volume express themselves, and not without reason, 'confident that the drawing, engraving, and printing will commend themselves to the approval of the critic.' The little pictures which are interspersed with the text are indeed executed with a high finish, and engraved and printed with a care which could hardly be surpassed. The sketches which illustrate this beautiful production of the good Quaker poet are stated to have been made during a visit to the scene of the poem, and Mr. Whittier himself testifies to the faithfulness with which they present the spirit and the details of the passages and places that the artist has designed them to accompany. The little landscapes in the volume and the great chimney fire at which the two boys are kneeling at page 18 are exquisite. While America can produce books of this kind, it is hard to conceive how Transatlantic publishers can need the protection of an exceptional tax upon foreign books."

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC. — Foreseeing the popularity of the "Atlantic Almanac," the Publishers printed an edition of fifty thousand copies, which is being rapidly exhausted. Copies of the "Almanac" for 1868 will soon bring a premium, as it is not possible for the Publishers to prepare another edition, owing to the length of time it requires to print the colored illustrations.

"CHILD PICTURES FROM DICKENS" has been in great demand among the young folks during the holidays, and will be a standard volume with little people. The following is a list of Mr. Eytinge's capital illustrations: "Dombey and Son," "Little Nell and her Grandfather," "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," "Florence Dombey," "The Fat Boy," "Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim," "Nicholas and Smike," and "Oliver and Little Dick." The selections accompanying the engravings were made by Mr. T. W. Higginson, and approved by Mr. Dickens, who says, in a note prefixed to the book, "This compilation is made for American children, with my free consent." A more charming little volume has not been published this season.

EVERY SATURDAY FOR 1868. — "Every Saturday" has taken a prominent and permanent place among the best periodicals issued from the American press. Through its pages the reader has access to the leading foreign magazines and journals. Many of the papers reproduced are printed from advance sheets purchased from the Transatlantic publisher, and placed before the American reader simultaneously with their publication abroad. "Every Saturday" meets a large and increasing demand, and counts its success from the issue of the first number. The conductors spare no labor or expense in making "Every Saturday" the best weekly journal of its kind. It reproduces in a convenient form the freshest and most readable portions of European periodicals. These embrace Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays, — Biographical and Descriptive, — Poems, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Literary Intelligence, and popular papers on Science. Translations from the admirable French and German periodicals are a prominent feature. Among the authors represented in "Every Saturday," the following famous writers may be mentioned: Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Henry Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Edmund Yates, Frances Power Cobbe, Christina G. Rossetti, Author of "John Halifax," George Sand, Edmond About, Alexander Dumas, Mrs. Oliphant, J. Ruffini, A. C. Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, Jean Ingelow, Miss Thackeray, James Greenwood, Jules Janin, Edward Dicey, W. Hepworth Dixon, and Gerald Massey.

Among the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications from which selections are made, a few are here cited to indicate the variety and scope of this "journal of choice reading": *Revue des Deux Mondes, L'Evénement, Le Soleil, Journal des Débats, Le Constitutionnel, L'Epoque, L'Opinion Nationale, Le Siècle, Die Gartenlaube, Daheim, Hausblätter, and Das Buch für Alle: Once a Week, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, The Spectator, The Reader, The Athenæum,*

The Examiner, Pall Mall Gazette, The Leisure Hour, Morning Star, Happy Hours; The London, Saturday, Fortnightly, Contemporary, Imperial, and London Quarterly Reviews; Fraser's, Blackwood's, Macmillan's, Victoria, Argosy, New Monthly, London Society, Temple Bar, Cornhill, St. James's, Cassell's, Dublin University, Good Words, Sixpenny, Belgravia, Saint Paul's, The Broadway, Tinsley's, and The Gentleman's Magazines. Each new magazine is immediately added to the above list.

EVERY SATURDAY is intended for Town and Country, for the Fireside, the Seaside, the Railway, and the Steamboat. The Publishers aim to commend it to all classes of cultivated and intelligent readers by the freshness and variety of its contents. The opening chapters of Charles Reade's new Serial Novel, FOUL PLAY, are published in the number dated January the 4th.

POSTAGE. — For the "Atlantic Monthly," six cents a quarter; "Our Young Folks," three cents; "Every Saturday," five cents, — must be paid at the post-office where the periodicals are received. The postage on the "North American Review" is paid by the publishers.

THE Illustrated Library Edition of Charles Dickens's Works is, in one sense, the cheapest, being the best. Even if the books were not handsomely printed with large clear type on an extra quality of paper, the illustrations of Seymour, Cruikshank, Cattermole, etc. would make the series valued by connoisseurs. The set, complete in twenty-six volumes, will be sent, free of expense, to any address within the United States, on receipt of the publication price, — two dollars a volume.

AMONG the Christmas stories, collected for the first time, in the Diamond Edition of Mr. Dickens's works, the reader will find "The Holly-Tree," containing that delicious episode of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Jr., which the author reads in connection with "Nicholas Nickleby." Boots's description of the elopement of the young couple is one of the most finished of Mr. Dickens's readings.

A JOURNEY TO BRAZIL. — In the Preface to this admirable work, Professor Agassiz gives an interesting account of the circumstances which led him to undertake the expedition to Brazil. "In the winter of 1865," he says, "it became necessary for me, on account of some disturbance of my health, to seek a change of scene and climate, with rest from work. Europe was proposed; but though there is much enjoyment for a naturalist in contact with the active scientific life of the Old World, there is little intellectual rest. Toward Brazil I was drawn by a lifelong desire. After the death of Spix, when a student of twenty years of age, I had been employed by Martius to describe the fishes they had brought back with them from their celebrated Brazilian journey. From that time, the wish to study this fauna in the regions where it belongs had been an ever-recurring thought with me; a scheme deferred for want of opportunity, but never quite forgotten. The fact that the Emperor of Brazil was deeply interested in all scientific undertakings, and had expressed a warm sympathy with my efforts to establish a great zoölogical museum in this country, aiding me even by sending collections made expressly under his order for the purpose, was an additional incentive. I knew that the head of the government would give me every facility for my investigations. Nevertheless, tempting as was the prospect of a visit to Brazil, as a mere vacation it had little charm for me. Single-handed, I could make slight use of the opportunities I should have; and though the excursion might be a pleasant one for myself, it would have no important result for science. I could not forget that, had I only the necessary means, I might make collections on this journey which, whenever our building could be so enlarged as to give room for their exhibition, would place the Museum in Cambridge on a level with the first institutions of the kind. But for this a working force would be needed, and I saw no possibility of providing for such an undertaking. While I was brooding over these thoughts I chanced to meet Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, whom I have ever found a generous friend to science. The idea of appealing to him for a scheme of this magnitude had not, however, occurred to me; but he introduced the subject, and, after expressing his interest in my proposed journey, added: 'You wish, of course, to give it a scientific character; take six assistants with you, and I will be responsible for all their expenses, personal and scientific.' It was so simply said, and seemed to me so great a boon, that at first I hardly believed I had heard him rightly. In the end, I had cause to see in how large and liberal a sense he proffered his support to the expedition, which, as is usual in such cases, proved longer and more costly than was at first anticipated."

Thus Professor Agassiz was enabled to add a scientific purpose to his journey, the record of which is contained in this handsomely printed volume. Mrs. Agassiz's contributions to the journal are not the least entertaining portions of the work, which is certainly one of the most important books of travel that have been published recently. The letter-press is enriched by twenty illustrations, eight of which are full-page engravings, from sketches and photographs taken on the spot by the artists who accompanied the expedition.

COMPLETE SETS of the Diamond Dickens, packed in neat pasteboard boxes, may now be obtained. This is the most popular and economical edition in the market. The novels are comprised in fourteen compact volumes, substantially bound in green cloth, and copiously illustrated by designs made expressly for this series.

GOOD STORIES are always timely. The third issue of the "Good Stories," published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, though prepared for the holidays, is a choice book for any season of the year. Among the noticeable tales in this number the reader will find a charming sketch by the late Fitz James O'Brien, whose literary remains are suffering a strange neglect. Mr. O'Brien was a man of peculiar genius. As a magazinist, he was one of the best of his day. In connection with this story, "Three of a Trade," and two others, "Stephen Yarrow" and "The Adventures of a New Year's Eve," the conductors of "Good Stories" would invite attention to the illustrations of Messrs. Eytinge, Hennessy, and Homer, engraved by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony. These three pictures will sustain comparison with the finest specimens of book-illustrations.

THE poem in the current number of the "Atlantic Monthly," by Alfred Tennyson, is the first of a series of poems which the author will contribute to that magazine during the present year.

GAIL HAMILTON'S new book, "Woman's Wrongs," just published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, is likely to create a sensation.

THE "Atlantic Monthly," "Our Young Folks," and "Every Saturday" have commenced the new year with great success. Mr. Dickens contributes an original serial story to each of the first two named magazines. In "Every Saturday" Charles Reade's novel of "Foul Play" is attracting universal attention.

THE new edition of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," which has been out of print for some time, supplies a decided want. Thoreau's books take a higher place every year in the estimation of thoughtful readers. "He had," says the *Philadelphia North American*, "a fine appreciation of natural scenery, and of all things relating thereto. This appreciation is shown in all of his writings, but nowhere more clearly than in the 'Week.' The essence of the work consists, however, far more in the detached essays upon thought, religion, art, nature, and a thousand other topics that occupy most of the space, than in the descriptions of life and scenery. These essays are freighted, toned, and enriched by a multitude of apposite quotations from recondite authors, — from Hafiz and Mencius, Sir William Jones and Confucius, — showing how wide and luxuriant a landscape had been skimmed for the honey garnered here. Thoreau was intimate with Emerson and Hawthorne and other noted writers belonging to the Concord coterie. His style of thought, naturally simple and juicy, savors occasionally of the mysticisms of the one, and the transcendentalism of the other, and his expression sometimes challenges orthodox thought abruptly. But it contains positive merits more than counterbalancing what any may deem defects from this cause, and must long indorse the commendations given to it by increasing readers."

MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS have published an admirable lithographic portrait of Charles Dickens, drawn by S. Eytinge, Jr., who was fortunate enough to secure sittings from Mr. Dickens. The picture, therefore, is not an enlarged copy of a photograph, but an authentic likeness taken from life. Mr. Eytinge's illustrations in the Diamond Edition of the novelist's works are not more happy in character and execution than this portrait of the author himself.

THE price of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields's popular edition of "American Notes" has been reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents per copy. It is printed with large clear type, on excellent paper, and neatly bound in colored covers. This is the best and the cheapest edition of "American Notes" obtainable.

OPPORTUNITY. This novel by the author of "Emily Chester," Anna Moncure Crane, is attracting much attention. The following extracts from numerous reviews indicate the favor with which the book is received by the press: —

"It is undoubtedly one of the best American novels ever published." — *Philadelphia City Item.*

"A very beautiful story, told with much feeling and skill; one of the best of the multitude of new novels of the season." — *Cincinnati Commercial.*

"It is cleverly conceived, and indicates no common study of the human heart and tender passion." — *Evening Transcript.*

"We rank the book among the very few stories that have decided literary merits and a high moral tone, with a definite and worthy purpose." — *Nat. Baptist.*

"The feature of the novel which will command special attention, and which really deserves it, is the author's power in the conception and delineation of character." — *Utica Herald.*

"The novel is a tale of *lost* 'Opportunity,' and it is exceedingly well named. Having faithfully read the book from beginning to end, we can cordially commend it as a striking novel." — *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"The style of the authoress is good, and her motive in writing is evidently a true one; her artistic perceptions are keen, and her power of characterization excellent. 'Emily Chester' and 'Opportunity' are among the best of the novels of late debutants in this department of literature that have appeared." — *N. Y. Leader.*

"It depicts with a master hand the misery that often springs from the weakness of human character, indecision, which causes its victims to lose opportunities which, if seized upon, would lead to the highest blessings, but lost, doom to a lifetime of sorrow." — *Boston Journal.*

"The story is purely one of affection. There is no set moral to it, the war is not mentioned, reconstruction is not discussed, there are no long conversations, and the style is pleasing and animated, notwithstanding the intense sentiment of the story." — *Worcester Sun.*

"No one who has read that remarkable novel, 'Emily Chester,' will need any indorsement of this, the second book by the same author. 'Emily Chester' was not without faults, but it revealed originality and power such as few American novels have shown." — *Roxbury Journal.*

"Anna Moncure Crane, author of 'Emily Chester,' has published with Ticknor and Fields a novel of unusual power and interest, entitled 'Opportunity.' It is a story of character rather than of incident and description, and is remarkable for its close, careful analysis of the action and reaction of passion and thought." — *Home Journal.*

"It is evident that life is something more to the writer than merely a picture, a game, or a task. She sees many of those threads by which fate ties us to each other and to our own purpose and work, and she knows how to impart something of her own perception to the reader. A gift so rare atones for many faults of style and of conception, and imparts great interest to what without it would be very dull and flat." — *The Commonwealth.*

"Having read it in an advance copy, we can assure our readers that the promise of 'Emily Chester' is really fulfilled. 'Opportunity' is more carefully written; but it is just as full of fresh scenes, incidents, characters, and thoughts. There is no intricate plot, and not a single sensational scene. But the story is none the less absorbingly interesting, the interest being naturally excited by the various fine studies of character that are presented. The story opens a quarter of a century ago, on a rural estate in Maryland, where the author gives a number of vivid and delightful pictures of society and hospitality." — *Evening Bulletin.*

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

AMERICAN NOTES. By CHARLES DICKENS. 1 vol. 8vo. 126 pages. With two Illustrations by S. EYTINGE, JR. Paper, 25 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE AND TREATMENT OF POLYPUS OF THE EAR. By EDWARD H. CLARKE, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard University, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc., etc. Paper. 8vo. 60 cents.

GOOD STORIES. PART THREE. Contents: CHRISTMAS WITH THE BARON, illustrated by KENNY MEADOWS; STEPHEN YARROW, by the Author of "Life in the Iron Mills," illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY; A FAMILY CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY. Translated from the German; THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE; THREE OF A TRADE, or RED LITTLE KRISS KRINGLE, by FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN, — illustrated by S. EYTINGE, JR.; ADVENTURES OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE, by HEINRICH ZSCHÖKKE, — illustrated by WINSLOW HOMER. 172 pages. Paper covers. 50 cents.

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THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. 1 vol. 16mo. Paper, 75 cents.

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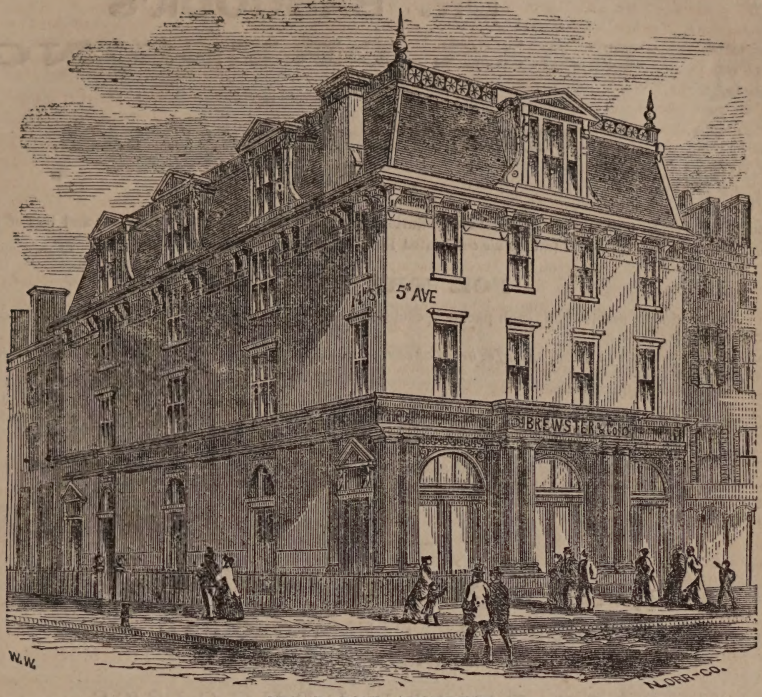

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No. II. Feb. 1868.

Putnam's

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OF

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AND

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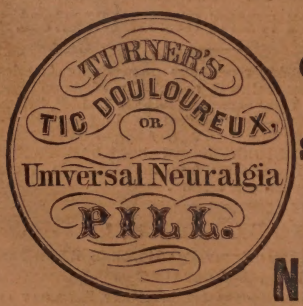

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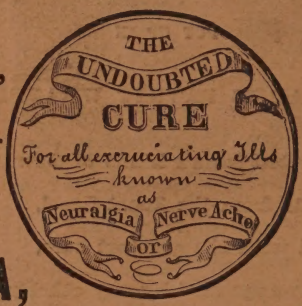

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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XXI. — MARCH, 1868. — NO. CXXV.

JOHN CHINAMAN, M.D.

"LIU-KIANG, Province of Kiang-si, — best place to have cholera-morbus in. Send for Tchung-tseen."

Memorandum from my note-book, — at the service of any compatriot of mine who may meditate the "doing" of the Middle Flowery Kingdom.

To have the cholera-morbus in China — especially to have it at Liu-Kiang, in the province of Kiang-si; above all, to be attended by Dr. Tchung-tseen — is to enjoy the advantage of an experience peculiarly and richly Chinese, — an experience which, shrewdly and diligently improved, cannot fail to exalt you above the pretensions of the average explorer. Moreover, Liu-Kiang, in the province of Kiang-si, is not only the best, it is also the easiest place in China to get the cholera-morbus in; all the conditions and inevitabilities of the town are favorable and consenting to that pathological predicament: the water is hard, the watermelons bitter, the duck-eggs fishy, and the cucumbers stale. But the doctor is Tchung-tseen!

Not that there is but one physician in Liu-Kiang; but that in Liu-Kiang, in Kiang-si, in China, in the Universe, there is but one Tchung-tseen, — Singular and Incomparable; and, from the Tchung-tseen point of view, fishy duck-eggs appear a privilege and cholera-morbus a blessing, — a view which opens out to the picture-loving traveller what I venture to term the sublimely ridiculous Tchung-tseenery — the broad god-man-and-devil-scape — of the Chinese medical panorama. It was through the *pains* of cholera-morbus, as through an observatory window, that I surveyed the fantastic field; and this pen-and-ink drawing that I am about to exhibit was sketched from that preposterous combination of solemn nonsense, classic caricature, and spontaneous upside-downness and inside-outness and hindpart-foremostness which the Chinese call Nature, but which we call China. For there is this about China, which to the conscientious traveller is a great comfort, that when once you have been there and felt the country in your bones, when once a just impression of the people has been fairly astonished, amused, bewildered into you, you can never after exaggerate or exhaust it. You may try your hand at the invention of facts, but you will find the *truth* too much for you; and the

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subject admits of as many ingenious and surprising combinations as the kaleidoscope, — you can no more catch the image of it with a single pair of eyes, and fix it with a single pen, than, in photo-sculpture, you can seize all the aspects of the solid many-sided figure with a single camera, stationed here or there; rather will you require a thousand mental cameras, directed at the same instant from a thousand prejudices upon a thousand customs.

Chief in the picture, the central, salient figure of the fantastic composition, — key, as it were, to the illustrated rebus of absurdities, — is Tchung-tseen himself, A. M. (*Kujin*), M. D., LL. D., (*Chin-tsz*), D.D., — a happy compound of pedant, quack, fortune-teller, and spirit-rapper, flavored with a dash of Confucian priest, "just for the look of the thing." The A. M. and the LL. D. our friend has fairly won at the Competitive Examinations; for the D. D. he is not responsible, — it is we who have conferred that degree upon him for our own convenience, as a sort of algebraic sign, to represent the quantity of priestcraft that goes to the completing of the Tchung-tseen machinery; and as for the M. D., that is assumed, or at best inherited. No "Faculty" had the making of Dr. Tchung-tseen; no Commencement glorified the end of his studies; no Professors of Anatomy and Obstetrics wink at each other when Tchung-tseen appears; he has purchased no diploma at the stated sales of Latin indulgences to murder; no maiden mutton lays its scath to his taste for parchment. He is leech by the right inherent in every Chinaman to be actor, doctor, or cook, according to the Eight Characters, the Five Elements, and the Twelve Animals, which must absolutely determine the direction of his "natural turn." Neither emperors, nor mandarins, nor prefects, nor literary chancellors, nor imperial commissioners, nor big-wigs of the Forest-of-Pencils Society, charge themselves with any concern in the matter, but philosophically dismiss it with a theory; it is to the interest of the sick millions, they say, to see that the Tchung-tseen of their choosing knows his business, and, if they have not brains enough for that, the sooner Tchung-tseen relieves the world of their stupidity the better for the brains that are left. Only in Section 297 of the Penal Code does the law descend, for once, from the severe elevation of its letting-alone, as if graciously to show us outside barbarians how much more shrewdly they order these small matters in China. "When one who shall exercise the profession of medicine or surgery without understanding it, — shall administer drugs or operate with a piercing or cutting instrument in a manner contrary to established rules and practice, and shall thereby contribute to cause the death of a patient, the magistrate shall convoke other men of the profession to examine the nature of the remedy such practitioner shall have administered, or the wound he shall have made, and which has been followed by the death of the patient. If it should appear that the physician or surgeon has only acted in error, and without any injurious intention, he may, by a certain payment, obtain remission of the punishment inflicted on a homicide, in the manner established for cases of killing by accident; but such physician or surgeon shall be compelled forever to quit the profession." *

After which, it is pleasant to reflect that our Western system of medical and surgical practice is so wise and conscientious in its plan, and so prudent and impartial in its operation, that we have no use for Section 297 of the Chinese Penal Code. Besides, even were we less favored of Heaven in this respect, Section 297 would by no means suit our case. "What rashness!" cried Master Ting, when a desperate doctor would have acupunctured Father Huc, — "what rashness! Do we know how these European bodies are made? How can you tell what you would be sticking your needle into?"

And it is a significant consideration

* Doolittle, "Social Life of the Chinese."

that, in spite of Section 297, "such physicians and surgeons" do swarm like frogs in China, bribery being popular there, and coffins cheap, and literary bachelors an innumerable fry, who *must* be served up as doctors, schoolmasters, or actors. So that, after all, Section 297 but serves to show that any man in the eighteen provinces may practise medicine, who is prepared with influence or impudence, sapecks or pluck, for the six possible predicaments (more or less probable, according to the pressure of the professional jealousy, or official rapacity he can provoke) of inquest, lawsuit, fine, imprisonment, torture, beheading; and any other man may cheerfully be his patient, who is already provided with a neat style of burial-case, and a wheelbarrow-load of paper clothing and mock-money to be burned at his grave. True, there is a so-called Imperial College of Medicine at Peking, but it is little more than an exclusive club for professional mutual admiration, or, at times, a convocation of medical referees for arbitrament in cases of malpractice or medical jurisprudence, under the rules laid down in that infallible text-book, *Si-yuen*, "The Washing of the Pit." The red and gold diploma of the Peking College of Medicine hangs in Tchung-tseen's office by way of an advertisement; but if it did not, the Dean and Faculty would still have no more power to restrain him from dispensing the supernatural treasure of red pills, than the executive committee of the Honest Injun Society for the Suppression of Hocus-Pocus can hinder him from prescribing the Three Manies and the Nine Likes as a prophylactic in severe cases of superannuation.

Tchung-tseen was, formerly, family physician to a mandarin at Ngan-king; but having intrepidly declared himself a disciple of that innovating "Anatomical School" of Chinese medicine which holds that "there are arteries which proceed from below to above, and veins that proceed from above to below"; that the heart is sometimes found on the left side of the body, and the liver on the right; that the igneous principle in a patient's organization may be reconciled to the igneous principle without the intervention of boiled watermelons; and that a dislocation is not necessarily irreducible because it does not yield instantly to a plaster of pounded tumble-bugs, — he was dismissed to make room for a more conservative theorist. Whereupon he retires to his native town of Liu-Kiang, and having hung out his shingle, and advertised in the *Herald*, as consulting physician and practitioner at large, he applied himself to a course of reading so tremendous, that the sound of the titles merely of the works he crammed must have fallen like a "long roll" upon the tympanum of Kuang-Tai Uong, the deaf God of Surgery. There were the *Chan-shi Yi-thung*, Chan-shi's Universal Medicine; and the *Yi-thung Ching-me*, The Principal Veins of the Empire of Medicine, traced by Wang-keng-theng; and the illustrious Wang-shu-sho's *Mekine*, On the Pulse; and the *Chi-shi-hin-hinan-chu*, the Red-water Blue-pearl; and the *Ting-pao-ku-kini-ki-ian*, the Amended Mirror of Ancient and Modern Medicine, compiled by King-sin, and edited by his son; and Fung-tse-tchan's *Kin-nang-pi-lo-tsa-ching*, Motley Silk Bag of Deep Learning on Diseases; and *Fung-yi Pao-kian*, the Precious Mirror of Japanese Medicine, by the Corean Hiu-sun; and the Emperor Hoang-ti's *Ling-tchu*, the Temple of (Medical) Reason; and the *Peu-tshas King-mu*, Natural History of Necessaries; and Liu-hias's *Liu-kung-yo Sing-pao-tchi*, on the Nature and Preparation of Medicines; and, finally, the *Peu-tshas-kang-mu* of Li-shi-tchin, Continued by his Son, Li-Khian-yun, and Illustrated by Li-Khian-tchung: an astounding compilation, in forty awful volumes, De Omnibus Anatomical, Surgical, and Obstetrical Rebus, et Quibusdam Botanical, Therapeutical and Pharmaceutical Aliis.

And having stuffed all that power of learning into the carpet-bag of his

memory, for handy reference, Tchung-tseen is prepared, like Sam Weller's "depity sawbones," to fetch out his "wolatilly" for bowel complaints, a yellow wolatilly, corresponding to the element of Earth, and denoting the direction Middle; and for affections of the heart, a red wolatilly, corresponding to the element of Fire, and denoting the direction South; and if, under a treatment thus fancifully tuned to the doctrine of correspondences, any patient shall be so unreasonable as to become delirious, Tchung-tseen will acupuncture his elbow at the "crazy-bone," and jar his head for dislocated brains. Good practice, and backed by the authority of all the regular lights, from Fuh-Hi, the "heavenly Emperor," who lived before Hippocrates, and invented the Eight Diagrams, to Fung-Shin, the Seal of Secrets, who first applied smoked moonshine to the cure of warts.

"Respectful and Disinterested Panegyric.

"*Blown on the Golden Trumpet of True Report, — by Ngan-Yin, first tablet of the Sublime Han-Lin (Forest of Pencils) College; Tze-Lu, of the Imperial Academy, Imperial Commissioner and Literary Chancellor; and Ky-Nung-Ptcheng, Dean of the Faculty of the Illuminated Hall of Medicine at Peking: In honor of Tchung-tseen of the Province of Kiang-si, tip-top Sage and first-chop Healer.*

"Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who envy them. Envy has taken the measure of Tchung-tseen, and found him lofty. This is to adorn him with the capital of just and prudent applause. For the foundation of Tchung-tseen is deep, — it is set in the dark bowels of mystery; and his pinnacle is high, — it glows in the light of Truth; his feet are planted among the secrets of Earth, and his head is lifted among the discoveries of Heaven. Envy and deride Tchung-tseen if you are proud and foolish, honor and imitate him if you are humble and wise; for he has wished to promote the good of others, therefore he has secured his own. But do not think to flatter him. Flattery is his wife; he listens to her politely, but does not believe her. He has more roots than branches; he cannot be overthrown by the wind. Only let us invoke that which he has no right to silence, his learning, — and publish that which he has no right to conceal, his skill.

"When the Immortal Worthies first sent forth Tchung-tseen, to sprinkle over suffering humanity the waters of the Panacea Well, he set out hurrahing to his heart, and warbling the Bright-Blossom Ode, — like a well-bred man, accepting the commission with modesty; like a brave man undertaking its duties with confidence; like a kind man following Benevolence with alacrity. No coolies and asses went before him, a pompous train, panting and groaning under bloated hampers and bursting sacks. His furniture, compact and precious, he carried with simplicity, himself, — in his head, all the maxims of Hwang-te the medical Emperor, all the arts of Li-tung the immortal leech, all the prescriptions the philosopher Ko hid up his sleeve, all the charms the magician Fun unwound from his queue, all the reading of Wu-ti the Founder, all the rules of Shun-shi-min the Reckoner, all the reasons of Tai-tsung the Wrangler, all the hard words of Khian-lung the Critic in his blue bag, all the golden simples of Yen-fo, all the tangled compounds of Sun-king, all the pearl pills of Sai-kui, all the ruby plasters of Hu-kek-ne. With the eyes of Loo-feh ('the Sun-beam') he perceived, with the touch of Kah-yung ('the Magnet of Differences') he discriminated, with the precision of Nien-Ching-Yew ('the Index') he defined, with the power of Tsze-jin ('the Jasper Charm') he prescribed. The world felt better.

"Tchung-tseen neither advertises nor juggles; his talents are their own sign; when you seek him you can find no other doctor, though a thousand get in the way. Where there is musk there

will be perfume; to smell it one need not stand in the wind. He is no blind fowl, pecking at random for worms; his knowledge is sure. He does not climb a tree to hunt for fish, nor turn over the liver to look for diseases of the lungs. He does not send you an olive on the pate of a Buddhist priest, nor engage to perform impossible cures, or turn summersaults in an oyster-shell. He is no toad in a well contemplating a patch of sky; the strong calm eye of his philosophy surveys the Universe as from a dome, and takes in at a glance all real and all imaginable things, — the demonstrations of Science, the delusions of Ignorance, and the devices of Imposture. He knows that all errors have but their brief season; that after a hundred millions of objections, sophisms, lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before; and so he waits, and smiles. And his charges are very moderate.

"Diseases, when he calls them, answer to their names; and spirits, vapors, principles, elements, forces, assort themselves before him, like feathers under the fingers of the flower-maker. At his bidding, disorders the most complicated resolve themselves into their several members; and form, action, color, sound, have each a tongue to tell him what they mean. As his large benevolence knows no distinction of persons in the ranks of the afflicted, so his conscientious genius appoints no degrees of interest to the various styles of disease, but applies itself with equal science and concern to the bunion on the big toe of the mouse-catcher and the cataract in the eye of the mandarin. The medicaments he dispenses are of miraculous virtue, and the gratitude of his patients has transformed the garden of his good works into a grove of fragrant almond-trees. Expensive incense burns night and day before his door. When the Emperor hears the name of Tchung-tseen uttered he shuts his eyes and exclaims Ah! Ten hundred thousand millions of Celestial Worthies and quintessentially beatified Sages will pass an eternity of arithmetic in computing the number of his radical cures without the use of mercury. And his charges are very moderate.

"The memory of Tchung-tseen is infallible, and the dimensions of his nose are conformable with dignity; his heart is tender and his fist is spherical; his speech is impressive and his spectacle-glasses, set in tortoise-shell frames, are two inches and a half in diameter; the length of his queue is regulated by the exactions of public opinion, and his manners are according to the Rites; he has an auspicious mole under his left eye, — and his charges are very moderate.

"As for us, let us play a few airs on the flute, and listen to the tune of the Dragon refrain."

Inscribed in golden characters on seventeen rolls of crimson silk paper, at the Imperial City.

Ta-tsing Dynasty, Hien-fung, second year, mid-winter month, on a fortunate day.

Tchung-tseen has, as I have said, his theories, more or less startling, from the Chinese point of view. For example, he holds that there is a difference between arteries and veins, that in most Chinese subjects the blood is conveyed by these in opposite directions, but not always downward by the arteries, nor always upward by the veins; that the heart is a part of the machinery by which this hydraulic process is carried on; and that under certain circumstances, depending upon the disposition of the five rulers, elements, colors, or directions, and the relation of the male and female principles of nature, the blood undergoes a change in passing through the lungs. He has one name for the brain and another for the spinal cord, but has not yet discovered a nervous system,— that is, he had not when I was in Liu-Kiang, in 1852. He has a pulse for every organ but the brain; but as to the relative positions, forms, and uses of the viscera, his notions did not strike me as perfectly coherent, — in fact, I understood him to say that we dream with

the liver and sweat with the lungs; and that, — something about the Yin and the Yang which he failed to demonstrate clearly, but, — whenever in the system the principles of cold and moisture prevail over the hot and dry influences, the superior pulse of the spleen is disturbed by the dislocation of the green bone of the pancreas, and the consequence is fever and ague.

In the theory of Tchung-tseen every organ of the body is allied to one of the five elements, Earth, Wood, Metal, Fire, Water, which are either hot, cold, moist, dry, or windy. These again correspond to the Five Directions, Middle, East, West, South, and North, and are represented by the Five Colors, Yellow, Green, White, Red, and Black. Thus the heart, being allied to the element Fire, corresponds to the direction South, and is represented by the color Red. Consequently, all derangements of the heart must proceed from excess of the principles of Heat and Dryness, and should be treated with black medicines, corresponding to the direction North, and representing the element Water. And the bowels, being allied to the element Earth, correspond to the direction Middle, and are represented by the color Yellow. Consequently all disorders of the bowels must proceed from excess of the principle of Wind, and should be treated with medicines compounded of black, red, green, and white ingredients, corresponding to the directions North, South, East, and West, and representing the elements Water, Fire, Wood, and Metal, by which alone in combination the element of Wind can be opposed and repelled.

A lovely system! so natural in its simplicity and harmony, that in theory it reads like an idyl, and in practice it must be one of the pleasures of imagination to be killed by it. Any mandarin or mountebank can explain it to you, and if after that you will die, so much the worse for you. Emulate, rather, the astuteness and docility of Father Huc at Kuen-Kiang-hien,* when wrenched with excruciating spasms, and turned inside out with vomitings as preposterously sudden and profuse as those which are said to overtake the sacrilegious wretch who mocks the idol Kan-wang-ye, he was soothed and cheered by Master Ting and the officious officials, who explained to him that he was ill, and that his noble and distinguished malady proceeded from a disturbance in the equilibrium of the vital spirits.

"The igneous principle," they said, "too long fed by the excessive heat, had ended by exceeding beyond all measure the proper bounds assigned to it, and consequently a fire, so to speak, had been kindled in the sublime organization of the patient's body. Consequently, also, the aqueous element had been dried up to such a degree that there no longer remained to the members and organs the humidity necessary to the performance of their natural functions; thence proceeded those vomitings, those pains in the patient's illustrious stomach, and that generally disordered state which it was easy to perceive in the face of the respectable sufferer, and which produced such violent contortions."

In order to re-establish the said equilibrium, it was necessary only to introduce into the body a certain quantity of cold, and to lower the extravagant temperature of this igneous principle by restoring the due proportion of aqueous principle, — being at the same time very careful not to permit the igneous principle again to develop itself to the point of absorbing the aqueous principle. There was a very simple method of bringing back into the body this beautiful harmony.

"Everybody knows that green peas are of an extremely cold nature; let a certain quantity be boiled; let the respectable patient drink the liquor, — and so the fire will be put out."

A mandarin of Kuen-Kiang-hien suggested that, nevertheless, the convulsed and vomited missionary should use the liquor with extreme caution, lest he should dangerously develop the princi-

* Huc, "A Journey through the Chinese Empire."

ple of Cold; but Master Ting was "sure he might take with impunity double the ordinary dose, as he had remarked that the temperament of the average outside barbarian was incomparably warmer than that of a native of the Central Flowery Kingdom."

It was finally unanimously agreed that all that was necessary was green peas, boiled cucumbers, and watermelons, to restore the humidity essential to the harmonious action of the organs. And then the regular practitioner arrived, — a little roundabout Tchung-tseen, of redundant plumpness, inordinate spectacles perched on a rudimentary nose, ceremonious manners, and a gray tail tipped with a red string.

"I have learned," said he, "that the eminent patient was born in the countries of the West. Maladies vary according to the region; those of the North do not resemble those of the South, and so on, and so on. So likewise with remedies, and so on. We must take good care not to treat the men of the Western Seas in the same manner as the men of the Central Nation. By some means or other the cold air has penetrated into the interior, and has put itself in opposition, in many of the organs, with the igneous principle; hence arises this struggle, which must necessarily manifest itself by vomitings and convulsions. We must therefore combat the evil with warm substances."

"That's the thing," said Master Ting. "That's just what we were thinking!"

"The nature of this noble malady," continued the Doctor, "is such that it may readily yield to the virtue of the medicines and disappear very soon; and, also, it is quite possible it may resist, and the danger may increase. This is my opinion on the subject, after having studied the various characters of the pulse."

"Here's wisdom," thought the philosophic missionary; "but it's all the same to me. For are we not enjoined in the Holy Scriptures to honor physicians in case of necessity? and this is a case in which obedience to the precept combines the compulsion of an emergency with the free-will of an act of faith."

Tchung-tseen's theory of the pulse is barbarous and stupid and presumptuous enough to make his fortune in any land of fools, newspapers, and clergymen's testimonials. He attributes to it an endless variety of nice peculiarities and subtile indications, which he reduces to a classification wildly fanciful, and practises the same routine in applying the condition of the pulse to the diagnosis of the case as in adopting the remedies. Especially does he devote awful thought and scrupulous discrimination to the relative condition of the pulse on the two sides of the body and in different regions of the system.* He holds that there are different pulses, corresponding to the heart, the lungs, the liver, and all the other organs; and that to feel the pulse scientifically you must feel them all, one after the other, and sometimes several together, in order to determine their several relations. Huc's Tchung-tseen played on his patient's twenty-four pulses with all his fingers, as on a piano-forte, and maintained a protracted telegraphic correspondence, as it were by House's system, with his twenty-four insides.

When Tchung-tseen would prescribe for your cholera-morbus he begins by dipping the end of a stick of Indian ink into a cup of water or tea, and rubbing it on a small black tile. With the ink thus formed he traces, by means of a camel's or cat's hair pencil, his prescription on a very ample sheet of paper, in characters of equally generous dimensions. When he has written a large page he reads it first to himself in a low and solemn sing-song, and then he reads it to you, crawling horridly among the senseless forms of words with the long black ghoulish nail of his right forefinger, — at the same time expounding to you in a key so excruciatingly sharp that it cuts keenly into your sensitive nervous network like a verbal vivisection, all the devil-possessed jargon of the Yin and the Yang, of elements,

* Lockhart, "The Medical Missionary in China."

directions, principles, forces, colors; and enumerating the ingeniously multiplied ingredients of his witch's brew, — gums, juices, powders, barks, leaves, roots, heating or cooling, moistening or drying, congesting or dispersing, — for each devoted viscus a plague-appointed drug.

The materia medica of Tchung-tseen is sufficiently eccentric. He has ginseng and the flesh of fowls to warm and strengthen the viscera; asses' glue and birds'-nests as mild and tranquillizing tonics; silkworm moth, dried red spotted lizard, and stalactite, to increase the natural fire; tortoise-shell, human milk, and pork, to nourish the secretions; stags' glue, dogs' flesh, and walnuts to strengthen the kidneys; lotos seeds and nutmeg as warm and tonic astringents; pomegranate-skin, oyster-shell, and dragon's bone and tusk, as cooling astringents; iron-filings, loadstone and gold and silver leaf, to repress weakness; onions and orange stalks as cold diaphoretics; camphor, musk, dried scorpion, cicada, and centipede, spotted and black snake, shed snake-skins, and tigers' bones, to disperse wind; yam, and soy made from pulse, to disperse moisture; turnip seeds and root, and skin of marsh-melon, as emetics; putchuk, betel-root, shaddock-peel, dried silkworm chrysalis, and ordure, as mild equalizing resolvents; rice-paper plant and sliced China root to absorb moisture; soapstone, amber, and red beans as laxatives; pistachio nuts, mica, and concretions from the bamboo to suppress phlegm; watermelon, bamboo shavings, persimmon tops, verdigris, sea-shells, pearls, bears' gall, and warm water, as cooling purgatives; sliced peony, mulberry-leaves, hartshorn shavings, and rhinoceros-horn shavings, to purge away fire; almonds and buckwheat to repress humors; lily-root and turtle-shell as mild digestive aperients; brown sugar, scallions, rabbits' milk and cuttle-fish bone, to warm and nourish the blood; cypress tops, rabbit's flesh and saffron to cool it; dried varnish, plums, dragons' blood, peach seeds, arrow-root, old copper cash, madder, dried leeches, red marble, goats' beard and cantharides, as astringents of the blood; betel-root, quicksilver, and native calomel, to destroy worms; ivory shavings, resin, elephant's skin, preparations from toads, to disperse poisons; honeysuckle flowers, green peas, and dried earthworms, to expel poisons; and, finally, alligator's gall for hydrophobia, to accelerate parturition, and to disperse carbuncles and pustules, — as in the days of Marco Polo.

Though the turbid, greasy, dirt-colored draughts of Tchung-tseen are legitimately disgusting to eye and nose (in reverting to my experience at Liu-Kiang I shudder at the remembrance of them), I have to confess that they are deficient in that quality of unmitigated nastiness which so familiarly attests the genuineness of our Western doses. They have for the most part an insipid sweetish flavor, and though it cannot be fairly claimed by their dispensers that "children cry for them," still they *can* be got past the palates of that irrational and refractory class of patients without recourse to the harsh expedient of holding the kicking sufferer's nose. The ingredients are usually boiled together in baked clay, long enough to blend completely their medicinal properties, and the uninviting brew is then administered cruelly hot.

Before I passed from the sick-list of Tchung-tseen to the roll of men fit for service, I tasted with favorable results the virtues of that forlorn hope of the Chinese leech, the famous red pills, — *Ling-pao-you-y-tan*, the Supernatural Treasure for all Desires. These are true homœopathic globules, scarcely of the bigness of a pin's head, and the dose is from two to two dozen, according to the gravity of the case. In Peking they enjoy a prodigious celebrity, and are unanimously extolled as a universal panacea, warranted to cure the most intricate nosological Chinese puzzle to be found in the advertisements of quacks or the imagination of hypochondriacs. Their composition is a secret in the possession of a single family in

Peking; by them transmitted from generation to generation of their own blood and name, and jealously guarded. The odor of musk that the pills emit is not peculiar to them, but merely their inevitable share of the all-pervading Chinese smell.

"The Supernatural Treasure is perhaps the most active sudorific known to the medical world; but its *modus operandi* is remarkable." A single one of these little red globules reduced to powder, and applied to the nose like snuff, provokes a succession, preposterously prolonged, of thrilling sneezes, until the whole body protests, and breaks out in violent perspiration. This powder is sometimes used to determine a prognosis; if a pinch does not make a sick man sneeze, the Chinese say he will certainly die in a day; if he sneezes once, he will at all events not die till to-morrow; and hope revives and grows in the exact ratio of the number of sneezes, and the vigor with which they are delivered. The oracle is appealed to with peculiar confidence in cases of cholera; if the patients can be made to sneeze with a red pill, the prognosis is favorable, even in the stage of collapse.

Tchung-tseen is his own apothecary; the prescription he expounds at the house of his patient he presently compounds at his own, — a practice that naturally provokes certain objections, not utterly unreasonable. The ingenious variety and prodigious quantity of drugs that commonly enter into the composition of a Chinese recipe have from time to time excited, in the minds of even the most tractable and accommodating patients, a mild suspicion that there may be collusion between Tchung-tseen the doctor and Tchung-tseen the apothecary, founded upon identity of interests, — that Tchung-tseen the doctor may sometimes prescribe costly or superfluous ingredients with an eye to the advantage of Tchung-tseen the apothecary; that the former may even "make a case," and the latter "keep it going," for the benefit of both; or that Tchung-tseen the apothecary may be tempted to tamper with the instructions of Tchung-tseen the doctor with a generous solicitude for the sapecks of the "concern." Out of this reluctant and blushing suspicion has arisen a custom essentially Chinese. Tchung-tseen and his patient engage in a debate, more or less tart, touching the necessity and price of the remedies recommended, — other members of the family taking lively part in this odd chaffering, and urging the doctor to prescribe "common cheap drugs"; they even inspect the red-paper charm as they would any vulgar commodity, and coolly strike out such ingredients as they may consider dispensable or too costly. Should Tchung-tseen protest that by this summary process of censorship the effect of the medicine will be rendered slow or doubtful, — they grant all that, and take the risk; what if the delay or doubt should redound to the benefit of the patient? They have a sly notion that it will all come to pretty much the same thing in the end. "One prescription," says Huc, "is as good as another, and whether you absorb more or less of their black brewages will probably make very little difference."

The heartless haggling usually ends by the doctor's abating the price of his "potecary stuff," on the principle of selling at a sacrifice to save a customer. But when he has made his last concession, and still maintained that upon the presence of this or that juice or powder the cure depends, "a family council is held, actually in the presence of the patient, in which the question of life or death is coolly put, and frequently arguments are brought forward to show that, considering the advanced age of the patient, or the hopeless nature of the malady, it may be better not to incur a useless expense, but quietly to allow matters to take their course. After having closely calculated what it will cost to procure these possibly useless medicines, it is not uncommon for the sick man himself to take the initiative, and decide that it will be much wiser to reserve the money to buy a fine coffin, since one must die sooner

or later, and it is well worth while to give up perhaps a short remnant of life in order to make sure of a handsome funeral. With this sweet and consoling prospect in view they dismiss the doctor and — the sitting being prolonged — call in the undertaker." Between the stoicism and the irony is hard to choose.

Other Tchung-tseens there are to whom Acupuncture (invented in China no man knows how many centuries ago) is the whole stock in trade, or the Moxa, all their store, — not for rheumatism exclusively, or deep-seated pains, or sprains, or swellings of the joints, but for all the ills that flesh is heir to, — a Perry's Pain-Killer-or-Curer, and a Radway's Rough and Ready Relief.

Profoundly ignorant of anatomy, the special study of which is at once interdicted by law and discountenanced by public opinion, the Tchung-tseen of acupuncture insinuates his long needle (sometimes red-hot), not altogether with capricious recklessness as to the spot where he shall poke it in or the depth to which he shall bore. He has a method, fantastic in its physiology and blind in its routine, but yet erected upon a foundation of millions of costly experiments, — costly to the subjects of them in fatal results, and to the explorers in fines, imprisonments, and bastinadoes; for Chinese *savans* are indeed indefatigably and prodigally inquisitive, unterrified, and regardless of expense; the nicest manipulators, and endowed with prodigious powers of observation, discrimination, and *penetration;* in the department of acupuncture, they may be said to stick at nothing in sticking at everything.

Contemplating the human corpus as a huge animated pincushion, they have determined on the surface of it three hundred and sixty-seven points, to which they have attached particular denominations, according to the relation which they imagine them to bear to the supposed insides; and in order to "practise" without compromising the safety of the race, they have contrived small copper figures, in which diminutive holes are pierced, representing the three hundred and sixty-seven points; the surface of the figure is then covered with paper, and the student is required to place his needle without hesitation upon the spot under which is the hole corresponding to the point at which he would be required to operate according to the affection named.

"It is prescribed, in performing the operation of acupuncture, to turn the point of the needle upward when it is wished to go counter to the course of the blood, and downward if you desire to proceed with it. An unreasonable or awkward puncture is to be corrected by making punctures on other corresponding points. In a syncope following a severe fall, the upper part of the throat opposite the larynx is to be punctured to a depth of eight lines. In pains in the loins, the hams are to be punctured;. in dry coughs, the external and hinder part of the arm, to a depth of one line, or the middle of the front of the arm, or the base of the little finger." *

Inoculation is extensively practised by Tchung-tseen among the children of his curacy. Small-pox, he explains, arises from a poison introduced into the system *ab utero*, as is proved by the occurrence of the disease but once during a life. "This poison is associated with the principle of heat, and remains concealed till it is developed through the agency of some external exciting cause. . . . . The ancients possessed the knowledge of inoculating for (or *planting*) the small-pox; it has been handed down from the time of Chin-tsung of the Sung dynasty (1014 A. D.), and was invented by a philosopher of Go-mei-shan, in the province of Sze-chuen. . . . . The spring and autumn are the most favorable seasons for inoculation, — or any time when the weather is moderate. A lucky day should always be chosen; the 11th and 15th days of the moon must be avoided. The *modus operandi* is by introducing into the nostrils a piece of cotton-wool impregnated with the variolous lymph, or with the crust rubbed down with a little water;

* M. Abel Rémusat.

or the crust dried, and reduced to powder, may be blown up the nose; or the child may be dressed in the clothes that have been worn by one who has first had the small-pox." *

The inoculation must affect the viscera, and then the fever commences. The procession of the morbific "influences" is marshalled in the following order: "The nose is the external orifice of the lungs; when the lymph is placed in the nose, its influence is first communicated to the lungs which govern the hair and skin; the lungs transfer the poison to the heart; the heart governs the pulse, and transfers the poison to the spleen; the spleen governs the flesh, and transfers the poison to the liver; the liver governs the tendons, and transfers the poison to the kidneys; the kidneys govern the bones; the poison of the small-pox lies hid originally in the marrow of the bones; but when it receives the impression from the inoculation it manifests itself, and breaks out externally." †

It is an enviable advantage in the practice of Tchung-tseen that his instructed and imposing conjuration is energetically seconded by the vulgar but devout hocus-pocus of his patients and their friends, who — by the aid of some peddling rascal of a Tauist priest, and with all the cheap machinery of gongs, bells, candles, incense, meat and wine offerings, mock-money, red and yellow paper, old cash, straw sandals, white cocks, paper effigies and clothing, metallic mirrors, pictures, black beans, yeast balls, fantastic lanterns, paper boats, coffin-nails, cash-swords, tortoise-shells, sculls, the Tall White Devil and the Short Black Devil, and all the multitudinous manifestations of the Chinese Bugaboo — proceed with vigor to avert the anger of gods and the enmity of the dead, to propitiate "the Destroying genius" and expel the mortal influences, to flatter Ioh-Uong-Chu-Sii, the God of Medicine, to recall the spirit of the sick, to engage the favor of the goddesses of small-pox and measles, to propitiate the Five Rulers, and to disperse unhealthy vapors. Without the support of this various *diablerie*, it is difficult to imagine what Tchung-tseen would do. Continually threatened with fines and rods, and cages, it must be a grateful relief to his mind to share his responsibilities and his dodgings with the Gods of Medicine and Surgery, the Five Rulers, and the Male and Female Principles of Nature.

And yet, mortality in China is not, in proportion to population, greater than in the United States; the average, in number and atrocity, of Tchung-tseen's bad jobs does not exceed that of the celebrated Professor Hippocrates Jones. The Chinese contrive to live as long as we do, in spite of Tchung-tseen, and octogenarians are as numerous in Peking as in New York, although we have H. J., — mortifying, not to say alarming, facts for the consideration of the next American National Medical Convention. "When a physician," says the demure Huc, "has succeeded in curing promptly and radically a malady presenting the most grave and dangerous symptoms, it is to little purpose to pass a learned condemnation on the methods he has employed, and endeavor to prove their inefficiency. The sick man has been healed, — he is again in the enjoyment of perfect health; that is the essential point. There are few people who would not prefer being saved in the most irregular and stupid manner to being killed according to the most approved and scientific methods. It is indisputable, for instance, that there exist in China medical men who know how to treat the most decided cases of hydrophobia; and it matters little that, in the course of their treatment of this frightful malady, they expressly forbid any object containing hemp to be shown to the patient, under the idea that it would neutralize the effect of the remedies."

Wherefore, should it be your fate to be overtaken by the cholera-morbus in Liu-Kiang, in the province of Kiang-si,

* "The Preservation of Infants by Inoculation," — a Chinese treatise.

† From "The Golden Mirror of Medical Practice."

send for Tchung-tseen with confidence, take his boiled peas and watermelons with faith, and trust in Providence with desperation. And then, if you survive the adventure, for the honor of "the Gaudy Banner," *pay his bill.* Remember that his profession, as they order these matters in China, is neither glorious nor lucrative; that his visits are not charged for at all; that his complicated "simples" are sold cheap, and always on credit; and that it is the custom in his country not to pay for medicines which the patient may fancy have done him no good: so that my poor Tchung-tseen earns three dollars to collect one. Remember, too, that if you should be so heartless or so thoughtless as to die, it might be the death of him.

In China there are doctors for internal diseases and doctors for external, doctors for cold diseases and doctors for hot, doctors for moist diseases and doctors for dry, doctors for diseases of wind and doctors for diseases of water, doctors for "mulligrubs" and doctors for "miseries," doctors for women, doctors for babies, and doctors for old men. But Tchung-tseen is the seventh son of a seventh son, — forty-nine doctors in one, forty-nine times muddled! And he is also, at least, a thousand years old, with ten thousand theoretical whimseys and empirical zigzagries to find his way through.

The deportment of our friend is eminently dignified, and his manners are scrupulously polite: a professor of ceremonies might learn of him. When he meets you on the way, "he places the fingers of one hand over the fist of the other in such a manner that the thumbs come against each other, and then, standing a little off, he raises his hands gently up and down in front of his breast, as it were shaking hands *with himself.*"

Seven times has Tchung-tseen bowed down, with candles and incense, before the tablet of his ancestors, to inform them that, in consequence of their respectable virtues, he, their grateful descendant and representative, had been preferred to new degrees and honors by the grace of the Emperor. Thus his filial piety is distinguished.

He lives according to the Five Cardinal Virtues, — benevolence, righteousness, politeness, wisdom, and fidelity.

He teaches according to the rites, practices according to his lights, and charges according to your means and his own necessities.

ROCKWEEDS.

So bleak these shores, wind-swept, and all the year
Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
You would not dream that flowers the woods hold dear
Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks, some day,
With soft winds fluttering her garments' hem,
Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May,
Sets the first wind-flower trembling on its stem;

Scatters her violets with lavish hands,
White, blue, and amber; calls the columbine
Till, like clear flame in lonely nooks, gay bands
Swinging their scarlet bells obey the sign;

Makes buttercups and dandelions blaze,
And throws in glimmering patches here and there
The little eyebright's pearls, and gently lays
The impress of her beauty everywhere.

Later, June bids the sweet wild-rose to blow,
Wakes from its dream the drowsy pimpernel;
Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that glow
As delicately blushing as a shell.

Then purple Iris smiles, and hour by hour
The fair procession multiplies; and soon,
In clusters creamy white, the elder-flower
Waves its broad disk against the rising moon.

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea
Tall mulleins sway, and thistles; all day long
Comes in the wooing water dreamily,
With subtle music in its slumbrous song.

Herb-Robert hears, and princess-feather bright,
While goldthread clasps the little skull-cap blue;
And troops of swallows, gathering for their flight,
O'er golden-rod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land;
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand,

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
When devastating waves sweep on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close-folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
Blossom and bell and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast nor bitter spray they heed,
But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through his creation stirs;
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again,—his messengers
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath,
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant over doubt and pain and death.

A CONVERSATION ON THE STAGE.

"When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be.
If you mention vice or bribe,
'T is so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, 'That was levelled at me!'"
Beggar's Opera.

Vif Esprit. It is the very error of the moon. Everything goes wrong; and as for the stage, it is thoroughly demoralized. Only a few months ago that excellent actor, Mr. E. L. Davenport, publicly declared he should be obliged to acquire the noble arts of clog-dancing and banjo-playing, in order to put into his pocket that amount of pecuniary consolation which is as grateful to artists as to common men.

Sang-froid. Gently, my friend; history is but repeating itself.

Vif Esprit. Prove it if you can.

Sang-froid. Well, then, let us go back to the days of Garrick. Poetry, architecture, painting, sculpture, and music have all attained greater perfection than they attain now; and acting seems to be no exception to the rule. Before Garrick, even, the inimitable dramatic critic, Colley Cibber, deplored the fallen condition of the stage; and so applicable to the present age is his criticism that "His Apology" might have been written yesterday. Let us see what Cibber says of English theatres and of their management. Ah! here it is. "They were reduced to have recourse to foreign novelties. L'Abbe, Balon, and Mademoiselle Subliguy," three of the then most famous dancers of the French Opera, "were at several times brought over, at extraordinary rates, to revive that sickly appetite which plain sense and nature had satiated. But, alas! there was no recovering to a sound constitution by those merely costly cordials; the novelty of a dance was but of a short duration, and perhaps hurtful in its consequence; for it made a play without a dance less endured than it had been before, when such dancing was not to be had; and the same may be said of every deviation from plain sense and nature." Pursuing the subject, he remarks: "This sensual supply of sight and sound coming into the assistance of the weaker party, it was no wonder they should grow too hard for sense and simple nature, when it is considered *how many more people there are that can see and hear, than think and judge.*" Again declares Cibber: "As their hearers are, so will actors be; worse or better, as the false or true taste applauds or discommends them. Hence only can our theatres improve, or must degenerate. . . . . It is not to the actor, therefore, but to the vitiated and low taste of the spectator, that the corruptions of the stage (of what kind soever) have been owing. If the public by whom they must live had spirit enough to discountenance and declare against all the trash and fopperies they have been so frequently fond of, both the actors and the authors, to the best of their power, must naturally have served their daily table with sound and wholesome food." Here you have a picture of the times of Sir William Davenant, and of the struggle for supremacy when there were but two theatres in London. Do you suppose matters will improve when competition becomes greater. Public taste grows so slowly that, like the century-plant, it ripens and blossoms but once in a hundred years. If you will only remember that "all the world 's a stage," and that *the* stage is but a reflection of all the world, you will learn to have more patience with the theatre and less patience with the public. You sigh that donkeys *on* the New York stage should be applauded by their species off it, and think the theatre has touched its lowest level.

You forget that, when Congreve's play "The Way of the World" failed, the exacting London public was pacified with dancers, tumblers, strong men, and quadrupeds. And an elephant at The Great Mogul in Fleet Street proved so exceedingly remunerative, that he too would have been introduced on the stage if the master-carpenter had not declared that he would pull the house down! Give the American theatre its due; we have not yet seen the elephant. When Mossop, in 1758, acted Richard III., Signor Grimaldi relieved the tedium of tragedy by comic dances between the acts. Such an insult to the Tragic Muse would not be permitted in our time.

Vif Esprit. Instead of seeing jigs we listen to them; an improvement which, after all, is not as radical as it might be. The incongruity of comic dancing on solemn occasions is apparent enough, but it by no means follows, because our age has greater regard for the eternal fitness of things, that the stage is in a more hopeful state. What takes place *between* the acts of a play is of secondary consideration. It is the wholesale slaughter of plays themselves that makes me sad. Signor Grimaldi might dance until he grew purple in the face, provided I could see a Quin, a Garrick, a Mrs. Cibber, a Mrs. Pritchard, a Wood, a Ryan, and a Chapman in one and the same play, as happened years since at Covent Garden. Imagine the delight, too, of seeing Romeo and Juliet performed one night by Garrick and Miss Bellamy, and the next by Barry and Mrs. Cibber! I doubt very much whether Shakespeare would have written a line had he known what the nineteenth century had in store for him.

Sang-froid. There you are unjust. Remember Ristori's Lady Macbeth, Salvini's Othello, Edmund Kean's Richard III., Macready's King Lear, and Fanny Kemble's readings, and acknowledge that, though Shakespeare's interpreters are few, they have probably never been surpassed. You long for the great cast of Covent Garden, and yet forget how at times the public neglected even Garrick. "If you won't come to Lear and Hamlet, I must give you Harlequin," said the great little man, and forthwith went to great expense in introducing the Continental ballet, the appearance of which was the signal for a riot, inspired by jealousy of France. And pray what happened during the reign of Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles? Was it not marked by the mushroom growth and triumph of Master Betty, — the youthful Roscius, as he was enthusiastically called? When Home, the author of "Douglas," went to see this boy in Young Norval, he blubbered in his box, and absolutely declared that the part had never before been properly acted, — that in Master Betty he beheld Cooke, Kemble, Holman, and Garrick, all in one. Charles Young played subordinate parts to Betty, and, with the exception of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, there was not a great actor that did not hold up the train of this absurd phenomenon. The public was stark mad. It would tolerate no one on the stage but Betty. If the boy fell ill, England was convulsed and bulletins were as regularly issued as if the nation's life depended upon it. Real dramatic genius was forced to stand and wait until the public returned to its senses; meanwhile young Betty cleared five hundred pounds per week, and John Kemble offered to engage him at fifty pounds per night and a "half benefit." During the Betty epidemic there was not a critic in London who dared to maintain the dignity of the stage by condemning the popular idol. In Glasgow, however, one man absolutely refused to lose his wits, and persisted in impaling Roscius; for which thankless task he was "compelled to leave the town."

Vif Esprit. Profiting apparently by this example, critics, since then, have paid tribute to that better part of valor, discretion.

Sang-froid. "He who tells the truth," says Emerson, "will find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations." If the majority entertain a morbid fear

of truth, surely you cannot expect critics to furnish an unpalatable article.

Vif Esprit. But I *do* expect it. Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion, that nobody believes what newspapers say, an immense number of people live and move and have their being by and in them. Every journal of importance is a bell-wether, after which the public precipitates itself like a flock of sheep. Critics, therefore, are teachers, and it is their mission to elevate the standard of morals and taste. In writing down to the dead level of opinion, they produce incalculable mischiefs by confirming ignorance. The early critics in America were far more honest than those of to-day. In 1796 New York could boast of six dramatic critics who were absolutely without fear and without reproach.

Sang-froid. Indeed! and who were these immaculate gentlemen?

Vif Esprit. John Wells, Elias Hicks, Samuel Jones, William Cutting, Peter Irving, and Charles Adams, — private individuals who attended the theatre for the purpose of conscientious criticism. They took notes of every performance, compared their comments, one with another, and, in turn, prepared articles for the press. For calling things by their right names, for recommending a national drama, and an independence in literature as well as in politics, these benevolent gentlemen were branded as "liars" and "assassins."

Sang-froid. Of course. But what was comparatively easy for those primitive reformers would be infinitely more difficult now. As society becomes complicated, its corruption increases. No private individual, however able, is permitted to express his opinions in the daily press, for the reason that every journal has, very properly, its own critic. Your exception to the manner in which this regular critic ordinarily discharges his duties are just enough; at the same time it must be remembered that critics are employees, and are obliged to conform to the dictation of higher powers. Matters entirely independent of abstract truth exert an immense influence upon the greater part of dramatic criticism; advertisements, friendship, popular opinion, etc., etc., are of vastly more import than the progress of art; and the critic who would retain his head must be prepared to turn his back upon conscience. Then, again, allowing that a critic is master of his pen, and is naturally disposed to be honest, inducements to falsehood are so much greater than inducements to truth-telling that few but heroes can withstand temptation. In the first place, it is excessively disagreeable to be disliked, and the incorruptible critic is morally certain of harvesting a large crop of enemies. He almost inevitably becomes personally acquainted with the *dramatis personæ;* he likes them as individuals, wishes them well; he shakes hand with managers, and perhaps accepts their wines and cigars. How much easier and pleasanter it is to go home, and, dipping a good-natured pen into good-natured ink, endow actors and managers with every gift genius is heir to, than to administer unsavory truths. You know not what strength of mind is required to brave a managerial lion in his den. You are in danger of being torn to pieces by the royal beast, and receive no succor from the public, who would as willingly have black called white as any other color.

Vif Esprit. Terrible or not, the danger should be met. If acting is an art, — and the greatest minds have placed it high among the fine arts, — if the stage has such tremendous power for good or evil, surely dramatic criticism ought not to be prostituted. A critic should hold himself aloof from every influence that is likely to trammel his judgment.

Sang-froid. My dear friend, your ideas are Utopian. You seem to think that our critics, one and all, actually *know* what is good and what is bad in acting, and yet deliberately deceive the public. Now, I do them more justice; I believe that they express their honest opinions far more frequently than you imagine.

Vif Esprit. Worse and worse. Doran is right when he says, that no man should be admitted to practise theatrical criticism who has not got by heart Cibber's descriptions of Betterton and Mrs. Oldfield, or who fails on examination as to his proficiency in the Canons of Colley. To be in sympathy with Cibber is to have the right feeling for the drama.

Sang-froid. Pardon me, but you are unreasonable. Recollect what Parton says, — "As a rule, nothing gets the immortal work from first-rate men but money"; and then be surprised that there are *any* clever dramatic critics! Will any person of brains deliberately go to work to fit himself for a profession that — although he may exhibit extraordinary ability in it — can never bring him in more than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars per annum? A clerk on such a salary looks forward to promotion; a critic knows that, in order to live like a Christian, he must seek additional employment. If, under these circumstances, he accept *douceurs* for unmerited praise, what wonder? And if the critical chair is often occupied by those who are unfitted for it, again what wonder?

Vif Esprit. A dramatic critic should be a scholar and a gentleman. He should believe as firmly in the nobility of his calling as the clergyman believes in the sacredness of his pulpit, and he should be paid liberally for his honesty and for his brains.

Sang-froid. Bravo! there 's not a critic worthy of the name that would not throw up his hat with delight were your sentiments universal.

Vif Esprit. I have no hesitation in saying that America has more need today of critics than of artists. If latent ability is not properly fostered, it will either die or, in order to please the ignorant, become corrupt. Political principles are sufficiently defined, and therein journals endeavor to act consistently. Why are art principles so universally disregarded? Art is not a matter of taste; it has its fundamental laws, although, by the way people talk, one might suppose art in any form to be a mere matter of caprice. Everybody can no more judge of acting, singing, painting, etc., than everybody can judge of machinery, manufactures, or horses. "They talk a great deal about what I don't understand," said Edmund Kean of the noblemen who sought his companionship; "but when it comes to plays, they talk such nonsense!"

Sang-froid. We as a people have no intellectual conscience. Younger than England, we are even worse than she in this respect, and Matthew Arnold declares the mother-country to be bad enough. There will be no criticism in America until there is culture.

Vif Esprit. Much of our careless criticism is owing to the necessity of writing on time. No one can do justice to a fine dramatic performance who, tired and sleepy, is obliged to write out his opinion for the next morning's journal.

Sang-froid. We should die if we did not breakfast off the previous night's cakes and ale.

Vif Esprit. Nonsense. The French, who actually *do* possess an intellectual conscience, make no such demands upon a critic. Jules Janin writes one dramatic *feuilleton* a week, for which he receives two hundred and fifty francs, the equivalent of one hundred dollars in our currency and at our prices. Jules Janin and his distinguished fraternity can therefore afford to know what they are writing about, and to produce articles that educated people can read with interest and profit.

Sang-froid. Nevertheless, critics can be bought in Paris. Look at Fiorentino.

Vif Esprit. Yes. He certainly was no honor to his profession; yet he knew his business thoroughly. He made no secret of the fact that he received money from artists praised by him. "If they make fortunes in consequence of my criticisms," he once said to a friend of mine, "it is but fair that they should remunerate me for my pains." Fiorentino was an Italian, and black-mail is more frequent in Italy than

in France. Then, again, as French audiences judge for themselves, a critic cannot praise what is bad without injury to his reputation.

Sang-froid. But even Janin at times has allowed personal feeling to influence his criticism; for example, he "wrote up" a Mademoiselle Maxime, asserting that she was greater in *Phèdre* than Rachel.

Vif Esprit. True; but usually Janin can be depended upon, and *is* capable of giving a judicial opinion. I certainly have no desire to award undue praise to France. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the French stage does about as much harm as good; for, while its school of acting is the best in the world, and some of its plays are delightful, the code of morals set forth is so exceedingly loose that the worse appears the better cause. I confess that I rarely witness a French performance in New York without being offended. Sooner or later plot or action hovers upon forbidden ground, and frequently puts all ideas of decency at defiance.

Sang-froid. We are called upon to improve our accent at the expense of our moral sense, which is, of course, perfectly *comme il faut.* Americans will tolerate any impropriety whatever, *provided it is in French.*

Vif Esprit. Alas, yes! The success of Offenbach's Grand Duchess of Gérolstein, — a tissue of *doubles entendres* and equivoques from beginning to end, mingled with an extract of the *Can-can*, a dance so vile that, in its mildest form, it is acknowledged to be abominable, — is the saddest fact to be recorded in the history of our stage.

Sang-froid. My dear friend, blame no one but the public: —

> "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give."

The people like what you most disapprove, and those who cater to the public will offer what is most remunerative. The majority of those who delight in The Grand Duchess are ignorant of French. They listen to pleasing music, see an excellent *mise en scène*, admirable costumes, and some clever burlesque acting. They enjoy a novelty, for the reason that it *is* novelty.

Vif Esprit. Ay! and the Can-can, together with what are euphoniously called "French fascinations," have become so popular that I very much doubt whether any *opéra bouffe* will hereafter be tolerated unless spiced with the essence of Parisian vice.

Sang-froid. Nothing is more likely; in fact, looking back upon our history, I may say that such a consummation is inevitable. Puritanism has so long held us in rigid subjection, depriving us of even innocent amusements, that human nature is sure to be revenged. The pendulum will swing as far to one extreme as it has swung to the other: the moral of all which is, never to starve humanity, or it will, one day, fall upon everything edible, and contract disease from unwholesome food.

Vif Esprit. Admitting what you say to be true, I am fain to agree with Bickerstaff, in his opinion that "when we see anything divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity." The most pathetic part of this matter is, that there is no opposition made to the introduction of a foreign virus. The salvation of a country is in a virtuous minority. Where *is* the minority? The absence of consistency in our public is melancholy. *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, the great comedy of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, has been condemned, on moral grounds, by the same people who uphold The Grand Duchess! This demonstrates that we do not stand as high, morally, as the French; for while only their minor theatres devote themselves to Offenbach and vaudevilles of an equivocal nature, Dumas's comedy is played night after night before crowd-

ed and approving audiences. *Les Idées de Madame Aubray* redeems a wilderness of Offenbachs, and places Dumas in the advance-guard of reformers.

Sang-froid. Such is your opinion, and such is the opinion of those who believe that a woman, having erred once through ignorance and poverty, may redeem herself, and be worthy of a good man's love; but you know perfectly well the majority maintain that a woman once fallen should be forever branded as a social outcast.

Vif Esprit. But where is the justice, the charity, the Christianity, of such a creed?

Sang-froid. I am not advocating, I am simply stating a fact. You acknowledge that a noble play, like *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, attracts very small audiences, that the questionable vaudeville succeeding it is received with laughter and applause, and that The Grand Duchess is an immense success. What conclusion do you reach?

Vif Esprit. The same with which I began our conversation, — that the stage never was in so deplorable a condition.

Sang-froid. The more I think of the matter the less I agree with you. Let us see if our reason will not argue that the American stage is doing as well as can be expected.

Vif Esprit. "Good reasons must, of force, give place to better." Still, I 'll listen.

Sang-froid. Well, then, to begin at the beginning, you object to the plot and dialogue of many French inspirations. While allowing that there is nothing so diabolically insidious as Gallic license, I do not forget the rampant vice delineated in old English comedies, nor do I forget the days when ladies dared not attend a first representation of a new play for fear of being insulted. When they did go, concessions to modesty were made by wearing masks. Do you believe that the stage can ever sink as low again?

Vif Esprit. Hardly. Manners are somewhat improved.

Sang-froid. What made the stage licentious? The example of royalty; George II. so revelled in vice, that he ordered Ravenscroft's beastly comedies to be performed as they were written. We have improved in this respect; we have improved in our theatres; never were such beautiful buildings erected as now. The conduct of audiences is vastly better; once, the occupants of boxes deliberately spat into the pit, and the pitites amused themselves by pulling the noses of neighbors, at whom they chose to take offence. French audiences frequently threw stones upon the stage. All this is changed. Then there never was such artistic scenery as there is to-day.

Vif Esprit. I am not so sure of that. When Macbeth was produced at Kemble's new theatre, in 1794, Mrs. Siddons declared that the banquet was a thing to go and see of itself. The scenes and dresses were all new, and as superb and characteristic as it was possible to make them. And think of the "cast"! John Kemble as Macbeth; Palmer as Macduff; Wroughton as Banquo; Charles Kemble as Malcolm; Bensley as Duncan; Barrymore as Rosse; Bannister as Hecate; and Moody, Dodd, and Snett as the witches! Where now can such a combination be found?

Sang-froid. I do not pretend to argue the matter of the cast. That was the Elizabethan age of actors. The scenery and costumes you mention were the first attempts at historical truth. They were not the rule of the age. In 1723 Duncan and Julius Cæsar had worn the same robes for a century. That incomparable actor, Betterton, wore the laced kerchief of his time in Hamlet. Fancy Garrick dressing the melancholy Dane in a court suit of black, with a short wig and cue; looking in Macbeth like a modern Scottish sergeant-major, and using a pocket-handkerchief in Lear? Barton Booth donned a flowered gown and bag wig in Cato, and John Kemble's costume in Hamlet set chronology quite wild. His was a fancy suit, pow-

dered wig, and a blaze of jewelled orders! In Hippolytus, Lewis arrayed himself in knee-breeches, a jaunty silk jacket, tight fitting boots, and a little court bodkin on his thigh! As for ladies, they always wore court dresses over huge hoops. Imagine Mrs. Pritchard dressed in this guise for Lady Macbeth! Even in 1775, Mrs. Siddons appeared as Portia in a salmon-colored sack and coat! Could anything be more ridiculous? and yet no one doubts the intellect of these unquestionably great actors.

Vif Esprit. A beautiful frame is very well in its way, but what is its worth if it surrounds a bad picture? We neglect the substance for the shadow.

Sang-froid. Hear me to the end. I firmly believe that the general idea about acting is more enlightened than formerly, — that the school of acting is better, no matter how few good scholars there are. Talma himself assures us that Lekain — Garrick's contemporary — was the first to break away from tradition and endeavor to be natural; and it is only within the last few years that Americans have begun to talk about colloquial acting. Ranting is less popular, much as we hear of it, and fondly as the galleries cherish it. You cannot doubt for a moment that if Edwin Forrest were now a young man, he would be a much finer actor than the traditions and taste of thirty years ago have made him.

Vif Esprit. In this I agree with you.

Sang-froid. Again, the theatrical profession never was so much respected as at present. Old Dunlap says he remembers the time when children would cry out contemptuously, "There goes a play-actor!" In Philadelphia, in 1754, young men were arrested for performing in private theatricals. Puritanical prejudice is wearing away, and the clever actor is welcomed in society as a bright and shining light. Our theatres are also more fully attended. We have, then, better theatres, better scenery, better costumes, more respectful and numerous audiences, better tendencies in our school of acting, and a better appreciation of one of the noblest professions.

Vif Esprit. But where are the actors?

Sang-froid. Patience. Ours is a transition state. We are not quite off with the old love, and not quite on with the new; but with so much in its favor, I cannot doubt of the ultimate triumph of an intellectual stage. When culture becomes an accomplished fact, we shall have critics, and we shall have actors.

Vif Esprit. Meanwhile we shall prepare ourselves for the good time coming by scenes from The Black Crook and the sensational drama.

Sang-froid. Both of these are bad enough; but I believe that the sensational drama no more interferes with the legitimate drama than the Police Gazette interferes with the sale of standard literature. Of course the former has the greater number of adherents; but were it to be abolished to-morrow, I doubt whether the ranks of those who enjoy the legitimate drama would be swelled. If the drunkard is deprived of his dram, he does not gladly turn to cold water; rather will he drink pure alcohol. But, after all, the legitimists are more numerous than we have so far allowed. Shakespeare cannot be called unpopular when Edwin Booth acts Hamlet one hundred nights in succession,— the first time that such a feat was ever accomplished. Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle meets with an enthusiastic reception week after week. Wallack rarely puts an old English comedy upon the stage that his theatre is not filled, and Madame Ristori holds multitudes spell-bound by the grandeur of her acting. Why, my friend, you don't know what a glorious era you live in! Ristori alone cannot but create a revolution in acting.

Vif Esprit. I am sure I hope so. But in order to obtain good actors, we, like the French, should have a dramatic college, where students could be taught music, declamation, grammar, history, mythology, and the dramatic art.

Sang-froid. You cannot have a college without teachers; and how can there be competent teachers when fine actors are so rare?

Vif Esprit. Then the shortest road to reform would be for every State to take one theatre under its protection, granting it a sufficient subsidy to secure the employees against loss for the production of good art, insisting upon a faithful performance of duties, and bringing all possible force to bear against the starring system, which is as disastrous to the drama's real interests as rotation in office is to American politics.

Sang-froid. Hold, hold! enough! once more have you dashed wildly into the next century. All this will come with culture; culture will come with the lapse of a hundred years. From your celestial perch you may look down upon the fulfilment of your aspirations. Meanwhile calm your ardor, and rest assured that the elevation of the stage is as inevitable as the elevation of humanity.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

SEVENTH CHAPTER.

MY timidity and my obscurity occasioned me to live a secluded life at College, and to be little known. No relative ever came to visit me, for I had no relative. No intimate friends broke in upon my studies, for I made no intimate friends. I supported myself on my scholarship, and read much. My College time was otherwise not so very different from my time at Hoghton Towers.

Knowing myself to be unfit for the noisier stir of social existence, but believing myself qualified to do my duty in a moderate though earnest way if I could obtain some small preferment in the Church, I applied my mind to the clerical profession. In due sequence I took orders, was ordained, and began to look about me for employment. I must observe that I had taken a good degree, that I had succeeded in winning a good fellowship, and that my means were ample for my retired way of life. By this time I had read with several young men, and the occupation increased my income, while it was highly interesting to me. I once accidentally overheard our greatest Don say, to my boundless joy, "That he heard it reported of Silverman that his gift of quiet explanation, his patience, his amiable temper, and his conscientiousness, made him the best of Coaches." May my "gift of quiet explanation" come more seasonably and powerfully to my aid in this present explanation than I think it will!

It may be, in a certain degree, owing to the situation of my College rooms (in a corner where the daylight was sobered), but it is in a much larger degree referable to the state of my own mind, that I seem to myself, on looking back to this time of my life, to have been always in the peaceful shade. I can see others in the sunlight; I can see our boats' crews and our athletic young men on the glistening water, or speckled with the moving lights of sunlit leaves; but I myself am always in the shadow looking on. Not unsympathetically, — GOD forbid! — but looking on, alone, much as I looked at Sylvia from the shadows of the ruined house, or looked at the red gleam shining through the farmer's windows, and listened to the fall of dancing feet, when all the ruin was dark that night in the quadrangle.

I now come to the reason of my quoting that laudation of myself above given. Without such reason, to repeat it would have been mere boastfulness.

Among those who had read with me was Mr. Fareway, second son of Lady Fareway, widow of Sir Gaston Fareway, Baronet. This young gentleman's abilities were much above the average, but he came of a rich family, and was idle and luxurious. He presented himself to me too late, and afterwards came to me too irregularly, to admit of my being of much service to him. In the end I considered it my duty to dissuade him from going up for an examination which he could never pass, and he left College without taking a degree. After his departure, Lady Fareway wrote to me representing the justice of my returning half my fee, as I had been of so little use to her son. Within my knowledge a similar demand had not been made in any other case, and I most freely admit that the justice of it had not occurred to me until it was pointed out. But I at once perceived it, yielded to it, and returned the money.

Mr. Fareway had been gone two years or more and I had forgotten him, when he one day walked into my rooms as I was sitting at my books.

Said he, after the usual salutations had passed: "Mr. Silverman, my mother is in town here, at the hotel, and wishes me to present you to her."

I was not comfortable with strangers, and I dare say I betrayed that I was a little nervous or unwilling. For, said he, without my having spoken, "I think the interview may tend to the advancement of your prospects."

It put me to the blush to think that I should be tempted by a worldly reason, and I rose immediately.

Said Mr. Fareway, as we went along, "Are you a good hand at business?"

"I think not," said I.

Said Mr. Fareway then, "My mother is."

"Truly?" said I.

"Yes. My mother is what is usually called a managing woman. Does n't make a bad thing, for instance, even out of the spendthrift habits of my eldest brother abroad. In short, a managing woman. This is in confidence."

He had never spoken to me in confidence, and I was surprised by his doing so. I said I should respect his confidence, of course, and said no more on the delicate subject. We had but a little way to walk, and I was soon in his mother's company. He presented me, shook hands with me, and left us two (as he said) to business.

I saw in my Lady Fareway a handsome, well-preserved lady of somewhat large stature, with a steady glare in her great round dark eyes that embarrassed me.

Said my Lady: "I have heard from my son, Mr. Silverman, that you would be glad of some preferment in the Church?"

I gave my Lady to understand that was so.

"I don't know whether you are aware," my Lady proceeded, "that we have a presentation to a living? I say *we* have, but in point of fact *I* have."

I gave my Lady to understand that I had not been aware of this.

Said my Lady: "So it is. Indeed, I have two presentations: one, to two hundred a year; one, to six. Both livings are in our county, — North Devonshire, as you probably know. The first is vacant. Would you like it?"

What with my Lady's eyes, and what with the suddenness of this proposed gift, I was much confused.

"I am sorry it is not the larger presentation," said my Lady, rather coldly, "though I will not, Mr. Silverman, pay you the bad compliment of supposing that *you* are, because that would be mercenary, — and mercenary I am persuaded you are not."

Said I, with my utmost earnestness: "Thank you, Lady Fareway, thank you, thank you! I should be deeply hurt if I thought I bore the character."

"Naturally," said my Lady. "Always detestable, but particularly in a clergyman. You have not said whether you will like the Living?"

With apologies for my remissness or indistinctness, I assured my Lady that I accepted it most readily and gratefully. I added that I hoped she would not es-

timate my appreciation of the generosity of her choice by my flow of words, for I was not a ready man in that respect when taken by surprise or touched at heart.

"The affair is concluded," said my Lady. "Concluded. You will find the duties very light, Mr. Silverman. Charming house; charming little garden, orchard, and all that. You will be able to take pupils. By the by! No. I will return to the word afterwards. What was I going to mention, when it put me out?"

My Lady stared at me, as if I knew. And I did n't know. And that perplexed me afresh.

Said my Lady, after some consideration: "Oh! Of course. How very dull of me! The last incumbent, — least mercenary man I ever saw, — in consideration of the duties being so light and the house so delicious, could n't rest, he said, unless I permitted him to help me with my correspondence, accounts, and various little things of that kind; nothing in themselves, but which it worries a lady to cope with. Would Mr. Silverman also like to —? Or shall I —?"

I hastened to say that my poor help would be always at her ladyship's service.

"I am absolutely blessed," said my Lady, casting up her eyes (and so taking them off of me for one moment), "in having to do with gentlemen who cannot endure an approach to the idea of being mercenary!" She shivered at the word. "And now as to the pupil."

"The ——?" I was quite at a loss.

"Mr. Silverman, you have no idea what she is. She is," said my Lady, laying her touch upon my coat-sleeve, "I do verily believe, the most extraordinary girl in this world. Already knows more Greek and Latin than Lady Jane Grey. And taught herself! Has not yet, remember, derived a moment's advantage from Mr. Silverman's classical acquirements. To say nothing of mathematics, which she is bent upon becoming versed in, and in which (as I hear from my son and others) Mr. Silverman's reputation is so deservedly high!"

Under my Lady's eyes, I must have lost the clew, I felt persuaded; and yet I did not know where I could have dropped it.

"Adelina," said my Lady, "is my only daughter. If I did not feel quite convinced that I am not blinded by a mother's partiality; unless I was absolutely sure that when you know her, Mr. Silverman, you will esteem it a high and unusual privilege to direct her studies, — I should introduce a mercenary element into this conversation, and ask you on what terms —"

I entreated my Lady to go no further. My Lady saw that I was troubled, and did me the honor to comply with my request.

EIGHTH CHAPTER.

EVERYTHING in mental acquisition that her brother might have been, if he would, and everything in all gracious charms and admirable qualities that no one but herself could be, — this was Adelina.

I will not expatiate upon her beauty. I will not expatiate upon her intelligence, her quickness of perception, her powers of memory, her sweet consideration from the first moment for the slow-paced tutor who ministered to her wonderful gifts. I was thirty then; I am over sixty now; she is ever present to me in these hours as she was in those, bright and beautiful and young, wise and fanciful and good.

When I discovered that I loved her, how can I say? In the first day? In the first week? In the first month? Impossible to trace. If I be (as I am) unable to represent to myself any previous period of my life as quite separable from her attracting power, how can I answer for this one detail?

Whensoever I made the discovery, it laid a heavy burden on me. And yet, comparing it with the far heavier burden that I afterwards took up, it does not seem to me now to have been very hard to bear. In the knowledge that I did love her, and that I should

love her while my life lasted, and that I was ever to hide my secret deep in my own breast, and she was never to find it, there was a kind of sustaining joy or pride or comfort mingled with my pain.

But later on — say a year later on — when I made another discovery, then indeed my suffering and my struggle were strong. That other discovery was — ?

These words will never see the light, if ever, until my heart is dust; until her bright spirit has returned to the regions of which, when imprisoned here, it surely retained some unusual glimpse of remembrance; until all the pulses that ever beat around us shall have long been quiet; until all the fruits of all the tiny victories and defeats achieved in our little breasts shall have withered away. That discovery was, that she loved me.

She may have enhanced my knowledge, and loved me for that; she may have overvalued my discharge of duty to her, and loved me for that; she may have refined upon a playful compassion which she would sometimes show for what she called my want of wisdom according to the light of the world's dark lanterns, and loved me for that; she may — she must — have confused the borrowed light of what I had only learned, with its brightness in its pure original rays; but she loved me at that time, and she made me know it.

Pride of family and pride of wealth put me as far off from her in my Lady's eyes as if I had been some domesticated creature of another kind. But they could not put me farther from her than I put myself when I set my merits against hers. More than that. They could not put me, by millions of fathoms, half so low beneath her as I put myself when in imagination I took advantage of her noble trustfulness, took the fortune that I knew she must possess in her own right, and left her to find herself, in the zenith of her beauty and genius, bound to poor rusty plodding Me.

No. Worldliness should not enter here, at any cost. If I had tried to keep it out of other ground, how much harder was I bound to try to keep it from this sacred place.

But there was something daring in her broad generous character that demanded at so delicate a crisis to be delicately and patiently addressed. After many and many a bitter night (O, I found I could cry for reasons not purely physical, at this pass of my life!) I took my course.

My Lady had in our first interview unconsciously overstated the accommodation of my pretty house. There was room in it for only one pupil. He was a young gentleman near coming of age, very well connected, but what is called a poor relation. His parents were dead. The charges of his living and reading with me were defrayed by an uncle, and he and I were to do our utmost together for three years towards qualifying him to make his way. At this time he had entered into his second year with me. He was well-looking, clever, energetic, enthusiastic, bold; in the best sense of the term, a thorough young Anglo-Saxon.

I resolved to bring these two together.

NINTH CHAPTER.

SAID I, one night, when I had conquered myself: "Mr. Granville," — Mr. Granville Wharton his name was, — "I doubt if you have ever yet so much as seen Miss Fareway."

"Well, sir," returned he, laughing, "you see her so much yourself, that you hardly leave another fellow a chance of seeing her."

"I am her tutor, you know," said I.

And there the subject dropped for that time. But I so contrived as that they should come together shortly afterwards. I had previously so contrived as to keep them asunder, for while I loved her — I mean before I had determined on my sacrifice — a lurking jealousy of Mr. Granville lay within my unworthy breast.

It was quite an ordinary interview

in the Fareway Park; but they talked easily together for some time; like takes to like, and they had many points of resemblance. Said Mr. Granville to me, when he and I sat at our supper that night: "Miss Fareway is remarkably beautiful, sir, and remarkably engaging. Don't you think so?" "I think so," said I. And I stole a glance at him, and saw that he had reddened and was thoughtful. I remember it most vividly, because the mixed feeling of grave pleasure and acute pain that the slight circumstance caused me was the first of a long, long series of such mixed impressions under which my hair turned slowly gray.

I had not much need to feign to be subdued, but I counterfeited to be older than I was in all respects, (Heaven knows, my heart being all too young the while!) and feigned to be more of a recluse and bookworm than I had really become, and gradually set up more and more of a fatherly manner towards Adelina. Likewise, I made my tuition less imaginative than before; separated myself from my poets and philosophers; was careful to present them in their own light, and me, their lowly servant, in my own shade. Moreover, in the matter of apparel I was equally mindful. Not that I had ever been dapper that way, but that I was slovenly now.

As I depressed myself with one hand, so did I labor to raise Mr. Granville with the other; directing his attention to such subjects as I too well knew most interested her, and fashioning him (do not deride or misconstrue the expression, unknown reader of this writing, for I have suffered!) into a greater resemblance to myself in my solitary one strong aspect. And gradually, gradually, as I saw him take more and more to these thrown-out lures of mine, then did I come to know better and better that love was drawing him on, and was drawing Her from me.

So passed more than another year; every day a year in its number of my mixed impressions of grave pleasure and acute pain; and then, these two being of age and free to act legally for themselves, came before me, hand in hand (my hair being now quite white), and entreated me that I would unite them together. "And indeed, dear Tutor," said Adelina, "it is but consistent in you that you should do this thing for us, seeing that we should never have spoken together that first time but for you, and that but for you we could never have met so often afterwards." The whole of which was literally true, for I had availed myself of my many business attendances on, and conferences with, my Lady, to take Mr. Granville to the house, and leave him in the outer room with Adelina.

I knew that my Lady would object to such a marriage for her daughter, or to any marriage that was other than an exchange of her for stipulated lands, goods, and moneys. But, looking on the two, and seeing with full eyes that they were both young and beautiful; and knowing that they were alike in the tastes and acquirements that will outlive youth and beauty; and considering that Adelina had a fortune now, in her own keeping; and considering further that Mr. Granville, though for the present poor, was of a good family that had never lived in a cellar in Preston; and believing that their love would endure, neither having any great discrepancy to find out in the other, — I told them of my readiness to do this thing which Adelina asked of her dear Tutor, and to send them forth, Husband and Wife, into the shining world with golden gates that awaited them.

It was on a summer morning that I rose before the sun, to compose myself for the crowning of my work with this end. And my dwelling being near to the sea, I walked down to the rocks on the shore, in order that I might behold the sun rise in his majesty.

The tranquillity upon the Deep and on the firmament, the orderly withdrawal of the stars, the calm promise of coming day, the rosy suffusion of the sky and waters, the ineffable splendor that then burst forth, attuned my mind afresh after the discords of the night.

Methought that all I looked on said to me, and that all I heard in the sea and in the air said to me, "Be comforted, mortal, that thy life is so short. Our preparation for what is to follow has endured, and shall endure, for unimaginable ages."

I married them. I knew that my hand was cold when I placed it on their hands clasped together; but the words with which I had to accompany the action I could say without faltering, and I was at peace.

They being well away from my house and from the place, after our simple breakfast, the time was come when I must do what I had pledged myself to them that I would do, — break the intelligence to my Lady.

I went up to the house, and found my Lady in her ordinary business-room. She happened to have an unusual amount of commissions to intrust to me that day, and she had filled my hands with papers before I could originate a word.

"My Lady," — I then began, as I stood beside her table.

"Why, what 's the matter?" she said, quickly, looking up.

"Not much, I would fain hope, after you shall have prepared yourself, and considered a little."

"Prepared myself! And considered a little! You appear to have prepared *your*self but indifferently, anyhow, Mr. Silverman." This, mighty scornfully, as I experienced my usual embarrassment under her stare.

Said I, in self-extenuation, once for all: "Lady Fareway, I have but to say for myself that I have tried to do my duty."

"For yourself?" repeated my Lady. "Then there are others concerned, I see. Who are they?"

I was about to answer, when she made towards the bell with a dart that stopped me, and said, "Why, where is Adelina?"

"Forbear. Be calm, my Lady. I married her this morning to Mr. Granville Wharton."

She set her lips, looked more intently at me than ever, raised her right hand and smote me hard upon the cheek.

"Give me back those papers, give me back those papers!" She tore them out of my hands and tossed them on her table. Then seating herself defiantly in her great chair, and folding her arms, she stabbed me to the heart with the unlooked-for reproach: "You worldly wretch!"

"Worldly?" I cried. "Worldly!"

"This, if you please," she went on with supreme scorn, pointing me out as if there were some one there to see, — "this, if you please, is the disinterested scholar, with not a design beyond his books! This, if you please, is the simple creature whom any one could overreach in a bargain! This, if you please, is Mr. Silverman! Not of this world, not he! He has too much simplicity for this world's cunning. He has too much singleness of purpose to be a match for this world's double-dealing. What did he give you for it?"

"For what? And who?"

"How much," she asked, bending forward in her great chair, and insultingly tapping the fingers of her right hand on the palm of her left, — "how much does Mr. Granville Wharton pay you for getting him Adelina's money? What is the amount of your percentage upon Adelina's fortune? What were the terms of the agreement that you proposed to this boy when you, the Reverend George Silverman, licensed to marry, engaged to put him in possession of this girl? You made good terms for yourself, whatever they were. He would stand a poor chance against your keenness."

Bewildered, horrified, stunned by this cruel perversion, I could not speak. But I trust that I looked innocent, being so.

"Listen to me, shrewd hypocrite," said my Lady, whose anger increased as she gave it utterance. "Attend to my words, you cunning schemer who have carried this plot through with such a practised double face that I have never suspected you. I had my projects for my daughter; projects for

family connection; projects for fortune. You have thwarted them, and overreached me; but I am not one to be thwarted and overreached without retaliation. Do you mean to hold this Living another month?"

"Do you deem it possible, Lady Fareway, that I can hold it another hour, under your injurious words?"

"Is it resigned, then?"

"It was mentally resigned, my Lady, some minutes ago."

"Don't equivocate, sir. *Is* it resigned?"

"Unconditionally and entirely. And I would that I had never, never come near it!"

"A cordial response from me to *that* wish, Mr. Silverman! But take this with you, sir. If you had not resigned it, I would have had you deprived of it. And though you have resigned it, you will not get quit of me as easily as you think for. I will pursue you with this story. I will make this nefarious conspiracy of yours, for money, known. You have made money by it, but you have at the same time made an enemy by it. *You* will take good care that the money sticks to you; *I* will take good care that the enemy sticks to you."

Then said I, finally: "Lady Fareway, I think my heart is broken. Until I came into this room just now, the possibility of such mean wickedness as you have imputed to me never dawned upon my thoughts. Your suspicions—"

"Suspicions! Pah!" said she, indignantly. "Certainties."

"Your certainties, my Lady, as you call them, your suspicions, as I call them, are cruel, unjust, wholly devoid of foundation in fact. I can declare no more, except that I have not acted for my own profit or my own pleasure. I have not in this proceeding considered myself. Once again, I think my heart is broken. If I have unwittingly done any wrong with a righteous motive, that is some penalty to pay."

She received this with another and a more indignant "Pah!" and I made my way out of her room (I think I felt my way out with my hands, although my eyes were open), almost suspecting that my voice had a repulsive sound, and that I was a repulsive object.

There was a great stir made, the Bishop was appealed to, I received a severe reprimand, and narrowly escaped suspension. For years a cloud hung over me, and my name was tarnished. But my heart did not break, if a broken heart involves death; for I lived through it.

They stood by me, Adelina and her husband, through it all. Those who had known me at College, and even most of those who had only known me there by reputation, stood by me too. Little by little, the belief widened that I was not capable of what was laid to my charge. At length I was presented to a College-Living in a sequestered place, and there I now pen my Explanation. I pen it at my open window in the summer-time; before me, lying the churchyard, equal resting-place for sound hearts, wounded hearts, and broken hearts. I pen it for the relief of my own mind, not foreseeing whether or no it will ever have a reader.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

CATALONIAN BRIDLE-ROADS.

"And mule-bells tinkling down the mountain-paths of Spain."—WHITTIER.

I LEARNED something of the bridle-roads of Catalonia in defiance of advice and warning, and almost against my own inclination. My next point of interest, after leaving the Balearic Islands, was the forgotten Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees; and the voice of the persons whom I consulted in Barcelona — none of whom had made the journey, or knew any one who had — was unanimous that I should return to France, and seek an entrance from that side. Such a course would certainly have been more comfortable; but the direct route, from the very insecurity which was predicted, offered a prospect of adventure, the fascination of which, I regret to say, I have not yet entirely outgrown. "It is a country of smugglers and robbers," said the banker who replenished my purse; "and I seriously advise you not to enter it. Moreover, the roads are almost impassable, and there is nothing to be seen on the way."

These words, uttered with a grave face by a native Catalan, ought to have decided the matter, yet they did not. To be sure I thanked the man for his warning, and left him to suppose that I would profit by it, rather than enter into any discussion; but when I quitted his office, with fresh funds in my pocket, and corresponding courage in my bosom, my course was already decided. Had I not heard the same warnings, in all parts of the world, and had not the picturesque danger always fled as I approached it? Nevertheless, there came later moments of doubt, the suggestions of that convenient life which we lead at home, and the power of which increases with our years. Fatigue and hardship do not become lighter from repetition, but the reverse; the remembrance of past aches and past hunger returns whenever the experience is renewed, and aggravates it.

So, when I had descended from Montserrat, and was waiting in the cool of the evening at the door of the rudest possible restaurant, at the railway station of Monistrol, a little imp whispered: "The first train is for Barcelona. Take it and you will be in France tomorrow night. This way is safe and speedy; you know not what the other may be." I watched the orange-light fade from the topmost pinnacles of Montserrat; a distant whistle sounded, and the other pilgrims hurried towards the ticket-office. I followed them as far as the door, paused a moment, and then said to myself: "No, if I back out now, I shall never be sure of myself again!" Then I returned to my seat beside the door, and saw the train go by, with the feeling of a man who has an appointment with a dentist.

In another hour came the upward train, which would carry me as far as the town of Manresa, where my doubtful journey commenced. It was already dusk, and deliciously cool after the fierce heat of the day. A full moon shone upon the opposite hills as I sped up the valley of the Llobregat, and silvered the tops of the olives; but I only saw them in glimpses of unconquerable sleep, and finally descended at the station of Manresa not fully awake.

A rough, ragged porter made a charge upon my valise, which I yielded to his hands. "Take it to the best hotel," I said. "Ah, that is the Chicken!" he replied. Now, the driver of the omnibus from Montserrat had recommended the San Domingo, which

had altogether a better sound than the Chicken; but I did not think of resisting my fate. I was conscious of a wonderful moonlight picture, — of a town on a height, crowned by a grand cathedral; of a winding river below; of steep slopes of glimmering houses; of lofty hills, seamed with the shadows of glens; and of the sparkle of orange-leaves in the hanging gardens. This while we were crossing a suspension-bridge; at the end, we plunged into narrow, winding streets, full of gloom and disagreeable odors. A few oil-lamps burned far apart; there were lights in the upper windows of the houses, and the people were still gossiping with their neighbors. When we emerged into a plaza, it was more cheerful; the single *café* was crowded, the *estanco* for the sale of tobacco, and the barber's shop were still open. A little farther and we reached the Chicken, which was an ancient and uninviting house, with a stable on the ground-floor. Here the porter took his fee with a grin, and saying, "You will want me in the morning!" wished me good night.

I mounted to a dining-room nearly fifty feet in length, in which a lonely gentleman sat, waiting for his supper. When the hostess had conducted me to a bedroom of equal dimensions, and proceeded to put clean sheets upon a bed large enough for four Michigan soldiers, I became entirely reconciled to my fate. After trying in vain to extract any intelligence from a Madrid newspaper, I went to bed and slept soundly; but the little imp was at my ear when I woke, saying: "Here you leave the railway; after this it will not be so easy to turn back." "Very well," I thought, "I will go back now." I opened the shutters, let the full morning sun blaze into the room, dipped my head into water, and then cried out: "Begone, tempter! I go forwards." But, alas! it was not so once. There is a difference between springing nimbly from one's rest with a "Hurrah! there 's another rough day before me!" and a slow clinging to one's easy pillow, with the sigh, "Ah! must I go through another rough day?" However, that was my last moment of weakness, and physical only, — being an outcry of the muscles against the coming aches and strains, like that of the pack-camel before he receives his load.

The first stage of my further journey, I learned, could be made by a diligence which left at eleven o'clock. In the mean time I wandered about the town, gathering an impression of its character quite distinct from that of the previous evening. It has no architectural monuments; for the cathedral, like all such edifices in Spain, is unfinished, internally dark, and well supplied with bad pictures. Its position, nevertheless, is superb; and the platform of rock upon which it stands looks over a broad, bright, busy landscape. The sound of water, wheels, and the humming looms of factories fills the air; however primitive the other forms of labor may be, the people all seem to be busy. The high houses present an agreeable variety of color, although a rich brown is predominant; many of them have balconies, and the streets turn at such unexpected angles that light and shade assist in making pictures everywhere. Manresa has a purely Spanish aspect, and the groups on the plaza and in the shady alleys are as lively and glowing as any in Andalusia.

I read the history of the place, as given in the guide-books, but will not here repeat it. According to my English guide, it was sacked and its inhabitants butchered by the French, during the Peninsular War; according to the French guide, nothing of the kind ever took place. As I read the books alternately, I came to the conclusion that both sides must have been splendidly victorious in the battles which were fought in Spain. When the Englishman said: "Here our army, numbering only eighteen thousand men (of whom eight thousand were Spanish allies, of doubtful service), encountered thirty-seven thousand French, and completely routed them," the Frenchman had: "Here our ar-

my, numbering only fifteen thousand, including seven thousand Spaniards, put to flight thirty-three thousand English, — one of the most brilliant actions of the war." At this rate of representation, it will be a disputed question, in the next century, whether Soult or Wellington was driven out of Spain.

My porter of the night before made his appearance, and as I had suspected him of interested motives in conducting me to the Chicken, I tested his character by giving a smaller fee for an equal service; but he took it with the same thanks. Moreover, the diligence office was in the San Domingo Hotel, and I satisfied myself that the Chicken was really better than the Saint. Two lumbering yellow coaches stood in the spacious stable, which was at the same time entrance-hall and laundry. On one side some lean mules were eating their barley; on another, a pump and stone trough supplied the house with water; a stone staircase led to the inhabited rooms, and three women were washing clothes at a tank in the rear. Dogs ran about scratching themselves; country passengers, with boxes and baskets, sat upon stone posts and did the same; and now and then a restless horse walked forth from the stalls, snuffing at one person after another, as if hoping to find one who might be eatable. Two *mayorals* or coachmen, followed by two grooms, bustled about with bits of harness in their hands, and the washerwomen made a great clatter with their wooden beetles; but the time passed, and nothing seemed to be accomplished on either side. The whole scene was so thoroughly Spanish that no one would have been surprised had the Don and Sancho ridden into the doorway. One of the women at the tank was certainly Maritornes.

At length, after a great deal of ceremony, one of the vehicles drove off. "It 's going to Berga," said a man in faded velvet, in answer to my question; "and all I know is, that *that* 's the way to Puigcerda." The mules were now harnessed to our diligence and we took our places, — my friend in velvet; two stout women, one of whom carried six dried codfish tied in a bundle; a shrivelled old man, a mild brown soldier, and myself. It was an hour behind the appointed time, but no one seemed to notice the delay. We rolled out of the ammoniated shadows of the stable into a blaze which was doubled on the white highway, and thrown back to us from the red, scorched rocks beside it. The valley of the Cardoner, which we entered on leaving Manresa, quivered in the breathless heat: the stream was almost exhausted in its bed, and the thin gray foliage of the poplars and olives gave but a mockery of shadow. Everywhere the dry red soil baked in the sunshine. The only refreshing thing I saw was a break in an irrigating canal, which let down a cascade over the rocks into the road. No water in the world ever seemed so cool, so fresh, so glittering; in the thirsty landscape it flashed like a symbol of generous, prodigal life. Who could fling gold around him with so beautiful a beneficence?

The features of the scenery, nevertheless, were too bold and picturesque to be overlooked. As we gained a longer vista, Montserrat lifted his blue horns over the nearer hills, and a dim streak of snow, far in the northwest, made signal for the Pyrenees. Abrupt as were the heights enclosing the valley, they were cultivated to the summit, and the brown country-houses, perched on projecting spurs, gave them a life which the heat and thirsty color of the soil could not take away. Our destination was Cardona, and after a smothering ride of two hours we reached the little village of Suria, half-way in distance, but by no means in time. Beyond it, the country became rougher, the road steep and toilsome; and our three mules plodded slowly on, with drooping heads and tails, while, inside, the passengers nodded one after the other, and became silent. We crossed the Cardoner, and ascended a long slope of the hills, where the view, restricted to the neighboring fields, be-

came so monotonous that I nodded and dozed with the rest.

We were all aroused by the diligence stopping beside a large farm-house. There was a general cry for water, and the farmer's daughter presently came out with a stone pitcher, cool and dripping from the well. The glass was first given to me, as a stranger; and I was about setting it to my lips, when two or three of the passengers suddenly cried out, "Stop!" I paused, and looked around in surprise. The man in velvet had already dropped a piece of sugar into the water, and the old woman opposite took a bottle from her basket, saying, "This is better!" and added a spoonful of anise-seed brandy. "Now," exclaimed both at the same time, "you can drink with safety." The supply of sugar and anise-seed held out, and each passenger was regaled at the expense of the two Samaritans. After this, conversation brightened, and we all became talkative and friendly. The man in velvet, learning my destination, exclaimed: "O, you ought to have gone by way of Berga! It is a dreadful country about Solsona and the Rio Segre." But the old woman leaned over and whispered: "Don't mind what he says. *I* come from Solsona, and it 's a good country, — a very good country, indeed. Go on, and you will see!"

The valley of the Cardoner had become narrower, the mountains were higher, and there were frequent ruins of mediæval castles on the summits. When we had reached the top of the long ascent, the citadel of Cardona in front suddenly rose sharp and abrupt over the terraced slopes of vine. It appeared to be within a league, but our coachman was so slow and the native passengers so patient, that we did not arrive for two hours. Drawing nearer, the peculiar colors of the earth around the base of an isolated mountain announced to us the celebrated salt-mines of the place. Red, blue, purple, yellow, and gray, the bare cliffs glittered in the sun as if frosted over with innumerable crystals. This mass of native salt is a mile and a half in circumference, with a height of about two hundred and fifty feet. The action of the atmosphere seems to have little effect upon it, and the labor of centuries has no more than tapped its immense stores. As in Wieliczka, in Poland, the workmen in the mines manufacture cups, ornaments, pillars, and even chandeliers, from the pure saline crystal, — objects which, although they remain perfect in the dry atmosphere of Spain, soon melt into thin air when carried to Northern lands.

The town of Cardona occupies the crest of a sharp hill, rising above the mountain of salt. Between it and the river, on the north, stands the citadel, still more loftily perched, like a Greek acropolis. Our road passed entirely around the latter and mounted to the town on the opposite side, where the diligence set us down in front of a rude *fonda*. The old gate was broken down, the walls ruined, and the first houses we passed were uninhabited. There was no longer an *octroi;* in fact, the annoyances of travel in Spain diminish in proportion as one leaves the cities and chief thoroughfares. As I dismounted, the coachman took hold of my arm, saying, "Cavalier, here is a decent man who will get a horse for you, and travel with you to the Seo de Urgel. I know the man, and it is I who recommend him." The person thus introduced was a sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, with short black hair, and hard, weather-beaten features. He touched his red Catalan cap, and then looked me steadily in the face while, in answer to my inquiries, he offered to be ready at four o'clock the next morning, and demanded six dollars for himself and horse, the journey requiring two days. There were two or three other *arrieros* present, but I plainly saw that none of them would enter into competition with a man recommended by the coachman. Moreover, as far as appearances went, he was the best of the lot, and so I engaged him at once.

While the fat hostess of the *fonda* was preparing my dinner, I strolled for

an hour or two about the town. The church is renowned for having been founded in the year 820, immediately after the expulsion of the Moors from this part of Spain, and for containing the bodies of St. Celadonio and St. Emeterio,—whoever those holy personages may have been. I confess I never heard of them before. What I admired in the church was the splendid mellow brown tint of its massive ancient front. Brown is the characteristic color of Spain, from the drapery of Murillo and the walls of cathedrals to the shadow of cypresses and the arid soil of the hills. Whether brightening into gold or ripening into purple, it always seems to give the key of color. In the streets of Cardona, it was the base upon which endless picturesque groups of people were painted,—women spinning flax, children cooling their bare bodies on the stones, blacksmiths and cobblers forging and stitching in the open air,—all with a keen glance of curiosity, but also a respectful greeting for the stranger. The plaza, which was called, like all plazas in Catalonia, *de la Constitucion*, overhung the deep ravine at the foot of the salt mountain. From its parapet I looked upon the vineyard-terraces into which the hills have been fashioned, and found them as laboriously constructed as those of the Rheingau. A cliff of salt below sparkled like prismatic glass in the evening light, but all the nearer gardens lay in delicious shadow, and the laden asses began to jog homewards from the distant fields. There was a *café* on the plaza, patronized only by two or three military idlers; the people still worked steadily while the daylight lasted, charming away their fatigue by the most melancholy songs.

The inn was not an attractive place. The kitchen was merely one corner of the public room, in which chairs lay overturned and garments tumbled about, as if the house had been sacked. The members of the family sat and chattered in this confusion, promising whatever I demanded, but taking their own time about getting it. I had very meagre expectations of dinner, and was therefore not a little surprised when excellent fresh fish, stewed rabbits, and a roasted fowl were set successively before me. The merry old landlady came and went, anxious to talk, but prevented by her ignorance of the pure Spanish tongue. However, she managed to make me feel quite at home, and well satisfied that I had ventured so far into the region of ill-repute.

What was going on in the town that night I cannot imagine; but it was a tumult of the most distracting kind. First, there were drums and—as it seemed to me—tin pans beaten for an hour or two in the street below; then a chorus of piercing, dreadfully inharmonious voices; then a succession of short cries or howls, like those of the Oriental dervishes. Sometimes the noises moved away, and I settled myself to sleep, whereupon they came back, worse than before. "O children of Satan!" I cried, "will ye never be still?" Some time after midnight the voices became hoarse; one by one dropped off, and the charivari gradually ceased, from the inability of the performers to keep it up longer. Then horses were led forth from the stable on the ground-floor, whips were violently cracked, and the voices of grooms began to be heard. At three o'clock Juan, my new guide, came into the room with a coarse bag, in which he began packing the contents of my valise, which could not otherwise be carried on horseback,—and so my rest was over before it had commenced.

I found the diligence about starting on its return to Manresa, and my horse, already equipped, standing in the stable. The sack, valise, and other articles were so packed, before and behind the saddle, that only a narrow, deep cleft remained for me to sit in. The sun had not yet risen, and the morning air was so cool that I determined to walk down the hill and mount at the foot. Stepping over two grooms who were lying across the stable door on a piece of hide, sound asleep, we set forth on our journey.

The acropolis rose dark against the pearly sky, and the valley of the Cardoner lay cool and green in the lingering shadows. Early as was the hour, laborers were already on their way to the fields; and when we reached the ancient bridge of seven arches, I saw the two old ladies of Solsona in advance, mounted on mules, and carrying their baskets, boxes, and dried codfish with them. Although my French guide-book declared that the road before me was scarcely practicable, the sight of these ladies was a better authority to the contrary. I mounted at the bridge, and joined the cavalcade, which was winding across a level tract of land, between walled fields and along the banks of irrigating canals. Juan, however, found the mules too slow, and soon chose a side-path, which, in the course of a mile or two, brought us into the main track, some distance in advance of the old ladies. By this time the sun was up and blazing on all the hills; the wide, open country about Cardona came to an end, and we struck into a narrow glen, covered with forests of pine. Juan directed me to ford the river and follow the track on the opposite side, while he went on to a foot-bridge farther up. "In a few minutes," he said, "you will find a *carretera*," — a cart-road, which proved to be a superb macadamized highway, yet virgin of any wheel. Men were working upon it, smoothing the turf on either side, and levelling the gravel as carefully as if the Queen's mail-coach travelled that way; but the splendid piece of workmanship has neither beginning nor end, and will be utterly useless until it touches a finished road somewhere.

A short distance farther the glen expanded, and I recrossed the river by a lofty new bridge. The road was carried over the bottom-land on an embankment at least forty feet high, and then commenced ascending the hills on the northern bank. After passing a little village on the first height, we entered a forest of pine, which continued without interruption for four or five miles. The country became almost a wilderness, and wore a singular air of loneliness, contrasted with the busy region I had left behind. As I approached the summit, the view extended far and wide over a dark, wooded sweep of hills, rarely broken by a solitary farm-house and the few cleared fields around it. On the nearer slope below me there was now and then such a house; but the most of them were in ruins, and young pines were shooting up in the deserted vineyards. The Catalans are so laborious in their habits, so skilled in the art of turning waste into fruitful land, that there must have been some special reason for this desolation. My guide either could not or would not explain it.

When we reached the northern side of the mountain, cultivation again commenced, and I saw the process of clearing woodland and preparing the soil for crops. The trees are first removed, the stumps and roots dug up, and then all the small twigs, brambles, weeds, and dry sticks, — everything, in fact, which cannot be used for lumber and firewood, — are gathered into little heaps all over the ground, and covered with the top soil. A year, probably, must elapse, before these heaps are tolerably decomposed; then they are spread upon the surface and ploughed under. The virgin soil thus acquired is manured after every crop, and there is no such thing as an exhausted field.

The fine highway came to an end as suddenly as it had commenced, in the rough forest, with no village near. The country became broken and irregular, and the bridle-path descended continually through beautiful groves of oak, with an undergrowth of box and lavender, the odors from which filled the air. I was nearly famished, when, after a journey of five or six leagues, we emerged from the woods, and saw the rich valley-basin of Solsona before us, with the dark old town in its centre. Here, again, every available foot of soil was worked into terraces, drained or irrigated as the case might be, and made to produce its utmost. As I rode along the low walls, the ripe, heavy ears of

wheat leaned over and brushed my head. Although there is no wheeled vehicle — not even a common cart — in this region, all the roads being the rudest bridle-paths, the town is approached by a magnificent bridge of a dozen arches, spanning a grassy hollow, at the bottom of which flows a mere thread of a brook.

At the farther end of the bridge, a deserted gateway ushers the stranger into Solsona. Few strangers, I suspect, ever enter the place; for labor ceased as I passed along the streets, and even Don Basilio, on his way home from morning mass, lifted his shovel-hat, and bowed profoundly. Many of the houses were in ruins, and bore the marks of fire and balls. I rode into the ground-floor of a dark house which bore no sign or symbol over the door, but Juan assured me that it was an inn. A portly, dignified gentleman advanced out of the shadows, and addressed me in the purest Castilian; he was the landlord, and his daughter was cook and waiting-maid. The rooms above were gloomy and very ancient; there was scarcely a piece of furniture which did not appear to be two centuries old; yet everything was clean and orderly.

"Can we have breakfast?" I asked.

"Whatever we have is at your disposition," said the landlord. "What would you be pleased to command?"

"Eggs, meat, bread, and wine; but nothing that cannot be got ready in a few minutes."

The landlord bowed, and went into the kitchen. Presently he returned and asked, "Did I understand you to wish for *meat*, Cavalier?"

"Certainly, if you have it," I replied.

"Yes, we have it in the house," said he; "but I didn't know what your *custom* was."

I did not guess what he meant until a plate of capital mutton-chops was smoking under my nose. Then it flashed across my mind that the day was Friday, and I no better than a heathen in the eyes of my worthy host. According to the country custom of Spain, master and groom fare alike, and Juan took his seat beside me without waiting for an invitation. I ought to have invited the landlord, but I was too hungry to remember it. To my surprise — and relief also — Juan ate his share of the chops, and there was a radiant satisfaction on his countenance. I have no doubt he looked upon me as the responsible party, and did not even consider it worth while to confess afterwards.

"You have a beautiful country here," I remarked to the landlord, knowing that such an expression is always accepted as a half-compliment.

"It is a country," he exclaimed with energy, "*que nada falta*, — which lacks nothing! There is everything you want; there is not a better country under the sun! No, it is not the *country* that we complain of."

"What then?" I asked.

For a moment he made no reply, then, apparently changing the subject, said, "Did you see the houses in ruins as you came into Solsona? That was done in the Carlist wars. We suffered terribly: nearly half the people of this region were slaughtered."

"What good comes of these wars?" I asked. "Is anything better than it was before? What have you to offset all that fire and murder?"

"That's it!" he cried; "that was what I meant."

He shook his head in a melancholy way, drank a glass of wine, and said, as if to prevent my saying anything further: "You understand how to travel, or you would not have come into such wild parts as these. But here, instead of having the rattling of cart-wheels in your ears all day, you have the songs of the nightingales. You don't have dust in your nose, but the smell of grain and flowers; you can start when you please, and ride as far as you like. That's *my* way to travel, and I wish there were more people of the same mind. We don't often see a foreign cavalier in Solsona, yet it's not a bad country, as you yourself say."

By this time Juan and I had con-

sumed the chops and emptied the bottle; and, as there were still six leagues to be travelled that day, we prepared to leave Solsona. The town, of barely two thousand inhabitants, has an ancient church, a deserted palace of the former Dukes of Cardona, and a miraculous image of the Virgin, — neither of which things is sufficiently remarkable in its way to be further described. The age of the place is apparent; a dark, cool, mournful atmosphere of the Past fills its streets, and the traces of recent war seem to have been left from mediæval times.

The sky was partly overcast, but there was an intense, breathless heat in the air. Our path led across the bounteous valley into a wild ravine, which was spanned by two ancient aqueducts. The pointed arch of one of them hinted of Moorish construction, as well as the platform and tank of a fountain in a rocky nook beyond. Here the water gushed out in a powerful stream, as in those fountains of the Anti-Lebanon in the country of Galilee. Large plane-trees shaded the spot, and the rocks overhung it on three sides, yet no one was there to enjoy the shade and coolness. The place was sad, because so beautiful and so lonely.

At the farther end of the ravine we entered a forest of pine, with an undergrowth of box, and commenced ascending the mountain-range dividing the valley of Solsona from that of the Rio Salado. It might have been the Lesser Atlas, and the sky that of Africa, so fierce was the heat, so dry and torn the glens up the sides of which toiled my laboring horse. Birds and insects were alike silent: the lizard, scampering into his hole in the red bank of earth, was the only living thing. For an hour or more we slowly plodded upward; then, emerging from the pine wood upon a barren summit, I looked far and wide over a gray, forbidding, fiery land. Beyond the Salado Valley, which lay beneath me, rose a range of uninhabited mountains, half clothed with forest or thicket, and over them the outer Pyrenees, huge masses of bare rock, cut into sharp, irregular forms. A house or two, and some cultivated patches, were visible along the banks of the Salado; elsewhere, there was no sign of habitation.

The *bajada*, or descent, to the river was so steep and rough that I was forced to dismount and pick my way down the zigzags of burning sand and sliding gravel. At the bottom I forded the river, the water of which is saline, and then hastened to a mill upon the farther bank, to procure a cup of water. The machinery was working in charge of a lusty girl, who shut off the water while she ran to a spring in the ravine behind, and filled an earthen jar. There was nothing of Spanish grace and beauty about her. She had gray eyes, a broad, flat nose, brown hair, broad shoulders, and the arms and legs of a butcher. But she was an honest, kind-hearted creature, and the joyous good-will with which she served me was no less refreshing than the water.

The path now followed the course of the Rio Salado, under groves of venerable ilex, which fringed the foot of the mountain. Thickets of box and tamarisk overhung the stream, and the sight of the water rushing and murmuring through sun and shade made the heat more endurable. Another league, however, brought me to the little hamlet of Ojern, where my road took to the hills again. Nature has given this little place a bay of rich soil between the river and the mountains, man has blackened it with fire and riddled it with shot; and between the two it has become a complete and surprising picture. Out of superb gardens of orange and fig trees, over hedges of roses and wild mounds of woodbine, rise the cracked and tottering walls, — heaps of ruin, but still inhabited. Nothing could be finer than the contrast of the riotous vegetation, struggling to grow away from the restraining hand into its savage freedom, with the firm texture, the stubborn forms and the dark, mellow coloring of the masonry. Of course the place was dirty, and offended one sense as much as it delighted the other.

It is a pity that neatness and comfort cannot be picturesque.

I knew that the Rio Segre could not be very distant, but I was far from guessing how much the way might be lengthened by heat and almost impracticable roads. This ascent was worse than the former, since there was no forest to throw an occasional shade. A scrubby chaparral covered the red and flinty slopes, upon which the sun beat until the air above them quivered. My horse was assailed with a large gadfly, and kicked, stamped, and whirled his head as if insane. I soon had occasion to notice a physiological fact, — that the bones of a horse's head are more massive than those of the human shin. When we reached the summit of the mountain, after a long, long pull, I was so bruised, shaken, and exhausted that Juan was obliged to help me out of the saddle, or, rather, the crevice between two piles of baggage in which I was wedged. The little imp came back chuckling, and said, "I told you so!" In such cases, I always recall Cicero's consolatory remark, and go on my way with fresh courage.

Moreover, far below, at the base of the bare peaks of rock which rose against the western sky, I saw the glitter of the Rio Segre, and knew that my day's labor was nearly at an end. The descent was so rugged that I gave the reins to Juan, and went forward on foot. After getting down the first steep, the path fell into and followed the dry bed of a torrent, which dropped rapidly towards the river. In half an hour I issued from the fiery ravine, and was greeted by a breeze that had cooled its wings on the Pyrenean snow. Olive-trees again shimmered around me, and a valley-bed of fruitful fields expanded below. A mile farther, around the crest of the lower hills, I found myself on a rocky point, just over the town of Oliana. It was the oldest and brownest place I had seen, up to this time; but there was shade in its narrow streets, and rest for me under one of its falling roofs. A bell in the tall square tower of the church chimed three; and Juan, coming up with the horse, insisted that I should mount, and make my entrance as became a cavalier.

I preferred comfort to dignity; but when everybody can see that a man *has* a horse, he really loses nothing by walking. The first houses we passed appeared to be deserted; then came the main street, in which work, gossip, and recreation were going on in the open air. Here there was a swinging sign with the word "Hostal" over the inn door, and most welcome was that inn, with its unwashed floors, its fleas, and its odors of garlic. I was feverish with the absorption of so much extra heat, and the people gave me the place of comfort at an open window, with a view of green fields between the poplars. Below me there was a garden belonging to the priest, who, in cassock and shovel-hat, was inspecting his vegetables. Gathering up his sable skirts, he walked mincingly between the rows of lettuce and cauliflower, now and then pointing out a languishing plant, which an old woman in attendance then proceeded to refresh by flinging water upon it with a paddle, from a tank in a corner of the garden. Browning's "Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister" came into my head; and I think I should have cried out, could the padre have understood the words: "O, that rose has prior claims!" I must say, however, that the garden was admirably kept, and the priest's table was all the better for his horticultural tastes.

There were three or four jolly fellows in the inn, who might have served in Sherman's army, they were so tall and brown and strong. My attention was drawn from the priest by their noise and laughter, and I found them gathered about a wild-looking man, dressed in rags. The latter talked so rapidly, in the Catalan dialect, that I could understand very little of what he said; but the landlady came up and whispered, "He 's a *loco* (an idiot), but he does no harm." To me he seemed rather to be a genius, with a twist in his brain. He was very quick in retort, and often

turned the laugh upon his questioner; while from his constant appeals to "Maria Santissima," a strong religious idea evidently underlay his madness. The landlord gave him a good meal, and he then went on his way, cheerful, perhaps happy, in his isolation.

I suppose Juan must have been well satisfied to eat meat on a Friday without the sin being charged to his personal account, and must therefore have given a hint to the landlord; for, without my order, a chicken was set before me at dinner, and he took the drumsticks as of right. When the sun got behind the tall mountain opposite, I wandered about the town, seeing nothing that seems worthy of being recorded, yet every view was a separate picture which I cannot easily forget. There were no peculiarities of architecture or of costume; but the houses were so quaintly irregular, the effects of light and shade so bold and beautiful, the colors so balanced, that each street with its inhabitants might have been painted without change. There was a group before the shoemaker's door, — the workman on his bench, a woman with a shoe, a young fellow in scarlet cap, who had paused to say a word, and two or three children tumbling on the stones; another at the fountain, — women filling jars, coming and going with the load on hip or head; another at the barber's, and all framed by houses brown as Murillo's color, with a background of shadow as rich as Rembrandt's. These are subjects almost too simple to paint with the pen; they require the pencil.

In the evening, the sultry vapors which had been all day floating in the air settled over the gorge, and presently thunder-echoes were buffeted back and forth between the rocky walls. The skirts of a delicious rain trailed over the valley, and Night breathed odor and coolness and healing balsam as she came down from the western peaks. Rough and dirty as was the guests' room of the "hostal," my bedroom was clean and pleasant. A floor of tiles, a simple iron washstand resembling an ancient tripod, one chair, and a bed, coarsely, but freshly spread, — what more can a reasonable man desire? The linen (though it is a bull to say so) was of that roughly woven cotton which one finds only in Southern Europe, Africa, and the Orient, which always seems cool and clean, and has nothing in common with the frowzy, flimsy stuff we find in cheap places at home. Whoever has slept in a small new town (I beg pardon, "city") on an Illinois prairie, knows the feeling of soft, insufficient sheets and flabby pillows, all hinting of frequent use, between which he thinks, ere sleep conquers his disgust, of the handkerchief which awaits him as towel in the morning. In the poorest inn in Spain I am better lodged than in the Jimplecute House in Roaring City.

Juan called me at three o'clock, for another severe day was before us. Our road followed the course of the Rio Segre, and there were no more burning mountains to climb; but both M. de Lavigne and Mr. Ford, in the little which they vouchsafed to say of this region, mentioned the frightful character of the gorges through which the river breaks his way downward to the Ebro; and their accounts, if the timid traveller believes them, may well deter him from making the journey. In the cool half-hour before sunrise, as I rode across the circular valley, or *conque*, of Oliana, towards the gloomy portals of rock out of which the river issues, my spirits rose in anticipation of the wild scenery beyond. The vineyards and orchards were wet and fresh, and the air full of sweet smells. Clouds rested on all the stony summits, rising or falling as the breeze shifted. The path rose to the eastern side of the gorge, where, notched along the slanting rock, it became a mere thread to the eye, and finally disappeared.

As I advanced, however, I found that the passage was less dangerous than it seemed. The river roared far below, and could be reached by a single plunge; but there was a good, well-beaten mule-

track, — the same, and probably the only one, which has been used since the first human settlement. Soon after entering the gorge, it descended to within a hundred feet of the river, and then crossed to the opposite bank by a bold bridge of a single arch, barely wide enough for a horse to walk upon. The parapet on either side was not more than two feet high, and it was not a pleasant sensation to look down from the saddle upon the roaring and whirling flood. Yet the feeling was one which must be mastered; for many a mile of sheer precipice lay before me. The Segre flows through a mere cleft in the heart of the terrible mountains, and the path continuously overhangs the abyss. Bastions of naked rock, a thousand feet high, almost shut out the day; and the traveller, after winding for hours in the gloom of their shadows, feels as if buried from the world.

The sides of the gorge are nearly perpendicular, and the dark gray rock is unrelieved by foliage, except where soil enough has lodged to nourish a tuft of box; yet here and there, wherever a few yards of less abrupt descent occur, in spots not entirely inaccessible, the peasants have built a rude wall, smoothed the surface, and compelled a scanty tribute of grass or grain. Tall, wild-looking figures, in brown jackets and knee-breeches, with short, broad-bladed scythes flashing on their shoulders, met us; and as they leaned back in the hollows of the rock to let us pass, with the threatening implements held over their heads, a very slight effort of the imagination made them more dangerous than the gulf which yawned on the opposite side of the path. They were as rough and savage as the scenery in appearance; but in reality they were simple-hearted, honest persons. All that I saw of the inhabitants of this part of Catalonia assured me that I was perfectly safe among them. After the first day of my journey I gave up the prospect of finding danger enough to make an adventure.

By and by the path, so lonely for the first hour after starting, began to be animated. The communication between the valleys of the Spanish Pyrenees and the lower Segre, as far as Lerida, is carried on through this defile, and pack-mules were met from time to time. Juan walked in advance, listening for the tinkling bells of the coming animals, and selecting places where the road was broad enough for us to pass without danger. Sometimes I waited, sometimes they, — one leaning close against the rock, one pacing slowly along the brink, with the river below booming into caverns cut out of the interlocking bases of the mountains. As the path sank or rose, accommodating itself to the outline of the cliffs, and the bells of the unseen mules or horses chimed in front around some corner of the gorge, they chimed to my ears the words of another, who foresaw as well as remembered.

O, dear and distant Friend and Poet! henceforth I shall hear your voice in this music of Spain. All that day, in the wild and wonderful cañons of the Segre, you rode with me; and poetical justice demanded that I should have paid, like Uhland to his boatman, for the other spirit who sat upon my weary steed. I tried to look with your clear eyes, so quick to detect and interpret beauty; and I try now to write of the scenery, so that you may behold it through mine. As turn after turn of the winding gorge disclosed some grander conformation of the overhanging heights, some new pinnacle of rock piercing the air, or cavern opening its dark arch at the base of a precipice, I drew you from your quiet cottage by the Merrimack, and said, as we paused together in a myrtle-roofed niche in the rocks, "All this belongs to us, for we alone have seen it!"

But, alas! how much of subtle form, of delicate gradation of color, of fleeting moods of atmosphere, escapes us when we try to translate the experience of the eyes! I endeavor to paint the living and breathing body of Nature, and I see only a hard black silhouette, like those shadows of grandfathers

which hang in old country homes. Only to minds that of themselves understand and can guess is the effort not lost. A landscape thus partly describes itself; and so, in this case, I must hope that something of the grand and lonely valley of the Rio Segre may have entered into my words. Perhaps the best general impression of the scenery may be suggested by a single peculiarity. Two hours after entering the defile, I issued from it into the *conque* of Nargo, — an open circular basin some three miles in breadth, beyond which the mountains again interlock. The term *conque* (shell?) is applied to these valleys, which occur regularly at intervals of from six to ten miles; and their arrangement is picturesquely described in French as being *en chapelet*, for they are literally strung like beads on the thread of the river. No part of Europe is so old (to the eye) as these valleys. There seems to have been no change for a thousand years. If the air were not so dry, one could fancy that the villages would be gradually buried under a growth of moss and lichens. The brown rust on their walls is almost black, the walls of the terraced fields are as secure in their places as the natural rock, and the scars left by wars are not to be distinguished from those of age. Whenever there is a surplus of population it must leave, for it cannot be subsisted. There may be mountain-paths leading inland from these valleys, but none are visible; each little community is enclosed by a circle of tremendous stony walls and pinnacles, which the river alone has been able to pierce.

At the farther end of the *conque* of Nargo lay the village, perched upon a bold crag. Several sharp, isolated mountains, resembling the horns and needles of the Alps, rose abruptly out of the open space; and their lower faces of dark vermilion rock made a forcible contrast with the splendid green of the fields. We did not pause in the village, but descended its ladder of a street to the river-wall, and plunged at once into a second gorge, as grand and savage as the first, though not more than a league in extent. Juan again went ahead and warned the coming muleteers. In another hour I reached the *conque* of Organá, a rich and spacious tract of land, with the village of the same name on a rock, precisely like Nargo. A high, conical peak on the left appeared to be inaccessible, yet there was a white chapel on its very summit. "Look there!" said Juan, "*that* saint likes a cool place."

Fine old walnut-trees made their appearance in this valley; water was everywhere abundant, and the gardens through which I approached the village were filled with shade and the sound of streams. Indeed, the terraces of ancient vines and fruit-trees, mixed with cypresses and bosky alleys of flowering shrubs, might have belonged to the palaces of an extinct nobility; but the houses which followed were those of peasants, smoky with age, low, dark, and dirty. A pack of school-children, in the main street, hailed me with loud shouts, whereat the mechanics looked up from their work, and the housewives came to the doors. There was a dusky inn, with a meek, pinched landlady, who offered eggs and a *guisado* (stew) with tomatoes. While these were cooking, she placed upon the table a broad-bellied bottle with a spout, something like an old-fashioned oil-can in shape. I was not Catalan enough to drink without a glass; but Juan, raising the bottle above his head, spirted a thin stream of wine into his open mouth, and drank long and luxuriously. When he was satisfied, a dexterous turn of the wrist cut off the stream, and not a drop was spilled. At the table, these bottles pass from hand to hand, — one cannot say from mouth to mouth, for the lips never touch them. I learned to drink in the same fashion without much difficulty, and learned thereby that much of the flavor of the wine is lost. The custom seems to have been invented to disguise a bad vintage.

While we were breakfasting, a French peasant, whom I had seen at Oliana, arrived. He was on foot, and bound

for Foix, by way of Andorra. This was also my route, and I accepted his offer of engaging another horse for me at Urgal, in the evening, and accompanying me over the Pyrenees. He was not a very agreeable person, but it was a satisfaction to find some one with whom I could speak. I left him at the table, with a company of Spanish muleteers, and never saw him afterwards.

Before leaving Orgañá, I was stopped in the street by a man who demanded money, saying something about the "Pons," which I could not comprehend. It finally occurred to me that the defile through which I was about to pass is named *Los Tres Pons* (The Three Bridges) on the old maps of Catalonia, and that the man was asking for toll, — which proved to be the case. The three *cuartos* which I paid was the veriest trifle for the privilege of passing over such a road as followed. The mountains were here loftier, and therefore more deeply cloven; the former little attempts at cultivation ceased, for even Catalonian thrift shrank from wresting any profit out of walls so bare and bluff that scarcely a wild goat could cling to their ledges. Two hundred feet below, the river beat against the rocks with a sullen, mysterious sound, while, from one to two thousand feet above, the jagged coping of the precipices cut the sky. A cool, steady wind drew down the cleft, filling it with a singular humming sound. The path crossed to the eastern side by a tremulous wooden bridge laid flat upon natural abutments; then, a mile farther, recrossed by a lofty stone arch, under which there was a more ancient one, still perfect. Several miles of the same wonderful scenery succeeded, — scenery the like of which I know not where to find in Switzerland. The gorge of Gondo, on the Italian side of the Simplon, is similar in character, but less grand and majestic. Far up in the enormous cliffs, I saw here and there the openings of caverns, to which no man has ever climbed; cut into the heart of inaccessible walls were unexpected glens, green nests of foliage, safe from human intrusion, where the nightingales sang in conscious security; and there were points so utterly terrible in all their features that the existence of a travelled path was the greatest wonder of all.

In the preceding defiles, Nature had accidentally traced out the way, but here it had been forced by sheer labor and daring. Sometimes it was hewn into the face of the upright rock; sometimes it rested on arches built up from below, the worn masonry of which threatened to give way as I passed over. Now, fortunately, the tinkling of mule-bells was rare, for there were few points where travellers could safely meet. Convulsion was as evident in the structure of the mountains themselves as in their forcible separation. In some places the perpendicular strata were curiously bent, as if the top had cooled rapidly and begun to lean over upon the fluid ascending mass. The summits assumed the wildest and most fantastic forms, especially about the centre of the mountain range. When I had crossed the third bridge, which is more than a league above the second, the heights fell away, the glen gradually opened, and I saw before me the purple chain of the Pyrenees, mottled with dark patches of forest, and crested with snow.

The pass of The Three Bridges has its tragic episode of recent history, in addition to those which the centuries have forgotten. Here, forty years ago, the Count of Spain, who governed Catalonia in the name of Ferdinand VII., was betrayed by his own adjutant, by whom, and by a priest named Ferrer, he was murdered. The deed is supposed to have been committed at the instigation of Don Carlos. A stone was tied to the corpse, and it was flung from the rocks into the torrent of the Segre. The place breathes of vengeance and death; and one seems to inhale a new air when he emerges into the *conque* of Le Pla, after being enclosed for two hours within those terrible gates.

It was a double delight to me to come upon lush meadows, and smell the vernal sweetness of the flowering grass. Leaving the river on my left, I struck eastward along the sides of clayey hills, with slopes of vine above me, and the broad green meadows below. The vegetation had already a more northern character; clumps of walnut, poplar, and willow grew by the brooksides, and the fields of wheat were not yet ripe for harvest. I passed a picturesque, tumbling village called Arfa, crossed the Segre for the last time, and then rode onward into a valley several miles in diameter, the bed of which was broken by rounded hills. This was the valley of Urgel, or "the see," — *el seú*, as it is called by the people in their dialect. The term recalls the days when Bishop was a sovereign prince, and his see a temporal, as well as ecclesiastical, government.

Juan pointed out a fortress in advance, which I supposed to be the town. Near it, on the slope of the hill, there was a mass of buildings, baking in the afternoon sun; and I know not which was most melancholy, the long lines of cracked, deserted ramparts on the hill, or the crumbling, uninhabited houses on the slope below. I did not see six persons in the place, which was not Urgel, but Castel Ciudad. The former city is a mile farther, seated in the centre of the plain. I saw, on my left, the mouth of a glen of the Pyrenees, and guessed, before the groom said so, that within its depths lay the forgotten Republic of Andorra. The Valira, the one stream of the Republic, poured upon the plain its cold green waters, which I forded, in several channels, before reaching the gates of Urgel.

Juan had cheered me with the promise of a good inn. The exterior of the house was, if anything, a trifle meaner than that of the neighboring houses; the entrance was through a stable, and the kitchen and public room very dirty; yet, these once passed, I entered a clean, spacious, and even elegant bedroom. A door therefrom opened upon a paved terrace, with a roof of vine and a superb view of the Pyrenees; and hither, as I sat and rested my weary bones, came the landlord, and praised the country. There was inexhaustible coal in the mountains, he said; there was iron in the water; the climate was the best in Spain; people were healthy and lived long, — and the only thing wanting was a road to some part of the world.

The towns through which I had passed seemed as old and lonely as any towns could well be; but they are tame beside the picturesque antiquity of Urgel. Nothing seems to have been changed here since the twelfth century. The streets are narrow and gloomy, but almost every house rests on massive arches, which form continuous arcades, where the mechanics sit and ply their avocations. The vistas of these arched passages are closed either with a single building of very primitive and ponderous architecture, or by the stones of a wall as old as the times of the Moors. The place is like a gallery of old sepia drawings. I attracted the usual wonder, as I loitered through the gloom of the arcades; work was suspended while I passed, and tongues were silent. When I entered the venerable cathedral, which was finished six hundred years ago, the solitary worshipper stopped in the midst of an *ave*, and stared at me with open mouth. The spacious Gothic nave, however, was less attractive than the pictures outside; so I passed from the interior to the exterior shadows, — one about as dense as the other. Presently I came upon a massive house, with a magnificent flat-roofed arbor of grapes beside it, and was saying to myself that there was one fortunate person in the poverty-stricken capital, when the door opened and Don Basilio came forth with sweeping cassock and enormous hat. A little farther, I found myself in a small plaza, one side of which was occupied by a building resembling a fortress. Over the door I read the inscription, "Princeps soberan del valle de Andorra." This was the residence of the bishop, who claims the title of

sovereign of the little republic; his powers, in fact, being scarcely more than nominal.

I was tempted to present myself to his Reverence, and state my intention of visiting Andorra; but my information with regard to the republic was so vague that I knew not how such a visit might be regarded. I might be creating difficulty where none existed. With this prudent reflection I returned to the inn, and engaged a fresh horse and guide for the morrow, sending Juan back to Cardona. It was but an hour's ride, the landlord said, to the frontier. The region of ill-repute lay behind me; the difficult bridle-roads were passed, and all evil predictions had come to naught. By-ways are better than highways, and if an intelligent young American, who knows the Spanish language, will devote a year to the by-ways of Spain, living with the people and in their fashion, he will find that all the good books of observation and adventure have not yet been written.

JOHN O' THE SMITHY.

SMITH. "One who makes or effects anything." — WORCESTER.

DOWN in the vale where the mavis sings
And the brook is turning an old-time wheel,
From morning till night the anvil rings
Where John o' the Smithy is forging steel.
My lord rides out at the castle gate,
My lady is grand in bower and hall,
With men and maidens to cringe and wait,
And John o' the Smithy must pay for all.

The bishop rides in a coach and four,
His grooms and horses are fat and sleek;
He has lackeys behind and lackeys before;
He rides at a hundred guineas a week.
The anvil is singing its "ten pound ten,"
The mavis pipes from a birken spray,
And this is the song that fills the glen,
"John o' the Smithy has all to pay."

John has a daughter rosy and sweet,
My lord has a son with a wicked eye;
When she hears the sound of his horses' feet
Her heart beats quicker, — she knows not why.
She will know very well before the end;
She will learn to detest their rank and pride
When she has the young lord's babe to tend,
While the bishop's daughter becomes his bride.

There will be the old, old story to tell
Of tyrannous wrong in places high;
A bishop glozing the deeds of hell,
The priest and the Levite passing by.

And the father may bow his frosted head
When he sees the young bride up at the hall,
And say 't were better his child were dead;
But John o' the Smithy must bear it all.

The smith and his daughter will pass away,
And another shall make the anvil ring
For the daily bread and the hodden-gray:
But the profits shall go to priest and king;
And over the wide world, day by day,
The smiths shall waken at early morn,
Each to his task in the old dull way,
To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare
With little that they may call their own,
While the idler is free from work and care,
For the best of all shall go to the drone.
And the smith complains of the anvil's song, —
Complains of the years he has wrought and pined;
For the priests and rulers are swift to wrong,
And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear strong voice from over the sea
Is piercing the murk of the moral night:
Time is, time was; and time shall be
That John o' the Smithy will have his right;
And those who have worn the mitre and crown,
Who have pressed him sore in body and soul,
Shall perish from earth when the grist is ground
And the Mighty Miller has claimed his toll.

THE OLD PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

DO you ever associate houses with their occupants? I know one which is the embodiment in brick and mortar of the singularities of its builder and owner. He, its master, is rough, angular, and brusk. His dwelling juts upon the street in an obtrusive way, and jostles its neighbors with its staring bay-windows; while its sharp corners and steep roofs seem to take a perverse pleasure in driving the rain from its accustomed perpendicular fall. It hurls the snow and the hail from its mailed sides with an aspect like that of the lord of the domicile when engaged in the contests of every-day life.

In the same way there is an individuality about libraries which is sometimes very impressive; for I have noticed that they partake of the intellectual peculiarities of the people conducting or frequenting them. There is, for instance, an atmosphere of perfect repose about the Philadelphia Library which is in harmony with the well-balanced characteristics of the

quiet citizens who thread its galleries with decorous mien. Once within its walls, your foot falls lightly on the clean wooden floor, and your voice instinctively drops to a whisper which cannot drown the solemn ticking of the Protector's clock, whose tireless hands have measured with unerring truth the lapse of time and the progress of humanity from Cromwell's day to ours. The books, both new and old, repose with a proper air within the plain white cases; though here and there one more brilliant than the rest in its outside garb glistens through the wired fronts. The hereditary librarian sits calmly before the time-honored desk of William Penn, but rises with the perfect courtesy of a gentleman of the olden school to answer the inquiries which such surroundings naturally suggest. That portrait of the founder of the State, — just opposite in the rear room, — which follows us with its eyes in the strange way peculiar to some pictures, is a striking contrast to the youthful likeness of the same person clad in armor which hangs in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. On the canvas before us Penn is represented as a man in the prime of life, with a florid complexion and a round English face, while his costume is that of a Friend. Yet the warlike figure is the only authenticated representation of the Man of Peace!

It was to the family motto, *In Pace Para Bellum*, inscribed upon the breast of the latter, that Kossuth pointed, while closing a powerful appeal on behalf of Hungary, and cried with fiery eloquence: "Even your great founder calls to you from the past, — '*In Peace Prepare for War!*'"

The pleasant face above the neighboring alcove was limned by a master's hand. In the latter part of the last century it happened that Benjamin West was visiting his friend, the Reverend Samuel Preston, — an English clergyman residing at Chevening, in Kent, — who possessed a fine collection of books. While examining the choice editions in his friend's library one morning, West said in a familiar manner which their close intimacy permitted: "By the way, Preston, you have no children; what is to be done with these volumes when you are gone?"

"It has never occurred to me to make any disposition of them," was the reply.

"Then, my friend, leave them to our library in Philadelphia; for, strange as it may appear to you, we have there a respectable array of authors, and your gift would be highly prized."

The suggestion was adopted, and, upon the reverend gentleman's decease, his rare and costly books were forwarded to the Library Company, with a portrait of the donor painted by Benjamin West, and presented to the corporation by Mrs. West.

We must not forget to pay our tribute of respect, in passing, to the genius and virtues of James Logan, fitly commemorated in yonder portrait, whose thoughtful eyes and intellectual lineaments would arouse the interest of even a stranger to his fame. As founder of the Loganian Library, he is intimately associated with our present theme. Distinguished as a scholar not less than as a statesman, he was the friend and patron of ingenious men, and constantly exerted himself to procure for merit its deserved applause. Dr. Franklin experienced his protection and friendship in his early career; and it was to Logan that Godfrey first imparted his ideas of the quadrant.

Logan owned *Stenton*, that stately house, still standing a few miles out of town, in whose mysterious chambers we have spent delightful hours. This mansion had been erected with elaborate care, and when it was finally completed, in 1727, its owner, who had been for years engaged in collecting a library of choice works, removed his treasures to the spacious room there, which he had specially designed to hold them. On one occasion Thomas Godfrey, who was a painter and glazier

by trade, was making some repairs at *Stenton;* while thus engaged, he observed, accidentally, a piece of fallen glass, which suggested an idea to his reflecting mind, and caused him to leave his work and go into Logan's library, where he took down a volume of Newton. While absorbed in his studies he was surprised by Mr. Logan, who inquired the cause of his search, and succeeded in drawing him into a conversation in which Godfrey acquitted himself so well as to secure the admiration and zealous friendship of Logan, who from that moment took the deepest interest in his plans and aspirations.

Of the many interesting relics scattered about the Philadelphia Library we can only select a few. Before leaving the pictures, however, we must call attention to a curiously prophetic one, painted in 1792, by S. Jennings, a pupil of Benjamin West, which represents the *Genius of American Liberty Teaching the Blacks.* The writing-desk of William Penn within the enclosure was at his manor of Pennsbury on the Delaware. From its secret drawer the librarian takes a variety of interesting memorials; among others an original pitcher portrait of Washington. On the wall near at hand hangs an accurate copy of the cast taken by Houdon from Washington's face in life. The original was formerly in the possession of Dr. John Redmond Coxe. From where we now stand may be seen above, in the gallery, a colossal bust of Minerva, six feet in height, which was behind the speaker's chair when the first Congress was held in Philadelphia.

A foreigner, a man of letters, who was in Philadelphia in the fall of the year 1743, thus speaks of the condition of the library, which was then, according to the *official minutes*, in the "upper room of the westernmost office of the State-House," the use of which had been lately granted to the company by the Assembly: —

"On one side of this building — the State-House — stands the Library, which was first begun in the year 1742,* on a public-spirited plan, formed and put in execution by the learned Mr. Franklin. For he persuaded first the most substantial people in town to pay forty shillings at the outset, and afterwards annually ten shillings, all in Pennsylvania currency, towards purchasing all kinds of useful books. . . . . There is already a fine collection of excellent works, most of them English, many French and Latin, but few in any other language. The subscribers were so kind to me as to order the librarian, during my stay here, to lend me every book which I should want, without requiring any payment. . . . . Besides the books, several mathematical and physical instruments, and a large collection of natural curiosities, were to be seen in it. Several little libraries were founded in the town on the same footing, or nearly, with this."

The reference above to the many excellent works in French, possessed by the library at that early day, reminds us of an amusing incident which occurred a short time ago.

The librarian received from a well-known source of literary intelligence in New York a very long and elaborate letter, describing an original copy of the History of New France, by Charlevoix, which was, in the correspondent's opinion, of great value on account of its rarity and age, — "being one hundred and twenty-three years old." The communication concluded by offering the three volumes to the library for three hundred dollars.

The following is the answer despatched by the returning mail: —

"SIR, — In reply to your favor I would state, that about the time of the publication of Charlevoix's Nouvelle France (1744), this Institution procured a copy, and still has it in perfect preservation.

"Your obedient servant,

"——— ———,

"*Librarian Philadelphia Library Company.*"

No one acquainted with the early history of letters in Philadelphia can

* It was in reality founded in 1731.

fail to attribute a large share of the intellectual activity of the city, in its infancy, to the enlightened example of James Logan, who inspired all about him with a genuine thirst for learning.

The influence of his teachings upon the early life and subsequent career of Benjamin Franklin was certainly very great. In 1744 Franklin printed Logan's translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, the Preface of which concludes with these memorable words: "I shall add to these few lines my hearty wish that this first translation of a *classic* in this *Western world* may be followed with many others, and be a happy omen that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American Muses."

From the early records of the Library Company it is evident that, from the outset, Mr. Logan's advice was constantly required and cheerfully given. The library itself seems to have had its origin in the *Junto* which Dr. Franklin mentions in his Autobiography. We will let him tell the story in his own way: "About this time (1730), our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them all together where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books in a common library we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and though they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

"And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, — that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the *Junto*, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterward obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred; this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous."

The instrument of association was dated July 1, 1731, and the directors and treasurer therein appointed held their first meeting on the 8th of November following, and made choice of William Coleman as their treasurer, and of Joseph Breintnall as their secretary, whose first entry is in the following words: —

"The minutes of me, Joseph Breintnall, secretary to the directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, with such of the minutes of the same directors as they order me to make, begun on the 8th day of November, 1731. By virtue of the deed or instrument of the said company, dated the first day of July last. The said instrument being completed by fifty subscriptions, I subscribed my name to the following summons or notice which Benjamin Franklin sent by a messenger, viz.: —

"'To Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hopkinson, William Parsons, Philip Sing, Jun., Thomas Godfrey, Anthony Nicholas, Thomas Cadwalader, John Jones, Jun., Robert Grace, and Isaac Penington.

"'GENTLEMEN: — The subscription to the library being completed, you, the directors appointed in the instrument, are desired to meet this evening at five o'clock, at the house of Nicholas Scull, to take bond of the treasurer for the faithful performance of his trust, and to consider of and appoint a proper time for the payment of the money subscribed, and other matters relating to the said library.

"'JOS. BREINTNALL, *Sec'y.*

"'Philadelphia, 8th November, 1731.'"

It will be observed that several of the names in the above list of directors are identical with those of prominent members of the Junto; and this identity is further noticeable in the list of subscribers to the articles of association. The first man who signed these was Robert Grace, whom Franklin describes as "a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty; a lover of punning, and of his friends." The library, in fact, was afterwards opened in the chamber of a house belonging to him.

The second signer of the articles was Thomas Hopkinson, the father of Francis Hopkinson the poet, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This share is an excellent illustration of one of the most striking characteristics of this ancient library, — the regular descent of shares in families, through several generations, for more than a century.

The first owner of share No. 2, as we have just remarked, was Thomas Hopkinson, who acquired it in 1731; next came his son Francis Hopkinson, who took possession in 1762; to be followed in 1813 by his son Judge Joseph Hopkinson, who left it in 1844 to his son Francis Hopkinson, who now holds it by direct male descent, one hundred and thirty-six years having elapsed since his ancestor first took it.

The third signer of the articles was Benjamin Franklin; his share descended to Benjamin Franklin Bache, and is still in the family. The other members of the Junto who also signed were Joseph Breintnall, the secretary before mentioned, who stands fifth on the company's books; and is mentioned in Franklin's account of the Junto as "a good-natured, friendly, middle-aged man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in making little knickknackeries, and of sensible conversation"; Thomas Godfrey, the great mathematician, and inventor of the so-called Hadley's Quadrant, the seventh shareholder; William Maugridge, "a most exquisite mechanic, and a solid, sensible man," the twenty-ninth signer; thirty-fourth, William Parsons, who had "acquired a considerable share of mathematics, which he first studied with a view to astrology, and afterward laughed at it"; thirty-sixth, William Scull, afterwards surveyor-general, "who loved books, and sometimes made a few verses," and whose share is now in the hands of his descendant, Gideon D. Scull; fifty-fifth, Stephen Potts; and lastly, William Coleman, the fifty-second signer, "who had," says Dr. Franklin, "the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with." He became afterwards a merchant of great note, and one of the provincial judges.

Of course the greater portion of the subscribers were not members of the Junto, which was merely a club for mutual improvement, originated by Benjamin Franklin.

An examination of the list of shareholders of the Library Company discloses the fact that the corporation embraced a large majority of those who were distinguished in Philadelphia by learning, fortune, or high social position. It is not a little singular that Franklin should have drawn within the circle of his influence at that early day those who were above him in the social scale, — a point as carefully weighed then as now in the good City of Brotherly Love, where the distinctions of class have existed with unabated force since the foundations of the place were laid. The youthful printer must even then have possessed the infinite tact, real wisdom, and engaging manners which years afterwards secured for the aged philosopher the admiration and homage of the French court.

Among the names taken at random from the original minutes are the following, most of which are still prominent: —

William Rawle acquired share 42 in 1732; he appears to have been the first American donor, having presented, on the 12th March, 1733, "six volumes or books of the works of Mr. Edmund

Spenser." His son Francis succeeded him in 1769; who was followed in 1786 by his son William Rawle, the eminent lawyer and author. The share is still in his family. William Logan held share 98 in 1747, and Gustavus G. Logan is to-day its possessor. Samuel Norris owned share 64 in 1734, and it descended in 1741 to Isaac, in 1746 to Charles, and is now the property of Samuel Norris. Samuel Coates had share 67 in 1736, and it is now in the hands of Dr. Benjamin H. Coates, his descendant. John Smith, the son-in-law of James Logan, purchased share 94 in 1744; and it is now in the name of his descendant, Lloyd P. Smith, the hereditary librarian. Bishop White in 1777 received No. 52, William Coleman's share in 1733, and the children of Thomas H. White still keep it. The Hamilton family, in the persons of James, William, and James Hamilton, held share 57 one hundred and nineteen years, and forfeited it in 1853. Share 168 was owned by Colonel William Bradford in 1769; it fell, in 1782, to his son William Bradford, Attorney-General of the United States under Washington, and passed, through Thomas Bradford, to its present possessor, William Bradford. Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, father of the two Revolutionary officers General John and Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, was a director of the company in 1731, and his descendants are still shareholders. Governor Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, acquired share 244 in 1777, and it is still in the family. Share 135 was purchased one hundred and twenty years ago by the great-grandfather of its present owner, Judge John M. Read. Share 18 became the property of John Biddle in 1762, and it is to-day in the hands of Edward C. Biddle. James Bingham took share 38 in 1741, but it was forfeited by his son William Bingham in 1782. Share 43 was held by Dr. William Shippen in 1761, by Thomas Lee Shippen in 1794, and in 1819 by Dr. William Shippen, who left it to Mrs. Mary Louisa Shippen. Joseph Fox, Jr. was the original purchaser in 1769 of share No. 129; in 1792 it fell to Samuel M. Fox, who left it, in 1843, to Joseph M. Fox; from whom it passed, in 1847, to George Fox, the present holder. Colonel James Read bought share 350, in 1769; his grandson still keeps it. No. 378 was owned in 1773 by Dr. Adam Kuhn, in whose family it still remains. In 1777 Cadwallader Evans was possessed of share 437, and his family now own that share.

The noted Parson Duché, who attempted to persuade Washington to forsake the cause of the Colonies, became a subscriber in 1732.*

Another remarkable feature in the Philadelphia Library Company is the long tenure of office. Benjamin Franklin was a director, having previously served as librarian, 28 years; Thomas Cadwalader, 29 years; Evan Morgan, 24 years; Samuel Rhoads, 32 years; J. Read, 29 years; Mordecai Lewis, 20 years; Josiah Hewes, 30 years; Richard Wistar, 37 years; John Kaighn, 43 years; T. Parke, 57 years; James Gibson, 57 years; J. P. Norris was an officer 47 years, from 1793 to 1840, and his son, Dr. George W. Norris, succeeded him that year, and is still a director; Nicholas Waln occupied that position from 1767 to 1771; Robert Waln, from 1799 to 1836, and his son Lewis Waln from that date until his recent decease, when he was succeeded by S. Morris

* The following were also among the members during the last century: Alexander Graydon, the father of the author of Graydon's Memoirs, in 1736; Lewis Evans, in 1745 Abraham Taylor, in 1747; Isaac Penington, in 1732; Anthony Benezet, in 1734; Charles Willing, in 1736; William Allen, Chief Justice, in 1737; Samuel McCall, in 1741; William Plumstead, in 1735; Richard Peters, in 1738; Israel Pemberton, in 1740; Dr. Phineas Bond, in 1740; Lynford Lardner, in 1746; Tench Francis, in 1751; the Rev. Dr. Francis Alison, in 1752; Daniel Wistar, in 1762; Jacob Lewis, in 1764; Joseph Swift, in 1766; William Chancellor, in 1769; Thomas Wharton, in 1769; George Clymer, the signer, in 1769; Thomas Carpenter, in 1769; Andrew Robeson, in 1774; John Dickinson, in 1762; Matthew Clarkson, in 1771; Sharp Delany, in 1772; James Wilson, the signer, in 1778; General Walter Stewart, in 1789; Colonel Henry Hill, in 1789; Commodore John Nicholson, Continental Navy, in 1789; Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, in 1790; and John Penn, in 1769.

Waln; Zachariah Poulson was an officer of the company 59 years.

Prior to the present incumbent, Lloyd P. Smith, who has held the office seventeen years, there have been only three librarians of the Philadelphia Library, since 1735: Z. Poulson, George Campbell, and John Jay Smith. The custodians of the Loganian collection will be noted hereafter.

The agents of the board of directors in England also present an instance of the almost hereditary character of that appointment. From 1783 to 1863, Joseph Woods, his son, grandson, and great-grandson, acted in succession as agents of the company in England; one of them holding the office, which in every way was without charge, for forty-one years. Nor should it be forgotten that their predecessor in that position, William Dilwyn, a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, now the home of the radical Stevens, was declared by Clarkson to be the real originator of the abolition of the slave-trade.

The hereditary characteristics of the Loganian Library, which was united with the Philadelphia Library Company in 1792, are also curiously marked. The founder, James Logan, was born, in 1674, at Lurgan, in Ireland, although his family was of ancient Scotch descent. His great-grandfather was that Sir Robert Logan, Baron of Restalrig, in Scotland, whose strange and illegal accusation in 1608, several years after his death, for an alleged participation in the "Gowrie Conspiracy," and the singular trial of whose mouldering remains are among the most mysterious transactions of James's reign.

The Quaker principles and varied virtues of James Logan having attracted the attention of William Penn, a few months before his second departure for America he succeeded in inducing Logan to act as his secretary, and finally to accompany him to Pennsylvania in 1699. Through a long career in this new field as Secretary, Chief Justice, Commissioner of Property, President of the Council, and acting Governor of the Province, Logan's abilities shone with ever-increasing brilliancy. At his death, in 1751, he bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia, with a liberal endowment, the classical library, worth at that time $10,000 in gold, which still bears his name and has greatly increased in value. I say "bequeathed," for such was the intention of James Logan, but his signature was wanting to the deed; his sons William and James Logan, John Smith, and Hannah his wife, the surviving daughter of James Logan, however, complied with his intention, and are entitled to grateful remembrance for the free-will act which they were not necessarily obliged to perform.

In accordance with Mr. Logan's views, they executed a perpetual deed of trust, which conveyed the books, the library building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Walnut Streets, in which the Loganian Library was kept from 1750 to 1792, with certain funds derived from lands leased for one hundred and twenty-one years, for the support of the institution, to Israel Pemberton, William Allen, Richard Peters, and Benjamin Franklin, their heirs and assigns forever. On condition, however, "that there should be a perpetual succession of trustees, part of whom should be of the descendants of the said James Logan the elder, preferring the male line to the female, as long as any of his descendants remained; that one of his male descendants, taken in priority of birth, and preferring the male line to the female, should be librarian of the said public library, with a power of employing deputies." Further: "And whereas some ages hence it may become difficult to know who are intituled to be trustees and librarians within the intent and meaning of the testator, to prevent the difficulty as much as is in the power of the parties hereto, it is agreed that the librarian for the time being shall in a place or places appropriated for that purpose in the said folio-bound book enter the names, days of birth, days of marriage, and to whom, and days of death, of all the descendants of the

testator, from time to time as they happen, with such precision by giving a number to each descendant, and giving the numbers of the parents as well as the names, that there may be no room left for mistake of the whole descent of each (which by the similarity of names there would be without numbers). . . . . And it is agreed that this present indenture, after it is recorded and entered in the said folio book, and all other writings herein recited or mentioned, shall be carefully kept in a box or drawer in the said library, under two locks, whereof the key of one to be kept by the librarian, and the key of the other lock by the senior trustee, or such other of them as the majority of them may direct."

In 1792, at the instance of James Logan, the son, the only surviving trustee, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act vesting the property of the Loganian Library in the Library Company of Philadelphia, subject to the conditions in the original deed of trust. In accordance with one of the provisions in that instrument, an accurate record of the founder's descendants continues to be kept in the "folio-bound book"; and the trustees published in the last supplement to the catalogue a "*Genealogical Table*, showing the names of persons entitled (under the founder's last will) to the office of hereditary librarian of the Loganian Library; and also (under the act of Assembly) to the position of hereditary trustee, with the right of appointing two others."

The librarians, from 1760 to 1792, were William Logan, and James Logan, 2d. Since then Zachariah Poulson, George Campbell, John Jay Smith, and Lloyd P. Smith have held the office. Their terms of service were respectively six years, sixteen years, fourteen years, twenty-three years, twenty-two years, seventeen years. George Campbell, whose term of service was within two years of a quarter of a century, was never, during that long period, even once, prevented by sickness from attending to his daily duties. The present librarian, and his father and predecessor, John Jay Smith, are descendants of John Smith, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, who married the daughter of James Logan; hence their hereditary right to be custodians of the collection founded by their ancestor.

The original Loganian Library building, figured on the title-page of the new supplementary catalogue, stood near the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, — the whole square of ground between Sixth and Seventh and Walnut streets belonging to Logan. We have heard one of his descendants say that his father sold a great slice of it, on Chestnut and Seventh streets, for a box of Irish linens to go to housekeeping with. The square, now worth millions, was originally sold because the rents did not pay the taxes. It is the old story of the proprietary Penns, — always in want of money, and selling whole baronies for a song. This library building had a cosey back yard, easily accessible by climbing a board fence; and there all the school-boy battles were fought by the young Quakers of the not-distant classical academy of Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania.

At present the Loganian collection embraces between ten and eleven thousand volumes, — many of them very rare; some, in fact, unique.

As we have seen, the Philadelphia Library furnishes scores of instances illustrating the truth of an idea which is every day becoming more apparent, namely, that a republican form of government is far more conducive to the healthy growth and development, not of individuals merely, but of families, than the carefully digested rules of a monarchy. In England, for example, some one man may win for himself unlimited fame, and a peerage. The latter will halo his family, throughout each succeeding generation, as long as the race exists. No matter whether his descendants are good, bad, or indifferent, the laws of the land will sustain them in the high position originally acquired by creditable deeds. In America, on the contrary, where the spirit of our insti-

tutions is in direct opposition to the preservation of influence when original excellence has departed, there is every incentive to personal exertion; and hence our country contains, in proportion to its age, a larger number of family names than any other can boast which have been honored in their several generations for characteristic virtues.

Philadelphia and its vicinity, perhaps, has more persons than any other American community who hold the same comfortable position to-day which their ancestors originally occupied. This is true not merely of the professional and wealthy classes: it applies no less strongly to mechanics and artisans. One finds families in which a certain trade has been handed down for half a dozen generations.

The city, indeed, has a stability of character in some respects peculiar to itself. The architecture partakes of the characteristics which were its distinguishing features from its very infancy. An air of genteel antiquity envelops the town and its inhabitants. A stranger almost instinctively falls into the oiled grooves of a preservative civilization, and lays aside the corroding cares which afflict the more changeable citizens of New York. It sometimes requires a little while for the adjustment, as the following anecdote will show. On one occasion a gentleman from New York called in a great hurry at a certain bank in Philadelphia, about midday. Finding it closed he went away, supposing that the building was undergoing repairs. Happening, however, to pass it again the same afternoon, he noticed, to his astonishment, that the doors were open. On entering he expressed his surprise that a bank should be closed between twelve and two in the day; and said, moreover, that it had caused him some inconvenience.

"You should have known better, sir," was the reply; "for such has been our daily custom for more than a hundred years."

I have lying before me a volume entitled "The Charter, Laws, and Catalogue of Books of the Library Company of Philadelphia. *Communiter bona profundere Deûm est.* Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, and D. Hall. MDCCLVII." Its pages are very suggestive, but I have only time to note that the name of the donor of each volume is annexed to the title in the catalogue. James Logan's gifts are numerous. Hesselius, the painter, whose portraits are to be found among the old families of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, appears most appropriately in the list as the giver of a folio entitled "*Historia Insignium Illustrium, seu Operis Heraldici Pars Specialis, &c.* Authore Philippo Jacobo Spenero. Francofurti ad Mœnum, 1680."

I have gleaned from the original minutes, and from other sources, some interesting particulars of the history of the library from this period.* In 1752 "a noble present of antient medals" was received through Mr. Peters from Mr. Grey, member of Parliament from Colchester. In 1763 the celebrated John Dickinson, author of the "Farmer's Letters," was elected a member of the board of trustees. In 1769 the Union Library Company was united to the Philadelphia Library Company; and in 1771 another junction was formed with the Association Library. In 1773 the books were removed to Carpenter's Hall; and the next year, when Congress met there, the librarian was directed to furnish the members with such books as they might desire. Two unsuccessful efforts were made in May and June, 1776, to convene the members to authorize the directors "to remove the books out of town should the British army approach it." It does not appear, however, that the company sustained any loss from those composing that force. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to be able to say that the English officers, without exception, left

* I desire to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, the present accomplished librarian, and to his father, John Jay Smith, Esq., the well-known author of several valuable works, for access to original sources of information, as well as for many acts of personal courtesy.

deposits and paid hire for the books borrowed by them. As we shall presently discover, the Library Company, in their turn, were enabled, nearly a century later, to perform an act of generosity to the British government, which has laid the English nation under lasting obligations.

In 1777 the library room was occupied by sick soldiery. By the will of the Hon. William Logan, the library received the same year a very handsome bequest of books of ancient authors.

At a general meeting held June 1, 1789, over which Bishop White presided, it was determined to erect a suitable building, as soon as one hundred new members could be procured.

The list having been completed, the corner-stone of the present edifice, now standing on Fifth and Library Streets, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. By the 30th of December, 1790, the books were all removed to their new home.

In 1791 the directors again tendered to the President and Congress the free use of the books in the library; and General Washington, through his Secretary, Tobias Lear, returned thanks for the attention in a very handsome note. In 1792 an additional building, immediately in the rear, was erected by the Philadelphia Library Company for the accommodation of the Loganian collection.

Dr. Franklin, who, as we have seen, was one of the principal founders of the Philadelphia Library, acted as the company's agent in London from 1761 to 1775. His last letter thence to the directors is dated "London, February 5th, 1775." The inscription on the corner-stone of the present building declares that the library was instituted "at the instance of Benjamin Franklin." When William Bingham, the maternal grandfather of Lord Ashburton, heard of the intention of the directors to erect a statue of Dr. Franklin, in recognition of his eminent services, he immediately volunteered to furnish it at his own expense. A bust was accordingly procured from the Pennsylvania Hospital, and transmitted to Italy with a drawing of the figure. The statue in due time arrived, and was placed in the niche in front of the building, where it still stands. The likeness was considered an excellent one by the contemporaries of this eminent man. It gives perhaps the most perfect idea of the general appearance and bearing of the philosopher and statesman, — as Houdon's statue of Washington is the most accurate presentment of the Father of his Country.

No account of the Philadelphia Library would be complete without some reference to the treasures it contains.

The total number of volumes is about eighty-one thousand. In this enumeration, each volume of pamphlets is counted as one book only. If the system pursued in some famous collections was resorted to, the figures would have to be largely increased. Of early printed books, the following deserve especial notice: *Augustinus de Vita Christiana*, printed in 1459, by Fust and Schoyffer, the inventors of printing; two works from the press of Pynson, and three from that of Wynkyn de Worde; a copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend"; a Vulgate Bible, only two hundred copies of which were printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz, in 1471, — pronounced "*fort rare*" by Brunet, — another from the press of Koburger, at Nuremberg, in 1475; an English version printed by Grafton, in 1539; and a *Nouveau Testament*, printed by Barthélemy and Buyer, at Lyons, about 1480; a noble edition of *Perceforest*, — "de tous les romans de chevalerie le plus estimé," — in six volumes, folio, Paris, 1531; an early German version, with numerous woodcuts, of Reynard the Fox, — *Reynke Voss de olde*, *Rostock*, 1549, — and Copland's edition of Caxton's *Recueill of the Histories of Troye*, London, 1553.

Most of these early printed works are from the private collection of William Mackenzie, Esq., of Philadelphia, who died in 1829, and bequeathed to

the library all his books printed before 1800. Among them I omitted to mention until now the one most interesting to bibliomaniacs, namely, a glorious copy on vellum of the first Italian translation of Pliny's "Natural History." This exquisitely printed folio, "emphatically the glory of Janson's press," *cette édition magnifique*, as Brunet calls it, would be valuable enough if printed on paper; but it appears to be *the* one copy which Janson struck off on vellum. Brunet says: "Un exemplaire imprimé sur VÉLIN, avec les lettres initiales peintes . . . . . offert à 900 fr. MacCarthy." Mackenzie undoubtedly bought it at a sale of MacCarthy's books, as he was a collector at that time.

A "Siamese Treatise on the Small-Pox," and a "Chinese and Japanese Dictionary," are worthy of notice in passing.

Of works relating to antiquities, we remember Lepsius's, Rosselini's, Denon's, and Vyse's Egypt; Botta's and Layard's folio plates of Nineveh; Kingsborough's Mexico; eight folio volumes of plates on Herculaneum; Piranesi's works; *Il Vaticano;* Meyrick on Ancient Armor; Dugdale's *Monasticon;* and Le Roux de Lincy's *Hôtel de Ville de Paris.*

In the department of *Belles-Lettres* and History, the collection of French, Spanish, and Italian books embraces most of the standard authors. The edition of the French classics, in thirty-two large quarto volumes, entitled *Collection du Dauphin*, — a beautiful specimen of typography, — and Landino's *rare et recherché* edition of Dante, Venice, 1512, may be mentioned in this connection. The German library is not so full, but it embraces many valuable works. The collection of Spanish authors is the most complete, and perhaps the finest, of any public library in this country. Among the choice volumes are, *El Conde Lucanor*, by the Prince Don Juan Manuel (Sevilla, 1575), described by Ticknor as "one of the rarest books in the world"; an unmutilated edition of *Celestina*, the first Spanish dramatic work of note (1599); the Chronicle of the Cid (Burgos, 1593), and the Chronicle of King Alfonso (1604). It contains also the excellent reprint of the ancient "Spanish Chronicles" (1787), and Zurita's *Anales de la Corona de Aragon*, with the supplement of Argensola. Not to mention the better-known names of Calderon, Lope de Vega, and the other early dramatists, it may be said that all the modern authors of consequence, and many others of less note, have been added to it. The Spanish writers on America are equally well represented.

In the large collection of English works may be found a complete set of the "English County Histories"; of the "Royal Society's Transactions"; the "Gentleman's Magazine," commenced in 1731, the same year the library was founded; the "Annual Register"; the several series of the "Parliamentary Debates"; and other periodicals, some of them continued for more than a century; also, the voluminous publications of the Record Commission, — a remarkable collection of seven hundred English pamphlets, in thirty-six volumes, quarto, published during the Revolutionary period from 1620 to 1720, which, with "Somers's Tracts," the "Harleian Miscellany," and the publications of the various learned societies, eminently deserve the attention of the student.

In the department of works relating to America the library may, without the least exaggeration, be said to be very rich. In fact, no writer of the history of our own country should consider his investigations complete until he has consulted the rare sources of information within these walls.

The sets of newspapers, from the first number of the first paper published in Philadelphia, continuously to the present time, include a set of Bradford's "American Mercury," from 1719 to 1745; the "Pennsylvania Gazette" (published successively by Samuel Keimer, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and Hall and Sellers), complete from 1728 to 1804; the "Pennsylvania Journal," from

1747 to 1793; the "Pennsylvania Packet" (afterwards "Poulson's Advertiser"), under various names, from 1771 to the present time; the "Federal" and "Philadelphia Gazette" from 1788 to 1843; and the "United States Gazette," now the "North American," from 1791 to the present time. These are a few of the many catalogued.

After the newspapers may be mentioned the inestimable collection of books, pamphlets, broadsides, and manuscripts collected by Pierre du Simitiere, before, during, and after the Revolution, and purchased for the company. A portion of these pamphlets, and the larger part of the broadsides, are believed to be unique. With these may be classed the four hundred volumes, besides many unarranged scraps, and numerous water-color and india-ink pictures, recently left to the library by the late Charles A. Poulson. The *Beschreibung von Pennsylvania, Frankfurt und Leipzig*, 1704, by Pastorius, the personal friend of William Penn, and the founder of Germantown, is believed to be the only copy in the United States; with it is bound up a German translation of Gabriel Thomas's Pennsylvania, and Faulkner's *Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania*, 1702. H. J. Winckelmann's *Der Americanischen neuen Welt Beschreibung, Oldenburg*, 1664, with woodcuts, is a most curious and extremely rare publication. Other German works on America, not often met with in this country, are Gottfriedt's *Historia Antipodum, Frankfurt*, 1655, and Dapper's *Unbekannte Neue Welt, Amsterdam*, 1673; both have numerous fine plates and maps. Campanius's *Kort Beskrifning om Provincien Nya Swerige uti America, som nu förtjden af the Engelske kallas Pennsylvania, Stockholm*, 1702, with curious plates and maps, is one of the few copies known to exist. The esteem in which it is held as a scarce work may be estimated by the fact that not long since the Prime Minister of Sweden, Count Manderström, sent a copy to the Historical Society of Delaware, with a letter referring to its extreme rarity. Ovalle's *Histórica Relacion del Reyno de Chile*, with the map and all the plates, is also very choice.

"Jones's Present State of Virginia," London, 1724, is bound up with "The Present State of Virginia and the College, by Messieurs Hartwell, Blair, and Chilton," London, 1727.

Plantagenet's "New Albion," "Leah and Rachel," and other scarce books, were reprinted in Force's Historical Tracts, from copies in the Philadelphia Library.

There is also to be seen a very curious volume of "Publications of the Enemy in Philadelphia in 1777 and 1778."

The library possesses two copies of Aitken's Bible, of 1782, published under the patronage of Congress, and "Poor Richard's Almanac" from 1733 to 1747, both very rare. There are in it also two copies of the Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible. A single copy of this work was sold at the "Allan sale" in New York for $825. Two copies of Smith's "Virginia," folio, "Hakluyt's Voyages," and "De Bry's America," must not be forgotten.

Of manuscripts, the most ancient is an exemplar of the entire Bible, on parchment, of the date of 1016(?). The most beautiful is an illuminated Psalter on fine vellum, and in perfect preservation; it appears to be a specimen of German art of the early part of the fifteenth century. Henry's manuscript Indian Dictionary, and an unpublished autobiography of John Fitch, are interesting.

It is nearly seventy years since the grandson of a former Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, whose romantic story was charmingly told in a recent number of the Atlantic, under the title of "The Strange Friend," sent as a gift to the Philadelphia Library Company, when on the eve of his departure from America, a large number of manuscripts relating to Irish state affairs, together with some books of less importance. On the flight of James II. to France, these papers had been committed to the custody of his Chancellor. The

change of dynasty by violence occasioned confusion and trouble, and they remained, until presented to the Philadelphia Library, in the custody of his family, who did not consider that the succeeding government had any legal title to them. They continued to be kept in the library in the original box in which they had been sent; and were entirely unappreciated, and in fact nearly forgotten, when the librarianship of the joint collection fell to the Logan heir, John Jay Smith, Esq., father of the present incumbent. Mr. Smith immediately had the valuable documents properly arranged, bound, and catalogued.

One of the pages had contained the autograph of Queen Elizabeth, but it was filched by some vandal collector, with no more veneration in his composition than the rogue who stole Byron's note from the urn in Sir Walter Scott's drawing-room. Several other royal signatures met the same fate, and figured but lately, it is said, in a sale of autographs in New York.

The thoughtful care of Mr. Smith, in having the manuscripts properly preserved in volumes, effectually protected them from further depredations.

During the recent visit of Mr. Hepworth Dixon to this country his attention was called to these five volumes of manuscripts by the present librarian, Mr. Lloyd P. Smith. An examination made it evident that they were a part of the national archives of Great Britain. They consisted of four volumes of official correspondence relating to Ireland, bearing the royal sign manual of James I. and the signatures of the Lords of his Privy Council, addressed to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. The fifth volume contained the original manuscript of the Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs from October 23, 1641, to August 30, 1643. It was further ascertained through Mr. Dixon, who was familiar with the state papers in the Rolls House in London, that the series of letters of which these volumes were a part is preserved in London in the custody of the Master of the Rolls. As the minutes clearly showed that the manuscripts were given to the Library Company without any reservation or trust, there seemed to be a manifest propriety in restoring them to the British government as a portion of their public archives. The directors, therefore, through the librarian, made a formal offer to that effect to Lord Romilly, the Master of the Rolls. The offer was immediately transmitted to the Lords of the Treasury, and was by them gratefully accepted.

In the course of his reply to Mr. Smith, Lord Romilly says: "I cannot conclude without expressing to yourself personally, or without begging also through you to express to the Library Company of Philadelphia, my deep sense of the obligation conferred by them on the British nation, and my conviction that this, and acts of a similar character, will rivet more closely the ties of friendship and respect which already bind our countries together."

Thus the courtesy of the English officers in 1777 was returned with interest to their whole nation in 1867.

The manuscripts were transmitted in safety to London through the late lamented Sir Frederick Bruce, who deemed them of sufficient value to induce him to forward them to his government by a special messenger. In his letter to the Company Sir Frederick remarked: "The Lord Commissioners request the acceptance by the directors, for deposit in the Philadelphia Library, of a complete set of the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, and of the Calendars of State Papers, as well as of the several facsimiles made by the process of photo-zincography, and published by their authority under the direction of the Master of the Rolls."

This munificent gift, consisting of one hundred and fifty-six volumes, all handsomely bound in levant morocco, was received on the 6th of May last;

and it will continue to be henceforth an object of the highest interest to the jurist and the historical scholar.

An unintentional error concerning the Company's gift to the British Government crept into Lord Romilly's letter of the 30th April last, addressed to the editor of the "London Times." In the course of that communication the Master of the Rolls said: "A case has been received by me containing the four volumes in question, and also the original manuscript of the Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs, from October 23, 1641, to August 30, 1643, mentioned in Mr. Hardy's valuable Report on the Carte and Carew Papers, and which has long been supposed to be lost. This work was actually presented to Mr. Dixon for himself, who as soon as he discovered its contents, and that it belonged to the same set of state papers, thought proper to restore it to the series from which he considered it unfit that it should be separated. I need scarcely say that it is of great value."

This statement is calculated to create an erroneous impression, owing doubtless to a misapprehension on the part of Mr. Dixon, who in fact asked for the manuscript; the directors, however, declined to give it, except to the British authorities; and instructed the librarian to embody their views in a letter, which was forwarded to Mr. Dixon on the 14th of December, 1866. The following paragraph from that epistle clearly defines their position: "The Diary of Clanricarde being a gift, they [the directors] did not feel authorized to part with it to any private person, but, as it appears to be also official in its character, and a part of the Irish state papers, I am directed to add it to the manuscript letters, and return the whole to the Master of the Rolls, in whose office you will be able to consult it."

Within a few weeks the following memorials have also been presented to the library: An excellent oil painting of *Stenton*, "Logan's Country Seat," by Edmund Lewis; a characteristic portrait of Dr. Franklin; and an admirable likeness of the Duke of Brunswick, who first sold soldiers to George III. Underneath the latter, in very appropriate propinquity, lies a thirteen-inch mortar shell, which was fired from the right batteries of General Washington's second parallel, during the siege of Yorktown, in October, 1781. It was exhumed three years since, under the direction of the gallant Brigadier-General Isaac J. Wistar.

So much matter has crowded upon my attention in the review of the history of the Library Company of Philadelphia, that this sketch has outrun my intention. If, however, I have really succeeded in awakening an interest in this venerable institution, the following words of one whose accurate learning is proverbial will be readily appreciated: "No library I have ever seen, not even the Bodleian, has left such traces on my imagination as the Old Philadelphia, which I want to see again."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

PART III.

I FOLDED up the sheet, and laid it on the Doctor's little table.

It had grown late while I read and thought and remembered; and the sound of a church-clock striking eleven came swelling and sinking on the wind. It was enough like a knell to make me shudder. And I began to think of the same sound with the foam rushing over the Inch Cape Rock, and all the time the ghastly procession of the prison-bell marshalled itself before my eyes.

One or two growls of distant thunder betokened the clearing-up shower. In all the tumultuousness of the earth and heaven resounded still the great monotone of the surf. I went to the window and looked out, for a night-storm always makes me as restless as it does a cat; and I can quote the witty Adolphe d'Houdetot with feeling when, in remembering that the deluge took place in order to punish men for their iniquities, he asks himself if we have always been wise enough not to experience a secret apprehension while it rains. The only light to be seen was that of a distant corner-lamp flickering and flaring windily over the blackness of its desolate region; everything in the house was still, even to the mouse of the wainscot; the rain ran in rivulets down the cold pane against which my forehead was pressed. I wondered if Lucian Jouvency heard it beat against his prison-window, or if little Joey Hazard looked out, as I did, at the night, and shivered at the wild, sad cry of the wind. All the pressure of others' troubles lowered my moral temperature till I seemed to feel the habit of misfortune upon me, till I grew nervous, and foreboded a hundred ills to befall the Doctor. When I turned, I found the fire had fallen, and the room was cold; to give the grate again its cheerful blaze required me to bestir myself, and the movement quickly swept all the cobwebs out of my sky. Then, as the most trivial things will swarm into the mind after any long or serious strain, I fell to considering whether or not the rain had hurt my ivy, not yet brought within doors; if it would be followed by a black frost; if the pears I had wrapped in paper and laid in a drawer were mellowed yet. I wished the Isabellas had been gathered before the weather changed; I brought out the great globe of a decanter for the firelight to set a flame in, and piled the basket with the little red-jewelled clusters of the new vines, shedding their sweet-spiced savor as soon as they felt the fire. So much for beauty. And then I considered that a gallop through the storm would give a man keen relish for more substantial things than dainties; and as Elizabeth had long been in bed and the fire in ashes, I laid a little gridiron on the parlor coals, and proceeded to toast the side of a chicken with the best art I had.

While I still bent over the fire, toasting my own face as well, there came the clatter of wheels up the street; I did not think it could be the Doctor, for he had gone on horseback; but, while I was telling myself so, the door was thrown open, there were voices in the entry, I ran forward, toasting-fork in hand, in time to see the Doctor and some one else assisting a third person up stairs, by the light of the hanging lamp, and into my best bedroom. While I looked after them, and stupidly congratulated myself that the place had been freshly set to rights that morning, the Doctor called to me to mull some wine; one of the strangers — it was the man that had called the Doctor — came down with the lantern, by whose help they had steered through the outer darkness, put Chestnut up for the night, — he having been led home by the bridle, — got into his

wagon, and drove off at a rattling speed. The Doctor then appeared for the wine, and by the time it was ready the chicken was scorched to a crisp; at which vexation overcame me, and I told him I was no more born for a cook than he for a gardener. "Never mind," said he, "I can pull enough off it for him. Don't believe it will hurt him; don't care if it does. Keep him alive till to-morrow; he may die next day for all of me."

"But the chicken was for you!" said I.

"Never mind me, I say. I'll find a bite in the buttery. Where 's the knife? O, here."

"How gay you are! One would think a ride of three miles in water up to your knees was a tonic."

"A shrewd little woman. The best of tonics. I would n't change places with the man that rules Christendom to-night!" declared he, rapidly separating the most delicate morsels, and seasoning them.

"I believe you are a little out of your head. What have you got up stairs?"

"You had better ask me whom. Now go to bed, — I shall be up half the night. I don't speak another word to you, my dear; for if you once get excited there 'll be no sleep, and I want you to take a trip with me bright and early to-morrow."

"A trip? Where? For how long? What shall I need to take?"

"A trip, — yes. Where, — no matter. How long, — more time or less. I shall put a tooth-brush in my pocket. I suppose you 'll want that slatted treasury-chest that has given the spine-complaint to every porter that ever set eyes on it and you together."

"How absurd you are! As if porters had any spines!"

"Popular fallacy. Hark! The storm 's begun to fall, — pleasant day to-morrow. That was a good idea of yours, the drum in the chimney overhead, — takes off all the chill. What are you hanging about me for?" suddenly asked the Doctor, looking up at me in a savage way, and then stooping and kissing me quite as if we were silly young people once more. "Now I 've seen all I want to of my wife to-night, and off with you!" And though after my head was on the pillow I heard him come up stairs whistling his favorite air of "Deep-Sea Dredging," —

> "I early take me to the shores,
> Along the ripple edging,
> And shoot away with daring oars
> To deep-sea dredging.
> But let the bitter waves arise,
> My dory darkly hedging,
> And I myself must be the prize
> Of deep-sea dredging," —

the whistle softened into mere tuneful breath, and was silence itself before he entered the opposite room, where the dimly burning gas lighted his labors till long past midnight.

When I woke the next morning the Doctor was already absent. I started in a panic, fearing I had overslept myself, and should, after all, lose my Eve's apple, but was soon reassured by a hearty voice below, rehearsing the breakfast's bill of fare, and bidding Elizabeth make the coffee strong enough to hold up the spoon. I pulled aside the curtain to look for the vane. It was still east, though the storm was over, but it seemed as though the weather, having had its crying-fit, must yet take a spell at pouting before the sun could shine again; still the vane vacillated and had an eye to the south, so I made up my mind that it would clear by noon, and I should ride in my best rep. Having finished my arrangements I prepared to descend; and the first thing I saw on opening my door was Elizabeth bringing up a tray to the occupant of the best room, followed by the hovering Doctor, who, with singular politeness, turned about and waited on me down. Then, having previously satisfied his own hunger, he carved for me, and was off up stairs again. Just as I put the cream to my second cup a coach stopped at the curbstone, the stranger was helped down the stairway and into the coach, and the Doctor opened the door and looked at me.

"Still in your cups?" said he. "I am going now. Martin has put Chestnut in, and will drive you to the station. I

give you just fifteen minutes," and he was gone.

At that, my spirit being up, although I love to take my leisure, I determined to be beforehand with him. We put old Chestnut to his mettle, and I was on the steps ready to welcome the Doctor when the coach drove up. I stood there, proud and smiling, looking up street and down, but no coach came; I heard the first bell ring, and the second, and the snorting of the impatient engine, still no coach; then the third bell began to toll, and with its sound the inquiring head of the Doctor peered round the corner. "Where did you come from?" exclaimed I. "I have been waiting here all of the fifteen minutes."

"I dare say," answered he with surly triumph. "I came from the cars. You have twice as many seconds to reach them in," and he seized my arm. "What is in that?" looking at my innocent leather bag.

"My night toilet."

"And that box?" with a terrible eye.

"Why, I can't travel in my silk, you know, and these are my muslins, and your dress-coat and —"

The Doctor tossed it into the chaise for Martin to take home again, and swept me away to the cars, settled me with a book, and betook himself to the other car, in whose private apartment he had made his patient comfortable. However, I found somebody to talk to; and in good season we reached our destination. Then the Doctor unceremoniously hustled me into one coach and his charge into another, gave the coachman his directions, — he had on his business face, and I dared not ask a question, — the door was slammed, and I was whirled away. On my feet once more, at last, and by the Doctor's side again, I called my good genius to aid me, — I could but be killed, — and humbly demanded whither he was taking me.

"Into court," answered he. "We are going to hear what they have to say in Lucian Jouvency's defence."

Then struggling through a throng, before I knew it I was wedged into a seat, patted on the shoulder (a favorite emollient application of the Doctor's), and left to my own devices.

Little did I think last night that I should be here this morning! I conquered my giddiness, and surveyed my strange surroundings. They were just bringing in the prisoner. I should have known his stalwart and imposing aspect among a thousand, if there had been nothing else to mark him. That yellow woman not far away, working her hands and her face perpetually, must be Mrs. Hazard; she had not been in court before, probably Joey had insisted upon her hearing what plea there was to make for Lucian. Was that Joey Hazard by her side, who had just thrown back her thick veil in order to return Lucian's smile? It must be she, because there was the piquant little nose, the rippling, bright hair, the shy, bewitching air, — but the eyes full of light in the Doctor's story were to-day dull and heavy, not as if sodden with tears, but as if they had become blind to sunshine; and that being she, where was all the changing color gone? There were no roses now; it was winter there; and I even imagined that in the red gold of her hair one could see silver threads.

All had grown quiet in the court, preliminaries having been despatched while I looked at Joey and her two companions, and I was startled from my meditations by the voice of Lucian's counsel as he rose and stated that he was about to ask a favor of the court which he felt sure would be granted him; and that although he was aware it was entirely irregular to introduce testimony in that stage of the proceedings, yet he begged to do so, as the opportune arrival of a witness, since yesterday's adjournment, had put him in possession of facts that gave an entirely new aspect to the case, and which, while they did away with the necessity of his own plea, would prevent the court's wasting any further time upon the matter.

To this, of course, the prosecuting attorney, running his hand through his

hair and making it stand on end, demurred, as he objected to anything that would deprive them of an opportunity to hear his learned brother's eloquent periods, *ore rotundo.*

The court took no notice of the objection, but inquired if the counsel could aver that the testimony was absolutely necessary; and being answered in the affirmative, accorded permission to introduce it.

There was a little stir at the door. Suddenly the prisoner's face flushed and paled again. I looked in the direction where I supposed the witness-box to be, and trembled when I saw my husband standing there; but immediately understood, as I detected him restoring the flask to his pocket, that he was only assisting the half-drowned patient up the step, before retiring. The new witness, just as he leaned against the rail, was a slender, easy fellow, looking taller than he was, nowise emaciated, but as a ray of struggling sunlight entered the chink of a shutter and overspread his face, one saw — even through the singular brown stain it wore, which affected one with the vague personal repulsion felt towards another race — that he was deathly pale. Nobody supposed there was anything on hand but some legal manœuvre, and few looked that way while the oath was hurriedly administered, only I saw three blanching faces suddenly bend together towards him, and sharpen and whiten while they bent. The prosecutor cleared his throat for the first question, while the witness awaited him as a matadore in the ring awaits the onset.

"What is your name?" was asked.

"Geordie Romilly," was replied.

Sudden stillness took the place of the hum and buzz of the electrified court. It was followed by a cry of amaze, and then a cheer; and "O my boy, my boy!" gasped Mrs. Romilly.

Joey only stirred to catch the fainting mother in her arms. Mrs. Hazard lifted her tall javelin of a form, and wavered, and darted through the press, and in a moment had flung herself on Geordie's neck, and was embracing him in an actual frenzy of delight. "There, there, Mother Hazard," said he. "There 'll be no need of any one to certify my identity now. 'T was a lucky shipwreck drove me ashore last night. Jouvency, old boy, you felt the air beneath your feet. That 's law and land-sharks!"

"Silence in the court!" was cried as it had been cried and disregarded before.

Looking very much like a spider that has lost a fly, the prosecuting attorney rose, fumbling among his papers. "It may be all a very pretty piece of acting," said he; "but for my part I should like the affirmation of a few of the previous witnesses, to convince the jury that this is no imposture." Both John Tarbox and my husband deposed as he desired, and lastly Joey Hazard was called.

This was a piece of maliciousness in the attorney; he understood that Joey was in court, and he wanted to see, — as he thought likely everybody else did, — the little pinch of white and red that had made all this stir.

Joey left Mrs. Romilly with me, — for I had reached her side, — and stood before him. Everybody must have been sorely disappointed; for, set and colorless, she stood like a piece of stone, in the very climax of all her weeks of calm.

"You can solemnly swear that this is Geordie Romilly, for whose supposed murder Lucian Jouvency is now on trial?"

It was with such an effort that Joey's words came that one anticipated a rush.

"I can — I do — O you wicked man! it is you that ought to be tried for wishing to murder Lucian!" And with the passionate words the floods broke and poured down, a perfect debacle of them, bidding fair to wash Joey herself away with them.

"One word more with the young man," said the prosecutor, dryly, and Geordie replaced her.

"We should like now to hear what

you have to say for yourself," remarked the prosecutor, leaning back and biting his pen.

"I dare say you would, sir!" cried Geordie, turning his eyes in a blue fury upon him. "But except that I fell from the foretop in a lurch, was picked up, exchanged and wrecked, you 've heard all you 'll ever hear from me!"

"We should be gratified," said the judge, urbanely, "to receive a brief explanation from you, Mr. Romilly."

"Your honor, I 'll be glad to relate everything in private, if you 'll come over to my mother's house in Netherby. But as for that weasel, he 's meddled just as much in my love-affairs as I care to have him!"

"The young people are rather severe with me," said the prosecutor, with a wry face. "And to show them I am not quite such a bad fellow as they take me to be, I move, your Honor, that the case be given to the jury with instructions to acquit. I 'll have nothing more to do with a business in which the grave gives up its dead!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Hazard had insisted upon reaching Lucian, and he stood there supporting her as she sobbed with her face hidden in his breast, his proud white throat bare, his head a little lifted, as if for a moment he saw beyond this scene. The judge looked at Lucian, and looked at the jury, comprehended with a glance the complete reversion their poor brains had undergone, made them a little speech, gave them a point of law, and requested their verdict.

It was given on the spot.

Then he took off his spectacles and wiped them, bent his ear to listen to a whisper of the clerk, nodded, readjusted the glasses.

"Proceed with your next case, Mr. Attorney," said he, phlegmatically; and in another minute was down shaking Lucian's hand as if he meant to shake it off.

"Well, well," muttered Geordie in no measured tone, "you must have done your work well, Doctor! It takes twelve men to decide whether I 'm alive or not."

Of course we all went down to Netherby together, for though I hesitated and told the Doctor he was the last person they would ever want to see there again, he, elated out of my reach by the last piece of testimony he had presented, — indeed, for a time we called Geordie by no other name than that of the Doctor's Testimony, — insisted that anything was best that would keep them from thinking of themselves till they became accustomed to this new phase of things; that nobody's Doctor was any restraint upon them, and that he and I were one; and Mrs. Hazard came to me in her tears, begging we would not think of going anywhere but with her, in a manner that convinced me she was never the woman I had taken her to be. The Doctor, unhappy without his patient, — for Geordie was plucking up life and health with every breath of fresh air, and was no longer the tottering thing that I saw helped into the house last night, — filled his place with Joey, made her up a little bed in the car-closet, and had her joggled off to sleep as we rushed along. Then, as both the boys were busy with their mothers, he came and paid his wife a little attention; but when Joey woke at the junction, where we changed cars, he was beside her again for a word or two of rational conversation, as he said, — I always told him he was an eclectic physician, doctoring now people's bodies and now their souls, and turning his observations upon the stars in the intervening periods, — and by the time we had reached the cottage on the hill, though she was still a little fluttered, Joey's equanimity was sufficiently restored to enable her, in welcoming us, to play the pretty hostess to a charm.

As for Mrs. Hazard, — though she had a long nervous fever afterward, from which nothing saved Joey but youth and elasticity, — she bustled and beamed to-day; beamed not because of her naturally golden tint, but because

of the sunshine in her spirit, and bustled, that she might set the best she had before Geordie, get her spare chamber ready for him, and make him as much the son of the house as Lucian. Every other minute, in passing, she paused to lay her two hands on Lucian's hair, to bend back his head and make sure it was he, — while he lifted the large eyes to hers, — to ask him some question, to beg his forgiveness, to give him some comfort he had been denied; and the smiles that she shed upon Geordie, where he sat beside his mother or wherever she came across him, were sacrifices of all past rancor on his shrine; — if he had died and become an archangel, he would have been of no more importance in her eyes. He was suddenly become a demigod; Orion had forsaken belt, sword, and shield to come down from his stars and save her son. But Lucian did not long remain at rest; he was out and about the place, examining every cranny, reinstating himself in his world that had so nearly given him the slip, bringing in wood for the small servant, hanging the squashes over the kitchen shelf for his mother, — being to all appearance in garret and cellar and garden at once, as if it were impossible to assure himself of his freedom; while the other, growing every minute brighter and stronger, sufficiently attested that he was Geordie by insisting on tasting everything that was being compounded in the kitchen, by playing off all his old juggling tricks in a single *feu de joie*, and when Lucian's voice, large-lunged and deep, came in from the distance on some wild burden, by making a chorus of it with his sweeter and more delicate note. And in it all, the little Mrs. Romilly, whom I had looked to see so pale and frail, sat rosily warmed through and through with unspeakable happiness, but taking the pleasant household scene as if with a premonition that her tent was struck; yet since it was Geordie that had struck it, it was plainly for the best in her eyes. Meanwhile Joey, having withdrawn, did not appear at all till just before the supper for the whole dinnerless party was on the table. Then, when most of us were sitting round the fire that with the chilly nightfall had routed the summer's green boughs from the great chimney-place, — then it was Joey Hazard appeared, blush after blush flitting across her cheek, eyes demurely downcast and shining under their lashes, bashful in air, yet with the quip ready to fly and sparkle from her tongue; and she wore the pink gown with its white finishings, and the identical jet button, as of old. Lucian, sitting in the corner, had fallen naturally enough to carving jackstraws again; the place by his side was vacant save for whittlings; Joey never cast her eyes at it, but made in my direction, when Geordie, who was going up and down in the room seeking what he might devour, went towards her, took her hand gravely, swept off the whittlings, and seated her. Lucian threw down his knife, and as the good Doctor's wife was busy with her knitting, and all the rest too much engaged on other matters to heed a pair of lovers, quietly passed his arm round her and leaned forward smiling in her face. But Joey looked the other way. The little imp of perversity possessed her to-night, — she needed perhaps a trifle more of the lesson that had just been read her.

"Joey," murmured Lucian, "if I should live a hundred years, serving you in all of them, I should never thank you worthily, my dear, for what you said to me in —"

"O," answered Joey, with the shadow of a shrug, "it was because they said I must."

Lucian slipped his arm away, picked up his knife, and went on cutting jackstraws.

Now this was the rest of the scene in the cell as it really occurred on the day that Joey with Mrs. Romilly visited Lucian in prison, and as the Doctor had heard it from the counsel. The lawyer, on that occasion, who was a man acquainted with human nature, understood at once that, unless he pinned Miss Joey on the spot and in her ex-

citement, he should never learn what he wished. Perhaps he felt that it was his duty to obtain all the information there was to be had, although he knew the interrogation he was about to make had no real bearing on the case, and would be inadmissible upon the trial. It could n't have been from curiosity, because we know very well that men have none. At any rate, he desired to see its effect upon Lucian. So, detaining Joey, he told her he wished to ask her a question. Apparently it came over her in a wave what the question was to be, for she grasped the back of her chair tightly, and stood, without refusing to answer, but white as death, and her eyes fixed on the counsel as if for that moment she drew her breath only through him. He stated to her that, as this was a case in which life was at stake, he trusted she would allow no false shame to prevent her indicating with whom her choice really did lie, — Geordie Romilly or Lucian Jouvency.

"O sir," whispered she, hoarsely, and still keeping her scared eyes fixed, "I can't say that!"

"I must beg that you will," answered he, gently.

Her eyes wavered a moment, she cast one quick swallow's flight of a glance about her, and it rested on Lucian where he sat on the corner of the table, as quiet and composed as if by their own fireside. The prison, to be sure, had bleached the tint that sun and sea once lent him; he had trembled visibly, an instant, while she was being asked that question, but neither that, nor any inward consciousness, nor any certainty of impending doom, had abated his proud nobility of bearing. He raised his eagle eyes in the silence, and they met her own. With a heart-beat, Joey's face was redder than the reddest rose that ever bloomed; she put up both her little shaking hands to cover it, yet hesitated. Lucian bent forward, — I know how he did it, — his life was in his eyes. "You need n't speak unless you choose, Joey," said he, in a clear, strong tone. "But there 's nobody except God and me to mind what you say. And you know, you know, dear, the one word I 'd rather hear than the foreman's 'Not Guilty.'" There was silence again for a long moment. Then a faint low tone slid through it.

"You, Lucian. I — I love — I mean — I would — I — But you never asked me."

"God bless you, Joey!" said he, as if there were no one there but themselves, yet as if he dared not touch her while there was a spot upon his honor. And before the words were well uttered she had fled.

And remembering, as I glanced at the two, this little experience of theirs, I understood Joey's mood at once, and thought if I had been Lucian I should not have slipped my arm away, nor picked up my knife, nor gone on cutting jackstraws.

"There!" said Mrs. Hazard, coming in and leaning on the back of Lucian's chair, which, rising instantly, he offered her. "No, no, child, keep your easy degree. Supper 'll be ready directly. She can do the rest. You 're starved, poor boy, I know you 're starved. I declare, Geordie Romilly, the blind would open their eyes to see you; but how you came here I can't get through my head!"

"There 'll never be a better chance than now to tell you," he answered, throwing himself down where he could bask in the firelight and lay his head occasionally in his mother's lap. "You see, Jouvency, when I ran up those ropes I 'd no idea of anything but sport. But after you had called at me in that tone to come down, I 'd have been hung at the yard-arm first. Then I saw you throw away your knife, and made up my mind it intended mischief; and as I knew I was no match for you, it seemed a better plan to stay where I was, and hinder your doing something you 'd be sorry for. Then I liked to defy you, — you were master, I was man; then, too, there is a streak of wickedness in me, though — "

"Though you never knew fear of anything in the flesh, Geordie."

"I don't know," said Geordie, his eyes askance at Joey, "though perhaps it was a devilkin, after all. So I sat there, and looked down over the white steep of the sails, and saw you striding beneath, this way and that, keeping both watches at once, like a pendulum itself, steady and even. And as I looked, and saw you so sober and sad, I began to repent, and I wondered if I cared enough for any woman to let her serve us this turn; and I thought, sooner than have a breach between us, I 'd be sawn in sunder; for you were a part of myself then, mate, though I doubt — "

"Don't you be gasing, old fellow," said Lucian, whittling intently.

"The wild deer sheds his horns, mate. You see," said Geordie, turning to the Doctor, "Jouvency has a drop of this wild liquor that bubbles and boils in my veins. He 's different from all these clods. Strike him, and he shows sparks."

"And the foretop?" asked Lucian.

"Well; then I remembered the letter from Joey that had been knocked overboard that morning. I 'd have liked to see her little marks. And at that I fouled again; for I knew well that it was no picture of Joey's, — as you thought it was, Jouvency, — but my own that she 'd sent back to me; for I 'd stolen hers and left mine behind with her. Then I took out the little case from where I always carried it, and there was Joey smiling at me, bright as if she had n't been shut up in the dark so long, with her pretty head on one side, and all her girlish air; and I kissed it, and put my fist through it, and pitched it after the other one. And the memory of long days with you, and evenings with Joey, and nuttings in the field together, all began to steal over me, and I was half sorry that ever I 'd tried to cut across your hawse. Then at last I bethought me, brother, that there was my shadow lying at the bottom of the sea, and perhaps I could do no better than go after it. And I wondered how it would seem to be taking one 's last look of sky and sea, and I lifted my eyes to view the deep dark heaven move over us, with its stars lying upon it like jewels; and I cast them abroad on the wide bloomy purple waters, singing softly to themselves, — just a breath of wind was blowing, but as I gazed it was rising to a breeze, the little waves were springing to catch it and feather their snow upon it, and far, far away a vapor or a sail took shape, — and suddenly the stars had gone, and the sky was a great rose, and the sun himself was floating up like a fiery spirit, and every wave beneath him was a kindled flame, and it was morning, with no mad riot of bird-singing as on shore, but everywhere a hush of murmuring waters that made one drowse. And all at once your voice rose in a volley, Jouvency, there was a lurch, just as you dashed the brine over Jacky Tar and his weight fell forward on the wheel, and with it I was flying through the air, grazing a shroud that broke my fall, and parting the waters, and plunging down, down — "

"Then I killed you, after all, Geordie!" cried Lucian.

"And this is my ghost."

"But why did n't you halloo?"

"O, I should have screamed!" said Joey.

"Perhaps I did. I don't know. Only you were making so much noise yourself, Jouvency, that I should n't have been heard. And then I was possessed of Satan. And if it struck your ear at all, you thought my splash no more than that of a leaping fish. When I rose, and shook the water from my eyes, and tried to strike out, the bark was far, far ahead, and I was at sea on my own account, with a broken arm for ballast. Then it smote me like a blow, the strange sail or vapor on the horizon. And I began to fear that it meant more than I had known, and that it was a spirit-sail bearing down upon me; and as all the deeds of their lives rush blindingly over drowning people, so I fancied that in recalling our pleasant past, as I swung in the foretop, I had begun

beforehand. But that was only one wild moment; for I had always known I was never born to be drowned; it does n't run in our line," said Geordie, with a short laugh and a quick glance at his mother, — "a line that dances through this world and into the next, so fond of its dance that at last it dances on nothing; and remembering the fact, I gathered heart and contrived to keep afloat, — half an hour, I afterwards learned; all day, I should have said. The waters were warm and pleasant. I was only afraid of sharks, I meant to turn them my broken arm first; and at last giving one final look all round at the great blue, shining, heedless sky, I saw the strange sail like a mountain of snow on the weather, — it seemed a mountain to me, — and then came an agony! If I should sink, and that in sight! And in due course of time, just as all manner of strange faces and burning colors were crowding upon my eyes, — I 've seen them once again since then, Doctor, — I was picked up, and taken aboard of her. She was a man-of-war bound for the Pacific. I left her at Fiji — French leave — for a returning whaler, and we went ashore last night across the bay. That 's all you 'd care to hear," said Geordie.

"It 's nothing less than a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazard.

"It is a nightmare," sighed Mrs. Romilly.

"Is it strange to be here, Geordie, among us all, beside the fire, and with the storm just over?" asked Joey.

"And the Doctor here, — as if it were just the next night to one before I went away. Yes. But I 'm of the light, loose kind; out of sight, out of mind. And you 'll all be changed in a day or two. You 'll be a will-o'-the-wisp, leading one a dance over bog and brier no longer, Joey, but a little sober lantern for Lucian to carry in his hand."

"No," said the Doctor, as Joey's chin began to rise, "but a happy chirping chimney-cricket for us all."

"Anything you please," answered Geordie, "only changed. Then he 's gone through what will quench his fire for me, — I 've drifted off from Jouvency, I 've cast loose from you, Joey. I used to be in love with you," said Geordie, with his reckless freedom and disregard; "to-day your cheeks are too pale. Besides, if I loved any woman, I think I would n't marry her; I 'd thank the man that took her, though wanting to see him no more, — for I should break her heart."

"That is wicked nonsense, Geordie!" said Lucian.

"Yes," continued Geordie, "it seems now as if I 'd never been away; it seemed then as if I had never been here. I doubt would I have returned at all, but for you, little woman. I 'm a worthless dog; mother 's love is the only love that lasts with me. You took me early back into Christendom with you, I cut my teeth on your coral, — mother's milk diluted, it could never drown out the wild tang of my blood. And now the gadfly is on us, and I think we 'll leave these parts."

"O Geordie!" said Joey.

"I 'm only half-civilized, Joey. I can't cling to your customs. I was rocked in a cradle, yet there 's no bed to me like hemlock-boughs. Once I could be vexed at your Gypsy Geordies and little flings, — I don't know why it shamed me to trace my brown skin back to the old kings that wore the tint before me, — the old shepherd king of Egypt. We are wanderers on the face of the earth; and having bound her fate with ours, my mother has been long enough in one place to start again. And here comes the stew! Jove! if it were boiling on a crotch-stick over a fire filched from a fence, and to be eaten with a splinter for a fork!"

"For shame, Geordie!" said his mother; but he laughed back at her so roguishly that all the grave faces relaxed, and every one was puzzled to know how much truth there was in a word he said.

"Mother," said Lucian then, standing a moment opposite Mrs. Hazard, as we gathered round the cloth, "I am going

to ask the Elder to come up here this evening. But I don't know as that need hinder our thanking God, now, that we sit all together at this table once more, heart-safe, hands clean, and honor bright." And with this model grace concluded, we took our seats. I had expected something of the kind before, and wondered at its omission, but my husband, to whom my unfortunate face is transparent, had privately hinted to me that, when the engine is suddenly reversed, things do not immediately find their equilibrium.

All the time that Geordie had been rambling on, Joey had sat quite turned away from Lucian, her eyes upon Geordie's, and her whole attention apparently surrendered to him; and directly after we were engaged at the table it was plain that the naughty hussy had been touched by his boast of freedom from her chain, and was determined to give him yet another taste of her power. It was a pretty game to watch; but one was saved from condemning the little witch's conduct as utterly reprehensible by remembering that she had yet by no means recovered from the fever of her late excitement; that she was still in the reaction of all her long-forced calmness, and was incapable of seeing things in their true light and magnitude. In fact, Joey, with her glistering glance, with the color fixed to damask in her cheek, with her breathless manner, was the least in the world beside herself, and consequently governed by her former habit; this trifling, twittering, sparkling Joey would to-morrow be the staid, quiet little housewife, the happiness of the hearth. While she coquetted with all her bewildering ways, Geordie, having decided after a few moments that Lucian was equal to the occasion, left off driving a half-dollar through his tumbler,—it must have been one of those the Doctor put in the pocket of his new clothes that morning,—and lent himself to her whim. And if, to reward him for the part he played, he was made subject to a bit of the old intoxication and pain, it was no more than he deserved. "Ah, Joey," whispered the Doctor at the other side, "if I were your lover—"

"Which one of them?" she quickly whispered back.

"Have you any right to more than one?"

Joey bit her lip, and salted her tea, and spilled the contents of the salt-spoon over the cloth. There was a general laugh among the rest of us as Mrs. Hazard scrambled to throw over her shoulder some that had fallen between herself and Geordie.

"You should n't talk to me so," murmured Joey, under shelter of the sound. "*He* don't care about me. I had to say before everybody that I *did!*" and the little red lip trembled too much to continue the coherency.

"I was only telling you what my treatment of your present indisposition would be, Dr. Joey," was the answer. "I should n't put you into a straitjacket exactly, but you should speedily find yourselves in bonds!"

"Oh," said Joey, her imp uppermost again. "You think I need a bridle to tame me."

"Because you 've just missed the halter," was on the tip of the Doctor's tongue; but it was too wicked for him to say, so he kept it between his teeth.

Meanwhile Lucian, who had been hurt, indignant, and amazed, by the fireside, had now, perhaps, fully resolved upon his line of action, and was about to teach Joey a lesson for life. He had scarcely eaten anything himself, but sat there assisting every one else, alert and alive, with his great dark eyes fully lifted and letting out a dazzle; and if through honesty or fearlessness he had ever at any other time been of slower comprehension, which I doubted, to-night he seemed to feel everything through the very pores of his skin.

When we were rising, Lucian came round and asked the Doctor if he could walk with him for a short time; and the Doctor, giving Miss Joey the benefit of his face, which evidently meant mischief, proceeded to accompany him.

"You don't ask me, Jouvency?" said Geordie.

"You and I must have many a walk," said Lucian, with a certain sweet complaisance. "But we 'll go out now, and have a look at our stars together till the Doctor is ready to join us." And as we could hear them pacing up and down the path, the Doctor made no motion to increase their number, but stood watching Joey where she sat on a low stool holding her chin in her hand, and absently humming,

> "What does the firelight throw on the wall?
> Nothing at all, — nothing at all, —
> Only my shadow is dancing there,
> All by itself to a phantom air,"

till Geordie, coming in, tossed down his hat and told him Jouvency waited. "He has his grand air to-night," said Geordie. "I can tell you what! when he stood there this morning, holding you, Mrs. Hazard, with his head up, and his eyes looking out beyond the whole kit of them, I expected nothing but he 'd declare he was as innocent when they meant to destroy him as now when they meant to acquit him, and refuse the benefit of clergy. Joey, you 'll have a husband in a thousand."

"How do you know I will?" asked Miss Joey, brushing up the hearth with vigor.

"He has just told me so."

"Self-praise goes no great ways," was the sententious reply.

"It is self-praise, I allow now," said the daring Geordie, "for a man to declare he is to be Joey's husband."

"I did n't mean that, you know," replied the sprite.

But Geordie had obtained a glimpse of his long tin whistle, that had hung in the branches of the fan-coral this year and more, and had caught it down, and sent his nimble half-dollar through it, as a duster apparently. "That will give it a silver ring," said he, and went to blowing out strange sad strains with a forgetfulness of all about him. For though it was possible for nobody less than a wizard to obtain the softness of wood from the base metal, Geordie had a gift at his tin pipe, and he charmed the rude ear with its shrill sweetness as no Lydian flute could have done. They were tranquillizing tunes that he played, — such melancholy melodies as he had heard the winds sing in the shrouds, as he had heard the leaves murmur in the forest, the sedges in the lakes. There was a subtile art in the long slow notes. They took the fancy away to other scenes, — a valley among high mountains, the gloom beneath a hill, the sea creaming along the shore at dawn, — they spread a magic through the air; and as she listened Joey grew more quiet, her nervous fingers lay idly in her lap, and her eyes gazed vaguely into the fire as if she could not see for the tears that filmed them. It was driftwood burning there, fragments of unknown wrecks, once copper-sheathed, long wave-washed, and impregnated with the salts of the sea that decomposed in a blaze of splendid color, in short, crisp tongues of sulphurous azure, and great green sheets that might have been the exhalation of some single emerald surge, and seemed not so much shifting flame as the very spirit of fire itself. One felt that the noise of tempestuous nights and [illegible]g breakers roared up the chimney; it was a glare that should have illuminated long stretches of dark angry water; in the hissing and oozing, and crackling, and crepitation one fancied the confusion of creaking cordage and starting plank and hurried cry, and it seemed as if the ghost of all that departed sound were striving again for utterance. Yet, in spite of such association, there was an unavoidable sense of cheer about the dancing coruscations, in which all the sublimated quintessence of the sea was evoked by the touch of its mighty adverse element; and they dissipated the mournfulness of Geordie's music for us all, and for himself as well; and when he laid down his pipe Joey was gently chanting to herself the burden of an old hymn. Perhaps she was but half aware of her revery; but she sung out her thoughts to us in the sweet and solemn words, —

> "'God shall charge his angel legions
> Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
> Though thou walk through hostile regions,
> Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

"'On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.'

Before she had finished, the Doctor came in, followed presently by Lucian.

"Cleared off cold," said the Doctor, rubbing his hands before the fire. "Brisk weather outside. Stars are bright enough to make the sky look as if it had been out all night in the frost." Then he came and sat down by me. "Well," said he, under pretence of winding up his watch, speaking with bated breath, "we did what we set out to do. Overcame some difficulties, — the town-clerk had his scruples, — looked for Lucian's handcuffs, — seemed," said the Doctor, for my ear alone, "actually to fear the social consequences of the Shakespearian theory of marrying a gallows and begetting young gibbets."

"Doctors are hard-hearted things!" I said.

"Right, my dear," he answered. "An organ in such constant requisition becomes like a housemaid's hand."

But Geordie's ear, always quick as the fox, was open.

"One man's meat and another man's poison?" suggested he to us, without turning his head.

"If 't were done when 't is done!" said I.

"Catch her first and tame her afterward," said the Doctor, still under his breath, and then looked inquiringly at Lucian, on whom Geordie's glance had for some time been bent.

Lucian stood by the fireside, and was gazing down at Joey, who kept her eyes persistently on the fire, till his voice commanded them. "Joey," said he, "there are none here but our dear friends, you know, and to one of them we owe, not only the blessing of being under one roof this evening, but life itself and all the happiness we have to hope. And so I think I may say to you before them all, that the Elder is coming up the hill, and if there is any reason why he should not give you to me at once, speak now, or else forever after hold your peace." And smiling down upon her, Lucian bent and raised her by the hand.

Joey lifted her eyes to Lucian's again in a brief flash, looked round upon all our faces in a sudden frightened way, then snatched her hand away, and turned and hid her face in his open palm. "O, I 'm not good enough!" gasped she.

"Perhaps the Elder 'll make you so," said Lucian, still retaining her. "I find you very good as Joey Hazard, but think myself you 'll be better as Joey Jouvency!"

"But, Lucian," said Mrs. Hazard, with a horror of Netherby Corner, "she 's never been engaged!"

"I don't approve of engagements, ma'am," said the Doctor, with no appeal.

"But marriage — "

"Is a looking-glass to catch larks," said Geordie.

"Well, for the matter of that," said Mrs. Hazard, pursuing her own thoughts, "they 've kept company this dozen years; and — and — if the Doctor thinks 't will do," concluded she in a tremble of real pleasure. "But in her gingham?"

The blushing Joey turned at the word, holding out her pink skirt with both hands.

"The gown of gowns for me," said Lucian.

"And not a speck of cake in the house!" resumed its mistress, "nor a drop of wine, — for I had n't the heart to make any. But let me tell you, Miss Joey, there 'll have to be an end here of all your airs and graces, for they don't set well on a married woman." But suddenly Geordie silenced her in welcoming the Elder as if he were himself a pillar of the church.

I don't know why it is, a wedding always makes me cry. I can compass heaven and earth to bring it about, but when it reaches the point I had as lief attend a funeral. Whether I think, when the bride goes rustling by in her shining veil and flowers, of the lamb decked out for the altar, or whether I am oppressed by the mystery of the

great sacrament, it is all the same ; and unless some blessed distraction comes to my relief, — as once it did in the shape of my sea-green silk, every tear I dropped on which I knew would make a blue spot, — unless such counteracting commonplace preserves me, I am dissolved and lost. But there was nothing of the wedding about that evening's ceremony, — there was only Lucian standing there devout and tender, and Joey longing to hide herself. Besides, I was not so much concerned in Joey's future ; if she came across some pebbles in her path, I fancied they would do her no harm, and, for all her wiles just now, I did not believe that Lucian had reached the end of his troubles, and what feeling I had I reserved for him. But the Doctor was not of my opinion ; and I heard him at the conclusion of things playing the key-bugle with his handkerchief in a way to alarm one. Nevertheless, I had one person to agree with me, as Geordie's congratulatory remark told, "Ah, Joey," said he, "you don't need I should wish you joy. But as for Lucian ! — it 's my opinion, for all your blushes, that when one makes his bed on roses, he 's apt to be thorned to death ! "

Meanwhile the quiet Mrs. Romilly looked at Geordie as if she remembered another and a different kind of bridal, and, going to Joey, took from her own bosom a tiny amulet. "You shall always wear it, my dear," said she, "and as long as he lives he shall love you."

"And as long as I wear it, shall you ? " asked Joey, coquettish even to her kind.

"You will never know any more whether I love you or not," said the pale little creature with no identity of her own, "because Geordie is going away now, and I suppose we shall never return."

"Not so fast," said Geordie. "Some time or other we must end our days ; we 'll come back and do it here."

"My hearth will always be your hearth, Geordie," said Lucian. And then the Elder pulled out the big Bible which Mrs. Hazard had perhaps always regarded too reverentially to make free with, and hushed us with the touching texts and promises he found, as one by one he turned over the leaves ; and kneeling down, at last, he melted all our hearts into one with the prayer that he offered for those whose lives were united to all eternity, for him who had been given back in innocence and honor, and for him whom the sea had surrendered. And after he had ceased, the wide wings of a solemn thankfulness brooded over the still and happy house.

The years have slipped away since then, a half-score of them.

Joey Hazard, or Joey Jorbones, as the Netherby dialect renders her stately name, wears her matronly roses with pretty dignity, nor did it take another voyage of Lucian's over-seas to make the ground good beneath her feet. Perhaps Lucian remembers a promise that once he gave the Doctor upon a certain night, but at any rate I fancy he has no occasion for any paroxysms now-a-days ; and I never agreed with the lawyers *then*, — for if the paroxysms evinced a violent temper, they evinced, in my opinion, an equal control of it, and were certainly not so much due to irascibility as to violent emotion, — and now he lives quietly at home, and watches another Joey open her roses under his eyes. But Geordie returns no more. Whether he has taken him to his wilds, or rests in foreign ports, or lies at last somewhere deep down between the still currents, rocked softly in his sleep far beneath all the restless tides that shift and roll above, no rumor comes to tell us. But still I fancy that Lucian looks for him ; and whenever a minute-gun sounds between the Tusks and the shore he is the first on the beach, the first to man the life-boat, the first to swim out with the life-line ; and on no stormy night is the curtain dropped in the window of the cottage on the hill, lest some wayfarer should miss the cordial welcome of his glowing hearth.

CRETAN DAYS.

III.

KISAMOS. — POLYRRHENIA.

WHOEVER rides out by the western gate of Canea will have occasion to remember (if he should know it) the way in which Sir Launfal was taken aback, in Lowell's poem, when, coming out of his castle gate on just such a morning as all summer mornings are in Crete,

> "The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
> And midway its leap his heart stood still
> Like a frozen waterfall";

for not only one leper, but a score of lepers beset the roadside, some in the dust and some in the doors of the village they have built themselves just outside the walls. Like him above mentioned,

> "Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sat,"

they thrust out their mutilated hands as proof that they are lepers, and therefore entitled to alms, meantime moaning inarticulately, — some with voices reduced to a whisper which scarcely retains a human tone, — while, a living denial of the leprosy's contagion, there stands in one of the doorways a woman quite free from it, pointing you, as you pass, to the bed inside where her husband lies, too far gone to do duty outside. Perhaps twenty houses form the village, containing a community between which and the rest of the world there is no tie but alms-giving.

Yet, here the lepers marry and are given in marriage, and breed leprous children to succeed to their places and perpetuate their lucrative loathsomeness. I have seen groups of lepers at nightfall counting out and dividing the alms of the day, before going home, and exhibiting a total much beyond the average wages of laboring men. Modern medical science has entirely disproved the notion of the infectiousness of leprosy, but it will be many generations ere a sound Oriental will give his hand to his leprous relative, or willingly touch anything that is his, though the sum of the lepers' alms flows back into circulation without *pratique*. Money, I notice, is never infected.

Emerging from the leper suburb you come on a Turkish cemetery, in which nothing appears remarkable except two domed tombs, where, on certain days, you will see the families of the buried Turks, or the worshippers of the defunct saints, — whichever it be that lies there, — in the performance of their religious exercises, of the nature of which I confess the profoundest ignorance. I only know that I once raised a storm of indignation and unmistakable expletives by trying to see the inside of the dome during a ceremony, and beat a retreat which I should have been ashamed to execute before a scimitar-bearing Turk.

Shortly after passing the cemetery we cross the Kladiso, the torrent which runs through the ravine of Theriso, and there find our road fork, one path leading to Platania along the shore, and the other to Alikianu. The former is the high road to Kisamos; the latter to Omalo, *via* Laki. We took the sea-shore, a fresh north-wind rolling the surf up to our horses' feet, and filling the air with salt sea odors. At intervals we met parties of villagers coming into Canea with their little donkey loads of fruits or vegetables, or a few fowls, not enough to pay the day's wages in any developing country. This is the way communication is carried on through the island. The wretchedness of the roads makes it impossible to use even horses profitably, and the benighted restrictions on coastwise transport prevent the Cretans from making use of the sea

as their highway. So it happens that the oil of Selinos is worth only half the market price where it is sold, and the magnificent chestnuts of the same province come to Canea, *via* Syra, whither they have been smuggled.

The rolling hills which lie inland on our way are mainly covered with olive-trees, and a pretty village, Hagia Marina, looks out from the green. The hills rise higher and higher, and finally we reach Platania, perched on the last and highest of them, before coming into the valley of the river Platanos. Passing the town, we turned up by the river, a clear sparkling stream that suggested fly-rods and a day's wading; but people told us that there were no fish to be found in it. It flows through a passage evidently cut by its own current, with bold and unexpected approaches of the hills, and a bottom-land plentifully interspersed with large plane-trees; and our path wound between the fields and along the river-banks without much regard to the extent of ground appropriated.

We selected a spot in the centre of a grove of plane-trees to lunch in, and spread the tablecloth on the dried and parched herbs which held the place of turf. We saw around us the famed vines of Platania, climbing and bearing their crop in the tree-tops, — huge clusters, not yet fully ripe, though grapes had long been in market. There were none of those mammoth vines of which Pashley speaks, — as large as a man's body; but the Cretans of the party said that his story was not exaggerated; that during the prevalence of the grape disease their crop was all destroyed and the vines were cut up, leaving in consequence only the youngest and most vigorous. One of Miss T——'s Arabs, with an excited recollection of dates and palms perhaps, climbed one of the trees and brought us a cluster which weighed three or four pounds, but which was pronounced by the natives small; some declaring that, before the disease made its appearance, the clusters often weighed from twelve to sixteen pounds; and I have since seen clusters that weighed above eight pounds.

The apparition of Europeans in the glades of Platania soon brought a crowd of admiring natives, who formed a respectful circle, and in silence watched the animals feed. Not one approached, not a word was spoken; but sitting cross-legged on the ground they gazed with a mute admiration which would have stamped them philosophers in the days when their ancestors attended the course of academe lectures. A grave and gray-haired priest presently joined the gazers, and, approaching us, bade us welcome, and invited us to his house in the village. We reciprocated by asking him to partake the lunch, to which some timely figs were added at a hint from the *patéras* to one of the youngsters. We asked, seeing all in holiday attire, what *fête* was that day, and were told that, one of the more prominent young men of the village having been married that morning, they were celebrating the wedding. And in effect we heard the occasional banging of fire-arms which accompanies all high festivities in Crete, — especially in those parts where the race of Sphakia mingles with the lowland races, as in this province.

We accepted an invitation to participate in the demonstrations, and adjourned to the village *en masse*, the crowd preceding and following. A dance was going on in the house of the bride, which we were told was the Sphakiote supposed to be derived from the Pyrrhic of other days. A long line of "youths and maidens," hand in hand, filed round and round the room, the head of the line, always a male, doing all the dancing, and yielding his place to another when fatigued. His tie with the next in file, a lady, was a handkerchief, round which and under which he stepped, gyrated, and stamped, striking his long Cretan boots together, dropping on one knee and then on the other, and going through a series of gymnastic exercises which can hardly be described intelligibly. They were

all performed to the time of a plaintive song, in which the non-dancing sex took the leading parts, — a sad, monotonous ditty, of which the burden was the exploits of an unhappy lover. Dropping suddenly on one knee and rising again so quickly as not to lose the time seemed to be the principal feat. The passive assistants filled the space around, barely giving the file its moving-room; and a bearer of refreshments from time to time squeezed his way between the two divisions of society. The room *was n't* a dancing-hall and *was* very crowded, and soon became very hot, our presence operating as stimulus both to the dancers and the outsiders. Those who had not cared to see the dance pushed in to see the spectators; and after two or three changes of the dancers we departed, taking away the chief interest of the scene, and breaking up the dance for the time. We went to the priest's house by special and urgent invitation, and took some refreshment, — this being a ceremony no visitor must refuse to go through; received curiosity calls from some of the personages of the place, tried our little Greek with the family, — of which the eldest daughter was really very pretty and Greek-like, not to say classic, — and as the sun was growing less oppressive in the west bade the festive Platania adieu. I, with my guide and dragoman, continued my journey westward, and the rest went back to Canea.

We forded the Platanos (even now a rapid, and for a pedestrian a dangerous stream to cross, and in winter quite impassable) near a ruined bridge of the Venetian days. A flood had carried away its central pier, and so far no repairs had been made, its fragments lying as they had fallen. We had hoped to sleep at Gonia, — a convent by the seaside, just where the shore turns off toward Cape Spada, — but the time lost at Platania made us too late. After night began to fall we drew up at a little place by the wayside, half hostelry, half shop, where the path turns off to Kondomari, a village so buried in olive-orchards as not to be visible from the road, and asked for shelter. They had quarters for the horses, they said, but none good enough for us; so, leaving the quadrupeds to the care of one of the two landlords, — a Mahometan, by the way, — we went with the Christian associate to his house in the village. A zigzag path took us up hill, and amongst the olive-trees. In the waning twilight we saw many houses in ruins, left so since 1830, then one or two houses inhabited, and a crooked narrow lane, at one turn of which a shout from our guide brought a light to the door of a cottage. Like all the other cottages of Cretan peasants who are at all well to do, it had two rooms on the ground, — one to cook and eat in, and one used as a store-house and stable; while above were a guest-chamber and a — parlor, I am obliged to call it, but the name is misapplied. It served to receive visitors in, however, and had two divans, on which, after a supper of fried eggs and bread, with good wine of the country, my guide and dragoman went to sleep, while my host ushered me into the chamber, where a clean, well-made bed, with mosquito-nets, surprised me into a sound and long night's rest. It was only in the morning that I noticed that I had occupied the only bed in the house, and that my host and hostess had spread their mattress on the table.

These villages differ little; the ordinary houses have only two rooms, and in general the inhabitants are but little removed from daily want. The olive, which is their principal support, is a precarious crop; and if from the superabundance of one year they accumulate a little, another year with a deficient crop absorbs it all. They are almost universally obliged to borrow from the usurers for their summer's subsistence, paying with oil, when it comes in, the loan with interest at twelve to twenty per cent for six months, with the additional burden of a contract to sell the oil in preference to the money-lender at some five piasters the

mistach below the market price, which usually increases the interest to twenty-five or thirty per cent. Of course, under the circumstances, and weighed down as they are with taxes, they remain poor. Yet they are always cheerful and respectable in their appearance, and *very* rarely ask alms. My hosts of Kondomari would not accept any compensation whatever for their hospitality; but, as the partner in the stable business was a "Turk," I was permitted to pay ten piasters for the horses (one hundred and twelve piasters make a pound sterling), which, I may add, was all I ever succeeded in paying for entertainment during my summer's wandering.

The early morning, delightful always and everywhere, is especially so in this rainless country, where only heavy dews water the country from spring to late autumn. The nights are seldom very warm; when the sirocco blows I have found the house-top more comfortable than the chamber; but at other times the night and morning are refreshing, and the long rides through the olive-orchards which cover all the northern plains of Crete are such as leave the pleasantest recollections of travel. We breakfasted at Gonia, where the monks made us doubly welcome, it being long since they had had a visitor from the outside world, and my nationality exciting anticipations of sympathy with the patriotic aspirations for which the monks of Gonia are always obnoxious to the Turkish government. The convent, a building not remarkable for antiquity or beauty, stands low on the hillside looking eastward; a buttressed platform giving room for the building, while above and below is a steep slope of rugged rock, at whose foot the sea dashes. In all the later insurrectionary movements Gonia has had the reputation of being the head-quarters of the conspirators and the store-house of their munitions.

As we neared the convent we met a Cretan, who, without invitation or question, turned his horse's head to accompany us. He entered the convent with us, and attached himself to me with such persistence that I supposed him to be in the service of the convent. He entered the room where the table was spread, and took his place in front of me, standing, where he remained until a slight commotion outside called him out, when the Hegoumenos told me that he was a spy quartered on them by the Governor-General, and whom they dared not take any steps against openly, though it was said that he had been several times in his late goings to and fro caught by unknown persons, and dreadfully beaten. His own family, even his wife and children, refused to speak to him; and, stigmatized as the "Pasha's man," he was an outcast from the whole Christian community. I took the responsibility of ordering the door to be shut in his face; and when we left, of telling him to mind his own business, instead of accompanying me as he intended.

From Gonia I desired to visit Dictynnæon, near the point of Cape Spada; but the almost impassable nature of the roads (little else than goat-paths, in fact) determined me to make this the object of a sea excursion. Passing by Hagia Irene, where exist some ancient walls, probably the remains of Achaia, we crossed the ridge of the peninsula and descended into a little secluded valley, with a village so charmingly buried in its dense olive-orchards that I wondered why the monks had not established a convent there. We skirted the valley, and, mounting the ridge beyond, obtained a superb view of the plain of Kisamos, like that of Canea a wide expanse of olive-orchards, with white villages in glimpses here and there. In the far distance was Kisamo-Castelli, and beyond the peninsula of Grabusa, emulating Spada in its reach toward the kindred Grecian lands. At the south rugged, abrupt hills, cloven by torrents, admitted the Typhlos, on whose mouth at the right is Nopia, anciently Methymna, lying under the slopes of Cape Spada. No ancient remains invited examination, except what seemed to be a Roman tomb, and this had lost its

casing stone-work, and was little more than a shapeless ruin.*

We reached Kisamos at about four, P. M., and sought the *mudir* (governor of a canton), for whom I had a note from the Governor-General, ostensibly inviting his attention to my wants, but really, I presume, warning him to look out for my intrigues. What I wanted of him was very little, — to find me a night's lodging with some person whose loyalty was so undoubted that I should not afterwards be accused of hatching conspiracies, and a sight at two statues recently dug up near the town. The first I obtained from the captain of the town, always a tool of the government, and in this case the most well-to-do citizen apparently of Kisamos. The mudir, an old soldier, with frank, soldierly ways and a jolly rotund *physique*, inspiring confidence at first sight, received me smoking his nargile in the street before the public *café*, and invited me to partake the hubble-bubbling pastime, while he called up the neighboring shoemaker, who served him as dragoman and secretary, to read the letter and translate. We smoked our pipes while the crowd gathered around, on hearing that a consul had arrived. They looked at me, and looked for my retinue, and, consulting each other in whispers, finally came to the conclusion that there was some humbug in the matter, as it was impossible that a person of so much importance as a consul should travel without pipe-bearers and guards at least as many as a mudir. I don't think that over half a dozen of the people really believed in me. Nevertheless, they all went to help me see the statues, which we found noteworthy. One, the torso of a Roman emperor, with part of a leg and an arm, was in the ornate Roman style, heavy, *pose plastique*, and tasteless in its *ensemble*, but elaborate in ornamentation, the breastplate bearing an armed Minerva, standing on the she-wolf, with the Roman twins, and being crowned by two winged Victories. The wolf was supported by a leaf bracket, under which was a border of scroll-work, with two eagles and sundry fantastic heads. The other was a Greek statue, a Minerva, broken in several pieces, but lacking only the right arm, and when set up showing its intention perfectly, as the right arm had evidently been pendent. The left, carried across the breast, held a nest from which a serpent uncoiled itself. It was of a late and conventional style, characteristically Greek, and in Parian marble, but much corroded. They were both shown in the London "Illustrated News" last year. I was entertained in great state that night, the captain wishing to be well reported to the Pasha, who was *popularly* supposed to be my particular friend; but I did not sleep as I had at Kondomari, for the mosquitoes. In the morning we strolled about the place, and went into the earthwork, — a diminutive fortification compared to those of Canea and Candia, and incapable of resisting a battery of field guns. It was taken by investment in the war of Greek independence, after nearly the whole garrison had died from plague. The ruins of the ancient city are in the plain south of the town, — fragments of Roman brick-work, the foundation walls of what seemed to me to be a theatre, uncovered by the recent excavation; a few columns scattered here and there in the city and around it, and some fragments of sculpture, set in the garden walls; one of these, a Diana, had been a noble work, but was now a mere fragment. The remains, few as they were, indicated a wealthy city, and I anticipate that, if ever excavations are made, some fine works will be brought

* Of this Pashley says: "I may add, that, at the southeast corner of Hagios Georgios, is a fragment of circular walling. I learn from Antonios that the Greeks dug here during the Revolution, and found a woman and a child of marble, which they sent to Anapli. There were twenty-five of them who excavated, and they afterwards received nine dollars apiece, the amount of each man's share of the sum obtained for the statues. A Melian (of Milos) of the name of Joannes, called, from his profession of dealer in antiquities, Antika Yannis, also came and dug here afterwards. I am told marvellous stories about the supernatural appearance of a negro, who, when the excavators had discovered a certain entrance, was seen to stand with a drawn sword, forbidding them to proceed with their work, and who, in fact, deterred them from doing so."

to light. The basin of the ancient port still remains, though by the recession of the sea it is now useless.

Before the heat of the day set in, we started to visit Polyrrhenia, whose ruins crown one of the hills south of Kissamos. The road is excessively bad and abrupt, and after half an hour's ascent, coming to a place more than usually steep, my horse refused it, rearing. The girths having been loosely buckled, saddle and girth slipped over the horse's tail, and horse and rider rolled together in the narrow rocky torrent-bed. The horse was quickest in getting to his feet, and walked deliberately over me, planting one foot on my thigh and another on my chest, my head, by an instinctive movement, dodging the third step, when, after walking a few steps farther, the vicious wretch stopped and launched two or three kicks in the direction of my head. At least so said my guide, who stood paralyzed with fear while the manœuvre was performed, and scarcely spoke or moved until he saw me gathering myself up from among the stones. He never thought to see me stand again, he said. Rubbing and striking out a little, I found no serious damage done, though sundry bruises prophesied a sore morrow. So, to prevent stiffness, and a repetition of the feat, I walked up to the ruins. (On getting back to Canea I found I had one rib broken; and I here profit by the incident to inform the reader that Cretan horses are all vicious, and Cretan roads all bad; so, if he visits the island, he had better use a mule, or, better still, an ass, or, best of all, go afoot, having a mule to carry his baggage.) The road leads over a ridge of a kind of sandstone, easily excavated, and we found here and there traces of tombs; one especially was remarkable, with the appearance of having been cleft in two by an earthquake, the road passing between the parts. Descending into a valley, we commence the ascent of the hill on which Polyrrhenia stood. A difficult and precipitous road leads up a mile or so, to a fountain issuing from an excavated cistern, fed by an aqueduct which is cut in the rock. The duct is large enough for a man slightly stooping to walk in, and some peasants watering their sheep there told us we might walk in it for an hour, and emerge on the other side of the hill near the top. The play did n't seem worth the candles we should burn, and we were not provided with any, moreover, so I did n't test the truth of the assertion. In front of the cave is a sort of tower of Roman construction, but containing fragments of marble exquisitely carved with architectural ornaments, evidently parts of an earlier building. The water of the fountain ran through it, and in a stream, from the fort. It was apparently a monument built to serve at once as a fountain, and commemorate the piercing of the duct. We left the horses at a little village, a short distance farther on, and went by a footpath up the rocks to the summit. The village itself showed tombs economized as houses and stables, and it had evidently been the site of a necropolis. The old city was built on a breezy height, overlooking all the province of Kisamos and most of Canea, the Akroteri being in easy view. The remains are very interesting. There are cisterns which still hold water, and walls Hellenic and Roman, with some towers of Saracenic construction. I copied some inscriptions of Greek and Roman times; but Spratt has recorded them so carefully that I need not give them here. It was impossible, in visiting the site, and seeing the remains, not to recognize a kindred spirit to that which built the Pelasgic cities of Central Italy. The same conditions of inaccessibility and security, the same relations of the hill chosen to the near and allied peaks that may be seen in most of the ancient cities of the Romagna, and especially Præneste, which in position it much resembles, except that the city was limited to the summit, — as, indeed, appears to have been the case with the early Præneste, though not with the city of Roman date.

How much the choice of the sites of these old cities depended on æsthetics,

and how much on strategics we, of course, have no means of knowing; but I am persuaded, by examination of many sites, that the love of a breezy outlook and a command of horizon had as much to do with it as purely defensive considerations; and getting on the leeward side of a bit of Middle-Age parasitic structure, while the sun dried my clothes, damp with perspiration, I had ample leisure to approve the taste of those Achæans and Laconians who came here and collocated the Polyrrhenian villagers within the walls they had learned the art of building, and established a great state (among those of Crete), dividing with Cydonia the western part of the island. The remains indicate a city of magnificence, even under the Roman emperors; and we know that it was a place of peculiar sanctity, since Agamemnon, visiting the island, during his exile, came here to sacrifice.

There were two dependencies of Polyrrhenia whose rival claims to the first visit I had weighed before leaving Castelli, — Kutri, the ancient Phalasama, and Rocca, anciently Rhokka; but I had been deterred from the former by the accounts of the road thither, and had concluded to take it by sea at the same time with Dictynnæon and Grabusa, the road to which latter place from Castelli was described as impassable for beasts of burden. My way from Polyrrhenia to Rocca was clear, though rough, and I could see the site from where I sat; but the effects of my fall began to be felt, and a pain about the footprint the horse had left on my chest suggested getting near a physician, in case anything should be out of order. I excused myself to myself then, and reluctantly deferred even Rocca and its ancient temple to another trip.

Returning, we took the road down the opposite side of the mountain from that which we had ascended, — a way exceedingly circuitous, but through one of the most picturesque of ravines, overhung by bold ledges, under which a mountain brook sparkled and bounded. I looked carefully for signs of fish, but saw none, and indeed have never found in any fresh-water stream of Crete any other than eels. The view of Polyrrhenia from the plain just after emerging from this ravine (of the river of Kamara) is of great beauty as a landscape, and shows to advantage the surpassing strength of the position of the ancient city.

The sun was getting low when we struck the open plain, and there was not time to reach Gonia; so, as my guide had a relative living at Drepania, (a village half-way there,) we turned our horses' heads toward that place. We were fortunate in arriving a little before dark, for the guide did n't know exactly where his relative lived. After stumbling through the most wretched of lanes, leading our horses part of the time, we found him on the outskirts of the village, in a ruined Venetian house, of which only two rooms were inhabited, — one by the horses, etc., the other by his family of wife and five or six children. One half the family-room was chamber and the other half kitchen. Blank dismay seized me at the thought of a night to be passed in such circumstances; but the poor man was so much honored by the choice, and held so strongly to my taking his bed, that I hardly knew how to refuse it. Luckily, in our search for his house, we had fallen on the guardian of the quarantine at Kisamos, who resided in Drepania, and who had been inconsolable that I had not passed the previous night at his house: he was the only person in the district who could speak English, and was very loath to lose an opportunity to exercise it. He had followed us, and, finding the strait I was in, renewed his invitation with an energy equal to his rival's; and so I compromised the question by leaving the beasts at the Venetian villa and taking to the sanitary bachelor's abode for my own repose and that of my companion.

My host gave me a number of terra-cotta images, — which he had taken himself from the necropolis of what is now known as Selino-Castelli, on the

south shore, — and a lamp curiously modelled in the form of a human foot.

Our next day's ride was by a road slightly divergent from that by which we had come. At Platania we struck the sea-shore, reaching Canea just before closing of the gates. I found general gossip engaged with my fall, which had already been reported with all the additions of an imaginative people. Two persons, who accompanied us from Castelli to Polyrrhenia, had reported it on their return, and a horseman, who, I think, must have gone post on purpose, had carried the news to Canea. Subsequent gossip elicited two facts, — that the horse I rode had a reputation as dangerous, and that the Pasha, who was violently opposed to any foreigners going into the interior, had anticipated an accident to me, the horse's owner being a dependant of his. I requited this wretch by making him wait a few weeks for his pay for the horse, and gave him to understand that if he ever gave me such another, I should shoot the beast on the first misbehavior, — a way of treating the case he perfectly comprehended, being in the spirit of Cretan institutions.

THE SEQUEL TO AN OLD ENGLISH STATE TRIAL.

WE propose to write that which has heretofore remained unwritten, — the true history of the Earl of Cardigan's duel with Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps Tackett, and its sequel as embraced in the career, in this country, of Captain Tackett and the lady who was primarily the cause of the duel. In this recital there will be found all the elements of a sensational romance, but they are due entirely to the facts of this remarkable case, and in no manner or degree to the imagination of the writer.

March of 1854 came in, as old crones about country firesides said, like a lion; full of howling, blustering winds, on which were borne, from early dawn to dawn again, great falls of snow and sleet, that piled themselves ankle-deep on street and pavement. That first day of March, 1854, was as uncomfortable a day for pedestrians as the imagination could well conceive; yet the day following outrivalled it altogether, for, late in the afternoon, a slow, dogged rain-storm set in, so that when the lamps were lighted all out of doors was as a great lake of unclean, chilling slush, and those who had a few days before considered themselves fortunate in securing seats at the old Chestnut Street Theatre for this night's performance, looked grimly into the puddled streets thinking of their penetrating damp and cold.

Yet when the curtain rose, a few hours later, upon the fine old comedy of "Speed the Plough," Miss Lizzie Weston, turned to Dolly Davenport with the query, "Is all the town here?" The question was a natural one, for, except in the matter of great artists, those were not the palmy days of the old Chestnut; "a beggarly account of empty boxes" was the rule then; but this night there was meaning in the phrase, "crowded from pit to dome"; the house was literally crowded with the culture, fashion, and wealth of the Quaker City. They had come there through the inclement night, not that they were especially interested in the play, but that they might do honor to the memory of a grand old gentleman, scholar, and soldier, Captain Harvey G. P. Tuckett, lately dead. He had died in abject poverty, on what were to him alien shores; but to his name there

had clung a halo of great deeds done under burning India suns on battle days; and there was vaguely whispered about him a legend of moral heroism,—of a noble service done later in the sacred name of woman. This Thursday night had been set apart at the theatre for the benefit of his widow, whose first appearance on any stage was widely announced by newspapers and dead walls. She played Margery in "The Rough Diamond," and played it so remarkably well that she astonished, not only her friends, but even the artists of the theatre. When Mr. Jefferson, who played Cousin Joe, led her off the stage, after the fall of the curtain, he said: "Accept my congratulations, madam; no *débutante* ever played so well before, — nor ever will again," he added impressively. Whereupon the widow looked into his face with her great frank eyes, and smilingly thanked him. But while her eyes rested on the artist's face, they were asking a question of it, — this one: "How much do you know, and how much do you guess?"

But of all the thousands who crowded the theatre that evening, — and they were mostly admirers, friends, or acquaintances of her late husband, — few knew that that *petite*, vivacious, black-eyed lady, whose bare shoulders gleamed white as ivory, whose bright, piquant face, merry laughter, and cheery voice charmed to infatuation her audience, had once been the chief promoter of, and actor in, what came near being a tragedy jeoparding the lives of four gentlemen of England, and passing into the records of the law as one of the most remarkable cases in the English state trials.

On Tuesday, February 16, 1841, the present and seventh Earl of Cardigan, James Thomas Brudenell, representing an honorable English family, elevated to the peerage on the 29th day of June, 1611, was tried by his peers at the bar of the House of Lords for an assault, with intent to murder, alleged to have been committed by him in fighting a duel with Mr. H. G. P. Tuckett.

The Earl had commanded the Eleventh Regiment of Hussars when serving in India, a year or two previous, and among his captains was Harvey Tuckett, a cadet, of an ancient and honorable family. Captain Tuckett was accompanied by his wife, a young English lady of exceeding prettiness, great charm of manner, and possessing very brilliant accomplishments and a shrewd wit. The families of the regiment, exiled from the charmed society of Belgravia, yet fitted by birth and education to be of it, grew clannish in the atmosphere of India, and were bound together by ties of sympathy and taste unknown in even the more favored circles of home. The colonel of the regiment, an English peer, possessing in a remarkable degree bravery, culture, and wealth, was regarded by the families of his subordinates as something more than a welcome guest, — as one who conferred distinguished honor by his presence. The most beautiful and brilliant woman of that little society in India was Mrs. Margaret Tuckett, and upon her the Colonel bestowed his particular favor and countenance. The warm friendship that sprang up between them was not only permitted, but encouraged, by the chivalric old Captain, who, impressed with the belief that his young wife might have sympathies in common with the Earl outside of his own maturer life and thought, looked gratefully on the Colonel's attentions to her, and heartily welcomed him to his home.

So the intimacy continued, and ripened, as such intimacies do, until — well — It was the old story which we have all heard and read so often. One day the Captain found upon the floor of his wife's chamber a little note bearing the name and arms of Cardigan. He read it, — read of proposals touching nearly his honor; and the old man's wrath was high as he carried it to his brilliant young wife with savage threats and questionings: Where were the others?

There were no others, — upon her

soul, there were no others; that one was the first and last, only withheld from him lest his anger against so powerful an enemy as the Earl should destroy him.

And he, poor chivalric dolt! superb in his gentle faith, blind in his honest old heart, and as easy to be fooled as the Moor, believed her.

Then came the challenge to the Earl, and his sneering reply, "Do you think I would condescend to fight with one of my own officers?"

Upon that the plucky old man, whose life had been spent in the service, who had won preferment upon a dozen hard-fought fields, who had hoped that some day in the future he would terminate his honorable record in battle, gave up the hope then and there,—gave up, too, all his chances of promotion,—and, intent only upon vindicating his honor, threw up his commission, resigned the position the emoluments of which were necessary for his support in his declining years, and sundered the associations of half a century to remove the Earl's excuse, and oblige him to an encounter. This done, he again challenged him. But the Earl, still finding a pretext for his refusal, again declined to fight.

Yet who, remembering that it was Cardigan who led that desperate charge of the "gallant six hundred," of whom Tennyson has sung, into and out of "the jaws of death" and "the mouth of hell" at Balaklava, will doubt his courage? Maybe some nobler heroism than he has ever shown on any field he showed that day, when he refused to fight with the old man to whose young wife he had written that little note bearing the name of Cardigan.

Shortly after the second challenge had been declined the Eleventh Hussars were ordered to England, where they arrived in due time, and were stationed at Brighton. Immediately following the regiment came Tuckett, pursuing his enemy like fate, and determined to find in England the satisfaction denied him in India. The opportunity of forcing a meeting upon Cardigan soon presented itself, when in turn the Earl became the challenger.

In the year 1840 his Royal Highness Prince Albert was commissioned as Colonel of Cardigan's old regiment, the Eleventh Hussars, the Earl ranking as Lieutenant-Colonel. In his new position it became his object to elevate its conduct and character so that it might gracefully and without reproach wear the honorable title it had won,—that of "Prince Albert's Own." While stationed at Brighton, where the Earl was busily intent upon carrying out his ideas of discipline, he occasioned great dissatisfaction among his officers by the severity of his measures. The spirit of opposition became so strong, that finally reference was made to the War Office by his subordinate officers. The result was that the troubles of the regiment became matter for newspaper discussion, and among the journals most severe on the conduct of the Earl was the Morning Chronicle, in which paper were published a series of letters over the signature of "An Old Soldier." They were characterized by great bitterness and personal ill-feeling against the Earl, who upon inquiry learning that their author was Captain Tuckett, immediately sent him a challenge by his friend Captain Douglass.

On the afternoon of the 12th of September, 1840, the meeting with his adversary so long sought for by the old soldier took place.

About five o'clock, P. M., from opposite directions two carriages approached that part of Wimbledon Common lying between Lord Spencer's Park and a windmill owned by a Mr. Dann, who added to his business of a miller that of constable. Having arrived at the spot selected, the seconds made the usual preparations, and the principals were stationed at a distance of twelve yards. Both the Captain and the Earl fired simultaneously without effect, when some efforts were made by the seconds to induce a reconciliation; but the old soldier was in terrible earnest, and meant mischief. He had sacrificed

position, money, and preferment, only that he might stand as he then did, facing his enemy's pistol, and covering him with his own. He had waited, too, a long while for this opportunity, — had dragged his old bones all the way from India to bring it about; and while he waited and struggled for it his heart was wearing itself out in despair lest the meeting should never take place. Perhaps the Earl cared no more to stop their deadly play than did the Captain; so it again went on. They each received another pistol; and it was afterwards remarked among the club men, in terms not complimentary to the noble Earl, that he had on both occasions used *rifled* pistols, while the Captain's were only the usual smooth-bore. They again fired, when Tuckett fell, having been shot in the hip, — and he carried with him to the day of his death an ugly wound and limp. Sir James Anderson, who accompanied the party as surgeon, went up immediately to the Captain; and, although he bled very freely, his wound was pronounced not necessarily fatal. At this point Mr. Dann the miller, with fine discrimination, — the sport, which he did not wish to disturb, being over, — stepped up and arrested the whole party, and carried them before the magistrate at Wandsworth, by whom they were bound over to appear at the following Sessions to be held at the Central Criminal Court.

A prosecution was begun, and bills of indictment were laid before the Grand Jury against Captain Tuckett and his second, Captain Wainewright, and also against the Earl and his second, Captain Douglass. The charge was assault with intent to murder; the penalty, if guilty, death.

The limitation of jurisdiction of the judges of Old Bailey prevented them from trying the Earl, whose offence he was entitled by his rank to have inquired of and passed upon only by his peers. Under these circumstances the court determined not to try the others until the guilt or innocence of the Earl had been established.

Parliament did not assemble until the 16th of January, 1841; and as soon thereafter as the forms of the House of Lords would permit the bill of indictment against the Earl was removed by a writ of *certiorari* from the lower court, that their Lordships might determine upon the matter.

The fact that the trial would not, as had been the ancient custom, take place in Westminster Hall, had become known to the public; and also that the Painted Chamber which had been used for Parliamentary purposes by the peers since the destruction of the old House by fire, was being prepared for the imposing spectacle. For a period of sixty-four years no peer of England had thus claimed this peculiar privilege of his order, and the importance of the ceremonial affected alike all classes of the English public.

The eager desire evinced among the peeresses and others of the aristocracy to witness the trial rendered it necessary that great alterations should be made to secure their accommodation. But, notwithstanding the marvellous ingenuity manifested by the architect having the alterations in charge, he was unable to meet the requirements of the occasion.

The faithful chronicler of the spectacle, who is as minute in his descriptions and as fond of rank and glitter as old Pepys, says: "The benches, galleries, and floor were covered with crimson cloth, and the walls themselves with paper in which that color was predominant; and the effect was to make the gorgeous robes of the peers and the splendid dresses of the peeresses stand out in dazzling relief." And if the old Captain was there, — and doubtless he was, for his family were of the aristocracy too, — what scorn must have flashed out from under his shaggy white brows as he looked down from his seat in the gallery upon all this display, — upon "the gorgeous robes of the peers and the splendid dresses of the peeresses," knowing that the spectacle served but to make an English holiday for her Majesty's nobility,

that the solemnity was a shallow lie, that the enacted forms of law were but a sham and mockery of justice.

Let us borrow more words of our chronicler, and read, with a smile we would fain repress as we think how strangely solemn a matter the issue of this trial would be to the grim old soldier who had sacrificed everything in defence of Margaret Tuckett's honor. It is a goodly show we cannot help confessing, and none of our managers could do anything half so well in the theatres; but comparing all this grand preparation, — the great array of legal giants taking part in this tourney, its pomp and splendor, — comparing all this with its culmination, the beginning seems preposterously large for the ending, and looking down upon it we cannot help sharing in the old Captain's scorn of the show and all the actors in it. There never was before a play so gorgeously mounted; but it was wretchedly performed, and the climax in the last act was worst of all. But this play of a peer being tried by their Lordships for a felony had not been played in England before for sixty-four years, when it came to a different conclusion; and a spectacle so grand as to be worthy the attention of all England's rank is certainly worth reading about, even at this late day. Old Burke says: —

"At a quarter before eleven o'clock the Lords' speaker (Lord Denman), having robed in his private room, entered the House. A procession was formed in the usual manner, his Lordship being preceded by the Purse-bearer with the Purse, the Sergeant with the Mace, the Black Rod carrying the Lord High Steward's Staff, and Garter carrying his Sceptre.

"Garter and Black Rod having taken their places at the bar, the Lord-Speaker proceeded to the Woolsack, when, being seated, prayers were read by the Bishop of Lichfield.

"The Clerk-assistant of Parliament then proceeded to call over the peers, beginning with the junior baron.

"This necessary ceremony being completed, the Clerks of the Crown in Chancery and in the Queen's Bench jointly made three reverences, and the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, on his knee, delivered the Commission to the Lord-Speaker, who gave it to the Clerk of the Crown in the Queen's Bench to read, and both Clerks retired, with like reverences to the table.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms then made proclamation, and the Lord-Speaker informed the peers that her Majesty's Commission was about to be read, and directed that all persons should rise and be uncovered while the Commission was reading.

"The Commission appointing Lord Denman as Lord High Steward was then read, and Garter and Black Rod, having made their reverences, proceeded to the Woolsack, and took their places on the right of the Lord High Steward, and both holding the Staff, presented it on their knees to his Grace.

"His Grace rose, and, having made reverence to the throne, took his seat in the chair of state provided for him on the uppermost step but one of the throne. Proclamation was then made for silence, when the Queen's writ of *certiorari* to remove the indictment, with the return thereof, and the record of the indictment, were read by the Clerk of the Crown in the Queen's Bench. The Lord High Steward then directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring the prisoner to the bar.

"The Earl of Cardigan immediately entered the House, and advanced to the bar, accompanied by the Yeoman-usher. He made three reverences, one to his Grace the Lord High Steward, and one to the peers on either side, who returned his salute. The ceremony of kneeling was dispensed with. The noble Earl, who was dressed in plain clothes, was conducted within the bar, where he remained standing while the Lord High Steward acquainted him with the nature of the charge against him."

The prisoner was arraigned in the usual form, for firing at Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, on the 12th of Sep-

tember, with intent to kill and murder him. The second count charged him with firing at the said Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett with intent to maim and disable him; and the third count varied the charge, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

The clerk then asked, "How say you, James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, are you guilty or not?"

The Earl, in a firm voice, replied, "I am not, my Lords."

The clerk, "How will you be tried?"

The Earl of Cardigan answered, "By my peers."

Mr. Waddington opened the pleadings.

The Attorney-General, Sir John, afterwards Lord Campbell, addressed their Lordships.

The Earl of Cardigan was tried under an act of Parliament, entitled "An Act to amend the Laws relating to Offences against the Person." It received the royal assent July 17, 1837 (1 Vict. c. 85). Under this act, to shoot at a person and inflict a wound dangerous to life, or to aid and abet in the same, was a capital offence.

The argument of Sir John Campbell was one of the most masterly efforts of forensic eloquence, in the manner of "how not to do it," probably ever delivered, even by that astute and rank-aspiring lawyer. Against the noble prisoner he roared "as gently as a sucking dove"; but was as eloquent withal as "any nightingale."

His speech concluded, Sir James Anderson, Dann the miller, his wife and son, and the constable, Busaine, who laid the charge on which the Earl was tried, were then produced and examined.

But, at the close of the case, it was objected by Sir William Fellet, on behalf of the Earl of Cardigan, that there was no evidence to show that the person against whom the shot was discharged was Mr. Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. The card of *Mr. Harvey Tuckett*, handed by that gentleman to Dann the miller, had been put in. "But," said Sir William, with charming *naïveté*, "that might be quite another person from the individual named in the indictment."

Of course, the Attorney-General was heard on the other side, and he said a matter of delicacy had prevented him from placing Captain Tuckett upon the stand; after a short deliberation, the Lord High Steward announced that the evidence which fixed the identity of the person was insufficient, and the peers thereupon declared the noble defendant not guilty.

Thus was concluded this trial, than which none in the annals of the law was more remarkable for pomp and circumstance, and an utter absence of dignity and justice.

From a remark made by the learned Attorney-General, in his address to the Lords, Captain Tuckett was led to believe that the prosecution against him would be relentlessly pressed; this induced him to flee the country, which he did, hastening his departure for America.

Having selected Philadelphia as a place of residence, he, almost immediately after his arrival, began the publication of "Tuckett's Monthly Insurance Journal," a small folio paper devoted to the principles of insurance, as its name implied. During the few years of its existence he conducted it with rare ability and a curious fidelity to the interests of the insured as well as of the companies; and although his journal received its principal support from the latter, yet he never failed to throw the weight of his influence against them when he believed they were either unable or unwilling to do justice to the public whose patronage they solicited. The temptation to do otherwise was often sore with him, for in those early days, and in later ones too, his poverty was bitter and hard. He had been used, for a term of years as long as most men's lives, to the world's best comforts and most of its luxuries; and the numberless proposals he received from doubtful companies to bolster up their weakness by a few words of commendation in his jour-

nal would have placed him in ease again, had he accepted them. On the especial subject of life insurance, or, as he always wrote it, *assurance*, he was an oracle, and no man in America so thoroughly as he enjoyed the confidence of those learned in the science of statistics as applied to mortality. The subject seemed to have no mysteries to him; his active research and profound study had explored them all, and discovered them to be only so many demonstrable mathematical facts.

There was this curious contradiction in the old soldier's character, — while he scorned the dirty bribe offered by the tottering companies, he never hesitated to eke out his scanty income by contracting debts which he had no present prospect of liquidating. He may have had his little dream, like the rest of us, of ample wealth coming to him some day through his newest enterprise. When it came, he probably meant to pay all that he owed. But it never came to him, though duns did; and these he received with so courtly a grace, with such honor to themselves and such simple regret at his own inability to pay, that the roughest of them went away feeling not altogether unkindly toward him.

By the learning, energy, and fearless independence with which he conducted his paper, as well as by his great charm of manner and personal magnetism, he won the admiration and respect of some of the ablest and best people of the Quaker City. There was something, too, very pathetic in the story of this bronzed old soldier, exiled in the evening of his life, bravely fighting for daily bread. His exile was shared by his young wife, who clung to him in his ruined fortunes with a devotion rare and beautiful to see. However his story may have preceded him, there was one peculiarity about the old chevalier, — he never referred to it in any way: on that subject his lips were always sealed. He courted no sympathy or recognition in his isolation, but his hands were brave as his heart, and they did brave work to win comforts for the *petite* lady whom he loved so well. That wound in the hip might have been ever so painful, but he never regretted that he risked receiving it fighting for her honor. His work was often base and menial enough, comprising as it did all the drudgery of a newspaper office; but in those days of temptation he wrote no line that his truest admirer need fear to read.

As we have said, his journal was too honorably conducted to be remunerative; for the general public in those days, when life insurance was yet young with us, cared little for scientific dissertations upon it. The influence of his ideas spread, through being copied here and there by the daily press; but their circulation in this way brought him no benefit. God knows how he managed to live through years of very bitter penury, — through the harassing importunities of hundreds of unsatisfied duns, through the pain and weakness inseparable from a feeble, diseased, and time-worn body! But, however he lived, there by his side, with most loving patience and devotion, with unspeakable tenderness for him, was Margaret Tuckett, to whom in India had come that letter signed "Cardigan." Whatever of love or faith she gave to him he rendered back tenfold. His lover-like devotedness to her, his admiration for her person, mind, and heart, were something wonderful to see in such a weather-beaten, fortune-deserted old hulk as he then was. They never went abroad one without the other; and as they slowly made their way about the streets, men and women paused, turned, and looked after them, — a queer, quaint couple always. He, tall as a grenadier, bronzed, white-haired, wore a mustache white and fierce as that of one of Napoleon's Old Guard. He bore little resemblance to his countrymen, and looked more like a veteran of the First Empire risen from his grave at Wagram, and taking a view of our new world. The little lady by his side was dressed in solemnest black, her face entirely hidden by a veil of the closest

and thickest texture. People who had never heard of the Earl of Cardigan, or his famous duel and subsequent trial by his peers, looked wonderingly after that strange couple as they made their way up the street, — the man towering above the little lady half a length, her hand resting confidingly on his arm, her face entirely hidden, her voice attuned to the very ecstasy of tenderness, her low laughter rippling up to him, and making pleasant music in his heart. All sorts of people meeting them wondered what their story was, well knowing that only some awful need of each other, or some great tragedy, had brought them so close together in life.

How devoted she was to this "fond, foolish old man," who might have been, so far as his age went, almost twice her father! With what a clinging touch she held his arm in those long winter walks; how tenderly she caressed those poor old hands that did such brave work for her; how patient and gentle she was with him always when that old wound, won in her battle, reopened and bled, as it would sometimes do; into what wonderful prettiness she wreathed her face and arranged her too scant wardrobe! Why, a sleuth-hound was not more faithful, an angel more gentle, a houri more winsome, a mother with her child more patient!

Those were Margaret Tuckett's days of grace; but as they come to us all, and oftenest leave us too, they left her, and came no more.

This strange couple did not visit much, nor could they entertain many people; for they lived in a tawdry boarding house on Walnut Street, where the rooms were small, and the table was always from bad to worse. But hundreds of people who never exchanged a word with him felt themselves drawn toward the old man by a feeling of personal friendship, through causes which they could not explain. They knew his name, knew in a measure the record of his life as a soldier, and maybe dimly knew the story of his exile; and so, as from afar off, they were his friends.

His life was so chivalric, simple, and honorable, so wrapped about, too, with loving tenderness by the woman whose fame he had defended, that we, who knew him well, sorrowed deeply when he died. It was on an early January morning, just as the sun was rising over the drowsy, sombre town, that he was called. Overnight the snow had fallen, and yet lay untrodden on the streets and pavements. Death came to him without physical pain and touched him gently. He was dying in abject poverty as he took Margaret Tuckett's hand for the last time. He held it close to his heart, and when it was near the end with him he gravely bade her kiss him. With a cry of unutterable love she threw herself upon his breast, and kissed the fast-whitening lips of the conquered soldier. "I never doubted you, Margaret; I honored myself in the love and faith I gave you always." He said this slowly, and even as the words lingered on his lips the solemn farewell smile was on his face. For a moment, an infinite peace filling them, his eyes rested on the rising sun; and after that, until they closed forever, they dwelt on his young wife's face; and greater love or more loyal faith than were in them no man ever saw.

After a while, some women who stood there separated the two hands, the quick and the dead, and carried the young widow to her room. We who stood about her that morning thought that she would soon follow where the old soldier had led. We had never seen grief so great and bitter as hers. She well might sorrow for her dead, for he who lay within there had sacrificed much for her, — had wrecked his noble, simple life upon his faith in her.

Such faith as his should have had, at least, the recompense of desert. That hot morning in India when he held the letter signed "Cardigan" above her head and fiercely demanded, Where were the others? she had answered him in tones so true and honest as to carry conviction with them into his faithful old heart, There were

no others. Upon her soul, there were no others.

Were there?

Years after the old Captain, who should have died in harness, with a General's star upon his breast, was dead, — when her memory of him had grown dim, and stale as "twice-told tales," — when the wolf was clamorous at her door, while hunger sat within, and no other help seemed near, — that dazzling little lady, whose dainty prettiness seemed perennial, wrote to the noble Earl a letter of which the following is partly a copy: —

"Under the pressure of great necessity, and by the advice of friends, I am about to publish certain letters written by your Lordship to me in India.

"The object of this note is to desire that I may be permitted to dedicate the volume to your Lordship.

"Your early friend,

"MARGARET TUCKETT."

It appears there were enough to form a volume, but they were never published. "That letter to the Earl brought me a hundred pounds sterling," she naïvely said, in speaking of this matter afterwards.

We doubt if Becky Sharp, keen as was her wit, ever black-mailed Lord Steyne.

A great concourse of people followed the old Captain to his grave, and among them were doctors of law, divinity, and medicine, leaders in art, literature, and finance; even Fashion, who hates poor men's funerals, sent her votaries to do honor to this old man's remains. And the day after they did better: they sent well-filled purses to his widow.

The days succeeding his death were curious ones at his little dark office in Harmony Court. From early morning until night it was literally under siege by creditors. They came as the locusts into Egypt, with hungry maws; but, alas for them! their Egypt, represented by that bare office, gave them nothing to feed upon. It was all barren. The luxurious habits which life in the army had instilled into and left with the Captain the publication of his journal failed to gratify. So he preyed on the wine and cigar merchant, on the dealer in fine groceries and fruit; and when we went into an examination of those bills, it was frightful to contemplate the extent to which he had preyed on them all.

The estate owed, chiefly for wines and cigars	$9,000.00
The assets were	
Item. 1 pine table, value	$1.00
" 2 do. chairs	1.25
" 2 bottles ink	.50
" 1 bundle Ins. Journals	1.00
" Subscription list, title, etc. of Insurance Journal, available value	0.00
Total	$3.75

It must be clear to any one that $9,000 cannot be paid with $3.75. We respectfully submitted the matter to that hungry swarm of creditors; and they saw, without any exhaustive demonstration on our part, that they were destined never to be paid. They made wry faces, and grumbled somewhat, but not one of them uttered a rough word against the dead old Captain. Notwithstanding his ugly habit of buying costly wines without cash, they had honored the old fellow in his lifetime, and they would not abuse him when dead.

And now came the time when Margaret Tuckett, with her few hundreds in hand, must look abroad to discover what hope or chance of bread and meat the world had to offer her. Gently as we could, we, her friends, suggested this necessity to her, but begged she would choose her own ample convenience, and not be hurried in her choice. Her capital was her few hundreds, her beauty, youth, and wit. "The first," she said, "will not last long; I will try what may be done with the others. I choose the stage."

Her mourning garments were a week old when she so decided, — and when she laid them off forever. Then there came a change over this woman's

life, the like of which, for suddenness and completeness, no man has ever seen. As if those black robes, which she had worn unceasingly since that India letter was discovered, were chains that bound her body, soul, and mind, she threw them off, and appeared the woman God had made her. It was a different woman from the one we had known, walking timidly through life by the side of the old chevalier. Another one, electric with energy, self-reliant, dazzling in her wit, quick in resources, radiant in undiscovered charms, — a woman for all men to love, but one whom no man could love wisely. It may be that she had not forgotten the old soldier, that she had that within which, passing show, caused her to lay aside her suit of solemn black. But she no longer than this little week continued to wear the grave's uniform; "rich as her purse could buy" of gay-colored gowns was now her attire. And they were modest withal, and became her; for among the little lady's many accomplishments was a thorough understanding of the art of dress.

So with her little capital of money, her rare prettiness, her dainty, sprightly manners, her dazzling shoulders, piquant wantonness, charming voice and laughter, the *petite* lady betook herself to the theatre. We have told how for one night the learned, wealthy, and fashionable citizens of the town crowded the house to participate in her *début*. But no manager offered her an engagement on desirable terms, despite of her success, and already her hundreds were gone for silks and laces. But the benefit had been a real one to her purse to the extent of ten or twelve hundred dollars.

When managers refused her terms, she astonished her husband's friends by her Napoleonic energy. "If managers will not engage me, I will turn manager and engage others," she said. Time has wrought wondrous changes in people, but none such as it made in this creature. We who knew her in the days of the old Captain knew none so reticent or shy as she; none about whom was so closely wrapped the mantle of retiring, modest womanhood; none so timid of herself, so weak or dependent.

When she announced her determination to lease a theatre, we mildly protested, and ventured to inquire if she had measured in her mind the extent of the trouble she proposed to undertake as a manager.

"Quite well," she replied; "I once managed a theatre in England, — at least, a strolling company."

"Then," we asked, "that was *not* your first appearance on any stage, the other night, as you instructed us to make the newspapers and dead walls announce?"

"O no; I had played dozens of times before in England."

Then the truth was that Margaret had been a strolling player, picking up odd shillings in the barns and inns of England; had gone tramping about from town to town, starving and feasting by turns, until at last she had strolled to London, and found a place vacant for her youth and wit and beauty, in one of the minor theatres on the Surrey side of the town.

And this was the woman who had sent two gentlemen of England to Wimbledon Common to crack away at each other with pistols, and had brought one of them to the bar of the House of Lords to be tried for his noble life, while the other and the two accomplices waited in the court below for the issue of the trial, which would decide whether they should live or die.

There was one question that long hung upon our lips, but never found utterance, — "Who were your friends and companions in that vagrant, strolling life; and did the old Captain, whose descent was clean and honorable, whose friends were among the noble and learned of England, know of your early career, and if so, how did he come to marry you, Margaret Tuckett?" We let the opportunity of asking this question go by, and she never again alluded to her old life of starving and strolling.

It may seem incredible that this

young woman, unaided and alone, who only a few months before seemed the most helpless and dependent of her sex, should go down to Baltimore, secure a lease of the largest theatre in the town, and be able to gather about her altogether the finest company of artists ever assembled on that stage. But she did it. And that was the smallest part of her labors. In seven weeks from the time she first entered the city, having from five hundred to a thousand dollars in her purse, she owed to certain citizens of that too-confiding place over thirteen thousand dollars. When she leased the Front Street Theatre, it was a dirty old shell, devoid of scenery, wardrobe, and properties. In seven weeks there was no more elegant theatre in America; it was resplendent with gilt, bronze, paint, velvet carpets, delicate-tinted paper, and plush-covered seats. Painters, carpenters, chandelier-makers, paper-hangers, upholsterers, costumers, dealers in carpets, in paints, in curtains of silk and lace, in woollens and cottons, in canvas and lumber, all hurried to her aid, and gave her their best of skill or merchandise; and with such slaves to answer her summons and do her bidding the old shell became fair and stately as the palace of Aladdin, and on its opening night, September 1, 1855, no window in it all was left unfinished. It was wonderful, for it was all wrought by the shrewd wit, the dazzling shoulders, and pretty face of one young woman, who spoke in the tones of an angel, and charmed like a devil.

We do not intend to write the history of her management of the old Front Street Theatre. It would be simply a chapter of disaster and fraud. The little lady came to grief in one short season. Her treasurer deposited the receipts in bank until they amounted to several thousands of dollars, then withdrew them, and absconded. Her actors were unpaid week after week; her gas and printers' bills were left unsettled; good wives began to make ugly speeches about her; people grew shy of the theatre; until at length she was reduced to all sorts of expedients to keep her company together. Creditors grew deaf to the flute-like voice, that had charmed never wisely, blind to the gleaming shoulders and the pretty cajoling manners; the actor refused to act, the gas-man to light the lamps, and the printer to supply the bills. It was a long and desperate fight, and was so full of nerve and pluck, that, despite all the wrong and fraud there were underneath, we cannot help wishing she had come better out of it. Poor Becky Sharp was wont to think that with a few thousand pounds sterling she could have been good; but ever so many thousands would not have helped Margaret Tuckett, and that is the pity of it all. The fond old Captain helped her sail along clean waters for a while; but when he was gone, she drifted away into the dark seas because she loved them best.

But to the last there were some whom she was able to attract and keep devoted to her. We remember that on one occasion the "leading lady" of the company, whose salary was unpaid, sent word to the theatre in the morning that she would not play that evening unless all arrearages were paid. The treasury was empty, money could not be had; it was resolved to change the play, though the bills were already posted. At that moment the husband of the refractory actress was announced, with the message that he came for his wife's salary. Margaret Tuckett had him in, flattered and cajoled him, until he took out his pocket-book, and loaned the enchantress sufficient money to pay his wife's salary, making one condition only, and that was — *silence*.

In another of her extremities, it was suggested that she should have a complimentary benefit tendered her by her creditors, when she could invite them all to be present.

"The idea is a good one," she said; "but there is one objection to it."

"What objection?" was asked.

"The house would not hold half of them," replied this frank little woman.

But shortly afterwards there came an

evening when certainly a good number of them were present, and they came in no amiable mood either. The play was "The Golden Farmer," in which Mr. J. Sleeper Clarke was cast for the part of Jemmy Twitcher. But Mr. Clarke had fared no better in the matter of prompt payment of salary than many others, and there were whispers about the town that day that the great comedian would render the evening's performance unusually attractive by making some personal explanations before the curtain. Throughout the day there had been hundreds of his friends and admirers applying at the box office for places, and when the doors opened they appeared there in great force, very bulgy and overloaded as to pockets and handkerchiefs; all which meant to the initiated that, if Mr. Clarke did not play that night, there should be no Golden Farmer nor Jemmy Twitcher. Margaret Tuckett was one of the initiated, and she meant that the audience should see both the Farmer and Jemmy. At the usual hour Mr. Clarke made his appearance at the wing, dressed for the part, but those who stood nearest to him said he meant mischief. The call-boy summoned Jemmy Twitcher; but Jemmy informed the manager that he could not go on the stage until his salary was paid. The manager requested him to look over to the opposite wing. He looked, and there he saw Margaret Tuckett, dressed as he was dressed, coolly walking on to the stage ready to play Jemmy Twitcher. You see, the little lady had not strolled and played and starved for nothing. As for Mr. Clarke, he was simply an immense failure, and only awaiting his final overthrow. And this came to him a moment later; he started to go upon the stage to make those personal explanations, when an officer seized him by the collar, crooked and pressed his finger under his ear "in a very painful manner," as Mr. Clarke asserts, when he tells this story on himself, which he sometimes does with striking effect. Thereupon Jemmy Twitcher made his first appearance in any street, "and," adds this charming actor, "in that very absurd character I found my way home."

But Margaret Tuckett's victory was not yet won; for her audience, finding her and not Mr. Clarke upon the stage, grew mad as a bull when a red rag is waved before its eyes, and from every quarter of the house there were hurled upon the stage unwholesome eggs, cabbages, and other unsavory vegetables. The hubbub, the roar, and the riot of the Old Park frolic was mild and harmless in comparison; but amid all that shocking din and rain of animal and vegetable decay the little stroller stood her ground, and, nothing daunted, went on with her part. After a while there came a lull in the riot, when the audience heard the Golden Farmer ask Jemmy the question, "Jemmy, *can* you be honest?"

"I don't know. I never tried," came her answer, resonant and ringing,—an answer which she so pointed and aimed, in her superb daring, that it seemed to be made for and flung at every creditor and dupe before her.

The spirited challenge was at once taken up by those who were hit; and when the laughter had died away, some one proposed cheers for Jemmy Twitcher, which were heartily given. When the noise had subsided, she walked quietly to the foot-lights, removed the cap which covered the pretty head, bowed low to the mocking acknowledgment, and then continued her part, to have all her humor appreciated and her jokes keenly applauded.

At last, when lenders came no more to lend, when her actors could live no longer upon promises, when the band refused to play, and when those alone who were on the "free list" came to see the show, the reign of the little woman was brought to an inglorious close. It was a Saturday night in March, 1856. It ended with a flash of her old wit, a fling at the stockholders, who were closing the house for unpaid rent. The play she selected for this night was "The Rent Day." A more beggarly account of empty boxes was never seen there.

More people were on the stage than in front.

On the following Thursday we dined with her in her room over the stage, for she had no other home now than the theatre. She had lost nothing of her wit, charm, or vivacity in that hard fight; but her energy was all gone. It went out of her that night when the curtain fell upon her for the last time. A table from the banqueting-halls of the stage was laid with a decent cloth, and upon it there was little more than would supply the feast of the Barmecide. In the centre there was one solitary covered dish. We raised the lid and asked, "What have we here?"

"That, — O, *that* is my last silk dress. I dined off my opera-glass yesterday."

Years afterwards, and in the town where she had sent misery, poverty, and desolation into at least one happy home, she gathered the fruits she had sown. They were bitter and plenteous, for she had sowed with a free hand since the old chevalier had died. Margaret Tuckett sank into low depths of want and sorrow. The days of lovers, friends, and luxuries were over with her now. Her old prettiness was still shining dimly in every line of her face, in every wave of her hand, in every graceful curve of her body; but the plucky spirit, which once impelled her to brave an infuriated mob, was gone, and in a noisome room of a filthy tenement-house, in a poor street, she lived by her skill, or inspiration, as a spiritual medium.

But the end was not here. More years went by, and Margaret Tuckett had found her way into the auriferous wilderness of Colorado. It was a long flight she took there with her friend, suggesting memories, we should suppose, of that earlier flight with the old Captain. If it did but recall that, with all its profundity of meaning, we may know that the grand old soldier's outraged faith was amply avenged.

There, in Colorado, she died.

Was Margaret Tuckett guilty out there in India? Were Mrs. Rawdon Crawley and my Lord Steyne guilty? We do not know. The chronicler of that veracious history has left us in ignorance; and as he gave to Becky, let us give to Margaret, the benefit of the doubt.

THE TENTH OF JANUARY.

THE city of Lawrence is unique in its way.

For simooms that scorch you and tempests that freeze; for sand-heaps and sand-hillocks and sand-roads; for men digging sand, for women shaking off sand, for minute boys crawling in sand; for sand in the church-slips and the gingerbread-windows, for sand in your eyes, your nose, your mouth, down your neck, up your sleeves, under your *chignon*, down your throat; for unexpected corners where tornadoes lie in wait; for "bleak, uncomforted" sidewalks, where they chase you, dog you, confront you, strangle you, twist you, blind you, turn your umbrella wrong side out; for "dimmykhrats" and bad ice-cream; for unutterable circus-bills and religious tea-parties; for uncleared ruins, and mills that spring up in a night; for jaded faces and busy feet; for an air of youth and incompleteness at which you laugh, and a consciousness of growth and greatness which you respect, — it —

I believe, when I commenced that sentence, I intended to say that it would be difficult to find Lawrence's equal.

Of the twenty-five thousand souls

who inhabit that city, ten thousand are prisoners, — prisoners of factories perhaps the most healthfully, considerately, and generously conducted of any in this country or in any country, but factories just the same. Dust, whir, crash, clang; dizziness, peril, exhaustion, discontent, — that is what the word means, taken at its best. Of these ten thousand two thirds are girls: voluntary captives, indeed; but what is the practical difference? It is an old story, — that of going to jail for want of bread.

My story is written as one sets a bit of marble to mark a mound. I linger over it as we linger beside the grave of one who sleeps well: half sadly, half gladly, — more gladly than sadly, — but hushed.

The time to see Lawrence is when the mills open or close. So languidly the dull-colored, inexpectant crowd wind in! So briskly they come bounding out! Factory faces have a look of their own. Not only their common dinginess, and a general air of being in a hurry to find the wash-bowl, but an appearance of restlessness, — often of envious restlessness, not habitual in most departments of "healthy labor." Watch them closely: you can read their histories at a venture. A widow this, in the dusty black, with she can scarcely remember how many mouths to feed at home. Worse than widowed that one: she has put her baby out to board, — and humane people know what that means, — to keep the little thing beyond its besotted father's reach. There is a group who have "just come over." A child's face here, old before its time. That girl — she climbs five flights of stairs twice a day — will climb no more stairs for herself or another by the time the clover-leaves are green. "The best thing about one's grave is that it will be level," she was heard once to say. Somebody muses a little here, — she is to be married this winter. There is a face just behind her whose fixed eyes repel and attract you; there may be more love than guilt in them, more despair than either.

Had you stood in some unobserved corner of Essex Street, at four o'clock one Saturday afternoon towards the last of November, 1859, watching the impatient stream pour out of the Pemberton Mill, eager with a saddening eagerness for its few holiday hours, you would have observed one girl who did not bound.

She was slightly built, and undersized; her neck and shoulders were closely muffled, though the day was mild; she wore a faded scarlet hood which heightened the pallor of what must at best have been a pallid face. It was a sickly face, shaded off with purple shadows, but with a certain wiry nervous strength about the muscles of the mouth and chin: it would have been a womanly, pleasant mouth, had it not been crossed by a white scar, which attracted more of one's attention than either the womanliness or pleasantness. Her eyes had light long lashes, and shone through them steadily.

You would have noticed as well, had you been used to analyzing crowds, another face, — the two were side by side, — dimpled with pink and white flushes, and framed with bright black hair. One would laugh at this girl and love her, scold her and pity her, caress her and pray for her, — then forget her perhaps.

The girls from behind called after her: "Del! Del Ivory! look over there!"

Pretty Del turned her head. She had just flung a smile at a young clerk who was petting his mustache in a shop-window, and the smile lingered.

One of the factory boys was walking alone across the Common in his factory clothes.

"Why, there 's Dick! Sene, do you see?"

Sene's scarred mouth moved slightly, but she made no reply. She had seen him five minutes ago.

One never knows exactly whether to laugh or cry over them, catching their chatter as they file past the show-windows of the long, showy street.

"Look a' that pink silk with the figures on it!"

"I 've seen them as is betther nor that in the ould counthree. — Patsy Malorrn, let alon' hangin' onto the shawl of me!"

"That 's Mary Foster getting out of that carriage with the two white horses, — she that lives in the brown house with the cupilo."

"Look at her dress trailin' after her. I 'd like my dresses trailin' after me."

"Well may they be good, — these rich folks!"

"That 's so. I 'd be good if I was rich; would n't you, Moll?"

"You 'd keep growing wilder than ever, if you went to hell, Meg Match: yes you would, because my teacher said so."

"So, then, he would n't marry her, after all; and she — "

"Going to the circus to-night, Bess?"

"I can't help crying, Jenny. You don't *know* how my head aches! It aches, and it aches, and it seems as if it would never stop aching. I wish — I wish I was dead, Jenny!"

They separated at last, going each her own way, — pretty Del Ivory to her boarding-place by the canal, her companion walking home alone.

This girl, Asenath Martyn, when left to herself, fell into a contented dream not common to girls who have reached her age, — especially girls who have seen the phases of life which she had seen. Yet few of the faces in the streets that led her home were more gravely lined. She puzzled one at the first glance, and at the second. An artist, meeting her musing on a canal-bridge one day, went home and painted a May-flower budding in November.

It was a damp, unwholesome place, the street in which she lived, cut short by a broken fence, a sudden steep, and the water; filled with children, — they ran from the gutters after her, as she passed, — and filled to the brim; it tipped now and then, like an over-full soup-plate, and spilled out two or three through the break in the fence.

Down in the corner, sharp upon the water, the east-winds broke about a little yellow house, where no children played; an old man's face watched at a window, and a nasturtium-vine crawled in the garden. The broken panes of glass about the place were well mended, and a clever little gate, extemporized from a wild grape-vine, swung at the entrance. It was not an old man's work.

Asenath went in with expectant eyes; they took in the room at a glance, and fell.

"Dick has n't come, father?"

"Come and gone, child; did n't want any supper, he said. You 're an hour before time, Senath."

"Yes. Did n't want any supper, you say? I don't see why not."

"No more do I, but it 's none of our concern as I knows on; very like the pickles hurt him for dinner; Dick never had an o'er-strong stomach, as you might say. But you don't tell me how it m' happen you 're let out at four o'clock, Senath," half complaining.

"O, something broke in the machinery, father; you know you would n't understand if I told you what."

He looked up from his bench, — he cobbled shoes there in the corner on his strongest days, — and after her as she turned quickly away and up stairs to change her dress. She was never exactly cross with her father; but her words rang impatiently sometimes.

She came down presently, transformed as only factory-girls are transformed by the simple little toilet she had been making; her thin, soft hair knotted smoothly, the tips of her fingers rosy from the water, her pale neck well toned by her gray stuff dress and cape; — Asenath always wore a cape: there was one of crimson flannel, with a hood, that she had meant to wear to-night; she had thought about it coming home from the mill; she was apt to wear it on Saturdays and Sundays; Dick had more time at home. Going up stairs to-night, she had thrown it away into a drawer, and

shut the drawer with a snap; then opened it softly, and cried a little; but she had not taken it out.

As she moved silently about the room, setting the supper-table for two, crossing and recrossing the broad belt of sunlight that fell upon the floor, it was easy to read the sad story of the little hooded capes.

They might have been graceful shoulders. The hand which had scarred her face had rounded and bent them, — her own mother's hand.

Of a bottle always on the shelf; of brutal scowls where smiles should be; of days when she wandered dinnerless and supperless in the streets through loathing of her home; of nights when she sat out in the snow-drifts through terror of her home; of a broken jug one day, a blow, a fall, then numbness, and the silence of the grave, — she had her distant memories; of waking on a sunny afternoon, in bed, with a little cracked glass upon the opposite wall; of creeping out and up to it in her night-dress; of the ghastly twisted thing that looked back at her. Through the open window she heard the children laughing and leaping in the sweet summer air. She crawled into bed and shut her eyes. She remembered stealing out at last, after many days, to the grocery around the corner for a pound of coffee. "Humpback! humpback!" cried the children, — the very children who could leap and laugh.

One day she and little Del Ivory made mud-houses after school.

"I 'm going to have a house of my own, when I 'm grown up," said pretty Del; "I shall have a red carpet and some curtains; my husband will buy me a piano."

"So will mine, I guess," said Sene, simply.

"*Yours!*" Del shook back her curls; "who do you suppose would ever marry *you?*"

One night there was a knocking at the door, and a hideous, sodden thing borne in upon a plank. The crowded street, tired of tipping out little children, had sent her mother staggering through the broken fence. At the funeral she heard some one say, "How glad Sene must be!"

Since that, life had meant three things, — her father, the mills, and Richard Cross.

"You 're a bit put out that the young fellow did n't stay to supper, — eh, Senath?" the old man said, laying down his boot.

"Put out! Why should I be? His time is his own. It 's likely to be the Union that took him out, — such a fine day for the Union! I 'm sure I never expected him to go to walk with me *every* Saturday afternoon. I 'm not a fool to tie him up to the notions of a crippled girl. Supper is ready, father."

But her voice rasped bitterly. Life's pleasures were so new and late and important to her, poor thing! It went hard to miss the least of them. Very happy people will not understand exactly how hard.

Old Martyn took off his leather apron with a troubled face, and, as he passed his daughter, gently laid his tremulous, stained hand upon her head. He felt her least uneasiness, it would seem, as a chameleon feels a cloud upon the sun.

She turned her face softly and kissed him. But she did not smile.

She had planned a little for this holiday supper; saving three mellow-cheeked Louise Bonnes — expensive pears just then — to add to their bread and molasses. She brought them out from the closet, and watched her father eat them.

"Going out again, Senath?" he asked, seeing that she went for her hat and shawl, "and not a mouthful have you eaten! Find your old father dull company hey? Well, well!"

She said something about needing the air; the mill was hot; she should soon be back; she spoke tenderly and she spoke truly, but she went out into the windy sunset with her little trouble, and forgot him. The old man, left alone, sat for a while with his head sunk upon his breast. She was all he had in the world, — this one little crippled girl that the world had dealt hard-

ly with. She loved him; but he was not, probably would never be, to her exactly what she was to him. Usually he forgot this. Sometimes he quite understood it, as to-night.

Asenath, with the purpose only of avoiding Dick, and of finding a still spot where she might think her thoughts undisturbed, wandered away over the eastern bridge, and down by the river's brink. It was a moody place; such a one as only apathetic or healthy natures (I wonder if that is tautology!) can healthfully yield to. The bank sloped steeply; a fringe of stunted aspens and willows sprang from the frozen sand: it was a sickening, airless place in summer, — it was damp and desolate now. There was a sluggish wash of water under foot, and a stretch of dreary flats behind. Belated locomotives shrieked to each other across the river, and the wind bore down the current the roar and rage of the dam. Shadows were beginning to skulk under the huge brown bridge. The silent mills stared up and down and over the streams with a blank, unvarying stare. An oriflamme of scarlet burned in the west, flickered dully in the dirty, curdling water, flared against the windows of the Pemberton, which quivered and dripped, Asenath thought, as if with blood.

She sat down on a gray stone, wrapped in her gray shawl, curtained about by the aspens from the eye of passers on the bridge. She had a fancy for this place when things went ill with her. She had always borne her troubles alone, but she must be alone to bear them.

She knew very well that she was tired and nervous that afternoon, and that, if she could reason quietly about this little neglect of Dick's, it would cease to annoy her. Indeed, why should she be annoyed? Had he not done everything for her, been everything to her, for two long, sweet years? She dropped her head with ashy smile. She was never tired of living over these two years. She took positive pleasure in recalling the wretchedness in which they found her, for the sake of their dear relief. Many a time, sitting with her happy face hidden in his arms, she had laughed softly to remember the day on which he came to her. It was at twilight, and she was tired. Her reels had troubled her all the afternoon; the overseer was cross; the day was hot and long. Somebody, on the way home, had said in passing her: "Look at that girl! I 'd kill myself if I looked like that": it was in a whisper, but she heard it. All life looked hot and long; the reels would always be out of order; the overseer would never be kind. Her temples would always throb, and her back would ache. People would always say, "Look at that girl!"

"Can you direct me to — " She looked up; she had been sitting on the door-steps with her face in her hands. Dick stood there with his cap off. He forgot that he was to inquire the way to Newbury Street, when he saw the tears on her shrunken cheeks. Dick could never bear to see a woman suffer.

"I would n't cry," he said simply, sitting down beside her. Telling a girl not to cry is an infallible recipe for keeping her at it. What could the child do, but sob as if her heart would break? Of course he had the whole story in ten minutes, she his in another ten. It was common and short enough: — a "Down-East" boy, fresh from his father's farm, hunting for work and board, — a bit homesick here in the strange, unhomelike city, it might be, and glad of some one to say so to.

What more natural than, that, when her father came out and was pleased with the lad, there should be no more talk of Newbury Street; that the little yellow house should become his home; that he should swing the fantastic gate, and plant the nasturtiums; that his life should grow to be one with hers and the old man's, his future and theirs unite unconsciously?

She remembered — it was not exactly pleasant, somehow, to remember it to-night — just the look of his face when they came into the house that summer

evening, and he for the first time saw what she was, her cape having fallen off, in the full lamplight. His kindly blue eyes widened with shocked surprise, and fell; when he raised them, a pity like a mother's had crept into them; it broadened and brightened as time slid by, but it never left them.

So you see, after that, life unfolded in a burst of little surprises for Asenath. If she came home very tired, some one said, "I am sorry." If she wore a pink ribbon, she heard a whisper, "It suits you." If she sang a little song, she knew that somebody listened.

"I did not know the world was like this!" cried the girl.

After a time there came a night that he chanced to be out late, — they had planned an arithmetic lesson together, which he had forgotten, — and she sat grieving by the kitchen fire.

"You missed me so much then?" he said regretfully, standing with his hand upon her chair. She was trying to shell some corn; she dropped the pan, and the yellow kernels rolled away on the floor.

"What should I have, if I did n't have you?" she said, and caught her breath.

The young man paced to the window and back again. The firelight touched her shoulders, and the sad, white scar.

"You shall have me always, Asenath," he made answer. He took her face within his hands and kissed it; and so they shelled the corn together, and nothing more was said about it.

He had spoken this last spring of their marriage; but the girl, like all girls, was shyly silent, and he had not urged it.

Asenath started from her pleasant dreaming just as the oriflamme was furling into gray, suddenly conscious that she was not alone. Below her, quite on the brink of the water, a girl was sitting, — a girl with a bright plaid shawl, and a nodding red feather in her hat. Her head was bent, and her hair fell against a profile cut in pink-and-white.

"Del is too pretty to be here alone so late," thought Asenath, smiling tenderly. Good-natured Del was kind to her in a certain way, and she rather loved the girl. She rose to speak to her, but concluded, on a second glance through the aspens, that Miss Ivory was quite able to take care of herself

Del was sitting on an old log that jutted into the stream, dabbling in the water with the tips of her feet. (Had she lived on The Avenue, she could not have been more particular about her shoemaker.) Some one — it was too dark to see distinctly — stood beside her, his eyes upon her face. Attitudes translate themselves. Asenath could hear nothing, but she needed to hear nothing, to know how the young fellow's eyes drank in the coquettish picture. Besides, it was an old story. Del counted her rejected lovers by the score.

"It 's no wonder," she thought in her honest way, standing still to watch them with a sense of puzzled pleasure much like that with which she watched the print-windows, — "it 's no wonder they love her. I 'd love her if I was a man: so pretty! so pretty! She 's just good for nothing, Del is; — would let the kitchen fire go out, and would n't mend the baby's aprons; but I 'd love her all the same; marry her, probably, and be sorry all my life."

Pretty Del! Poor Del! Asenath wondered whether she wished that she were like her; she could not quite make out; it would be pleasant to sit on a log and look like that; it would be more pleasant to be watched as Del was watched just now: it struck her suddenly that Dick had never looked like this at her.

The hum of their voices ceased while she stood there with her eyes upon them; Del turned her head away with a sudden movement, and the young man left her, apparently without bow or farewell, sprang up the bank at a bound, and crushed the undergrowth with quick, uneasy strides.

Asenath, with some vague idea that it would not be honorable to see his

face, — poor fellow! — shrank back into the aspens and the shadow.

He towered tall in the twilight as he passed her, — he was so near that she might have touched him, — and a dull, umber gleam, the last of the sunset, struck him from the west.

Struck it out into her sight, — the haggard struggling face, — Richard Cross's face.

Of course you knew it from the beginning, but remember that the girl did not. She might have known it perhaps, but she had not.

Asenath stood up, sat down again.

She had a distinct consciousness, for the moment, of seeing herself crouched down there under the aspens and the shadow, a humpbacked white creature, with distorted face and wide eyes. She remembered a picture she had somewhere seen of a little chattering goblin in a graveyard, and was struck with the resemblance. Distinctly, too, she heard herself saying, with a laugh, she thought, "I might have known it; I might have known."

Then the blood came through her heart with a hot rush, and she saw Del on the log, smoothing the red feather of her hat. She heard a man's step, too, that rang over the bridge, passed the toll-house, grew faint, grew fainter, died in the sand by the Everett Mill.

Richard's face! Richard's face, looking — God help her! — as it had never looked at her; struggling — God pity him! — as it had never struggled for her.

She shut her hands into each other, and sat still a little while. A faint hope came to her then perhaps, after all; her face lightened grayly, and she crept down the bank to Del.

"I won't be a fool," she said, "I 'll make sure, — I 'll make as sure as death."

"Well, where did *you* drop down from, Sene?" said Del, with a guilty start.

"From over the bridge, to be sure. Did you think I swam, or flew, or blew?"

"You came on me so sudden!" said Del, petulantly; "you nearly frightened the wits out of me. You did n't meet anybody on the bridge?" with a quick look.

"Let me see." Asenath considered gravely. "There was one small boy making faces, and two — no, three — dogs, I believe; that was all."

"Oh!"

Del looked relieved, but fell silent.

"You 're sober, Del. Been sending off a lover, as usual?"

"I don't know anything about its being usual," answered Del, in an aggrieved, coquettish way, "but there 's been somebody here that liked me well enough."

"You like him, maybe? It 's time you liked somebody, Del."

Del curled the red feather about her fingers, and put her hat on over her eyes, then a little cry broke from her, half sob, half anger.

"I might perhaps, — I don't know. He 's good. I think he 'd let me have a parlor and a door-bell. But he 's going to marry somebody else, you see. I sha'n't tell you his name, so you need n't ask."

Asenath looked out straight upon the water. A dead leaf that had been caught in an eddy attracted her attention; it tossed about for a minute, then a tiny whirlpool sucked it down.

"I was n't going to ask; it 's nothing to me, of course. He does n't care for her then, — this other girl?"

"Not so much as he does for me. He did n't mean to tell me, but he said that I — that I looked so — pretty, it came right out. But there! I must n't tell you any more."

Del began to be frightened; she looked up sideways at Asenath's quiet face. "I won't say another word," and so chattered on, growing a little cross; Asenath need not look so still, and sure of herself, — a mere humpbacked fright!

"He 'll never break his engagement, not even for me; he 's sorry for her, and all that. I think it 's too bad. He 's handsome. He makes me feel like saying my prayers, too, he 's so good! Besides, I want to be married.

I hate the mill. I hate to work. I 'd rather be taken care of, — a sight rather. I feel bad enough about it to cry."

Two tears rolled over her cheeks, and fell on the soft plaid shawl. Del wiped them away carefully with her rounded fingers.

Asenath turned and looked at this Del Ivory long and steadily through the dusk. The pretty, shallow thing! The worthless, bewildering thing!

A fierce contempt for her pink-and-white, and tears and eyelashes and attitudes, came upon her; then a sudden sickening jealousy that turned her faint where she sat.

What did God mean, — Asenath believed in God, having so little else to believe in, — what did he mean, when he had blessed the girl all her happy life with such wealth of beauty, by filling her careless hands with this one best, last gift? Why, the child could not hold such golden love! She would throw it away by and by. What a waste it was!

Not that she had these words for her thought, but she had the thought distinctly through her dizzy pain.

"So there 's nothing to do about it," said Del, pinning her shawl. "We can't have anything to say to each other, — unless anybody should die, or anything; and of course I 'm not wicked enough to think of *that* — Sene! Sene! what are you doing?"

Sene had risen slowly, stood upon the log, caught at an aspen-top, and swung out with it its whole length above the water. The slight tree writhed and quivered about the roots. Sene looked down and moved her marred lips without sound.

Del screamed and wrung her hands. It was an ugly sight!

"O don't, Sene, *don't!* You 'll drown yourself! you will be drowned! you will be — O, what a start you gave me! What *were* you doing, Senath Martyn?"

Sene swung slowly back, and sat down.

"Amusing myself a little; — well, unless somebody died, you said? But I believe I won't talk any more to-night. My head aches. Go home, Del."

Del muttered a weak protest at leaving her there alone; but, with her bright face clouded and uncomfortable, went.

Asenath turned her head to listen for the last rustle of her dress, then folded her arms, and with her eyes upon the sluggish current, sat still.

An hour and a half later, an Andover farmer, driving home across the bridge, observed on the river's edge — a shadow cut within a shadow — the outline of a woman's figure, sitting perfectly still with folded arms. He reined up and looked down; but it sat quite still.

"Hallo there!" he called; "you 'll fall in if you don't look out!" for the wind was strong, and it blew against the figure; but it did not move nor make reply. The Andover farmer looked over his shoulder with a sudden recollection of a ghost-story which he had charged his grandchildren not to believe last week, cracked his whip, and rumbled on.

Asenath began to understand by and by that she was cold, so climbed the bank, made her way over the windy flats, the railroad, and the western bridge confusedly with an idea of going home. She turned aside by the toll-gate. The keeper came out to see what she was doing, but she kept out of his sight behind the great willow and his little blue house, — the blue house with the green blinds and red moulding. The dam thundered that night, the wind and the water being high. She made her way up above it, and looked in. She had never seen it so black and smooth there. As she listened to the roar, she remembered something that she had read — was it in the Bible or the Ledger? — about seven thunders uttering their voices.

"He 's sorry for her, and all that," they said.

A dead bough shot down the current while she stood there, went over and down, and out of sight, throwing up its little branches like helpless hands.

It fell in with a thought of Asenath's,

perhaps; at any rate she did not like the looks of it, and went home.

Over the bridge, and the canal, and the lighted streets, the falls called after her: "He 's sorry for her, and all that." The curtain was drawn aside when she came home, and she saw her father through the window, sitting alone, with his gray head bent.

It occurred to her that she had often left him alone, — poor old father! It occurred to her, also, that she understood now what it was to be alone. Had she forgotten him in these two comforted, companioned years?

She came in weakly, and looked about.

"Dick 's in, and gone to bed," said the old man, answering her look. "You 're tired, Senath."

"I am tired, father."

She sunk upon the floor, — the heat of the room made her a little faint, — and laid her head upon his knee; oddly enough, she noticed that the patch on it had given way, — wondered how many days it had been so, — whether he had felt ragged and neglected while she was busy about that blue neck-tie for Dick. She put her hand up and smoothed the corners of the rent.

"You shall be mended up to-morrow, poor father!"

He smiled, pleased like a child to be remembered. She looked up at him, — at his gray hair and shrivelled face, at his blackened hands and bent shoulders, and dusty, ill-kept coat. What would it be like, if the days brought her nothing but him?

"Something 's the matter with my little gal? Tell father, can't ye?"

Her face flushed hot, as if she had done him wrong. She crept up into his arms, and put her hands behind his rough old neck.

"Would you kiss me, father? You don't think I 'm too ugly to kiss, maybe, — you?"

She felt better after that. She had not gone to sleep now for many a night unkissed; it had seemed hard at first.

When she had gone half-way up stairs, Dick came to the door of his room on the first floor, and called her. He held the little kerosene lamp over his head; his face was grave and pale.

"I have n't said good night, Sene."

She made no reply.

"Asenath, good night."

She stayed her steps upon the stairs without turning her head. Her father had kissed her to-night. Was not that enough?

"Why, Sene, what 's the matter with you?"

Dick mounted the stairs, and touched his lips to her forehead with a gently compassionate smile.

She fled from him with a cry like the cry of a suffocated creature, shut her door, and locked it with a ringing clang.

"She 's walked too far, and got a little nervous," said Dick, screwing up his lamp; "poor thing!"

Then he went into his room to look at Del's photograph awhile before he burned it up; for he meant to burn it up.

Asenath, when she had locked her door, put her lamp before the looking-glass and tore off her gray cape; tore it off so savagely that the button snapped and rolled away, — two little crystal semicircles like tears upon the floor.

There was no collar about the neck of her dress, and this heightened the plainness and the pallor of her face. She shrank instinctively at the first sight of herself, and opened the drawer where the crimson cape was folded, but shut it resolutely.

"I 'll see the worst of it," she said with pinched lips. She turned herself about and about before the glass, letting the cruel light gloat over her shoulders, letting the sickly shadows grow purple on her face. Then she put her elbows on the table and her chin into her hands, and so, for a motionless half-hour, studied the unrounded, uncolored, unlightened face that stared back at her; her eyes darkening at its eyes, her hair touching its hair, her breath dimming the outline of its repulsive mouth.

By and by she dropped her head into her hands. The poor, mistaken face! She felt as if she would like to blot it out of the world, as her tears used to blot out the wrong sums upon her slate. It had been so happy! But he was sorry for it, and all that. Why did a good God make such faces?

She slipped upon her knees, bewildered.

"He *can't* mean any harm nohow," she said, speaking fast, and knelt there and said it over till she felt sure of it.

Then she thought of Del once more, — of her colors and sinuous springs, and little cries and chatter.

After a time she found that she was growing faint, and so stole down into the kitchen for some food. She stayed a minute to warm her feet. The fire was red and the clock was ticking. It seemed to her home-like and comfortable, and she seemed to herself very homeless and lonely; so she sat down on the floor, with her head in a chair, and cried as hard as she ought to have done four hours ago.

She climbed into bed about one o'clock, having decided, in a dull way, to give Dick up to-morrow.

But when to-morrow came he was up with a bright face, and built the kitchen fire for her, and brought in all the water, and helped her fry the potatoes, and whistled a little about the house, and worried at her paleness, and so she said nothing about it.

"I 'll wait till night," she planned, making ready for the mill.

"O, I can't!" she cried at night. So other mornings came, and other nights.

I am quite aware that, according to all romantic precedents, this conduct was preposterous in Asenath. Floracita, in the novel, never so far forgets the whole duty of a heroine as to struggle, waver, doubt, delay. It is proud and proper to free the young fellow; proudly and properly she frees him; "suffers in silence" — till she marries another man; and (having had a convenient opportunity to refuse the original lover) overwhelms the reflective reader with a sense of poetic justice and the eternal fitness of things.

But I am not writing a novel, and, as the biographer of this simple factory girl, am offered few advantages.

Asenath was no heroine, you see. Such heroic elements as were in her — none could tell exactly what they were, or whether there were any: she was one of those people in whom it is easy to be quite mistaken; — her life had not been one to develop. She might have a certain pride of her own, under given circumstances; but plants grown in a cellar will turn to the sun at any cost; how could she go back into her dark?

As for the other man to marry, he was out of the question. Then, none love with the tenacity of the unhappy; no life is so lavish of itself as the denied life: to him that hath not shall be given, — and Asenath loved this Richard Cross.

It might be altogether the grand and suitable thing to say to him, "I will not be your wife." It might be that she would thus regain a strong shade of lost self-respect. It might be that she would make him happy, and give pleasure to Del. It might be that the two young people would be her "friends," and love her in a way.

But all this meant that Dick must go out of her life. Practically, she must make up her mind to build the fires, and pump the water, and mend the windows alone. In dreary fact, he would not listen when she sung; would not say, "You are tired, Sene"; would never kiss away an undried tear. There would be nobody to notice the crimson cape, nobody to make blue neck-ties for; none for whom to save the Bonnes de Jersey, or to take sweet, tired steps, or make dear, dreamy plans. To be sure, there was her father; but fathers do not count for much in a time like this on which Sene had fallen.

That Del Ivory was — Del Ivory added intricacies to the question. It was a very unpoetic but undoubted fact that Asenath could in no way so

insure Dick's unhappiness as to pave the way to his marriage with the woman whom he loved. There would be six merry months, perhaps, or three; then slow worry and disappointment; pretty Del accepted at last, not as the crown of his young life, but as its silent burden and misery. Poor Dick! good Dick! Who deserved more wealth of wifely sacrifice? Asenath, thinking this, crimsoned with pain and shame. A streak of good common sense in the girl told her — though she half scorned herself for the conviction — that even a crippled woman who should bear all things and hope all things for his sake might blot out the memory of this rounded Del; that, no matter what the motive with which he married her, he would end by loving his wife like other people.

She watched him sometimes in the evenings, as he turned his kind eyes after her over the library book which he was reading.

"I know I could make him happy! I *know* I could!" she muttered fiercely to herself.

November blew into December, December congealed into January, while she kept her silence. Dick, in his honorable heart, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine; brought her two pails of water instead of one, never forgot the fire, helped her home from the mill. She saw him meet Del Ivory once upon Essex Street with a grave and silent bow; he never spoke with her now. He meant to pay the debt he owed her down to the uttermost farthing; that grew plain. Did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated her with kindness, struck her dumb with tender words.

She used to analyze her life in those days, considering what it would be without him. To be up by half past five o'clock in the chill of all the winter mornings, to build the fire and cook the breakfast and sweep the floor, to hurry away faint and weak over the raw, slippery streets, to climb at half past six the endless stairs and stand at the endless loom, and hear the endless wheels go buzzing round, to sicken in the oily smells, and deafen at the remorseless noise, and weary of the rough girl swearing at the other end of the pass; to eat her cold dinner from a little cold tin pail out on the stairs in the three-quarters-of-an-hour recess; to come exhausted home at half past six at night, and get the supper, and brush up about the shoemaker's bench, and be too weak to eat; to sit with aching shoulders and make the button-holes of her best dress, or darn her father's stockings till nine o'clock; to hear no bounding step or cheery whistle about the house; to creep into bed and lie there trying not to think, and wishing that so she might creep into her grave, — this not for one winter, but for all the winters, — how should *you* like it, you young girls, with whom time runs like a story?

The very fact that her employers dealt honorably by her; that she was fairly paid, and promptly, for her wearing toil; that the limit of endurance was consulted in the temperature of the room, and her need of rest in an occasional holiday, — perhaps, after all, in the mood she was in, did not make this factory life more easy. She would have found it rather a relief to have somebody to complain of, — wherein she was like the rest of us, I fancy.

But at last there came a day — it chanced to be the ninth of January — when Asenath went away alone at noon, and sat where Merrimack sung his songs to her. She hid her face upon her knees, and listened, and thought her own thoughts, till they and the slow torment of the winter seemed greater than she could bear. So, passing her hands confusedly over her forehead, she said at last aloud, "That 's what God means, Asenath Martyn!" and went back to work with a purpose in her eyes.

She "asked out" a little earlier than usual, and went slowly home. Dick was there before her; he had been taking a half-holiday. He had made the tea and toasted the bread for a little surprise. He came up and said, "Why,

Sene, your hands are cold!" and warmed them for her in his own.

After tea she asked him, would he walk out with her for a little while, and he in wonder went.

The streets were brightly lighted, and the moon was up. The ice cracked crisp under their feet. Sleighs, with two riders in each, shot merrily by. People were laughing in groups before the shop-windows. In the glare of a jeweller's counter somebody was buying a wedding-ring, and a girl with red cheeks was looking hard the other way.

"Let 's get away," said Asenath, — "get away from here!"

They chose by tacit consent that favorite road of hers over the eastern bridge. Their steps had a hollow, lonely ring on the frosted wood; she was glad when the softness of the snow in the road received them. She looked back once at the water, wrinkled into thin ice on the edge for a foot or two, then open and black and still.

"What are you doing?" asked Dick. She said that she was wondering how cold it was, and Dick laughed at her.

They strolled on in silence for perhaps a mile of the desolate road.

"Well, this is social!" said Dick at length; "how much farther do you want to go? I believe you 'd walk to Reading if nobody stopped you!"

She was taking slow, regular steps like an automaton, and looking straight before her.

"How much farther? Oh!" She stopped and looked about her.

A wide young forest spread away at their feet, to the right and to the left. There was ice on the tiny oaks and miniature pines; it glittered sharply under the moon; the light upon the snow was blue; cold roads wound away through it, deserted; little piles of dead leaves shivered; a fine keen spray ran along the tops of the drifts; inky shadows lurked and dodged about the undergrowth; in the broad spaces the snow glared; the lighted mills, a zone of fire, blazed from east to west; the skies were bare, and the wind was up, and Merrimack in the distance chanted solemnly.

They were alone there, — they two, and God.

"Dick," said Asenath, "this is a dreadful place! Take me home."

But when he would have turned, she held him back with a sudden cry, and stood still.

"I meant to tell you — I meant to say — Dick! I was going to say —"

But she did not say it. She opened her lips to speak once and again, but no sound came from them.

"Sene! why, Sene, what ails you?"

He turned, and took her in his arms; he hid the sky and the snow from her sight; she felt his breath upon her hair.

"Poor Sene!"

He kissed her, feeling sorry for her unknown trouble. She struggled at his touch. He kissed her again. She broke from him, and away with a great bound upon the snow. She stood out against the sky, panting hard like a hunted thing.

"You make it so hard! You 've no right to make it so hard! It ain't as if you loved me, Dick! I know I 'm not like other girls! Go home, and let me be!"

But Dick drew her arm through his, and led her gravely away. "I like you well enough, Asenath," he said, with that motherly pity in his eyes; "I 've always liked you. So don't let us have any more of this."

So Asenath said nothing more.

The sleek black river beckoned to her across the snow as they went home. A thought came to her as she passed the bridge — it is a curious study what wicked thoughts will come to good people! — she found herself considering the advisability of leaping the low brown parapet; and if it would not be like Dick to go over after her; if there would be a chance for them, even should he swim from the banks; how soon the icy current would paralyze him; how sweet it would be to chill to death there in his arms; how all this wavering and pain would be over; how

Del would look when they dragged them out down below the machine-shop!

"Sene, are you cold?" asked puzzled Dick. She was warmly wrapped in her little squirrel furs; but he felt her quivering upon his arm, like one in an ague, all the way home.

About eleven o'clock that night her father waked from an exciting dream concerning the best method of blacking patent-leather; Sene stood beside his bed with her gray shawl thrown over her night-dress.

"Father, suppose some time there should be only you and me —"

"Well, well, Sene," said the old man sleepily, — "very well."

"I 'd try to be a good girl! Could you love me enough to make up?"

He told her indistinctly that she always was a good girl; she never had a whipping from the day her mother died. She turned away impatiently; then cried out and fell upon her knees.

"Father, father! I 'm in a great trouble. I have n't got any mother, any friend, anybody. Nobody helps me! Nobody knows. I 've been thinking such things — O, such wicked things — up in my room! Then I got afraid of myself. You 're good. You love me. I want you to put your hand on my head and say, 'God bless you, child, and show you how.'"

Bewildered, he put his hand upon her unbound hair, and said: "God bless you, child, and show you how!"

Asenath looked at the old withered hand a moment, as it lay beside her on the bed, kissed it, and went away.

There was a scarlet sunrise the next morning. A pale pink flush stole through a hole in the curtain, and fell across Asenath's sleeping face, and lay there like a crown. It woke her, and she threw on her dress; and sat down for a while on the window-sill, to watch the coming-on of the day.

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun, and dripped, as she had seen it drip before, with blood.

The day broke softly, the snow melted, the wind blew warm from the river. The factory-bell chimed cheerily, and a few sleepers, in safe, luxurious beds, were wakened by hearing the girls sing on their way to work.

Asenath came down with a quiet face. In her communing with the sunrise helpful things had been spoken to her. Somehow, she knew not how, the peace of the day was creeping into her heart. For some reason, she knew not why, the torment and unrest of the night were gone. There was a future to be settled, but she would not trouble herself about that just now. There was breakfast to get; and the sun shone, and a snow-bird was chirping outside of the door. She noticed how the tea-kettle hummed, and how well the new curtain, with the castle and waterfall on it, fitted the window. She thought that she would scour the closet at night, and surprise her father by finishing those list slippers. She kissed him when she had tied on the red hood, and said good-by to Dick, and told them just where to find the squash-pie for dinner.

When she had closed the twisted gate, and taken a step or two upon the snow, she came thoughtfully back. Her father was on his bench, mending one of Meg Match's shoes. She pushed it gently out of his hands, sat down upon his lap, and stroked the shaggy hair away from his forehead.

"Father!"

"Well, what now, Sene? — what now?"

"Sometimes I believe I 've forgotten you a bit, you know. I think we 're going to be happier after this. That 's all."

She went out singing, and he heard the gate shut again with a click.

Sene was a little dizzy that morning, — the constant palpitation of the floors always made her dizzy after a wakeful night, — and so her colored cotton threads danced out of place, and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said, "How the mill shakes! What 's going on?"

"It 's the new machinery they 're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but heavy, very heavy; they calc'late on getting it all into place to-day; you 'd better be tending to your frame, Miss Ivory."

As the day wore on, the quiet of Asenath's morning deepened. Round and round with the pulleys over her head she wound her thoughts of Dick. In and out with her black and dun-colored threads she spun her future. Pretty Del, just behind her, was twisting a pattern like a rainbow. She noticed this, and smiled.

"Never mind!" she thought, "I guess God knows."

Was He ready "to bless her, and show her how"? She wondered. If, indeed, it were best that she should never be Dick's wife, it seemed to her that He would help her about it. She had been a coward last night; her blood leaped in her veins with shame at the memory of it. Did He understand? Did He not know how she loved Dick, and how hard it was to lose him?

However that might be, she began to feel at rest about herself. A curious apathy about means and ways and decisions took possession of her. A bounding sense that a way of escape was provided from all her troubles, such as she had when her mother died, came upon her.

Years before, an unknown workman in South Boston, casting an iron pillar upon its core, had suffered it to "float" a little, a very little more, till the thin, unequal side cooled to the measure of an eighth of an inch. That workman had provided Asenath's way of escape.

She went out at noon with her luncheon, and found a place upon the stairs, away from the rest, and sat there awhile, with her eyes upon the river, thinking. She could not help wondering a little, after all, why God need to have made her so unlike the rest of his fair handiwork. Del came bounding by, and nodded at her carelessly. Two young Irish girls, sisters, — the beauties of the mill, — magnificently colored creatures, — were singing a little love-song together, while they tied on their hats to go home.

"There *are* such pretty things in the world!" thought poor Sene.

Did anybody speak to her after the girls were gone? Into her heart these words fell suddenly, "*He* hath no form nor comeliness. *His* visage was so marred more than any man."

They clung to her fancy all the afternoon. She liked the sound of them. She wove them in with her black and dun colored threads.

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It 's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

Sene, in the pauses of her thinking, heard snatches of the girls' talk.

"Going to ask out to-morrow, Meg?"

"Guess so, yes; me and Bob Smith we thought we 'd go to Boston, and come up in the theatre train."

"Del Ivory, I want the pattern of your zouave."

"Did I go to church? No, you don't catch me! If I slave all the week, I 'll do what I please on Sunday."

"Hush-sh! There 's the boss looking over here!"

"Kathleen Donnavon, be still with your ghost-stories. There 's one thing in the world I never will hear about, and that 's dead people."

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow —"

She stopped. Something strange had happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped; the threads untwisted, and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up.

Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his hands to his head, and

fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its helpless, giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe!

She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she threw out her arms, and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square, oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh red color; she dimly wondered why, — as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, time, place, and reason, go utterly out.

"*At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.*"

So the record flashed over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate, and the muttering South, and was forgotten.

Who shall say what it was to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who endure unto this day a life that is worse than death? What to that architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet accepted the contract, and built with them a mill whose thin walls and wide, unsupported stretches could never keep their place unaided?

One that we love may go to the battle-ground, and we are ready for the worst: we have said our good-bys; our hearts wait and pray: it is his life, not his death, which is the surprise. But that he should go out to his safe, daily, commonplace occupations, unnoticed and uncaressed, — scolded a little, perhaps, because he leaves the door open, and tells us how cross we are this morning; and they bring him up the steps by and by, a mangled mass of death and horror, — that is hard.

Old Martyn, working at Meg Match's shoes, — she was never to wear those shoes, poor Meg! — heard, at ten minutes before five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath, waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street.

A vast crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills, — Pacific, Atlantic, Washington, — Pemberton? Where was Pemberton?

Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she must have been struck upon the head. The church-clocks were striking eight. A bonfire which had been built at a distance, to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the *débris* across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks.

A broad piece of flooring that had fallen slantwise roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of iron-work overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her

room — a mere child — was crying between her groans for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. It was Meg Match. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free; she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney, Jimmy Mahoney! and would they be sure and give him back the handkerchief? Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By and by she called no more; and in a little while the hand was still. The other side of the slanted flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the Amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond, they dug a man out from under a dead body, unhurt. He crawled to his feet, and broke into furious blasphemies.

As consciousness came fully, agony grew. Sene shut her lips and folded her bleeding hands together, and uttered no cry. Del did screaming enough for two, she thought. She pondered things calmly as the night deepened, and the words that the workers outside were saying came brokenly to her. Her hurt, she knew, was not unto death; but it must be cared for before very long; how far could she support this slow bleeding away? And what were the chances that they could hew their way to her without crushing her?

She thought of her father, of Dick; of the bright little kitchen and supper-table set for three; of the song that she had sung in the flush of the morning. Life — even her life — grew sweet, now that it was slipping from her.

Del cried presently, that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfires struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct.

"They never can get at me," said Sene. "I must be able to crawl. If you could get some of those bricks off of my feet, Del!"

Del took off two or three in a frightened way; then, seeing the blood on them, sat down and cried.

A Scotch girl, with one arm shattered, crept up and removed the pile; then fainted.

The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night-wind blew in; the safe night sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again after all! Back in the little kitchen, where the sun shone, and she could sing a song, there would yet be a place for her. She worked her head from under the beam, and raised herself upon her elbow.

At that moment she heard a cry:

"Fire! *fire!* GOD ALMIGHTY HELP THEM, — THE RUINS ARE ON FIRE!"

A man working over the *débris* from the outside had taken the notion — it being rather dark just there — to carry a lantern with him.

"For God's sake," a voice cried from the crowd, "don't stay there with that light!"

But while this voice yet sounded, it was the dreadful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall, — and it broke upon the ruined mass.

That was at nine o'clock. What there was to see from then till morning could never be told or forgotten.

A network twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, gearing, roofing, ceiling, walling; wrecks of looms, shafts, twisters, pulleys, bobbins, mules, locked and interwoven; wrecks of human creatures wedged in; a face that you know turned up at you from some pit which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open; a voice that you know crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long, fair hair visible here; a foot there; three fingers of a hand over there; the snow bright-red under foot; charred limbs and headless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying

covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton-bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death, and life together out of your sight, — the lurid thing stands alone in the gallery of tragedy.

"Del," said Sene, presently, "I smell the smoke." And in a little while, "How red it is growing away over there at the left!"

To lie here and watch the hideous redness crawling after her, springing at her! — it had seemed greater than reason could bear, at first.

Now it did not trouble her. She grew a little faint, and her thoughts wandered. She put her head down upon her arm, and shut her eyes. Dreamily she heard them saying a dreadful thing outside, about one of the overseers; at the alarm of fire he had cut his throat, and before the flames touched him he was taken out. Dreamily she heard Del cry that the shaft behind the heap of reels was growing hot. Dreamily she saw a tiny puff of smoke struggle through the cracks of a broken fly-frame.

They were working to save her, with rigid, stern faces. A plank snapped, a rod yielded; they drew out the Scotch girl; her hair was singed; then a man with blood upon his face and wrists, held down his arms.

"There 's time for one more! God save the rest of ye, — I can't!"

Del sprang; then stopped, — even Del, — stopped ashamed, and looked back at the cripple.

Asenath at this sat up erect. The latent heroism in her awoke. All her thoughts grew clear and bright. The tangled skein of her perplexed and troubled winter unwound suddenly. This, then, was the way. It was better so. God had provided himself a lamb for the burnt-offering.

So she said, "Go, Del, and tell him I sent you with my dear love, and that it 's all right."

And Del at the first word went. She sat and watched them draw her out; it was a slow process; the loose sleeve of her factory sack was scorched.

Somebody at work outside turned suddenly and caught her. It was Dick. The love which he had fought so long broke free of barrier in that hour. He kissed her pink arm where the burnt sleeve fell off. He uttered a cry at the blood upon her face. She turned faint with the sense of safety, and with a face as white as her own he bore her away in his arms to the hospital, over the crimson snow.

Asenath looked out through the glare and smoke with parched lips. For a scratch upon the girl's smooth cheek, he had quite forgotten her. They had left her, tombed alive here in this furnace, and gone their happy way. Yet it gave her a curious sense of relief and triumph. If this were all that she could be to him, the thing which she had done was right, quite right. God must have known. She turned away, and shut her eyes again.

When she opened them, neither Dick nor Del, nor crimsoned snow, nor sky, were there, only the smoke writhing up a pillar of blood-red flame.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Molly," said Sene. "Can you crawl around?"

Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours, — so. There! I guess that 's better, is n't it?"

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburnt rubbish at the right some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the glow.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back!" — then hushed, awe-struck.

An old man was crawling along upon his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind.

"I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough-looking young fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I 'll have her out yet. I 'm an old man, but I can help. She 's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dipper of water; it 'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now! Keep cheery, Sene! Your old father 'll get ye out. Keep up good heart, child! That 's it!"

"It 's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with cheerful words.

"No more ye need n't, Senath, for it 'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet! We 'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water, — do now! They 'll get at ye now, sure!"

But out above the crackle and the roar a woman's voice rang like a bell:

"We 're going home to die no more."

A child's notes quavered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white young lips swelled the glad refrain, —

"We 're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red. Voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Asenath sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now, from his gray hair to his patched boots.

The answer came triumphantly, —

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

"Sene! little Sene!"

But some one pulled him back.

THE HOUSEHOLD LAMP.

WHEN suns decline, and crickets sing,
And wandering mists from seaward roam,
When nights no heavenly beacons bring,
Then brightest shines the star of home!

When the brown brooks, with music low,
Watch summers die and autumns come,
When stately golden-rods must bow,
What cheer is in that light of home!

When winter strips the shuddering trees,
And chills the wavelet's wanton foam,
When in the world's cold grasp we freeze,
How blest is then that star of home!

FREE MISSOURI.

PART I.

MISSOURI is the stone which the builders rejected. Under early Spanish rule, Florida, the Land of Flowers, was a vast, indefinite region, stretching north to the Canadian lakes, and westward to the "Mother Mountains." Travellers described the portion of it bordering the "great Yellow River of the Massorites" as barren and inhospitable.

When it passed under French domination, all Paris, headed by famous John Law, went mad over the fancied gold and silver of "Upper Louisiana," but held it worthless for culture and habitation.

Seventy years ago, sanguine, warm-hearted, red-haired Thomas Jefferson filled our executive chair. He was sixty; he was in power; but he reversed the ordinary rule. Neither age nor official responsibility could make him timid or conservative. Indeed, they increased his daring. As a candidate, he had been the narrowest of strict constructionists. As President, he became the broadest of latitudinarians. Alexander Hamilton was the bugbear of his life. Until the great Federalist lay dying on Weehawken Heights, with Burr's bullet in his breast, the great Democrat always believed with horror that Hamilton meant to turn our government into a monarchy. Yet Jefferson himself did an act which few constitutional kings would have attempted. He deliberately and confessedly went outside of his legal powers; purchased Louisiana of Napoleon for fifteen million dollars, and more than doubled the area of the young Republic.

Real estate has advanced in price and receded in quality since then. Jefferson was lampooned mercilessly for buying worthless regions which we did not want, and had not the money to pay for, and nobody knew the boundaries of. But the people acquiesced in manifest destiny, as they always will until the tricolored flag shall stream over every acre from the North Pole to the Isthmus of Darien.

Men and women still under forty remember how their school geographies included much of Missouri in the Great American Desert, — just as Plutarch relates that map-makers of his day depicted the regions they knew nothing about as "sand wastes, full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs." In 1819 Thomas H. Benton was editing "The St. Louis Intelligencer." The struggle for the admission of Missouri to the Union had already begun. Young Benton was on the ground. He was destined to become *the* champion of this embryo State, and of all Western interests. Yet even he wrote: —

"After you get forty or fifty miles from the Mississippi, arid plains set in, and the country is uninhabitable except upon the borders of the rivers and creeks!"

Uninhabitable! We shall see. But first a glance at the geology and history of Missouri.

The ancient convulsions which moulded and modified our great valley are Nature's romance, — her very Arabian Nights' Entertainment. With unerring pen their history is written; but where the unerring linguist to read it? Who can surely decipher the testimony of the rocks, the hills, and the prairies?

Relatively, the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas are of recent origin. Ere yet they had risen from the deep, waves of the Pacific, rolling in from the far Orient, broke on the western foothills of the Alleghanies. How immeasurable the power which, upheaving the spinal column of the continent, drove back the great ocean for twenty-five hundred miles!

Later in the slow years, while the largest coal basin in the world, and the prairies of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri were forming, the vast valley was again submerged. This time with fresh water. Where St. Louis now displays her linear miles of steamboats, and her square miles of brick blocks huge monsters, scaly and finny, disported in dark, profound depths. A hundred miles further south, the mighty torrent poured in a cataract, far exceeding Niagara. The width of the upper Mississippi covered several degrees of longitude, and its surface was two hundred feet above the present level.

Now the shrunken stream is but a mile wide. Along Missouri and Iowa its channel has greatly deepened. Beside Mississippi, and through Louisiana, mud-deposits have steadily raised its bed, until now, like the Nile, it is far higher than the adjacent land. But for artificial levees, all the river counties would be under water. Steamboat passengers look *down* into the chimneys of dwelling-houses, and into great fields of cotton, sugar, and rice.

The Iron Mountain country, one hundred miles south of St. Louis, was thrown up to its present height by an ancient earthquake. The same convulsion depressed a long strip of land from the mouth of the Ohio to the mouth of the White River, forming the endless swamps and submerged counties of Southeastern Missouri and Northeastern Arkansas.

That was in a dim, far-off past. But old settlers still remember the earthquakes of 1811–12, — the most violent on our continent within the historic period. Pioneers thought the end of the world had come. It was an era of wonders, natural and mechanical. The great comet had just disappeared. The first steamer of the West was on her way from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The heat was intense; the air close and stifling. Noonday was as twilight; and the lurid sun hung in the heavens like a globe of copper.

The country pitched and tossed like a raging sea. The pilot found the river's bed strangely altered, and its shores unrecognizable. Large islands in mid-channel had sunk out of sight. Acres of trees, with roots upward, were floating down the stream. No breeze stirred the air; but whole forests were waving and trembling like tall wheat in a strong wind. Great banks came tumbling into the river, overwhelming flat-boats and rafts, whose terrified crews had landed and escaped. The Mississippi gurgled and roared; and finally its torrent turned and flowed upstream for ten miles, swallowing keel-boats and arks, ingulfing houses and farms, and drowning men, women, and children.

New Madrid was the centre of the convulsion. Some of the dismayed inhabitants fled back to the higher lands. Others stood palsied upon the shore, watching their tumbling houses, and praying to be taken on board the passing steamer. The earth opened in long fissures, from which jets of water and mud, and sheets of sand, streamed up into the air. Even the resting-place of the dead was invaded; the churchyard, with its grassy graves, parted from the shore, and went down into the turbid river. Bones of the gigantic mastodon and icthyosaurus, buried for ages, protruded from the banks of naked loam.

The whole face of the country was changed. Westward for miles the land sank many feet. Hills and plains of gigantic oaks, cypresses two hundred feet high, gum-trees, walnuts, hickories, and dense canes instantaneously dropped out of sight, as a magic forest goes down through the trap-door of a theatre. They have been submerged ever since, without branch or twig breaking the surface of the dull, stagnant waters.

Even when unconvulsed, our great rivers cut like knives through the soft alluvium of their banks. They roam their broad valleys almost as unrestrained as the sluggish catfish swim their muddy depths. They are here to-day, and there to-morrow, — always forming new channels, always filling up the old.

In 1853 a Missouri River steamer ran upon a sand-bar. The land was increasing so fast that she could not be got off. Night and day it grew apace, until the luckless vessel, a hundred yards from the water, perched high and dry, — a modern ark upon a modern Ararat. In two or three years a thick forest of willows or cottonwoods would have hidden her. But suddenly the river changed its mind a second time, returned to its old channel, cutting away the new-formed soil, released the imprisoned steamer, and bore her safe to the St. Louis levee, after a delay of only a few weeks. The same stream has cut away half of St. Joseph, Mo., deposited a broad sand-bar in front of Weston, and, by finding a new channel, transformed a river town of Nebraska into an interior village of Iowa.

Hardly less erratic is the Mississippi. New Madrid seems to be the favorite neighborhood for the display of its eccentricities. One morning during the late war, the Rebels of that ancient village were startled to find four of General Pope's steam-transports lying at their landing. Beauregard's army blockaded the river above; but Pope's Illinois Yankees, by turning a portion of the water into a new channel, which they had cut for sixteen miles through bayous, swamps, and cornfields, floated their transports around, took the enemy in the rear, captured Island No. Ten, with its one hundred and twenty-five guns, half a dozen steamers, valuable supplies, and three thousand prisoners, and sent the Rebel lines "whirling" down to Fort Pillow.

That was the Mississippi *plus* man's ingenuity. But on the same spot the unaided stream has performed exploits almost as wonderful. New Madrid, founded by early Spanish settlers, and named in honor of their stately capital at home, was laid out for a magnificent city. A mile from the river its site embraced a pretty lake, which they designed enclosing to beautify the pleasure-grounds of their future metropolis. But the stream has encroached so ravenously upon its Missouri shore, that the original seat of the town, lake and all, is not only removed into Kentucky, but is nearly two miles back from the Mississippi. At Randolph, Fort Pillow, and other points below, the river has swallowed extensive earthworks, and obliterated every trace of the great Rebellion.

Missouri has fewer antiquities than Ohio or Kentucky. On the Gasconade are caves of singularly pure saltpetre, which settlers have frequently used for the manufacture of gunpowder. But the caves had earlier workers. In their ancient rooms, with arched roofs and white limestone walls, have been found many rude axes and hammers. In the same vicinity are remains of stone towns, and of buildings which seem to have been religious temples.

There are other footprints of the Mound-Builders, — that mysterious race, just as distinct from the red men as the red men from the whites, — which swarmed in our great valley before the Indians, which worked oil-wells in Pennsylvania, and copper-mines on Lake Superior. They were unable to melt the copper, and therefore used it only for ornaments. One of their earth monuments, near New Madrid, was forty feet high, a quarter of a mile in circumference, perfectly level on the top, and surrounded by a deep ditch. St. Louis stands upon the former site of several; hence it is called the Mound City. Cincinnati, too, occupies the ancient seat of an interesting cluster of them.

Dr. Franklin, at eighty, talked of the Mound-Builders with great zest, and declared that if he were younger he would go and study their works for himself. Fascinating as the subject is, modern investigation has barely noticed it, and thrown little light upon it. These artificial mounds, often surrounded by curiously complicated earthworks, appear to have been used as fortifications, as temples for worship, and as the tombs of illustrious persons. Some bear the form of enormous serpents. Others, with their outworks, gateways, and covered pas-

sages to the water, embrace many acres. Excavations have revealed in them gigantic human skeletons, battle-axes, bucklers of copper thickly overlaid with silver, polished bracelets and rings of silver and brass, many curious utensils of pottery, pipes and money of terra-cotta and slate, and rude sculptures in wood and stone.

Missouri boasts several of these mounds, but none so extensive and striking as those which have given name and interest to Circleville, Ohio. The Buckeye State is full of them; and Kentucky alone is said to have more than five hundred still unexplored. Originally they cost labor as vast and intelligent as the building of the pyramids. Yet the very name of the nation which reared them has passed from human knowledge as utterly as that of an unknown soldier dead on the field, or an unknown passenger swept from the deck of an emigrant ship.

The bluff formations of Missouri contain fossil remains of the mastodon, the American elephant, and other primeval monsters. Even now, according to Draper, we might be enjoying their cheerful company but for the extreme rigor of modern winters. Let churls complain. *I* remember the fossil skeleton of an Alabama zeuglodon. The reptile was ninety feet long, and in the largest place twice as thick as a sugar-hogshead. He was as recklessly adapted to all circumstances as a Yankee invention. He was water proof, with a tail horridly useful for flapping or swimming. He had more legs, and uglier ones, than the most elaborate spider. Into his open jaws a small man might have walked, standing upright, and wearing a stove-pipe hat. Since that enlivening spectacle, I have regarded cold winters and the deprivation they bring with Christian resignation.

Song and story have done little justice to the patience, persistency, and daring of our early explorers. Their journeys were as romantic as that of Jason the Argonaut, — almost as incredible as those of Sinbad the Sailor. Three hundred and twenty-seven years ago, near the present site of Helena, Arkansas, Hernando de Soto reached the Mississippi, the first white man who ever looked upon its waters. Powell's delineation of the discovery covers many square yards of canvas in the great Rotunda of the National Capitol. As a princess of shoddy once described a strong, dingy, hideous old battle-piece in her own parlor: "It is called the *handsomest* picture of the whole collection!" A copy of Powell's group adorns the backs of our ten-dollar National-Bank notes. It is a wonderful, but, alas! a fair, specimen of American historical painting. De Soto and his comrades are the prettiest of men. In personal comeliness they are only exceeded by the amiable savages standing about them. True to nature, — for everybody knows what a thing of beauty the American Indian is. The Portuguese and Spanish explorers appear in all the unsullied feathers and gold of a dress-parade. They seem to have been kept in bandboxes. They are gloved, ruffled, and laced, ready to caper nimbly from a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. Of course, they looked exactly thus after wandering three years in the wilderness, having their camps and baggage burned months before, and losing half their numbers in the flames, in deadly Indian battle, and by low fevers caught in pestilential swamps.

De Soto and his men — the flower of the Peninsular chivalry — braved everything, suffered everything, in their search for El Dorado. The hot springs of Arkansas they thought the fabled fountain of perpetual youth. They penetrated Missouri from the south; twice crossed the Ozark Hills, and spent the winter of 1541–42 among them. They found the region swarming with fierce Indians. They fought the Pawnees, who still do a thriving business at scalping surveyors and throwing trains off the track along the Union Pacific Railway in Nebraska; and the Kaws, of whom a miserable remnant yet survive, to raise ponies, and beg tobacco and whiskey, on the

fertile bottoms of the Kansas River. They smelted ore, and were disgusted to find it lead instead of silver. Vernon County, Missouri, still contains ruins of old fortifications and furnaces, believed to mark the winter camp of those gallant, ill-starred soldiers of fortune.

Their fate served as a warning. For one hundred and thirty years the great river was left undisturbed, unseen, by civilized man. Then Marquette the missionary, with Joliet the explorer, starting from Canada, floated down its silent current to the mouth of the Arkansas. Like later travellers, they were surprised to find the stream, so clear and blue above the mouth of the Missouri, so muddy and turbid below.

Before reaching the Gulf, they turned back from dread of the Spaniards. But after them, also from the north, came La Salle, the fearless. He rode the muddy current until he had planted the lilies of France at the mouth of the Mississippi. Louis XIV. was at the zenith of his glory. In the name of the Great King, the bold explorer took possession of the entire country, baptizing the river "St. Louis," and its valley, "Louisiana."

Poor La Salle! He hoped for wealth, fame, and honor from his discoveries. They brought hardship, heart-sickness, and death. For years he faced appalling disasters, with unshaken soul. At last, after long, fruitless endeavors to find again the banks of the Mississippi, a bewildered wanderer in Northern Texas, he fell, assassinated by one of his own soldiers. How great explorers, like great orators, have suffered the most cruel mockery of destiny! They form the saddest pictures in all history, — Columbus, of the broad brow and majestic frame, in an old age of poverty and chains; Ponce de Leon, feeble and gray-haired, shot to death by savages, even while seeking the immortal fountain; La Salle, the dauntless and tireless, with his thin arms folded, and his tattered cloak wrapped about him, cradled in an unknown grave, among the barren hills of Trinity River; Raleigh, the early darling of fortune, his narrow bald head under the shining axe, his calm lips murmuring, "This is sharp medicine, but it cures the worst disease"; De Soto, lowered at midnight to the bottom of the Mississippi, with no audible prayer from his heart-broken comrades, lest the lurking red man learn that the bold leader was at rest after all his wanderings, in peace after all his troubles!

The Illini Indians greeted Father Marquette: "Fair is the sun, O Frenchman! when thou comest among us." To Marquette's countrymen the Illinois prairie ever stretched under a fair sun. They held it a terrestrial paradise. The Missouri hills and valleys they believed uninhabitable, but filled with exhaustless mines of silver and gold. In 1700 there was not a white settlement west of the Mississippi. But Louis XIV. granted to Anthony Crozat, a wealthy French merchant, a monopoly of the trade of the entire valley for sixteen years. Crozat introduced the statutes and usages of France, copied chiefly from Roman civil law. These were the earliest canons of civilization between the Great Lakes and the Gulf.

The first royal governor was Crozat's business partner, La Motte. His first observations disgusted him with the province, and especially with the project for the establishment of trading posts. He wrote back to the Ministry:

"What! Is it expected that for any commercial or profitable purposes boats will ever be able to run up the Mississippi into the Wabash, the Missouri, or the Red River? *One might as well try to bite a slice off the moon.* Not only are these rivers as rapid as the Rhone, but in their crooked course they imitate to perfection a snake's undulations. Hence, for instance, on every turn of the Mississippi it would be necessary to wait for a change of wind, if wind could be had, because this river is so lined up with thick woods that very little wind has access to its bed."

Wise La Motte! Just as wise as Jefferson, who believed the Erie Canal

built fifty years too soon; as Franklin, who thought steamboats impracticable; as we, who a few months ago shook our sage heads pityingly at Cyrus Field!

Under La Motte no mines were found, no agriculture was begun; and in five years Crozat's monopoly had cost him so much more than it brought, that he returned to Paris, and gave up his charter as worthless.

The region was next granted to the Mississippi Company. "Corporations," says the proverb, "have no bodies to be kicked, and no souls to be damned." This famous company brilliantly exemplified the great truth. But at least it owned a head to lead, in the person of John Law, — gambler, rake, duellist, and speculator though he was. It is the fashion to decry him; but our own finances have sometimes been directed by quite as much charlatanry, and a great deal less brains.

His energy endeavored well for "Upper Louisiana." He sent out two hundred miners to find gold or silver. The Mississippi Bubble swelled until shares rose to forty times their original value. Then it burst. Law, who had begun it with a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, counted himself lucky to save his neck, and escape from Paris with eight hundred Louis d'or in his pocket. His miners in the New World found no precious metals. But, with a wisdom miraculous in gold-seekers, they worked the rich veins of lead still existing near Fredericksburg and Potosi, Missouri, and shipped large quantities of the product home to Europe.

For fifty years France had now held the valley. By the customs of that day, it was time for bloodshed about it, particularly as it was deemed almost worthless. So the Spaniards determined to capture and recolonize it.

The French settlers were few and weak; but the Missouri or Mud Indians, who have given name to the river and the State, were their stanch allies. Like all our aboriginals they took kindly to the easy, gay, music-loving Frenchman, but not to the cruel Spaniard or the grasping Saxon.

The Osages, also a powerful nation, were traditional enemies of the Missouris. The Spaniards decided to join them in a war upon their ancient foes. The Missouris once destroyed, the conquest of the feeble white settlements would be sure and easy.

The expedition started from New Mexico in 1720. It was a strange caravan of Spaniards and natives, horses and mules, droves of cattle, sheep, and swine, with women and children, to form new colonies after the armed men should conquer the old.

The crusaders turned their backs upon Santa Fé, in its mountain aerie, — even yet the highest city of North America. They left behind snowy peak and delusive mirage, rolling wastes of sand and grazing herds of spotted antelopes. Down the shining Arkansas, to where its fair valley broadens into the magnificent prairies of Southern Kansas. Thence eastward through a swelling ocean of grass, its billowy green foamy with daisy and phlox, or gorgeous with golden-rod and sunflower. Then northward over rugged hills of gray rock, shaded with groves of chincapin and stunted oak, where, in the world's morning twilight, the Mound-Builders had toiled, where, two centuries before these soldiers, De Soto had marched and fought, where, on a summer day, a hundred and forty years later, Nathaniel Lyon and a thousand of his young comrades should fall for their country and for freedom.

After a weary march of a thousand miles, these pioneer filibusters approached the Great Yellow River. In its rich valley they found noble elms, black-walnuts, and sycamores, their trunks wreathed and their branches weighed down with luxuriant parasites. Bushes, vines, and trees bent under enormous clusters of black, shining elderberries, snow-white pigeon-berries, purpling grapes, and luscious, straw-colored plums.

But the invaders had little time to wonder at the bountifulness of nature. Their ignorant guides led them, not among the Osages whom they sought, but right into the chief village of the Missouris, whom they had come to destroy. Both tribes spoke the same language, and the Spaniards were completely deceived. They told their purpose freely, and distributed arms and ammunition to their wily enemies. The Missouris fooled them to the top of their bent, professing to acquiesce gladly in all their plans. But just at dawn on the third morning the Indians fell upon their deluded visitors, and killed and scalped every man, woman, and child except the solitary priest. Him they kept prisoner; but in a few weeks he escaped. With wonderful endurance and good fortune, all alone he trod the obscure, dangerous trail back to Santa Fé, and told the fate of the would-be pirates, hoist upon their own petard.

The first settlement upon the Missouri was begun in 1762, and named Village du Côté. It is now St. Charles, a pleasant town of four thousand people, at the crossing of the North Missouri Railway. The next year a party of French trappers and traders ascended the Mississippi, designing to found a post at the mouth of the Missouri. It took them five months to come from New Orleans to the present site of Alton. The same trip by rail now consumes about two days. Not liking the ground at the junction, they dropped down twenty miles, and in the deep wilderness, by the great river, raised their first cabin of poles, bark, and skins.

That was the beginning of St. Louis. The city was founded twenty-four years earlier than Cincinnati, sixty-six earlier than Chicago, and forty-seven later than New Orleans. The pioneers adopted many Indian habits. They strapped their infants to boards like papooses. After they began to raise swine, the mother would leave her baby alone in the cabin for hours; but, to alleviate his solitude, she gave him a huge piece of raw pork to suck, first tying it to his foot by a string, so that whenever he attempted to swallow it the natural impulse to kick would save him from choking. Perhaps it was from this custom, extended across the river, that Illinoisans were first called "Suckers."

Of course, the babies thrived. That was the golden age of the little folks. Shower-baths were rare, dietetics unknown. Modern hygiene, like Falstaff's instinct, may be "a great matter"; but somehow, to our children of model rearing, Death gives but little of his hourglass and a great deal of his scythe. And if little tombstones told the truth, I suspect many would proclaim, "Died of unmitigated carefulness and endless washing." Our lily-cheeked darlings, kept ever tidy in person, spotless in dress, prudent in diet, safe from all exposure, are as fair as young willows, but also as frail. And the tow-headed youngster of the prairie cabin, soaked in the rain, barefoot on the frost, always munching his pork, corn-bread, and molasses, but always in the blessed open air, is a sapling of oak. Happily unconscious of nerves, he is ready to go through life on his muscle, as all of us must in one way or another.

Forty years passed. Louisiana was held of so little worth that she flew like a shuttlecock between the battledores of France and Spain, belonging now to one power, and now to the other. Her settlers increased but slowly. They were isolated from all mankind. They were almost as secluded from the outside world as the dwellers in the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

Children born in St. Louis began to find wrinkles in their faces, and silver in their hair; yet the town contained less than a thousand people. It was essentially French, and rigidly Catholic. It had no post-office; but priests were abundant. No Protestant could own a lot, or even enjoy public religious worship. There were one hundred and eighty dwellings, — straw-thatched cabins, built of hewn cedar and cottonwood logs, standing upright. Barns of the

same material stood thick among them, filled with wheat from the common field, and hay from the open prairie beyond. Back of the town, a brief circle of small round towers of sod extended from the river above to the river below; within this enclosure also were two higher towers for observation, — all defences against Indians. The people crossed the river by canoes, or "dug-outs," lashing two large ones together, and covering them with split planks, when horses and wagons were to be ferried over.

But the little city was neither prosaic nor unimportant. The mercurial Frenchman and his Creole descendants observed frequent holidays; the cedar floors creaked with merry dancing to the violin, and the Mississippi learned by heart the old home songs of the Seine and the Rhone. The public records and judicial proceedings were in French. It was almost the only language spoken on the streets. The citizen wore buckskin moccasins in winter, and often went barefoot in summer. He was averse to hats; a gay cotton kerchief usually enveloped his head. His loose shirt was of bright red flannel, his pantaloons of fringed buckskin, or colored cotton. He was an inveterate smoker. From his leathern belt hung a seal-skin pouch of tobacco, a clay pipe, — when it was not in his mouth, — a little tinder-box with flint and steel, a butcher knife, and a small hatchet. He looked picturesque and half barbaric; but his heart was light, kindly, and honest.

Like modern frontier towns, St. Louis had a trade quite disproportionate to its population. It bought lead from whites and Indians. It shipped venison, buffalo meat, and bear meat to New Orleans. It consumed the surplus wheat of contiguous Illinois. Every year it sent sixty thousand dollars' worth of Indian goods up the Missouri, and received two hundred thousand dollars' worth of deer and bear skins, buffalo robes, and furs of beaver and otter. The deer skins alone brought to this straggling log village in the wilderness numbered one hundred and fifty thousand annually.

Already trappers and fur-traders had begun to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. Some were murdered by Indians, some were drowned in the Missouri, some were eaten by grizzly bears. But they loved their hard life with the strange love which pursuits involving adventure and privation always inspire. Their furs were carried to Canada, and thence to Europe; and it took four years to get returns.

So the last century went out. Then on a May morning, sixty-four years ago, three frail boats bearing fifty men sailed away from St. Louis up toward the mouth of the Missouri. That little expedition represented the new-born Nineteenth Century. It bore the Stars and Stripes, and the advance guard of the coming Yankee nation. Captains Lewis and Clark, with a volunteer band of sturdy United States soldiers, sent by President Jefferson, under sanction of Congress, had started to explore the vast region stretching to the Pacific, and to learn whether a route for travel and commerce could be opened across the American continent.

The country was as little known as the trackless ocean when Columbus dared it. Trappers and traders could only tell that as far as they had ventured it swarmed with fierce Indians and ferocious beasts. The bold voyagers, starting to face its unknown dangers, had the sympathy and prayers of the frontier population. At long intervals, after they passed out of sight, returning trappers brought tidings of them. At the end of a year came a boat with their messengers and letters, stating that they had passed the first winter two thousand miles up the Missouri, and were just entering the deeper wilderness beyond. Then weeks, months, a year elapsed, and no word from the daring travellers. Hope turned to despair. Friends and relatives mourned them as dead. And, as usual, wise after-prophets shook their heads and averred that the attempt had been foolhardy and mad.

But on a September day, when the explorers had been gone two years and four months, the people of St. Louis heard a discharge of musketry. Looking up the river, they saw a little fleet of canoes and pirogues just in sight, and rapidly nearing their village. The boatmen were tawny, and clothed in skins. The cry, "Indians!" "Indians!" rang from cabin to cabin, and the alert Frenchmen ran for their muskets. But a few minutes more showed that the visitors were not savages, only sunbrowned, bearded white men. Lewis and Clark had returned! All the party were back again safe and sound, except one man, who died of disease early on the way out. In their journey of eight thousand miles, through half a hundred savage nations, they had had only one Indian fight, and that a slight skirmish. They came loaded with curiosities, and full of enthusiasm about the wealth of the prairies, the sublimity of the mountains, and the beauty of the great Oregon River, rolling brokenly over many rapids to the far western ocean. They had opened communication from the Mississippi to the Pacific!

St. Louis welcomed them with flying flags and booming guns, and as the news spread by the slow vehicles of that day, the whole country was swift to do them honor. For now Jefferson had bought Louisiana, Congress had paid the bill, and the Stars and Stripes floated over the new domain. It was no longer France or Spain which these pioneers had been exploring, but the United States of America.

The Louisiana purchase revolutionized St. Louis. The French language and modes went out, and the post-office came in. The newspaper followed. In 1808 appeared "The Louisiana Gazette," the first journal ever printed west of the Mississippi. It still flourishes as "The St. Louis Republican," and the changes in our party names have produced a curious paradox. For years "The Republican" has been a zealous Democratic organ, and its neighbor "The Missouri Democrat" a cogent apostle of Republicanism.

Like his good friend the Frenchman, the Indian also went to the wall before the post-office and the newspaper. The once potent Missouris occupied the beautiful valleys of the Grand and the Chariton. In 1810 they fought their last battle with the whites. All were exterminated except a few stragglers, who found homes among the Osages, their ancient foes.

The French had little taste for farming in the wilderness; they adhered mainly to trading, boating, and trapping. But the Daniel Boone race of American pioneers began to come in,—men who loved the forest, and were cramped for elbow-room if they had a neighbor within a day's journey. They were long, gaunt settlers from Kentucky, Illinois, Virginia, and Ohio, with a few restless Yankees from the hills of New England. Avoiding towns, they pushed back into the interior. They found the valleys and prairies — reputed worthless and uninhabitable — all ready to yield boundless crops of corn and wheat, fruits and the root vegetables. Forests teemed with game, rivers were choked with fish. By the Missouri, the Osage, and the Gasconade the immigrant from Massachusetts stared at the little horn-pout of his native streams, here developed into the enormous catfish of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds. A pioneer of Cole County relates that fish so abounded in Moreau Creek as frequently to clog the wheels and stop the machinery of his saw-mill. Then he used to shut the gate, and beat the water with poles to drive them away!

Another settler, Elisha Ford, is the hero of a story even more fishy. It avers that, finding a young panther asleep, he bent a sapling over the animal's back, holding him down until he could muzzle him and tie his feet together. Thus secured, Ford bore the amiable whelp home in triumph to his wondering family.

A third, Thomas Stanley, herding cattle and hogs on Grand River, lived in a huge, hollow sycamore log, which lay upon the ground. Here he ate and

slept, and through long winter evenings smoked his clay pipe, reading such books and stray newspapers as he could get from the nearest settlement. Sycamore splinters, dipped in raccoon oil, served for candles. Just outside burned his ruddy fire of logs. When the smoke blew into his eyes, — as it usually does in camp, — he would get up, and roll his unique dwelling around on the other side of the blaze. This voluntary Crusoe, tanned, bearded, clothed in furs, smoking his dingy pipe and reading his ragged newspaper, with shining rifle close by, all ready to grasp, — Eastman Johnson should put him on canvas, to delight our eyes, and illustrate an essential page in American history.

The Boone race is extinct, or has migrated to Walrussia, where alone we have room for it still. But the big trees survive. Parker's "Missouri in 1867" — a valuable gazetteer, though without a map of the State, and ten years behind in its statistics of railways and leading towns — describes a standing hollow sycamore, whose chamber is fifteen feet across; a grape-vine three feet in circumference; tupelos, oaks, and cypresses ten feet in diameter, and beeches and elms seven feet.

The earliest steamer upon our Western rivers was launched in the Ohio, at Pittsburg, in 1811. The first to ascend the Missouri were three little government boats, in 1819. A party of engineers and naturalists kept along near them on the shore. The Pawnees, who can yet almost steal the boots from a man's feet without his knowing it, pilfered the horses, provisions, and apparatus of the unfortunate *savans*, and left them to wander, hungry and half naked, till they found refuge among the friendly Kaws. These early steamers stemmed the current with difficulty, and were greatly delayed by sand-bars; for this was before steamboats were educated up to walking off on their spars, as a boy walks on his stilts. And they dropped down the river stern foremost, as they were more manageable in that position.

Even in civilized communities, the introduction of the steamboat excited superstitious dread. When Robert Fulton's Clermont appeared on the Hudson, ships' crews who saw her approaching at night against wind and tide, with machinery clanking, paddles clattering, and showers of sparks and volumes of flame streaming from her chimneys, jumped overboard, and swam ashore in terror. Three years later, when Nicholas Roosevelt's Orleans first descended the Ohio, she approached Louisville at midnight. Hundreds of Kentuckians, awakened by her demoniac screechings, rushed down to the bank, and at first believed that the great comet of that year had fallen into the Ohio! One of the first boats to ascend the Missouri, as if her normal terrors were not enough, carried a figure-head at her prow in the form of a huge serpent. Through this reptile's mouth steam escaped, and the savages who saw it fled in wildest alarm, fancying that the Spirit of Evil was coming bodily to devour them.

SOME OF THE WONDERS OF MODERN SURGERY.

THERE is not one man in a hundred outside of the medical profession, and scarcely one man in ten in it, who understands and appreciates the marvels of modern surgery.

The improvements that have, within the past quarter of a century, been almost daily introduced into surgical science are so numerous, so complex, and so very varied in character, that to properly understand them requires entire concentration of thought and study. Even in the profession of medicine, unless the doctor makes surgery a specialty, unless he devotes his whole attention to the subject, unless he carefully reads all the best medical literature — and, above all, the *periodical* literature — of the day, he cannot properly estimate the enlightened practice of our times, as compared with that of days gone by.

But things pertaining to the chirurgeon's art which would scarcely surprise a tolerably well-educated physician will no doubt strike with amazement unprofessional readers; for the mind of the former is in a measure prepared for innovations by novelties that have preceded them, and has been raised step by step from the wretched old-fashioned ideas and antiquated notions of our ancestors to those more in accordance with common sense and human reason; whereas the ideas of the latter upon the subject are vague, imperfect, and traditional, because for the most part foreign to the daily routine of their lives.

Surgery is very ancient; it is as old as man. Before disease was entailed upon the human race, our great progenitor was the subject of an operation. By the influence of some anæsthetic agent a deep sleep is said to have fallen upon Adam, and a bone was excised from his body, — a rib was taken away, from which grew that beautiful frailty whose name is *Woman*, in whose gustatory nerves the love of forbidden fruit culminated. She took the apple and did eat, and gave it to Adam, and he did eat; but the attempt to swallow it so choked him that his male descendants still bear in their throats an hereditary projection, — the *pomum Adami*, — the technical term, dear reader, in medical nomenclature, by which that hillock in the throat of *man* is known.

Everybody is acquainted with that celebrated old doctor, Æsculapius, to whom professors in medical colleges still allude in the opening sentences of their introductory lectures. This medical gentleman is supposed to have read medicine with Apollo, and to have been the father of old-fashioned surgery, and of two sons, Machaon and Podalirius, both of whom Homer, in the twelfth book of the Iliad, has seen fit to immortalize. Nestor thus speaks of the former: —

> "Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
> And great Machaon to the ships convey;
> A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."

Patroclus was another surgeon of antiquity, and one most decidedly of the military order; his exploits are thus related: —

> "There stretched at length the wounded hero lay.
> Patroclus *cut the forky steel away;*
> Then with his hands a bitter root he bruised,
> The wound he washed, the styptic juice infused.
> The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow,
> The wound to torture and the blood to flow."

After these renowned gentlemen six whole centuries passed away, when Hippocrates became the modern surgeon of his time, which, you must remember, was about three hundred years before Christ. He held it as a maxim, that "where medicine failed, recourse must be had to the knife, and when the knife was unsuccessful, to *fire*." This latter method became very fashionable; and a surgeon's apparatus was a sort of blacksmith's shop, resembling those that followed our batteries through the war. Sores were

then burned out with fire; conflagrations were raised upon the skin; red-hot irons, shaped much like the modern poker, were thrust into the deep recesses of wounds; and the soothing application of boiling tar covered bleeding and raw surfaces. A very favorite method of using fire with this distinguished individual and others of his school was to saturate small pieces of wood with oil, pile them upon the surface of the body, and set them ablaze. However, *palmam qui meruit, ferat.* Hippocrates assisted surgery considerably in his time, and his descriptions of certain surgical diseases, and of the operations performed for their relief, do him great credit.

It is not the intention of this paper even to *begin* to consider in detail the ancient upholders of the art of surgery, or to relate a long catalogue of names and dates; and therefore suffice it to say that surgery improved and retrograded, and was as often then as now impeded in its progress by the bigotry of those whose preconceived notions and reverence for bygone forms and *shades* of men prevented either investigation or adoption of important, though often novel, truths.

In modern times the first great, *very* great, step forward in surgery, was the introduction of what the doctors call *anæsthetic* agents, or the use of chloroform and ether. A just idea of this inestimable boon to suffering humanity cannot be better arrived at than by first imagining one's self in a surgical amphitheatre twenty-five years ago, during an operation, — an amputation, for instance. Observe the writhing of that human form as the keen two-edged knife pierces the quivering flesh; listen to the harsh grating of the surgeon's saw as it separates the living bone, and hear those agonizing groans, and shrieks, and prayers for mercy! Then, visit to-day any well-conducted hospital or college, and witness a similar operation. The patient is placed upon his bed, a handkerchief saturated with the anæsthetic is applied to the nostrils, and a slumber steals over him so deep, so profound, that not a muscle moves as the knife goes through his flesh, not a quiver passes through his frame, not a prayer to God or man for help, not a groan escapes him. He wakes from his slumber to find himself comfortably arranged in his bed, without a single unpleasant sensation of any note, and totally unconscious of the operation he has undergone. I can recall instances wherein the sufferer has awakened from his lethargy, and, looking up with imploring eyes, has asked: "Are you not almost ready to begin?" "*Begin?* Why, my dear sir, the operation is over, is successful, and you will soon be well again." I can see now, while I write these lines, the tears of gratitude and of hope that slowly trickle down the cheeks of the unfortunate victims of disease or accident, and forthwith I turn to my big bottle of chloroform (Ducan and Lockhart's best Scotch), and take a congratulatory sniff from pure admiration, respect, and thankfulness.

But there are other very great advantages to be derived from these anæsthetics. No surgeon in the olden time could have performed those difficult and protracted operations on the living body which are, from the frequency of their occurrence now, justly considered the triumphs of modern surgery; and simply because it would have been utterly impossible for the patient to keep himself, or be kept by others, in a quiet position during a prolonged and painful dissection, where knives and probes and forceps are thrust in and out of gaping and bleeding wounds. The human system in most cases would succumb to the *shock* of the prolonged agony, in an operation of two, three, or four hours' duration, when every second seems a minute, and every minute an hour.

The two anæthetic agents which are now most in use among surgeons are ether and chloroform, — some preferring one, and some the other; others using a compound of both. From time immemorial the surgeon's knife has possessed such terror for mankind, that

many have been the attempts to diminish the torture of operations. Even as far back as the thirteenth century the idea of *painless* operations was carefully considered. In a curious old surgical treatise by one Theodoric, the recipe is found for the preparation of an article called *spongia somnifera*, which was said to accomplish the desired result. Pliny and Dioscorides speak of the mandragore, or mandrake, as being steeped in wine to cause insensibility to pain.

The discovery of *ether* as an anæsthetic belongs to America. On the 30th day of December, 1846, at No. 19 Tremont Row, in Boston, a man named Frost had a tooth extracted without pain by Dr. Morton, and a new era commenced in the surgical world. Chloroform belongs to England. On the 4th of November, 1847, it was discovered by Sir J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh; Drs. Keith and Ducan being present at the time. The blessings of the *appropriate* application of these agents are not fully appreciated, because those outside the pale of the profession rarely have time or opportunity to witness the wonderful effects produced thereby. Think, dear reader, of a man having on his back an excrescence larger than a knapsack, and occupying the same position that accoutrement would on the human body, — a tumor that had bowed his head upon his breast for twenty years, and had never permitted him to sleep in any position except lying on his face, — a tumor filled with blood-vessels, and the growth of which was attended with excruciating pain. Think of such a man in the hands of two surgeons, — one on each side of the table, — with their shining knives cutting deeply into the flesh, — think of him lying thus for three consecutive hours, and finding the horrible burden gone when he awoke from his insensibility!

But modern surgery has opened another field. The fumes of chloroform, ether, and nitrous oxide narcotize the brain, and *sometimes* produce dangerous and even fatal results. What does modern surgery do to avoid such misfortune? Simply this: A man with a wen on his arm, or an exquisitely painful "felon" on his finger, can now look down quietly upon the knife as it enters his own body, and smile at a most remarkable coincidence, and one peculiarly agreeable to himself, namely, — he does not feel the slightest degree of pain. This condition of things is effected by the absence of heat; otherwise, *cold*. It is well known to everybody, that if a part be frozen or benumbed with cold, its sensibility is for the time being lost.

Now, there are several methods by which cold is produced, one of which is evaporation, — that mighty process constantly going on in the great universe, whereby the waters which have passed into the sea are returned to be purified for the use of man. Evaporation is Nature's colossal filter. The evaporation of any liquid which is more volatile than water will immediately produce cold. Pour a little common ether on the back of your hand, and the sensation of cold is at once apparent; but the chemists tell us that *vapors* have a greater capacity for heat than when their particles are condensed into either a solid or a liquid form; therefore modern surgery, being aware of these few facts, constructs an instrument whereby a vapor of ether or other very volatile substance is injected in the form of spray, — or, as the doctors say, atomized — upon a part, and so rapidly absorbs the heat generated by the chemical action going on within the body, that in a very few minutes the part becomes entirely insensible to pain, while the patient still retains volition and consciousness. This evaporation is so potent, that the great Faraday was able to *freeze mercury* in a *red-hot* crucible. It is not my intention to enter into a minute description of the very simple apparatus by which this spray is produced. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum; and if by any means such a condition is produced in a tube one end of which is inserted into a liquid, the atmospheric pressure from without will cause the liquid to

ascend into the vacuum; and if as it rises in obedience to nature's law it is met with a stream of air projected against it with a moderate degree of force, the volatile liquid will be broken into fragments or atoms, thus constituting a vapor, the rapid evaporation of which will speedily take away heat. Without the least trouble, in any temperature, and at any time of day, the surgeon has it in his power, by means of a little instrument he can carry in his pocket, of producing cold several degrees below zero. It is to Mr. Richardson, of London, that the world is indebted for the introduction of this method of causing *local* insensibility by means of ether. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, of Boston, has discovered that a similar result may be attained by a substance called rhigolene, which is a very volatile product of petroleum, and which, with a boiling point at 70°, will, when atomized, congeal the skin and the textures beneath in from five to ten seconds; 15° below zero being easily produced in a few minutes. With such an apparatus (and a great *furore* it has created in the medical world) a man may study anatomy on his own person, and dissect himself with comparatively trifling inconvenience.

We are told by a well-known and undoubted authority, that the rich Miss Kilmansegg once met with a serious accident;

> "But what avails Gold to Miss Kilmansegg,
> When the femoral bone of her dexter leg
> Has met with a compound fracture?"

asks the historian; and he further states, that as "the limb was doomed, and it could n't be saved," it was cut off, and that after its removal there was an immense amount of trouble in fitting to the remaining portion of the member any kind of an extremity. If the lady had lived in our advanced days, no apprehension would have been felt. A letter to one of those manufactories where legs and arms — in the shape and motion of which Apollo or Venus might exult, and which in nineteen cases out of twenty are far more beautiful to look upon than nature's own — are turned out to order by steam would have caused to be sent by return train a perfectly suitable leg.

The very wonderful and perfect mechanism which is introduced into these patent extremities is only equalled by the facility with which they are used. They are light, have all the movements of the natural joints, and, by means of springs, wires, cords, and wheels, work with a precision which is very surprising. Not long since I had the pleasure of being accosted in the street by a well-dressed soldier, who in nobly doing battle for his country had been shot through the knee, the lower parts of his leg being so severely shattered that it was necessary to remove it. The poor fellow had a hard time of it. I did not know him to be the same individual whom I had treated in the hospital; the flush of health was upon his cheek, the sparkle of life in his eye, the elasticity of manhood in his step. He looked first into my face, and then, glancing downward, said, with a curious twinkle in his eye, "Doctor, which leg is it?" For a moment I was dumfounded with the question, but clapping his hand upon his thigh he said with exultation: "This is the leg with which I was born, and this one," pointing to the other, "is the one which Uncle Sam gave me"; and he stepped off with only a slight halt in his soldier's gait. One of the most celebrated of the Bridgewater treatises is that of Sir Charles Bell on the human hand. The essay is replete with thought and study, and gives the reader a true idea of the mechanism and the precision of adaptation which is found in that portion of the human body. Paley in his "Natural Theology," alluding to the same subject, says: "Let a person observe his own hand while *writing;* the number of muscles which are brought to bear upon the pen, how the joint and adjusted operation of several tendons is concerned in every stroke. Not a letter can be turned without more than one or two or three tendinous retractions, definite, both as to the choice of the

tendon and as to the space through which the retraction moves; yet how currently does the work proceed, how faithful have the muscles been to their duty, how true to the order which endeavor or habit hath inculcated!" If we were to take the celebrated surgeon and theological essayist, and show to the one a man sawing wood and to the other a person engaged in writing, and were to tell them that neither of the industrious individuals was possessed of any but wooden hands, which are nightly taken off, greased, and prepared for the next day's service, somewhat after the fashion of boots and shoes, they most undoubtedly would be petrified with amazement, if not completely stunned by an apparent impossibility. Yet modern surgery can accomplish this result. Let me give some extracts, authenticated ones, from letters written to one of the manufacturers of artificial hands. One person thus writes: "I am very much pleased with my artificial arm and hand. I find it useful in a great many ways. I can carry a pail of water with ease. I can carry an *armful* of wood quite handily. I can handle my knife and fork," &c. Another says: "I was fitted with a PAIR of artificial hands made by I. S. Drake, and I find them of great use to me. I can feed myself very well with them; also can *write* so it can be read," &c. Another writes: "I am getting along finely with my artificial hand. I have already learned to *sew* with it, and can do a great many other things. I find it quite convenient at table, and in fact it is useful to me in everything I undertake." A gentleman from Providence gives the following testimony: "I frequently carry a pail of water, and oftentimes a basket of marketing, with my artificial hand. In walking through the streets, I defy any one to tell *which* is my artificial hand." A letter from Concord concludes thus: "It" — the hand — "is a most convenient thing to *drive* with. I have driven twenty miles in the coldest day, without calling upon my other hand for assistance." Is not this an improvement upon the old-fashioned, clumsy, and unsightly *iron hook* which old surgery affixed to the unfortunate stump of a man's superior extremity?

There are some operations in surgery that are dangerous on account of hemorrhage from the smaller vessels, and others which are performed by means of strangulating a part, allowing it to die and be cast off by the law of nature; the latter procedure being necessarily protracted, and often excessively painful. A French surgeon, by name Chassaignac, being aware of these facts, devised an instrument which he called the *écraseur*, or crusher, to obviate both the difficulties alluded to. It is formed of a fine chain, gathered into a loop, which loop encloses the part to be removed; by turning a screw the chain is gradually tightened until the parts are separated. There is not a cutting edge to this contrivance; the chain is blunt, and in its passage through the structures so turns up or twists the ends of the blood-vessels that hemorrhage is prevented. The working of this instrument is truly surprising. I know of a girl, an amiable young lady, who was unfortunate enough to have been born with a tongue so much too long that it protruded from her mouth from four and a half to five inches; she could neither masticate her food nor articulate a single sentence; life was kept in her for nearly fifteen years by liquid nourishment sucked through a tube; her appearance was naturally revolting, and upon the slightest exposure to cold or atmospheric changes she was wellnigh suffocated by the tremendous enlargement of this congenital hypertrophy. To cut off this tongue with a sharp knife would have been to expose her life to danger from hemorrhage, to twist a string around it, and allow it to die by slow degrees, was a torture to which neither her friends nor herself would submit; yet with the application of chloroform and the *écraseur* it was taken away, — the superabundant portion of it, — trimmed to a point; and to-day she sings, talks, and eats with perfect control of the remaining portion of the organ. She went to sleep, and

awoke with her jaws closed for the first time in her life, and with but the loss of a few drops of blood.

The greatest revolutions also have taken place in that branch of surgery known as ophthalmology, or that portion of it which treats of diseases of the eye; indeed, the improvements in this department are so very numerous that it now-a-days constitutes a separate and special science. There are few physicians in general practice that understand the orthography of this specialty. How do you spell dac-ry-o-cys-to-syringo-ka-ta-klei-sis (dacryocystosyringokatakleisis)? would be a puzzle for many wise heads, and its pronunciation dangerous to any but a woman's tongue.

The eye — the study of which alone, old Sturmius tells us, is a cure for atheism — is perhaps one of the most marvellous constructions in nature. Its movements, its expressions, its protection, its chambers, its lenses, and the great delicacy of all its component parts, have been the study of anatomists of all times. How I wish I could show to the readers of this paper one single portion of the human eye, — that part called the vitreous humor! It resembles half-molten crystal in its purity and its brilliancy. And, above all, could I show you the beautiful adaptation of every structure to the office it performs in the animal economy, you would probably be lost in amazement. Imagine yourself for a single moment standing on a mountain eminence, with an autumn landscape of *twenty miles* in extent before you: every constituent which goes to make up the beauty and harmony of the scene is fully appreciated by your sense of vision, — the great variety of color, the fields, the hedges, the foliage, the cottages, and the village spire in the distance, the river as it curves around the gentle slopes, the clouds that float overhead. That landscape of twenty miles you take in, and are able to see entire through an aperture *an eighth of an inch* in diameter!

Is not the smallness of the visual tablet, as compared with the *extent* of vision, one of the most singular and remarkable adaptations of means to ends which can be found in nature?

There are several compartments and chambers within the globe of the eye; there is a curtain which divides these chambers; there is an elastic doorway, which expands and contracts in accordance with the quantity of light to be admitted. Take a candle and endeavor to look into those mysterious recesses, and you can see nothing; and the reason is obvious, — the rays are reflected back again, and are brought to a convergence at the flame of the candle; in other words, the flame is the focus of reflection, and the eye cannot occupy the same position as the flame, nor see through it. But modern surgery has explored these hitherto unknown and mysterious regions, and has invented an instrument by which the rays of light coming from a lamp placed behind and at one side of the head can so be caught, reflected, and brought to a focus, that the chambers and depths of the globe of the eye can be fully and readily explored; and the result has been that this instrument (called the ophthalmoscope) tells the surgeon of to-day, that four fifths of what was written and surmised concerning the diseases affecting these hitherto unexplored regions is conjectural and wrong; its introduction has rendered obsolete nearly all that was taught by our grandfathers on the subject. How many eyes have been blinded by treatment based upon conjecture and ignorance may only be imagined; it is well for us that no data can be found, and that forever such unsatisfactory information will be buried in oblivion.

The use of reflected light, once introduced, was eagerly applied to many other cavities of the body. The intricate labyrinth of the ear, and the passages of the nose and the lungs are now carefully explored; the *entire windpipe* can now-a-days be laid before the eye of the surgeon. No doubt, in years to come, the obdurate peg in

the boot-heel of a patient may be found and carefully examined by a combination of lenses inserted in the mouth. But I must hasten on. The items that have been detailed as relating to the present position of modern surgery are a few of innumerable facts. The wonders revealed by the microscope alone would fill a volume twice the size of the Atlantic Monthly; and when every week in every medical periodical some new instrument or new method of treatment is introduced, to attempt to relate them in a paper of this kind is perfectly useless.

But there is a branch of surgery to which attention should undoubtedly be called, and that is what is termed conservative surgery. Now, the rule of the conservative surgeon is to *save all he possibly can*, and to do away with the wholesale cutting and slashing of the older masters. In other words, place as much in the hands of Nature as is practicable; and it is astounding what she can accomplish with gentle handling and persuasive treatment! Attack her roughly, interfere with her processes, disturb her in her silent and mysterious workings, and she retires in disgust. The doctors, as well as the surgeons, are beginning to understand this, and the *vis medicatrix naturæ* is being acknowledged by medical as well as by surgical science. During the late war, thousands and thousands of limbs were saved to their owners by the proper understanding of conservative surgery. One of the most distinguished surgeons of the world has lately written: "At King's College it is a *rare* thing to see an amputation; in *nine cases out of ten* excision should be performed in its stead." By excision is understood cutting OUT the diseased part instead of cutting OFF the entire limb. Let me explain a little more in detail, that the understanding of this important point may be perfectly clear. Suppose a man be shot with a minié-ball through the shoulder-joint, and the missile shatters the bone to a considerable extent: old surgery sees no resource but to amputate the entire arm; modern conservative surgery says, "Not so," and cuts *out* the shattered joint, takes away the pieces of bone, and leaves the balance to Nature; and she, good soul! fills up the gap with a substance which, if not entirely resembling bone, is still of sufficient firmness and strength to allow the patient a tolerable motion at the shoulder, and a *perfect motion* at the elbow, wrist, and finger-joints. I can illustrate this conservative surgery by another instance. There was once a bright, active boy, whose father was a settler in the far-off regions of the Western country. The family were poor, but hard working, and had come West to cultivate a small portion of land which they had raised money enough to "locate." The boy was driving a truck-wagon, drawn by four oxen, on which was suspended a huge log of wood. As he walked beside his team the chain on his wagon broke, and the log rolled over; he ran, but his leg was caught by the heavy wood, and severely crushed, — the bones protruding through the skin, and the lower part of the leg being bent and *twisted* upon itself. He was carried senseless to his home; and there being no physician to attend the sufferer, he lay with his crushed and mangled leg at right angles with his thigh. Weeks passed away; by degrees Nature assumed her sway; youth and previous health, with a good constitution, sustained the boy under the shock. So soon as it was deemed practicable, he was brought—in an open wagon without springs, and through a drenching rain — to a hospital in the nearest city. There he was attacked with typhus fever, and again for weeks his life was despaired of. Suddenly one morning — a beautiful day in April — the doctor found his fever gone; but his patient was almost dead from the terrible prostration that injury, protracted fever, poor attendance, and continued suffering had induced. God in his mercy saved him! Life came back again, — strength, hope, and, above all, *sleep*. That gentle slumber, so different from the restless tossings

of feverish somnolence, refreshed him; and he began to look into the open air from his hospital window, and feel it as with life-giving power it fanned his pale and emaciated cheek. But the leg was still in its unnatural position, the bones were still through the flesh, the foot twisted sideways on the leg. For such a case as this the old-fashioned surgery would have had no remedy but amputation of the entire limb; but modern conservative surgery tried another expedient. It sawed off the protruding extremities of the bones, twisted the leg to its place, put it in an apparatus to keep it the same length as the sound limb; and to-day that boy stands, runs, and jumps, with legs of equal length, — a living monument to conservative surgery, and a witness to the truth of the description I have given.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Three English Statesmen: a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By GOLDWIN SMITH. New York: Harper and Brothers.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most delightful thing to an American, in these studies, is Mr. Smith's art of forecasting the years of unaccomplished English history, and finding in contemporary events in our country the sequel and recompense of the heroic effort of the old Puritanic Republicans. Here he sees fulfilled the generous purposes and hopes which the Restoration annulled in England, — in the American Republic he finds the lost future of the English Commonwealth. But he commends himself to a far nobler sentiment than patriotism, when he treats a great act like the execution of Charles I. as an irreparable error, and a hurt to the cause of the people which has not yet been outlived, and so teaches that mercy in the victor is the wisest policy as well as the most sublime virtue. He puts aside the coarse flippancy of Carlyle with an admirable rebuke, and with a courage which we cannot fully appreciate unless we remember how recently English society received Governor Eyre with applause, and how blindly and savagely it is now bent upon the destruction of the Fenians. It is indeed a double courage which laments severity in victorious right at a time when the right is called upon chiefly to exercise patience. "The execution of the king," says our author, "is treated by cynical philosophy in its usual strain: 'This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world; whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, and whatever other ugly names it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since, and is now at length in these generations very rapidly dying.' This is not the tone in which the terrible but high-souled fanatics who did it would have spoken of their own deed. They at least so far respected the feelings of mankind, or rather their own feelings, as to drape the scaffold with black. . . . . Nothing, unhappily, can be less true, than that the act of the regicides struck a damp through the heart of flunkeyism, or that flunkeyism has gone about incurably sick of it ever since. It is liberty, if anything, that has gone about sick of it. The blood of the royal martyr has been the seed of flunkeyism from that day to this. What man, what woman, feels any sentimental attachment to the memory of James II.? There would have been less attachment, if possible, to the memory of the weak and perfidious Charles, if his weakness and perfidy had not been glorified by his death."

To the policy of mercy and humanity here preached the nations are slowly growing. We have ourselves, however awkwardly and ungracefully, reached it practically in our dealing with the leaders of the rebellion; and by so far as the Mexicans are more barbarous and stupid than we, they have fallen short of it in their dealing with Maximilian.

In the passages quoted we give the key-note of a book which is nowhere discordant with the highest hopes and aims of good men, and which, with an entirely characteristic felicity in treating events subordinately to the ideas and motives of the past, is the most intelligible history we have read of the times of Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt.

The Story of my Childhood. By MADAME J. MICHELET. Translated from the French by MARY FRAZIER CURTIS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THIS is an exquisite specimen of descriptive narrative rendered into English as easy and plastic as the French of the original. It is a photograph of intense experience abounding in keen fresh sympathies and delicate grace of thought. It may be a weakness, but it is very refreshing, nevertheless, to listen to the outpourings of a woman of talent who offers no public convictions, but only a good gush of personal sentiment. Here is the very form and pressure of what a child has seen, — all its clear-cut reality framed in the sweet affections of a young girl's soul. We find here all those dear mysteries of tenderness and weakness common to all good women, combined with that dreary acceptance of destiny without objection or debate which seems peculiar to the good Frenchwoman.

Madame Michelet is the wife of the distinguished historian. It is pleasant to remember her confession in another work, that in her marriage she has found a renewal of the paternal love and protection so charmingly portrayed in the present volume. She who shows so much of the golden age of childhood to be but a sorry bit of electroplating should strike truer metal somewhere. And it will be pleasant for the reader to remember that the "Princess" of this little story, like her delicious prototypes with whose adventures Scheherezade delighted Schahriar, has already discovered the true prince and begun the duty of "living happily forever after."

Monsieur Midlaret, after an extraordinary career, of which his daughter makes a very interesting episode, settled upon his family estate, a short distance from the town of Montauban in the South of France. Here, in ruts of rural narrowness, the family ran its appointed course. This life upon a French country place would have few attractions for a native of New England. No fishmonger's horn, no merry jingle of baker's bells, disturb its awful monotony. No cloud of dust foretells the coming butcher with his fresh joints, and the mail from the nearest post-office. The dairy and the poultry-yard, whenever this latter preserve does not happen to be robbed, afford the sole means of subsistence. The *fermière*, or female farmer (for "farmer's wife" is no adequate translation), is alone responsible for family rations. No, not quite alone; for there is a little daughter of the house to send to the pond with rod and line, where she lies among the cold rushes, afraid to return with an empty basket. It is this little girl who now shows us her childhood in touching pictures. We realize how sadly authority may overshadow parental affection in the sketch of the cold "Lady of the Mist, with her long white robes floating behind her over the green lawn," but with true feminine instincts repressed or never awakened. Very pathetic is the story of the first doll, — a poor featureless bunch of rags, but a little god to be worshipped nevertheless, and if possible to be quickened to life after a certain recipe recorded in Genesis. The prevailing tone of the narrative is one of sadness; but it is an eloquent sadness, dealing with the finer suggestions of language which the translation has admirably preserved. It is pleasant to turn from the strange austerity of the child's existence to the cheerful glow of the haymaking, harvesting, and vintage. And we gratefully remember the seventeen cats utilized by the family as muffs and bed-warmers, the magpie Margot secreting papa's spectacles in his shoes, and the embryo silkworms worn day and night beneath mamma's dress. Then also there are the delightful market days; and, above all, the annual fair, when Montauban becomes a great city, and the bazaars for playthings line the low arcades. In short, Madame Michelet has here fixed for us those vivid visions of joy and sorrow that fill the horizon of child-life, and this all the more agreeably because no creed or system impudently claims the office of interpreter to the rich experience.

There comes a moral from these sketches, happily suggested at the close of the translator's introduction, which the American reader may profitably consider. We are reminded how seldom we get an interior view of the little souls about us, and how

small a part of our responsibility is fulfilled by thrusting them into the State educating machine over which the popular orator broods with such admirable complacency. Only the sweetest and soundest natures overcome a false direction given to the young life of spontaneous passion and instantaneous judgments. The true family relation consists in a community of consciousness, rendered all the more valuable by a wide difference in mental attainments. That dash of romance and sublimity which transfigures the being of a sensitive child is just the element our hardworking people need to keep their lives healthy and true. But our family discipline too often justifies the profound remark of Richter, that we conceal the departure of the sense for the heavenly by the greater sharpness and severity of that for the moral. Children, notwithstanding their small amount of what we call knowledge, in clinging to this life of sentiment and affection are led by instinct to reason more accurately than their elders. Miss Curtis is right in thinking that the closeness and accuracy of Madame Michelet's study of childhood rivals in its humble way the observation of Montaigne. And her allusion to the first of essayists reminds us of the delicate compliment he paid the "De Senectute" of Cicero,—"Il donne l'appétit de vieillir." We cannot parody this by saying that Madame Michelet has given us any desire to repeat that discipline of child-life she so faithfully portrays. But it is better to say that no worthy reader can rise from her book without a deeper sense of the power for good or evil latent in the family relation, and, we may add, without a new determination that the loving feminine element shall assert its eternal supremacy therein.

Tiger-Lilies. A Novel. By SIDNEY LANIER. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

IT is plain that Mr. Lanier has taken more Jean Paul than is good for him. He is saturated with Richter, and redolent of him; and, worse still, he has touches of the musical madness which has in these times afflicted persons of sensibility, and to which we owe "Charles Auchester" and all his literary children and grandchildren. Conceive of a pleasant Southern gentleman who builds a country-seat in a cove of the Tennessee River, and calls it Thalberg! Naturally, there comes to live near him, in great seclusion, among the mountains, Ottilie, a German lady who has been betrayed by John Cranston, an American, then visiting the master of Thalberg. At the same time, Rübetsahl, formerly Ottilie's betrothed, arrives. Surprises, discoveries, developments; a duel between Rübetsahl and Cranston at a masked ball for love of Felix Sterling of Thalberg, and for revenge of Ottilie. The war of secession occurs at this period; and all our friends go into the Southern army except wicked John Cranston, who becomes a Federal major. The lord and lady of Thalberg are shot at their own window by a deserter from the Southern army, and Felix and Rübetsahl are finally united at the capitol gates in Richmond, after the Confederates have abandoned the city. It is rather uncertain about Ottilie and Philip Sterling. Cranston goes vaguely to the deuce.

The story is full of the best intentions and some very good performance. The author has a genuine feeling for Southern character, and we see some original poetry and natural traits in his people, in spite of Richter and music. But as a whole "Tiger-Lilies" will not do, though we are not sure that Mr. Lanier will not succeed better in time. There is every element of romance in the life of the South, and he has a clear field before him. There are rogues at the North, too, and he need never be at a loss for villains. If only he will write us a good novel, he may paint us as black as he likes.

The Queens of American Society. By MRS. ELLET. New York: Scribner & Co.

UNLESS we are influenced by the fact that this is not a very amusing kind of book, we really think it a useful one in some ways. There is a good deal of national and local history to be learnt out of social records extending from the time of Mrs. George Washington to the time of Mrs. Auguste Belmont, and celebrating beauty, style, and worth in every part of the country, from Maine to California, from Missouri to South Carolina,—and there is much more collateral reading suggested by them. We trust the young ladies, the heirs of social sovereignty, who peruse Mrs. Ellet's pages with the hope of one day appearing themselves in such a work, will note that the queens there mentioned are distinguished to a very surprising degree for culture as well as beauty and

fashion; and that they will not only be curious to know more than she tells of the times in which Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Hancock lived, but will also be provoked by the sketch of Mrs. Frémont to learn something of the anti-slavery excitement, and the causes of our recent war. These topics Mrs. Ellet can only allude to in the most shadowy manner, for she must consult the feelings of many of her queens who were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and who inspired the hosts that fought against the liegemen of her Northern queens. In fact she has so many difficulties of this nature to encounter, that, if we might apply the phrase to such a genteel subject, we should call parts of her book up-hill work. In other respects her task is by no means lightened by the fact that there is no well-defined American social type or standard. But it is pleasant to reflect that the most generous social feeling exists along with our social diversity; that Boston, New York, and Philadelphia socially approve one another, and are not shocked by Washington and Richmond society, or displeased with Cincinnati, Louisville, or Chicago society; and that all will be charmed by Mrs. Ellet's distribution of social honors upon the geographical basis adopted in the selection of our public officers.

A Journey in Brazil. By PROFESSOR and MRS. LOUIS AGASSIZ. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

BRAZIL undoubtedly presents some difficulties of description and analysis to the student of its geography and civilization which do not trouble the imagination in dealing with it as a tropic full of the conventional tropical wonders, perils, and discomforts. Yet for an empire so vast and so immature its distinguishing features seem singularly capable of portraiture. Certain conditions prevail throughout the whole country, and in what the Portuguese have done, half done, and undone there is an expression which Professor Agassiz reflects with remarkable force in the last chapter of the present work. This chapter, indeed, is so necessary to a true appreciation and understanding of what has gone before, that we are disposed to counsel the reader to begin with it, and then to take up Mrs. Agassiz's pleasant, unaffected story of the every-day life of the famous scientific expedition. Starting with Professor Agassiz's idea that Portuguese polity and society in Brazil are in singular degree a perpetuation of the imperial Roman system, and that the free constitution of the country has only begun to modify Brazilian character, the anomalies are accounted for as fast as encountered, and the future of the country becomes at least matter of intelligent speculation. Professor Agassiz, while mindful of the charity due from an honored guest to a generous host, does not conceal his opinion that the work of reform to be accomplished in Brazil is commensurate with her territorial grandeur. The Brazilians have not only false religious and civil traditions to forget, and the native inertness of tropical character to contend with, but their progress is further embarrassed by the wide-spread degeneracy resulting from amalgamation of whites and blacks and Indians, and in turn of their common offspring. At every opportunity throughout the work our great naturalist bears his testimony against the evils of mixing races, which can, in his opinion, be elevated only as they can be kept pure. In Brazil there is no prejudice against color: once freed, the black can rise as high in society and politics as the white, and has indeed shown himself the equal of the white in natural ability and industry; but while all this simplifies the national problem in one respect, it makes it more difficult in another. Slavery will soon pass away; but one of its worst effects must remain for a period of which none can fix the end at present. Meantime a state of affairs in which office-holding is the chief ambition of every educated layman, and in which the clergy are corrupt and immoral, is not one to inspire immediate hope; but the admiration of better things, and the desire for them so general with the Brazilians, are promises of their ultimate accomplishment, though the end must be largely effected by northern immigration.

With the exception of the chapter referred to, nearly all the notices of life in Brazil are from the pen of Mrs. Agassiz, to whom we are indebted for many glimpses of society in the capital and other cities, and far more interesting sketches of the sylvan people dwelling in those tropical forests, that tower so loftily in the fancy, and have presented such an impenetrable screen to less active inquiry. The aborigines of Brazil are gentle and amiable folks, with few vices and not many morals, as it seemed to the travellers who came to require their services in hunting and fishing. They are

not sunken in such hopeless peonage as the Indians of the Spanish republics, but they are not much farther advanced in civilization. Some schools exist for them, and Mrs. Agassiz was struck by their aptness in learning from books, and acquiring divers little arts of beauty and use, but they keep to the woods as much as they can, and are "invited" thence less frequently by the schoolmaster than by the recruiting-sergeant and the press-gang. They are Christians as Brazilian Christianity goes, and are honest, cleanly, and hospitable. They frankly made the naturalist and all his party at home among them; were a little surprised at his avidity in collecting all sorts of birds and fishes; but were for the most part pleasantly indifferent to the aims of any existence but their own, — though Mrs. Agassiz does speak of one father among them who could read Portuguese, and desired to have his children educated in town. She tells us elsewhere of the indifference of these Indians to their offspring when once the children pass the first stage of helplessness, and of the difficulty of gaining any deep hold upon their gratitude or affection. In fact, the present work, though it treats them tenderly and compassionately, does not teach us to hope much more for the aboriginal Brazilians than we have learned to do for other Indians.

Of the towns we read here much that is already familiar through knowledge of other Latin countries. It is, in fact, the oft-told tale of intellectual life confined to a few men; of women practically fettered and imprisoned; of both sexes largely content with the pleasures of luxurious, highly conventionalized, rather corrupt society. The shadow of Don Basilio's square hat and well-rounded person is over all. Yet it is to be remembered that in Brazil Don Basilio is tolerant, and that all religions are free; and it is in all respects favorable to the Brazilian future, that the people and government are animated by liberal theories and aspirations.

The reader must turn to Mrs. Agassiz's journal for that attractive story which the volume has to tell of journeys up and down the vast rivers in steamboats, or through the strait water-paths of the else impenetrable woods in canoes; of sojourns in city and country amid architecture that reminds of the ancient Roman world, and scenery that remembers in forest and flood and mountain the mighty forms and vegetation of the world before man. The story, which deals with every element to bewitch the fancy, is also the record of scientific researches and triumphs of unique interest and importance; and the double character of the work enhances its interest. Except for the opening chapter, in which are reported the lectures Professor Agassiz delivered to his assistants and fellow-passengers on the voyage out, and the chapter on the Physical History of the Amazons, the scientific material is chiefly appended in the form of notes to Mrs. Agassiz's narrative, or is embodied in letters written from time to time by the Professor to the Emperor of Brazil and others, acquainting them with the progress and results of his researches.

The book is dedicated to Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, whose relation to the expedition is as well known as the grand purposes and achievements of the expedition itself.

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A PLEA FOR THE AFTERNOON.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER said that he twice saved his life by change of climate and circumstances,—once by leaving the East to reside in the West, and again by returning to live in the East. Certainly he prolonged, not only life, but faculties, to a good old age. It is known that towards the close of his life he began a new thesis upon the Trinity, and thought and wrote with intensest zeal till his failing powers of body and mind constrained him to rest. Who shall say that this recurring systole and diastole of thought did not keep his autumn days green and beautiful?

Utterly ruinous is it for old people to fall into the monotony of quietude, which is without care, and therefore without interest. When I see an aged person thus settling himself, to sleep away the remainder of life, it affects me with something of the horror one feels on seeing an infant fed upon narcotics. There has, perhaps, never been an instance among Christian nations of greatly prolonged powers, except in some person of an active, energetic, and positive character. These qualities seem absolutely necessary to enable men to combat all the allurements to indolence to which elderly folk are subjected in Christian communities. Certain heathen nations formerly exposed their old people in the wilderness, that their wearisome lives might be sooner ended. We beguile ours into idiocy, by withdrawing all social and moral pressure towards further exertion. Mistaken kindness, how much it will yet have to atone for!

"You have worked hard all your life, father," says the affectionate son; "now you can afford to rest."

"Yes, I can afford to rest," says the mistaken, deluded father; and he sits down to doze in his easy-chair, take snuff, and court paralysis.

"Now do give up care to me, mother," pleads the good daughter. "You have vexed yourself long enough with these details, and you deserve a few years of comfort and ease."

So the mother, grieved, and protesting at heart, weakly acquiesces, and consoles herself with her knitting; or, if that fail her, she gossips, pines, and wishes she had good eyes for reading,

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till she is in her dotage at sixty, though she ought to have been vigorous in mind and body at eighty.

What right has the mind to fail, while the body is yet comparatively vigorous? Do we believe in immortality, and that the soul, disembodied, will be again youthful and strong? Then let us nurture this deathless life, that it may never become apathetic or weary, but ever cheerful, strong, and buoyant. Has it lost command of the failing body? Then we should look for the reason. It must have suffered its faculties to fall into neglect and idleness, while it should have remained vigilant master in its own house.

When the body is worn out, then let the soul depart in peace. We recognize that as fitting and even beautiful. There is a solemn grandeur in it, which is impressive; but while the body is yet comparatively strong, the mind has no right to lose control of it. If it does, it is an abnormal thing; it is an evil which we should seek to remedy; it is *prima facie* evidence of culpable neglect or mismanagement. If I tie my hand to my shoulder, it will soon become weakened and helpless; if I close my eyes for a week or a month, it will give me pain to open them again to the sunshine; I can destroy my sight by many methods of misdoing; I can destroy all my powers either by excesses or by disuse; but if I use them moderately, yet continuously, I *should* retain them all while I live. An aged person has no right to be either quite blind or deaf; but there is a vastly greater wrong in his becoming imbecile. He has to thank himself or his ancestors for it, — *not* the laws of *nature*. He may have inherited tendencies to infirmity; but the probability is, that he must attribute it, either to the excesses of early life, or to the indolence of old age.

"I am seventy-six," said John Pierpont, "but I trust that I yet have left some of the spirit of '76." So he was ready to enlist as chaplain in the army in defence of our national liberties. "If, sir," said the veteran clergyman to the Governor of Massachusetts, — "if this my proffer of service is accepted by your Excellency, I have only one stipulation to make in connection with it, namely, this, — that, on our way to Washington, we are not to go *around* Baltimore." The brave old man was a brave good man all his days, — an apostle of temperance and holy living; he reaped the reward of an hundredfold even in this life. This is the way to make age beautiful, and full both of uses and enjoyment.

There are more numerous examples of *men* who have retained their faculties to a great age than of *women*. The reason is obvious. Men have more variety, more change, more stimulus in their lives, and they refuse to give up this rightful heritage to any one, even when younger persons are ready to bear all heavy burdens for them, in genuine love and compassion. Knitting grandchildren's stockings in the chimney-corner is not quite so invigorating to the old dame as her husband's neighborly gossip in the village store; and yet, what a burden of catastrophes may be summed up in the common phrase, "retired from business"! Certainly it is not desirable to occupy the whole of life with the mere drudgery of earning one's living, or of amassing a large fortune. If a family have acquired a competence, they have a right now to engage in higher duties and enjoyments; but to give up activity, to live in idleness, to have no aims or purposes higher than pleasantly passing the time, has been the sudden ruin of many. Sturdy manhood has no right to lay down the burdens of life; and if it will do this, it must reap its reward. Ennui, querulousness, and premature imbecility are the inseparable black shadows of nothing to do. Give even to age its occupations and interests.

There is a very old laboring man, deaf, and bent nearly double, who has found a home with a wealthy maiden lady residing in the neighborhood of New York. His daughter is a domestic in the family, and the aged man seems to feel still the great responsi-

bility of earning his living. A large wood-pile is kept always stored near the wayside, ready to be sawed, and the man, who looks nearly a hundred, sits beside it in summer, quietly resting; or he bends over his saw, slowly moving it to and fro, looking satisfied and contented with his work, and replying often to the passer-by in a cheerful tone, "God bless ye, child! God bless ye!" How much better is this than nothing to do! That lady, for her thoughtful benevolence, has the benediction of some hearts to which she is a stranger, and which know but little of all the rest of her acts.

Let the old farmer who has lived all his days among green fields, till his hand is tremulous, and hard work is impossible, still keep to his garden. Let him plan it, plant it, or see it planted, and watch the progress of everything from seed to maturity. It will bind him to growth and to cheery young life with an influence scarcely second to the merry presence of his grandchildren. These mischievous beings do him as much good by taxing his ingenuity to keep them out of danger, and in the midst of enjoyment, as by making him love them, and believe in them as a little better and brighter than his own children were. "I have a pain in your breast," said Madame de Staël, to her daughter. "I have a new life springing up in your glad little hearts," feels many a grandparent.

Age must have purposes and objects of interest and pursuit to the very last, if it would have health or cheerfulness. Persuade the artisan never quite to abandon his craft, or, if he must, assist him to find some kindred industry which shall make a busy leisure for his declining years. If one is too helpless to find pursuits for himself, humanity demands that younger persons should find them for him. His children owe him thus much. How the parent always exerts himself to draw out and quicken the faculties of his small group of toddlers! Let these, then, in the strength of their maturity, accept the solemn, loving duty of prolonging and occupying the dulling faculties of the parent. We are heathen otherwise. Neither civilization nor Christianity can point to an obligation more sacred than this. Is the feeblest age more helpless or more troublesome than the utter and prolonged weakness of infancy? If instinct can make humane parents, surely reason and religion should make humane children. But children cannot be practically humane, so long as Christendom generally is mistaken in its duty upon the main point. Its ideal for age is peace, rest; but the ideal for all life should be activity, occupation.

"She would like to be here to see how nicely I can cook my own dinner, and lay the cloth, and have everything ready as she used to," said an old man of eighty-four, in speaking of his old wife, who had recently left him. His children fostered the thought, and anxiously guarded his power of self-help to the utmost. How infinitely better this than burdening him with a sense of feebleness! He knows of their many cares, and is strengthened by the thought of adding but little to their burdens; so he goes about busy with his own little household needs, pleased with his own little garden patch, and happy all the while in the thought, "What comfort it must give her, if she knows how well I can take care of myself!"

If the early sharer of joys and sorrows has gone to the other world, or if the aged person is in single life, the last years are often indeed objectless and desolate. No loving-kindness can remove the consciousness of being only burdensome to others. It is the keenest pang to the waiting, waning life. But the sentiment is impious. Usefulness is never past till life has passed. The playfulness of a child is as acceptable as the ministering tenderness of an angel.

They tell us that age is often querulous and exacting; so is sickness, so is infirmity of all kinds; but age has no right to the plea of the invalid. Let it be hale and robust; and, if its just de-

mands are respected, it will overflow with amiability. The busy child, who likes his play, is a happy one, and the occupied man, who is following pursuits congenial to him, has no time for discontent; but the poor old gentleman who has been nursed into the idea that he is past the age for exertion, that he has little more to do with enjoyments, interests, purposes, or hopes, is of course hypochondriacal. His failings are a natural protest against its unnatural estate.

It is an unphilosophical and a most barbarous idea, that an elderly person must cease to be merry; that he must quietly give up the recreations and enjoyments of the past, and be soberly content with his weight of years. The grim Middle Ages decided that it was a sin for Christian people to laugh. We still insist, that, if an old man laughs, he is not fit for the world to which he is drawing near. Young complains in his "Night Thoughts":

> "To gentle life's descent
> We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain;
> We take fair days in winter for the spring";

as though enjoying life, and looking on the bright side, were a crime which "will turn our blessings into bane." He tells us:

> "Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
> Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
> Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."

These are *night thoughts* indeed. They will draw down the black curtains of dotage about us while we are yet vigorous, rather than add to our fitness for the future life. Shall we sit, like Minerva's owls, hooting dolefully through the long evening in pretence of a wisdom to which we have not attained? Levity is a sin in young or old; but happiness is an exalted Christian privilege, and recreation an imperative Christian duty, especially when one detects himself failing in the vigor and tone of any of his best powers. Age has the highest right to live in perpetual enjoyment.

We make festivals and birthday parties for our children, that they may be benefited by cheerful associations. This is pleasant and well, though it is only a rather superfluous free-will tithing of the mint and anise. Youth can be happy under almost any circumstances. Let us rather multiply festivities, pageants, reunions, and good-fellowship generally, for the benefit of age, — May-days amid the flowers in spring, picnics in cool arbors for summer, leaf-gatherings in brilliant autumn, and Christmas merriment in midwinter, — all carefully arranged for the highest enjoyment of the dear old friend or relative who has remembered others hitherto. Let us all engage together in the merriest games. Guesses, forfeits, hunt-the-slipper, and blind-man's-buff will bring laughter into all our hearts; especially if the very decorous people indulge under the benevolent pretext of "amusing the children."

Concerts and operas to aged music-lovers, especially if echoing the beloved old music, would fall like the sound of spring rain upon withered hearts. Give the amateur, with his fading sight, the best possible glasses, suited to his needs, and the best light in the art gallery; let youth stand aside and be patient, if need be, while he monopolizes the best picture. A whole hour spent by some half-blind old grandmother in looking at one painting will make her heart younger for all her remaining years. We shall be old some day, and then will come our turn for these noblest courtesies of life. If anybody should go to the theatre, it is the superannuated, — not every night or every week, doubtless, but half a dozen times a year, more or less, as circumstances incline. All work and no play is not worse for seven than it is for seventy.

Social stimulus is always a great quickener; but if nature desires to recreate itself in genuine freedom, it must be in the society of its equals. If you could bring a dozen very old people together to play and be merry, and could make them all cordially believe in this as right and proper,

as eminently to be desired, and as the only wholesome tonic for dignified and respectable men and women of threescore and ten, you would inaugurate a new era. Christmas plays, with all the young folks present, can never have a tithe of the relish which these old people's carnivals, freely dedicated to health and merriment, might easily command. A whittling club for the dear old Yankee octogenarians would be no bad idea.

They could hardly play at cricket or base-ball; but it would do my soul good to see an old people's gymnasium established, — nobody admitted under seventy-five. I can see how quickened pride would straighten crooked backs, how good-fellowship would lubricate dry joints, and how jovial laughter would fatten thin ribs. Generous emulation would make the old people swing on their parallel bars, climb dizzying ladders, dance Virginia reels, and almost stand on their heads and turn somersets, as they used to seventy years ago. In these days when "muscle is looking up," the gymnast should certainly turn his attention to the aches and rheumatisms of the suffering grandparents. He can do them more good than all the doctors, if he will but prescribe wisely and in moderation. His cures would be little short of miraculous; but before some dear old conservatives of our acquaintance follow his advice, I suppose we shall all be in the millennium. Exercise is all very well for growing boys and sturdy men; but it is absolutely indispensable to the health and happiness of all old people and invalids. Graduate it with the nicest skill and discretion; but, in the name of humanity, do insist that every old person shall keep the free use of his muscles, and be able to war successfully against gout and palsy.

"Don't know about it! I am getting to be very stiff already," says a stout gentleman of fifty.

To be sure you are, my dear sir; but if you will wear soft flannel next your heart, and fall in love anew with vigorous measures, I warrant you a renewed youth, to return with all the suppleness of five-and-twenty. Exercise will exorcise stiffness, and leave you a serviceable backbone still, morally and physically. You are ageing already; but many a circus-rider at your years, despite his reckless dissipation, can rival M. Blondin in agility; and many an Indian brave, ten years your senior, can run ten miles without resting. No wonder! he has been practising for threescore years. Western hunters and English squires enjoy the chase at seventy. Lord Brougham at eighty-three delighted in a horseback ride of a dozen miles before breakfast. His mind, too, which of course sympathized, was as young as his body; he was as active in the great British Ship of State as the youngest man of them all.

If we lay down our weapons we shall forget how to use them. Run, my dear sir, — run, jump, ride, skate, and be active. If you will keep yourself in practice, you can do the same thing at seventy. The young gymnast is gaining new power daily; the aged one should cling to what he already has, as pertinaciously as he clings to life. Exercise is as indispensable to him as food, if he would retain his vigor and elasticity but little impaired. They will gradually forsake him, beyond question, slipping away with the slow sands of life; but let them depart together. This is no calamity; the hour-glass is only turned afresh in the other world. It is the living death of mere oblivion, "*sans* everything," which is fearful.

"He is gradually failing," is the standard comment upon advancing years. This, being interpreted, means, "He is gradually becoming paralytic and imbecile, in body and mind"; and it is accepted as an inevitable requirement of nature. If one thought so, he might well pray to die young; it would go far towards establishing suicide as a humane institution. When the Eastern traveller rode his camel past the rock where he had left his

aged father to die, he reasoned with himself, "They will bring me here, too, some day, to die like him!" The thought was not a pleasant one, certainly; but why was it any worse than the equanimity with which we look upon an aged parent in his dotage, and reflect, "We shall be like him one day"? Both destinies are unlovely; and therefore unnatural.

Very little is usually accomplished, or even expected, especially in any new direction, after the period of middle life. Point to Von Humboldt, who retained, apparently, the full use and command of all his faculties at ninety years; to Washington Irving, who wrote vigorously and well to the very last of his long life, as though his mental powers were still in their prime; and to men of less note, who are younger at eighty than most people are at sixty, — and you are told that these exceptions only prove the rule. Is it not more probable that the exceptions indicate, almost demonstrate, the possibilities of all the others? Rev. Mr. Waldo, who was formerly chaplain in Congress, and who was a clergyman of ability at past ninety, was convinced that no one had a right to die till he had rounded the full century. He often walked three miles from his country residence into Syracuse, where he occasionally preached on Sunday, and after service again walked quietly back at his leisure. I have known half a dozen obscure women, all of foreign origin, — Scotch, English, or German, — who could walk several miles with great ease when past eighty. Grant Thorburn gave us his rules of living, and was quite persuaded that his good habits were the simple cause of his prolonged young old age. So I believe also. All these have been active, resolute, and sensible people from infancy up. The newspapers often give us extraordinary instances of longevity, and they are always combined with activity. Hufeland lays it down as one of his maxims concerning longevity, that there is no instance of any idlers attaining it. Most persons are either too ignorant or too "constitutionally tired" to be healthy. Even their youth is one protracted quarrel with aches and ailments. This, drawn out to very old age, would be intolerable; so pitying Nature relieves them from that curse, and bids them try again. Doubtless there are inherited tendencies and infirmities, which may never be counteracted; much must be allowed, too, for strength and durability of original constitution; but it will be found, also, that the "long-lived families," are invariably energetic and active, both in temperament and habits. Not one idler has been known to live a hundred years since the world began; Nature keeps him for a while, but she will not suffer him so long to cumber the ground. The record of Methuselah is a very brief one; but I doubt not that he was a most resolute, energetic, and very desirable personage in his day. No other character than such a one could have endured to live nine hundred and sixty-nine years.

I recollect returning from school one evening when a child, and finding myself, as I entered the "door-yard" at home, in the midst of a group of visitors, who were taking leave of the family. A very old lady, in a neat black "scoop-shovel" bonnet, was leaning on the arm of her daughter, who was also an aged woman. Several others were standing about, — my own dear old grandmother among the rest, — and all of them seemed to me old enough to be the daughters of Methuselah.

I stood peering at them curiously, sun-bonnet in hand, when the very old lady came slowly towards me.

"How old are you, little girl?" she asked.

"Six years old."

"Are you? I was six years old a hundred years ago."

How I started and looked up wonderingly under the deep black bonnet. She smiled as she added, "My dear child, I am a hundred years older than you are"; and as she kissed my forehead, and laid her thin hand tenderly

on my bare head, I felt even then that it was a benediction.

How honored we all felt by her presence! No one else was spoken of for a week; and we children all felt that it would be very pleasant to live a hundred years longer, and to be still good-natured, and have everybody very proud of us. Let me live to an old age, but let me not outlive the free use of all my faculties, should be the prayer and aspiration of every child. Let us point him to that goal, and bid him seek to win the race. Heaven often forces us to answer our own prayers; and we must undoubtedly do so in this case, or they will remain unanswered. We ought to live for old age just in the spirit in which we are constantly exhorted to live for heaven, that is, to think of it, take measures to attain it, and make provision for it. I do not mean merely the laying up of "much goods" for the "many years." An honest old age has a right to be independent, and to be no more cumbered with "much serving." It often needs change. Let the old man be free to leave his home occasionally, and with his old wife, hand in hand, let him go travelling to see the world and enjoy it. They may thus add years to their length of days, much to their stock of happiness, and more still to the vigor and restoration of decaying faculties. After threescore years and ten of robust work, either with brains or hands, society owes the veteran a competence, and every rational enjoyment which it will procure; and it is all wrong if he has not been able to obtain this.

But the highest provision for age must be *in* the man, not *for* him. He should have laid up qualities within himself which will make his last years dignified with intelligence, fruitful in resources for enjoyment, and serene from the absence of pain and overwhelming infirmities. No one would deny him the luxury of giving his blessing to the weeper, and of extending an open hand to every want; but it is time now that he should be called mainly to rejoice with those who are rejoicing. When there are tears falling in the sad world, let him turn and look at the rainbow which is in the east. We should all appreciate the fitness of this, and spare him, as far as may be, from further grief. Let his welfare be kept henceforth as in the hollow of his children's hands. We rarely think of bringing sorrow or troubles to the heart of childhood; it is too pitiful to dim its loving eyes with premature suffering. Just so should we ward off every grief from one who has borne his share already. Let bright faces come to him, beaming with smiles. Let gay voices echo about him, and quicken his dull ear with melody! Let glad hearts surround him, and vibrate all the sweet and hopeful chords of his nature! He will soon be young again in the new world, and as eager as they are in the pursuit of the unknown. He has ample powers yet to appreciate all their enthusiasm. It will awaken memories of long-forgotten years, of brilliant achievements and irrepressible hopes. Listen, then, when he recalls the past, and give him all honor for the deeds done. You may thus unite past, present, and future in one accord of love and good-will.

If age were thus enthroned with dignity, and guarded with an ever-conscientious and active loving-tenderness, it would be no longer dreaded, but it would shine before us all as a pleasant heritage for the future. When one has lived a brave life, well spent in the service of others, he has a right to reflect with satisfaction upon the time when he shall be ministered unto, with filial pleasure and respect, by the younger generation. Is the mother's unremitting care for her babe — wearing and never-ceasing though it be — regarded as a heavy burden? It is always full of precious recompense! Let Christianity develop those warm and holy filial sentiments which will make a reciprocal duty equally dear, sacred, and self-satisfying. In youth we are too eager for the future for which we are preparing to live cordially in the present; middle life imposes too

many duties, claims, and necessities to make it quite subservient for our own purposes; but age, having laid down its burden of activities, and checked by nature's own barriers from too intently absorbing itself in its anticipations of coming life, should be enjoyed as one long and needed holiday. Let the whole career of man be soothed and moulded into a harmony which is befitting immortals.

The brunt of the battle is over; the stern conflicts of life are safely passed; there is no more need to be weighed down by grievous cares, or oppressed with obligations and responsibilities; and yet, it is not an afternoon merely for sleep, but for more positive enjoyment. Happiness is its own end; in itself it is always a good; and when it falls upon a withered heart, it is an evening dew sent from Heaven to water and revive it for the future life. His more exhausting cares the worn veteran may gradually transfer to more stalwart shoulders, since Providence indicates that it can wait his services in that direction till he has laid off the old body altogether, and stepped into the sunshine, with his newly embodied immortality. Meantime let there be no blank in his existence; to the good man there is earth and heaven; we have given up purgatory. When he has drawn very near to the new shore, there should be all the purple and golden glory of a beautiful sunset. Make pleasant to him life's holiday and holy day.

THE WRECK OF THE POCAHONTAS.

I LIT the lamps in the light-house tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower,
Ten golden and five red.

Looking across, where the line of coast
Stretched darkly, shrinking away from the sea,
The lights sprang out at its edge, — almost
They seemed to answer me!

O warning lights, burn bright and clear,
Hither the storm comes! Leagues away
It moans and thunders low and drear, —
Burn till the break of day!

Good night! I called to the gulls that sailed
Slow past me through the evening sky;
And my comrades, answering shrilly, hailed
Me back with boding cry.

A mournful breeze began to blow,
Weird music it drew through the iron bars,
The sullen billows boiled below,
And dimly peered the stars;

The sails that flecked the ocean floor
From east to west leaned low and fled;
They knew what came in the distant roar
That filled the air with dread!

Flung by a fitful gust, there beat
Against the window a dash of rain:
Steady as tramp of marching feet
Strode on the hurricane.

It smote the waves for a moment still,
Level and deadly white for fear;
The bare rock shuddered, — an awful thrill
Shook even my tower of cheer.

Like all the demons loosed at last,
Whistling and shrieking, wild and wide,
The mad wind raged, and strong and fast
Rolled in the rising tide.

And soon in ponderous showers the spray,
Struck from the granite, reared and sprung,
And clutched at tower and cottage gray,
Where overwhelmed they clung

Half drowning, to the naked rock;
But still burned on the faithful light,
Nor faltered at the tempest's shock,
Through all the fearful night.

Was it in vain? That knew not we.
We seemed, in that confusion vast
Of rushing wind and roaring sea,
One point whereon was cast

The whole Atlantic's weight of brine.
Heaven help the ship should drift our way!
No matter how the light might shine
Far on into the day.

When morning dawned, above the din
Of gale and breaker boomed a gun!
Another! We, who sat within,
Answered with cries each one.

Into each other's eyes with fear
We looked, through helpless tears, as still,
One after one, near and more near,
The signals pealed, until

The thick storm seemed to break apart,
To show us, staggering to her grave,

The fated brig. We had no heart
To look, for naught could save.

One glimpse of black hull heaving slow,
Then closed the mists o'er canvas torn
And tangled ropes, swept to and fro
From masts that raked forlorn.

Weeks after, yet ringed round with spray,
Our island lay, and none might land;
Though blue the waters of the bay
Stretched calm on either hand.

And when at last from the distant shore
A little boat stole out, to reach
Our loneliness, and bring once more
Fresh human thought and speech,

We told our tale, and the boatmen cried:
"'T was the Pocahontas, — all were lost!
For miles along the coast the tide
Her shattered timbers tost."

Then I looked the whole horizon round, —
So beautiful the ocean spread
About us, o'er those sailors drowned!
"Father in heaven," I said,

A child's grief struggling in my breast,
"Do purposeless thy creatures meet
Such bitter death? How was it best
These hearts should cease to beat?

"O wherefore! Are we naught to Thee?
Like senseless weeds that rise and fall
Upon thine awful sea, are we
No more then, after all?"

And I shut the beauty from my sight,
For I thought of the dead that lay below.
From the bright air faded the warmth and light,
There came a chill like snow.

Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtle sense of Thought profound
Touched me with power untold.

And like a voice eternal spake,
That wondrous rhythm, and "Peace, be still!"
It murmured; "bow thy head, and take
Life's rapture and life's ill,

"And wait. At last all shall be clear."
The long, low, mellow music rose
And fell, and soothed my dreaming ear
With infinite repose.

Sighing, I climbed the light-house stair,
Half forgetting my grief and pain;
And while the day died, sweet and fair,
I lit the lamps again.

SPENSER.

IN the article on Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford, in the February number of this magazine, we closed our remarks on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. In the present paper we propose to treat of Spenser, with some introductory observations on the miscellaneous poets who preceded him. And it is necessary to bear in mind that, in the age of which we treat, as in all ages, the versifiers far exceeded the seers, and the poetasters the poets. It has been common to exercise a charity towards the early English poets which we refuse to extend to those of later times; but mediocrity has identical characteristics in all periods, and there was no charm in the circumstances of the Elizabethan age to convert a rhymer into a genius. Indeed, leaving out the dramatists, the poetry produced in the reigns of Elizabeth and James can hardly compare in originality, richness, and variety with the English poetry of the nineteenth century. Spenser is a great name; but he is the only undramatic poet of his time who could be placed above, or on a level with, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, or Tennyson. There is a list, somewhere, of two hundred names of poets who belonged to the Elizabethan age, — mostly mere nebulous appearances, which require a telescope of the greatest power to separate into individual stars. Few of them can be made to shine with as steady a lustre as the ordinary versemen who contribute to our magazines. Take "England's Helicon" and the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," — two collections of the miscellaneous poetry written during the last forty or fifty years of the seventeenth century, — and, if we except a few pieces by Raleigh, Sidney, Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Breton, Watson, Nash, and Hunnis, these collections have little to dazzle us into admiration or afflict us with a sense of inferiority. Reading them is a task, in which an occasional elegance of thought, or quaintness of fancy, or sweetness of sentiment does not compensate for the languor induced by tiresome repetitions of moral commonplaces, varied by repetitions, as tiresome, of amatory commonplaces. In the great body of the poetry of the time there is more that is bad than tolerable, more that is tolerable than readable, and more that is readable than excellent.

One person, however, stands out from this mob of versifiers the most noticeable elevation in English poetry from Chaucer to Spenser, namely, Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset. Born in 1536, and educated at both universities, his poetic genius was but one phase of his general ability. In 1561 his tragedy of

Gorbodoc was acted with great applause before the Queen. Previously to this, in 1559, at the age of twenty-three, he had joined two dreary poetasters — Baldwyne and Ferrers — in the production of a work called "The Mirrour for Magistrates," the design of which was to exhibit, in a series of metrical narratives and soliloquies, the calamities of men prominent in the history of England. The work passed to a third edition in 1571, and received such constant additions from other writers, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, that its bulk finally became enormous. Its poetical value is altogether in the comparatively meagre contributions of Sackville, consisting of the "Induction," and the complaint of the Duke of Buckingham. The "Induction," especially, is a masterpiece of meditative imagination, working under the impulse of sternly serious sentiment. Misery and sorrow seem the dark inspirers of Sackville's Muse; and his allegoric pictures of Revenge, Remorse, Old Age, Dread, Care, Sleep, Famine, Strife, War, and Death exhibit such a combination of reflective and analytic with imaginative power, of melody of verse with compact, massive strength, and certainty of verbal expression, that our wonder is awakened that a man with such a conscious mastery of the resources of thought and language should have written so little. If political ambition — the ambition that puts thoughts into facts instead of putting them into words — was the cause of his withdrawal from the Muse, if Burleigh tempted him from Dante, it must be admitted that his choice, in a worldly sense, was justified by the event, for he became an eminent statesman, and in 1598 was made Lord High Treasurer of England. He held that great office at the time of his death, in 1608. But it is probable that Sackville ceased to cultivate poetry because he failed to reap its internal rewards. His genius had no joy in it; and its exercise probably gave him little poetic delight. With great force of imagination, his was still a somewhat dogged force. He could discern clearly, and shape truly, but no sudden ecstasy of emotion gave a "precious seeing" to his eye or unexpected felicity to his hand. There is something bleak in his noblest verse. The poet, we must ever remember, is paid, not by external praise, or fortune, or fame, but by the deep bliss of those inward moods from which his creations spring. The pleasure they give to others is as nothing compared with the rapture they give to him.

But Sackville was to be succeeded by a man who, though he did not exhibit at so early an age equal power of shaping imagination, had that perception of the loveliness of things, and that joy in the perception, which make continuous poetic creation a necessity of existence. In the meagre memorials of the external career of this man, Edmund Spenser, there is little that stands in intelligible connection with the wondrous inner life embodied in the enchantments of "The Faery Queene." He was born in London in 1552, and was the son of parents who, though in humble circumstances, were of gentle birth. We first hear of him, at the age of seventeen, as a sizar, or charity student, in Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. While there he made acquaintance, and formed a lasting friendship with Gabriel Harvey, — a man of large acquirements, irritable temper, and pedantic taste, who rendered himself the object of the sarcastic invectives of the wits of the time, and to be associated with whom was to run the risk of sharing the ridicule he provoked. One of the most beautiful traits of Spenser's character was his constancy to his friends; to their persons when alive, to their memory when dead. It is difficult to discover what intellectual benefits Spenser derived from Harvey's companionship, though we know what the world has gained by his refusal to follow his advice. It was Harvey who tried to persuade Spenser into writing hexameter verse, and dissuade him from writing the Faery Queene. After seven years' residence at the University, Spenser

took his degree, and went to reside with some friends of his family in the North of England. Here he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose real name he has concealed under the anagrammatic one of Rosalind, and who, after having tempted and balked the curiosity of English critics, has, by an American writer,* who has raised guessing into a science, been satisfactorily proved to be Rose Daniel, a sister of the poet Daniel. It is mortifying to record that she rejected the great exalter of her sex, — the creator of some of the most exquisite embodiments of female excellence, — the man who had the high honor of saying of women, —

> "For demigods they be, and first did spring
> From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine," —

she rejected him, we say, for a ridiculous and irascible pedant, John Florio, and one so prominent in his folly that Shakespeare condescended to lampoon him in "Love's Labor Lost."

But the graces of soul and person which had no effect on the heart of Rosalind were not lost on the mind of Sir Philip Sidney. Introduced to Spenser, — it is supposed by Gabriel Harvey, — Sidney recognized his genius, and warmly recommended him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who, in 1579, took him into his service. In December of that year he published his Shepherd's Calendar, a series of twelve pastorals, — one for every month. In these, avoiding the affectation of refinement, he falls into the opposite affectation of rusticity; and, by a profusion of obsolete and uncouth expressions, hinders the free movement of his fancy. It may be wrong for shepherds to talk in the style of courtiers, as they do in many pastoral poets; but it is also wrong to give them the sentiments and ideas of priests and philosophers. Campbell, who is a sceptic in regard to all English pastorals, is especially severe on the Shepherd's Calendar. Spenser's shepherds, he says, "are parsons in disguise, who converse about heathen divinities and points of Christian theology. Palinode defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy, and Piers extols the purity of Archbishop Grindal, concluding with the story of a fox who came to the house of a goat in the character of a pedler, and obtained admittance by pretending to be a sheep. This may be burlesquing Æsop; but certainly it is not imitating Theocritus." These eclogues are, however, important, considered in reference to their position in the history of English poetry, and to their connection with the history of the poet's heart. No descriptions of external nature since Chaucer's equalled those in the Shepherd's Calendar, in the combination of various excellences, though the excellences were still second rate, exhibiting the beautiful genius of the author struggling with the pedantries and affectations of his time, and the pedantries and affectations which overlaid his own mind. Even in his prime, it was difficult for him to grasp a thing in itself, after the manner of the greatest poets, and flash its form and spirit upon the mind in a few vivid words, vital with suggestive meaning. In the Shepherd's Calendar this defect is especially prominent, his imagination playing round objects, illustrating and adorning them, rather than penetrating at once to their essence. Even in those portions where, as Colin Clout, he celebrates the beauty and bewails the coldness of Rosalind, we have a conventional discourse about love, rather than the direct utterance of the passion.

Spenser's ambition was to obtain some office which, by placing him above want, would enable him to follow his true vocation of poet, and he seems to have looked to Leicester as a magnificent patron through whom his wish could be realized. The great design of the Faery Queene had already dawned upon his mind; he

> "By that vision splendid
> Was on his way attended";

and he ached for leisure and competence to enable him to embody his gorgeous and noble dreams. All that Leicester did for him was to get him

* In the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1858.

appointed secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, who, in 1580, went over to Ireland as lord deputy. Here he passed the largest remaining portion of his life; and though moaning over the hard fortune which banished him from England, he appears to have exhibited sufficient talent for affairs, and to have performed services of sufficient note, to deserve the attention of the government. In 1586 he received a grant of three thousand and twenty-eight acres of land, — a portion of the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond. The manor and the castle of Kilcolman, situated amidst the most beautiful scenery, constituted a portion of this grant. In 1589 the restless and chivalrous Raleigh, transiently out of favor with the haughty coquette who ruled England, came over to Ireland for the purpose of looking after his own immense estates in that country, wrung, like Spenser's, from the native proprietors. He visited the lone poet at Kilcolman; and to him,

"Amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mullaes shore,"

Spenser read the first three books of The Faery Queene. Campbell, finely says: "When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia and the genius of the author of The Faery Queene have respectively produced in the fortune and language of England. The fancy might easily be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the genius of their country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on her maritime hero, who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

Raleigh, his imagination kindled by the enchantments of Spenser's verse, and feeling that he had discovered in an Irish wilderness the greatest of living poets, prevailed on the too-happy author to accompany him to England. Spenser was graciously received by Elizabeth, and was smitten with a courtier's hopes in receiving a poet's welcome.

In the early part of 1590 the first three books of The Faery Queene were published. Who that has read it can ever forget the thrill that went through him as he completed the first stanza?

"Lo, I the man whose Muse whilom did mask,
As Time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds,
Am now enforced, — a far unfitter task, —
For trumpets stern to change my oaten reeds;
And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle deeds,
Whose praises, having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse areeds,
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."

"The admiration," says Hallam, "of this great poem was unanimous and enthusiastic. No academy had been trained to carp at his genius with minute cavilling; no recent popularity, no traditional fame, interfered with the immediate recognition of his supremacy. The Faery Queene became at once the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every scholar."

But if the aspirations of the poet were thus gratified, those of the courtier and politician were cruelly disappointed. Burleigh, the lord treasurer, to whom Spenser was merely a successful maker of ballads, and one pushed forward by the faction which was constantly intriguing for his lordship's overthrow, contrived to intercept, delay, or divert the favor which the queen was willing to bestow on her melodious flatterer. The irritated bard, in a few memorable couplets, has recorded, for the warning of all office-seekers and supplicants for the patronage of the great, his wretched experience during the year and a half he danced attendance on the court. Rage is a great condenser; and even the most diffuse of poets became the most concentrated when wrath brooded over the memory of wrong.

"To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone," —

this was the harsh experience of the laurelled minstrel, fresh from the glories of fairy-land. But it is only charitable to allow for the different points of view from which different minds survey the poet. To Burleigh, Spenser was a rhyming suitor, clamorous for the queen's favor, and meditating designs on her treasury. To a Mr. Beeston, according to Aubrey, "he was a little man, who wore short hair, little band, and little cuffs." Did not the sullen Burleigh have a more profound appreciation of Spenser than the great world of commonplace gossips, represented by friend Beeston? At last, in February, 1591, Spenser succeeded in obtaining a pension of fifty pounds, and returned, but half satisfied, to Ireland. In a graceful poem, called "Colin Clout 's come Home again," full of gratitude to Raleigh and adulation of Elizabeth, he described the glories and the vanities he had witnessed at the English court.

A deeper passion than that which inspired the amorous plaints of the Shepherd's Calendar, and one destined to a happier end, he now recorded in a series of exquisitely thoughtful and tender sonnets, under the general name of "Amoretti"; and he celebrated its long-deferred consummation in a rapturous "Epithalamion." We have no means of judging of Elizabeth, the Irish maiden who prompted these wonderful poems, except from her transfigured image as seen reflected in Spenser's verse, — verse which has made her perfect and has made her immortal. The "Epithalamion" is the grandest and purest marriage-song in literature. Even Hallam, the least sensitive of critics, and one who too often writes as if judgment consisted, not in the inclusion, but exclusion of sympathy, cannot speak of this poem without an unwonted touch of ecstasy in the words which convey his magisterial decision; and John Wilson grows wild in its praise. "Joy," he says, — "Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude, Religion, rejoice, in presence of Heaven, to take possession of Affection, Beauty, and Innocence. Faith and Hope are bridesmaids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar." But the raptures of critics can convey no adequate idea of the deep, thoughtful, satisfying delight that breathes through the "Epithalamion," and harmonizes its occasional starts of ecstasy into unity with its pervading spirit of tranquil bliss. How simple and tender, and yet how intensely imaginative, is this exquisite picture of the bride!

"Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Allelujah sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echoes ring!"

Nothing can be more subtilely poetic than the line in which the hands of the priest, lifted over her head in the act of benediction, receive a reflected joy from the beauty they bless: —

"And blesseth her with his two *happy* hands."

At the time of his marriage, in 1594, Spenser had completed three more books of The Faery Queene, and in 1595 he visited England for the purpose of publishing them. They appeared in 1596. During this visit he presented to the queen his view of the state of Ireland, — a prose tract, displaying the sagacity of an English statesman, but a spirit towards the poor native Irish as ruthless as Cromwell's. He felt, in respect to the population of the country in which he was forced to make his home, as a Puritan New-Englander might have felt in regard to the wild Indians who were skulking round his rude cabin, peering for a chance at the scalps of his children. Returning to Ireland, with the queen's recommendation for the office of Sheriff of Cork, his worldly fortunes seemed now to be assured. But in 1598 the

Insurrection of Munster broke out. Spenser, who appears, not unnaturally, to have been especially hated by the Irish, lost everything. His house was assailed, pillaged, and burned; and in the hurry of his departure from his burning dwelling, it is said that his youngest child was left to perish in the flames. He succeeded, with the remaining portion of his family, in escaping to London, where, in a common inn, overcome by his misfortunes, and broken in heart and brain, on the 16th of January, 1599, he died. The saddest thing of all remains to be recorded. Soon after his death — such is the curt statement — "his widow married one Roger Seckerstone." Did Edmund Spenser, then, appear after all to Elizabeth as he appeared to Mr. Beeston, — simply as "a little man, who wore short hair, little band, and little cuffs"? One would suppose that the memory of so much genius and glory and calamity would have been better than the presence of "one Roger Seckerstone"! Among the thousands of millions of men born on the planet, it was her fortune to be the companion of Edmund Spenser, and "soon after his death she married one Roger Seckerstone"! It required two years of assiduous courtship, illustrated by sonnets which have made her name immortal, before the adoring poet could hymn, in a transport of gratitude, her acceptance of his hand; but fortunate Mr. Seckerstone did not have to wait! She saw her husband laid in Westminster Abbey, mourned by all that was noble in rank or high in genius, and then, as in the case of another too-celebrated marriage,

> "The funeral baked meats
> Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables!"

The work to which Spenser devoted the largest portion of his meditative life was The Faery Queene; and in this poem the whole nature and scope of his genius may be discerned. Its object, as he tells us, "was to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline"; and as doctrine embodied in persons is more efficient than doctrine embodied in maxims, he proposed to do this by means of a historical fiction, in which duty should be infused into the mind by the process of delight, and Virtue, reunited to the Beauty from which she had unwisely been severed, should be presented as an object to be passionately loved as well as reverently obeyed. He chose for his subject the history of Arthur, the fabulous hero and king of England, as familiar to readers of romance then as the heroes of Scott's novels are to the readers of our time; and he purposed "to portray in him, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues." This plan was to be comprised in twelve books; and then he proposed, in case his plan succeeded, "to frame the other part of politic virtues in his person, after he came to be king." As only one half of the first portion of this vast design was completed, as this half makes one of the longest poems in the world, and as all but the poet's resolute admirers profess their incapacity to read without weariness more than the first three books, it must be admitted that Spenser's conception of the abstract capabilities of human patience was truly heroic, and that his confidence in his own longevity was founded on a reminiscence of Methuselah rather than from a study of vital statistics.

But the poem was also intended by the author to be "one long-continued allegory or dark conceit." The story and the characters are symbolic as well as representative. The pictures that please the eye, the melody that charms the ear, the beauty that would seem "its own excuse for being," cover a latent meaning, not perceptible to the senses they delight, but to be interpreted by the mind. Philosophical ideas, ethical truths, historical events, compliments to contemporaries, satire on contemporaries, are veiled and sometimes hidden in these beautiful forms and heroic incidents. Much of this covert sense is easily detected; but to explain all would require a commenta-

tor who could not only think from Spenser's mind, but recall from oblivion all the gossip of Elizabeth's court. The general intention of the allegorical design is given by the poet himself, in his letter to Raleigh. He supposes Prince Arthur, after his long education by Timon, "to have seen in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he, awaking, resolved to seek her out"; and, armed by the magician Merlin, Arthur went to seek her in fairy-land. Spenser is careful to inform us that by the Faery Queene he means Glory in his general intention, but in his particular, "the excellent and glorious person of our sovereign the queen, and her kingdom in fairy-land." And considering that she bears two persons, "the one of a most royal queen or empress, the other of a virtuous and beautiful lady, the latter part in some places I do express in Belphœbe." Arthur he intends to be the embodiment of the virtue of Magnificence, or Magnanimity, as this contains all the other virtues, and is the perfection of them all; but of the twelve separate virtues he takes twelve different knights for the patrons, making the adventures of each the subject of a whole book, though the magnificent Arthur appears in all, exercising with ease the special virtue, whether it be temperance, or holiness, or chastity, or courtesy, or justice, which is included in the rounded perfection of his moral being. The explanation of the causes of these several adventures was, in the poem, to be reserved to the twelfth book, of which the rude Irish kerns unwittingly deprived us, in depriving us of the brain in which alone it had existence; but we know that the poet's plan was, in that book, to represent the Faery Queene as keeping her annual feast twelve days, "upon which the occasions of the twelve separate adventures happened, which, being undertaken by twelve separate knights," were in the twelve books of the poem to be severally described. Spenser defends his course in thus putting what might be deemed the beginning at the end, by discriminating between the poet historical and the historiographer. A historiographer, he says, "discourseth of affairs orderly, as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, ever where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to thing forepast, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all."

In judging of the plan of the Faery Queene, we must remember that it is a fragment. Spenser only completed six books, of twelve cantos each, and a portion of another. The tradition that three unpublished books were destroyed by the fire which consumed his dwelling has, by the latest and ablest critical editor of his works, Professor F. J. Child, been rejected as unfounded and untenable. But though the poem was never completed, we know the poet's design; and much as this design has been censured, it seems to us that the radical defect was not in what Spenser proposed to do, but in the way he did it, — not in the plan of the poem, but in the limitations of the poet. He conceived the separate details, the individual objects, persons, and incidents, imaginatively; but he conceived the whole plan logically. He could give, and did give, elaborate *reasons* for the conduct of his story, — better reasons perhaps than Homer, or Shakespeare, or Cervantes, or Goethe could have given to justify the designs of their works; but do you suppose that he could have given *reasons* for Una, or Florimel, or Amoret? The truth is, that his design was too large and complicated for his imagination to grasp as a whole. The parts, each organically conceived, are not organically related. The result is a series of organisms connected by a logical bond, — an endless procession of beautiful forms, but no vital combination of them into unity of impression. The cumbrousness and confusion and diffusion which critics have recognized in the poem are to be referred to the fact that the processes of the understanding, coldly contemplating

the general plan, are in hopeless antagonism to the processes of the imagination, rapturously beholding and bodying forth the separate parts. The moment the poet abandons himself to his genius, he forgets, and makes us forget, the purpose he had in view at the start; and he and we are only recalled from the delicious dream in order that he may moralize, and that we may yawn. A dozen lines might be selected from any canto which are of more value than his statement of the idea of the whole poem. In truth, the combining, co-ordinating, centralizing, fusing imagination of the highest order of genius, — an imagination competent to seize and hold such a complex design as our poet contemplated, and to flash in brief and burning words details over which his description lovingly lingers, — this was a power denied to Spenser. He has auroral lights in profusion, but no lightning. It is not that he lacks power. The Cave of Despair, the description of Mammon and of Jealousy, the Binding of Furor, not to mention other examples, are full of power; but it is not condensed into that direct executive efficiency which, in the same instant, irradiates, smites, and is gone. He has not so much of this power as Byron, though he greatly exceeds him in fulness of matter and depth and elevation of thought.

The poem has another defect, which also answers to a limitation of Spenser's character. His disposition was soft and yielding; and, to honor a friend or propitiate a patron, he did not hesitate to make his verse a vehicle of flattery as well as of truth. If by Prince Arthur he intended any real person, it was probably Sir Philip Sidney; but in the sixth book he allows himself to associate the name of Arthur with the ignominious campaign of Leicester in the Netherlands, — Leicester, who represented the seven deadly sins rather than the twelve moral virtues. Sir Arthegall, again, stands for Lord Grey of Wilton, the Irish lord deputy, whom Spenser served as secretary; but Grey was the exponent of ruthlessness rather than of justice. The flattery of Queen Elizabeth is so gross, that the wonder is that she did not behead him for irony instead of pensioning him for panegyric. The queen's hair was red, or, as some still chivalrously insist, auburn; and Spenser, like the other poets of the day, is too loyal to permit the ideal head of beauty to wear any locks but those which are golden. In the first book, the Red-Cross Knight, who is the personification of Holiness, after being married to Una, who is the personification of Truth or True Religion, leaves her at the end of the twelfth canto to go to the court of Gloriana, the Faery Queene. Now, if Gloriana means Glory, Holiness very improperly leaves True Religion to seek it; if Gloriana means Queen Elizabeth, it is probable that Holiness never arrived at his destination.

We have thus a poet ungifted with the smiting directness of power, the soaring and darting imagination, of the very highest order of minds; a man sensitive, tender, grateful, dependent; reverential to the unseen realities of the spiritual world; deferential to the crowned and coroneted celebrities of the world of fact; but we still have not yet touched the peculiarities of his special genius. If we pass into the inner world of the poet's spirit, where he really lived and brooded, we forget criticism in the loving wonder and admiration evoked by the sight of that "paradise of devices," both "dainty" and divine. We are in communion with a nature in which the most delicate, the most voluptuous, sense of beauty is in exquisite harmony with the austerest recognition of the paramount obligations of goodness and rectitude. The beauty of material objects never obscures to him the transcendent beauty of holiness. In his Bowers of Bliss and his Houses of Pride he surprises even voluptuaries by the luxuriousness of his descriptions, and dazzles even the arrogant by the towering bravery of his style; but his Bowers of Bliss repose on caverns of bale, and the glories of his

House of Pride are built over human carcasses.

This great mind ripened late; for it was cumulative before it was creative, and inventiveness brooded over memory. With great subtlety and strength of reason, disciplined, exalted, and connected with imagination by deep study of the philosophy of Plato, his intellect, under the guidance of fixed spiritual ideas, roamed over the field of history and fiction, selecting from every quarter fit nutriment to feed and increase its energies. The mythology of Greece and Rome, the creeds and martyrologies of Christendom, the romance and superstitions of the Middle Ages, the ideals and facts of chivalry, the literatures of every civilized nation, were all received into his hospitable intelligence, and more or less assimilated with its substance. Gradually his imagination, working on these multifarious materials, gave them form and life. Divinities, fairies, magicians, goblins, embodied passions, became real objects to his inward vision. He had *sight* of

"Proteus coming from the sea,"

and

"*Heard* old Triton blow his wreathéd horn."

He began to believe, with more than the usual faith of the poet, in the beautiful, or terrible, or fantastic shapes with which his fancy was peopled. As they had been modified, re-created, associated with his own sympathies and antipathies, *Spenserized*, in the imaginative process they had gone through, he felt spiritually at home in their company. Even when they were falsified by actual facts, he knew they were still the appropriate images of essential truths, having a validity independent of experience. And it was this wondrous and various troop of ideal shapes, palpable to his own eye, and domesticated in his own heart, that he sent forth, in an endless succession of pictures, through the magical pages of The Faery Queene.

It was the necessary condition of a poem, thus sociably blending Christian and Pagan beliefs, Platonic ideas and barbaric superstitions, that its action should occur in what Coleridge happily calls "mental space." Truth of scenery, truth of climate, truth of locality, truth of costume, could have no binding authority in the everywhere and nowhere of Fairy-Land. Spenser's life was too inward to allow his observation of external nature to be close and exact. He had not, of course, the pert pretension of the artist, who said that nature put him out; or of the French abstractionist, who, when told that his theory did not agree with facts, blandly replied, "So much the worse for the facts"; but his fault, if fault it was, arose from a predominance of his reflective and imaginative powers over his powers of observation, — from his instinctive habit of subordinating, in Bacon's phrase, "the shows of things to the desires of the mind"; and as the scene of his poem is mental and not material space, his lack of local truth is hardly a real defect. It is objected, for example, that, in his enumeration of trees in one of his forests, he associates trees which in nature are dissevered; but his forest is in Fairy-Land. Again, the following stanza, — one of the most beautiful in the poem, describing the melody which arose from the Bower of Bliss, — has been repeatedly criticised: —

"The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
The angelical soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answeréd to all."

But it is objected, that the result of such a combination of sounds, voices, and instruments would be discord, and not melody. We may be sure it made music to Spenser's soul, though he admits that it was not the music of earth: —

"Right hard it was for wight who did it hear
To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree."

Again, Hallam says that the image con-

jured up by the description of Una riding

> "Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
> But she much whiter,"

is a hideous image; but it is evident he does not follow the thought of the poet, who, rapidly passing from snow as a material fact to snow as an emblem of innocence, intends to say that the white purity of Una's soul, shining in her face and transfiguring its expression, cannot be expressed by the purest material symbol. The image of a woman's face, ghastly and ghostly white, passed before Hallam's eye; we may be sure that no such uncomely image was in Spenser's mind. The real meaning is so obvious, that its perversion by so distinguished a critic proves that acuteness has no irreconcilable feud with imaginative insensibility, and can be spiritually dull when it prides itself most on being intellectually keen.

To this inwardness, — this ideal and idealizing quality of Spenser's soul, — we must add its melodiousness. His best thoughts were born in music. The spirit of poetry is not only felt in his sentiments and made visible in his imagery, but it steals out in the recurring chimes of his complicated stanza. Accordingly Spenser, rather than Shakespeare and Milton, who, as Coleridge has remarked, had "deeper and more inwoven harmonies," is commonly adduced in support of the accredited dogma, that verse is as much an essential constituent of poetry as passion and imagination. But it seems to us that poetry is not necessarily opposed to prose, but to what is prosaic. It doubtless sometimes finds in verse its happiest and most vital expression; but sometimes verse is a clog, and its management a mechanical exercise. Much of Spenser's, especially in the last three books of The Faery Queene, is mere ingenuity in rhythm and rhyme; and even in the first three books we continually light on passages which are essentially prosaic. Take, for example, the following stanza, descriptive of Immodest Mirth, and it will readily be seen that only the first four lines are poetic: —

> "And therein sat a lady fresh and fair,
> Making sweet solace to herself alone:
> Sometimes she sang as loud as lark in air,
> Sometimes she laughed, that nigh her breath was gone;
> Yet was there not with her else any one,
> That to her might move cause of merriment;
> Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
> She could devise; and thousand ways invent
> To feed her foolish humor and vain jolliment."

In Shakespeare's line,

> "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank!"

the poetry is in the single epithet "sleeps"; substitute "lies," and, though the rhythm would be as perfect, the line would be prosaic. The soul of poetry, indeed, is impassioned imagination, using words, but not necessarily verse, in its expression. Bacon wrote verse, and execrable verse it is; but was not Bacon a poet? Is not Milton a poet in his prose? Are not the prose translations of the Psalms of David poetic? The poetic faculty, which is vital, cannot be made to depend on a form which, even in undisputed poets, is so apt to be mechanical. Even should we admit that verse is the body of which poetry is the soul, cannot a soul manifest itself in a body which does not in all respects correspond to it? Cannot the essential spirit of poetry transfigure the rudest, unrhythmic expression, as the soul of Socrates glorified his homely face? It is not, of course, mere imagination which makes a poet; for Aristotle and Newton were men of great imagination, scientifically directed to the discovery of new truth, not to the creation of new beauty. But imagination, directed by poetic sentiment and passion to poetic ends, does make the poet. And that these conditions are often fulfilled in prose, and a purely poetic impression produced, cannot be denied without resisting the evidence of ordinary experience.

And though there is a delicious charm in Spenser's sweetest verse, the finest and rarest elements of his genius were independent of music. That celestial light which occasionally touches his

page with an ineffable beauty, and which gave to him in his own time the name of the heavenly Spenser, is a more wonderful emanation from his mind than its subtlest melodies. We especially feel this in his ideal delineations of woman, in which he has only been exceeded by Shakespeare. He has been called the poet's poet; he should also be called the woman's poet, for the feminine element in his genius is its loftiest, deepest, most angelic element. The tenderness, the ethereal softness and grace, the moral purity, the sentiment untainted by sentimentality, which characterize his impersonations of feminine excellence, show, too, that the poet's brain had been fed from his heart, and that reverence for woman was the instinct of his sensibility before it was the insight of his imagination.

The inwardness of Spenser's genius, the constant reference of his creative faculty to internal ideals, rather than objective facts, has given his poem a special character of remoteness. It is often objected to his female characters that they are not sufficiently individualized, and are too far removed from ordinary life to awaken human sympathy. It is to be hoped that the latter part of this charge is not true; for a person who can have no sympathy with Una, and Belphœbe, and Florimel, and Amoret, can have no sympathy with the woman in women. But it must be conceded, that though Shakespeare, like Spenser, draws his women from ideal regions of existence, he has succeeded better in naturalizing them on the planet. The creations of both are characterized by remoteness; but Shakespeare's are *direct* perceptions of objects ideally *remote*, and strike us both by their naturalness and their distance from common nature. Spenser really sees the objects as distant, and sees them through a visionary medium. The strong-winged Shakespeare penetrates to the region of spiritual facts which he embodies; Spenser surveys them wonderingly from below. Shakespeare goes up; Spenser looks up; and our poet therefore lacks the great dramatist's "*familiar* grasp of things divine."

It remains to be said, that though Spenser's outward life was vexed with discontent, and fretted by his resentment of the indifference with which he supposed his claims were treated by the great and powerful, his poetry breathes the very soul of contentment and cheer. This cheer has no connection with mirth, either in the form of wit or humor, but springs from his perception of an ideal of life, which has become a reality to his heart and imagination. The Faery Queene proves that the perception of the Beautiful can make the heart more abidingly glad than the perception of the ludicrous. In the soul of this seer and singer, who shaped the first vague dreams and unquiet aspirations of the youth into beautiful forms to solace the man, there is a serene depth of tender joy, ay, "a sober certainty of waking bliss"; and, as he has not locked up in his own breast this precious delight, but sent it in vital currents through the marvels and moralities of The Faery Queene to refresh the world, let no defects which criticism can discern hinder the reader from participating in the deep satisfaction of that happy spirit, and the visionary glories of that celestialized imagination.

LAGOS BAR.

PART I.

THEY say, sir, it's a bad place where a sailor won't go to, and there's many a sailor won't go to the West Coast of Africa; yet somehow, when he does take to it, he can't fancy no other line; it's like the moth and the candle: many a time I 've been singed for one, but back I used to go, and I dare say I should have been burnt up at last if it had n't been for something as made me swear as I 'd never go to the Coast but only once again.

Yes, sir, I 've made voyages for everything almost. I 've been to Gambia for ground-nuts and hides, and to Calabar, Brass, and Bonny for palm-oil, and to Gaborn for red-wood and teeth, and to the Gold Coast for dust. There 's only one trade as I never went into, — *black ivory*, I mean. I can remember the day when there was no danger about it, and pretty well no shame; but I once saw a barracoon, and that seemed to turn me like against it; I was only a lad at the time, but it was long afore I got over that dreadful sight.

I 've had some queer days on the Coast, and no mistake. More than once I 've had my hair off and blisters on my feet; and when Yellow Jack broke out in Bonny, I was pretty well the only white man left. Once I got wrecked in the Congo, and was kept prisoner by the blacks till the agent paid my ransom. They used to make me sit over a fire of damp leaves and red-peppers, and prod me with a spear to make me talk; and as soon as I opened my mouth, the thick biting smoke would pour down my throat fit to smother me outright. Then they 'd all burst out laughing, and dance like mad. It made me think of the chafers I used to spin at school; only I did n't like being the chafer.

It 's a bad place, the Coast, especially for them as trades. In the oil rivers you have to go on trust. The Coast natives don't let the country natives come down to sell their oil themselves. So the captain gives his powder and tobacco and cotton goods to the blacks on the seaboard, and they take them up into the interior where the oil is, and buy it there. Sometimes these middle-men cheat him outright, spending his goods and bringing nothing back. But that don't often happen, otherwise trade would end. What they chiefly do is to dawdle and dawdle, for they hold no 'count o' time, till the captain staying there with his cargo on his mind is drove pretty well crazy with delay. Well, perhaps he takes to drink to fill up his time, and what with that and worry of mind the fever makes but easy work of him. Many and many 's the shipmate as I 've had die in these arms. And if e'er a one came out fond of reading, and thinking a bit superior to us unedicated men, he was sure to go, just as the best-bred dogs are always took off first by the distemper. Ah, sir, I often thinks of them times now that I am old. Often as I lays in my cot on a hot summer's night onable to sleep, I thinks and I thinks till I does n't know where I am; I hears the mosquitoes a humming round me, and the splashing of the water agen the sides of the room, and the cries of the wild beasts, what are only the people in the street. Then I begins to doze a bit; my head swims; dark things come round me; I see the stars shining above me, and the high black trees upon the shore; I smell the mud and the nasty river fog; and then I see *Lagos Bar!* and at that I wake up with a scream, and find myself in my little room at home, with my old missus a bending over me, a-wiping the sweat from my forehead and the tears from my eyes; and then we lay and talk of the times gone by, — the times gone by, and mostly of Lagos Bar. I suppose that I 've told that tale to my wife a thousand times; for often and

often its memory comes back to me and leaves me no rest till I 've put it into words. It does n't come always like a horrid dream, but more like a spirit; and sometimes, sir, I think it may be Mary herself. See how the sky shines over there, and the waters seem to dance in gold! At a time like this, when all is calm and still, and shadows are moving in the air, it never fails to come. I feel it now, — and then something swells within me, and big thoughts which frighten me lift up my brain; I don't understand these thoughts. I can't bring them out in speech. I can't raise them when I wish. No, sir, they are not my thoughts at all, they are too beautiful for a rude man like me; they come from her; it is Mary, dear Mary, sitting by my poor old worn-out heart, and whispering to me of the happy world to come.

[The old sailor remained silent for several minutes, his eyes fixed upon the setting sun; there was a kind of light upon his face somewhat resembling that of the *improvvisatore*, but steadier and deeper. It gradually died away as the sun dipped below the sea; he glanced at me, looked a little confused, and asked me for a light. As soon as he had lighted his pipe, he began of his own accord to tell me his story thus: —]

It was in the year '48 I shipped as mate aboard the Saucy Sal o' Liverpool. She was a fore-and-aft schooner, clipper rigged, and as neat a little craft as one would wish to see. As we dropped down the Mersey, with a sou'-westerly breeze, I felt quite proud of being in her. But I thought it a pity she should sail for the Coast, where, what with sun and sea-worms, a vessel soon loses all her good looks, and her seaworthiness, too, sometimes.

When we got near the mouth of the river, the skipper went below, and brought up two ladies. If Queen Victoria had turned out to be aboard, I could n't have been more surprised. Here we were with the land dim in the distance, and only a red buoy tossing about to show that we were n't at sea. They would have to go back in the pilot-boat, with the wind and tide contrairy, and the night fast coming on.

It was plain to see that they were mother and daughter, and that they 'd been crying together down below. Their eyes showed red when they lifted up the drooping lids, and their pale cheeks were all seamed with where the tears had run. Neither of them looked at our skipper after he had brought 'em up, and it was this that puzzled me. There he stood, a little ways off them, leaning agen the vessel's side; sometimes a-looking at them out of the corner of his eye, sometimes at the pilot, who was putting on his pea-coat. Presently he caught my eye, and I went up to him. "Let me know when the pilot-boat comes up alongside, Mr. Andrews, — quietly, you know." "It 's plain enough," thinks I, "that they 're going back; I suppose they 're his mother and sister, and that 's why they 've been crying. But how is it that they never give him a word, or so much as a look, and seem altogether so much wrapped up in themselves?"

In a few minutes I looked at the captain, and touched my cap. The pilot went up to him and shook hands. The two ladies were sitting whispering to each other, and did not notice it. Captain Langlands, he looked about him in an awkward kind of way, walked a bit towards 'em, and then stopped short like a man who has something to do which he does n't like to begin. Just then they looked up. The pilot in his pea-coat, the sailors idling about, looking aft, and, more than all, our captain's face, showed 'em as the time was come. They got up without a word, and walked to the waist of the vessel, and then I began to understand. The old lady turned round and took her daughter in her arms, and squeezed her, oh, so hard! and when Langlands took hold of her to help her down, she looked at him full in the eyes, and said gently, "May God forgive you, James!" At this his face turned, and he trembled like a hare.

Now she was in the boat, which slipped quickly astarn. "Haul aft the main sheets!" shouted the skipper in a hoarse voice. The girl ran aft and hung over the taffrail; she was within a foot of me then, for I was standing by the wheel. In a moment the boat came in sight; her mother was standing up, her bonnet had been blown off, and her gray hairs were flying in the wind; she stretched her withered hands towards us, and she never said a word; but her hands, her quivering, clutching, *speaking* hands! it seemed as if her whole blood and life had streamed into the limbs as was nearest to her child.

She reeled and I catched her in my arms, and there she lay for a minute with her head upon my breast. Her face was like marble stone, her eyes were shut, and her lips glued together fast. I had never seen such a delicate thing afore. It seemed like nothing to hold her; and her face — Ah! what a beautiful face that was! I seemed lost-like a-looking at her, and never moved, and never turned my eyes away, but stood there all helpless, and her in a deathly swound. "Let me take her, Mr. Andrews," said the captain from behind, and he took her up in his strong arms and carried her below. Then I heard him call out for the key of the medicine-chest, and afterwards he ran up just to "take his departure," that is to note down where we lost sight of the furthest point of land.

I was sore puzzled at this, for I 'd seen her ring, and I knew it was dead agen reg'ler reg'lations for skippers to take their wives with them to sea. But the second mate soon came up to me and told me all about it. The captain had been engaged to her, it seems, a goodish while, but her mother had all along been dead agen the match: first, because Langlands had the character for being wild, and then he was a sailor, and she had been a sailor's wife herself. However, it happened that he had a stroke of luck: a good bit of money was left him, and the old lady, thinking that now he 'd be sure to give up the sea (which likewise he promised to do), gev him the girl. But before three months were gone, Langlands was taken with that feeling which all sailors know. It ain't often a man can shake off the sea while he 's young. She 's a hard missus; but, even when we do get a chance to get away from her, we 're bound to go back to her agen. We say the sailor's life is the roughest there is, and yet we wonder how people can live ashore; though it 's lucky as some do, else how would vessels be built, and goods stored?

Well, to make it short, Langlands felt sea-wards; and one fine morning his mother-in-law found out that he 'd invested a good part of his money in the Saucy Sal, with the agreement with his partners that he was to sail her and have captain's wages for the same. To make matters worse, she found he was bound for the West Coast of Africa, and that her daughter was bent on going with him.

All that she could say or do did n't shake 'em. Langlands was determined that he would go: his wife was determined that she would n't be left behind. People think the Coast is worse than it really is, and the old lady took on badly. Langlands assured her that his vessel should never lay inside a river bar, and that his wife should never go ashore. But no: she had made up her mind that she was not to see her girl agen. That was why she 'd come all the way to the mouth of the river, though she knew it meant passing the night in rough waters in an open boat.

Well, I felt in bad spirits over this. I was sorry for the girl; her face had wrought on me somehow, and I knew that the Coast was no place for a woman, let alone a weakly thing like her. Her husband would have to go ashore if she did n't, and if we were going to lay outside Lagos Bar, why he 'd have to cross it pretty often, which is a thing few men like to do. There are plenty of bad bars along that Coast, and I suppose Lagos is the worst. It 's so dangerous that companies won't insure goods across it, — or would n't

then; now I believe they have a steamer there. Sometimes it can't be passed for days and days. I've heard of the packet being obliged to sail off without the mails. Hundreds of canoes have been capsized there, and it's seldom anybody's saved. That's owing to the sharks. They crowd round the bar; some people say it's because the river brings down so many bodies from Dahomey, where they're killed for their big fetish, thousands at a time. Others say it's because they are on the lookout for a capsize, and that when the bar's high there's double as many there. I don't know which is right; but sartinly there's no place for sharks like it anywhere along the coast; and you may try 'em with fat pork, or anything else in the way of bait, but they only smell at it, and go off with a lazy swing of their long tails.

No, Lagos was not the place for a white woman, I thought; and, besides, it worn't ship-shape anyhow, take it as you will. Sailors would as soon have a black cat or a parson on board as a woman, I do believe. "I s'pose the skipper's going to make a yachting party of this here v'yage," says the second mate to me. "It's begun nicely, ain't it? Here we are in this blessed channel, with a brown fog coming on, and the skipper below a doctoring his wife's hysterics."

But the words were not out of his mouth when up came Langlands in pea-coat and nor'wester, ran his eye over everything at once, gave a little nod with his head, as much as to say, "That will do," and took a few turns as jaunty as a bran-new post-captain on his quarter-deck. I had n't seen him till the day before we sailed, when, his first mate falling ill, one of his partners offered me the berth. But it did n't take long to find out that he was a good sailor and loved the sea; he seemed reg'lar to snuff it up as a young girl would a nosegay, and his eye glittered like a hawk's. He bent over the vessel's side, then turned round to me with a bit of a smile. "She steps along nicely, — don't she, Mr. Andrews?"

said he. "What should you say it was, — six and a half?" "About that, sir," said I, looking at the bubbles floating by, — "about that, sir, as near as can be," said I. "Well," said he, "that's very good indeed with a light breeze. I wish it would freshen and blow away the fog." He took another turn or two, and said: "Mr. Andrews, I shall stay here now, and if the weather thickens, I shall be up all night. Would you mind saying a cheerful word to my wife before you turn in?" "I sha'n't turn in to-night, sir, afore my watch," said I. "Well," said he, "if it's not troubling you too much, do put her in better spirits about the Coast. Show her the bright side of it." "Ay, ay, sir," said I. He squeezed my hand, and gave a smile and said, "You're doing me a great favor, Mr. Andrews."

No wonder his wife had refused to leave him. He was the best-looking man I ever saw. His face was tanned brown, but there was a beautiful red with it, and his eyes were as blue as the deep sea, and he had light curly brown hair, which tossed on his shoulders like a child's. And then he had such a way with him! When he said them last words, and lighted 'em up with his smile, I felt as if I could have laid my life down for him on the deck. There was something noble about Langlands; and perhaps there was truth in the story as went about Liverpool, that he was a gentleman's child, and that the money had been left to him in that way.

When I went below, Mrs. Langlands was lying on the after-lockers. She gave a weak smile when I came in, and raised herself up a bit. "James has told me," said she, holding out her hand, "that you saved me from falling just now. Thank you, Mr. Andrews."

Then she said something more, but what it was I never heard, for all the while that she was talking her little hand was lying in mine, as cold and transparent as a mosel of Wenham ice; and I kept looking at it, and looking at it, and forgetting myself, all dreamy like, just as I did when she went into the faint, till she drew her

hand gently away; and then, I don't know why, but my face flamed up hot, and I felt awkward and strange, and if she had n't ha' spoke, I do believe I should have rushed up on deck.

"Has my mother reached home yet, should you think?" she asked.

Now I knew that her mother could be no more than half-way to Liverpool, wet and cold, and in danger every moment of being run down by a vessel in the fog. But how could I tell that to her, with her poor anxious face and big soft eyes? I said her mother was sartin safe at home, which seemed to make her real happy for a little while. Then she clouded over agen, and began talking about the Coast. "Is it such a *very* unhealthy place?" said she.

"Well, ma'am," says I, bracing myself up for it, "I 'm forty years old, and I 've been back'ards and for'ards to the Coast ever since I was a little cabin-boy, and I don't look any the worse for it as I knows on."

"But how is it that it has such a bad name?" said she.

"Why, you see, ma'am," says I, "it 's a dull kind o' place, and there ain't much discipline kept out there, and the sailors gets to drinking Coast o' Guinea rum what 's made in Liverpool, and palm-wine what has stood out in the snow, and sleeping all night on the ground what is all wet with the dews, and then they wonder they 're taken ill, and put it on to the fault of the climate, when it 's all their own. Let a man keep from drink and night air, eat moderate, always take something in the morning before going ashore, put a plantain-leaf in his cap to ward off the sun, wear flannel next to his skin, and worsted stockings on his feet, and he may come back from the Coast without knowing what fever is. I 've heerd say the American squadron was out there three years and did n't lose a man."

"O yes; I understand now," said she. "I know that the sailors are very foolish, poor fellows! but we will make them take care of themselves,—won't we, Mr. Andrews?" Then her eyes seemed to brighten at the thoughts of doing good, and we sat talking ever so long. I told her stories about the niggers of the Coast; the king of Ashantee and his throne of real red gold; and the king of Dahomey, who has an army of women soldiers, which he calls them Amazons; — picking out the most comical ones I knew, for Coast stories are not always comical, worse luck! And afore eight bells struck she got that merry that once or twice she burst out laughing, — such a clear, running laugh, it was like a peal of bells! — and the skipper put his head down the skylight and called out, "Why, Polly, my girl, Mr. Andrews has bewitched you, I think."

At eight bells it was my watch; so I told her I must go, and she thanked me kindly for keeping her company so long. When I got on deck I found that the full moon had cut the fog, and that we were scudding gayly along over a bright sea. "I will leave her in your hands now, Mr. Andrews," said the skipper. "If there 's any change, let me know; indeed, do so always when you have this watch." "Ay, ay, sir," said I, touching my cap; and having wished me good night, he went below.

I walked up and down the deck, sometimes casting an eye into the binnacle, watching the vessel's course, or aloft to notice the trim of the sails, or wind-'ard for clouds, or for'ard for lights; and when I saw that all was quiet above and below, and that the man on the lookout was wide awake, I braced myself agen the bulwarks with my hand on the main-swifter, and took a quid o' 'bacca, which always helps me when I want to think, and looked out afore me into the wide and peaceful night.

We 've got a beautiful little craft, thinks I, that 'll walk along well with a light breeze; and that 's just what we want where winds are light and little of them. We 've got a skipper who 's a sailor every inch of him, and a gentleman, that 's more. And then I begun to think about his wife. Somehow it did n't seem to be altogether such a bad thing for her now; there 's times

when we can only see the dark side of things, and there 's times when we can only see the bright side of things. After all, thinks I, we shall lay outside the Bar; there won't be no danger for *her;* she may find it a bit dull; but, after all, ain't she better off than other sailors' wives as sit crying in their cold, lone homes, and listen sadly to the blowing of the winds? And then I remembered how often and often when I 'd been down with the fever I had thirsted for a woman's care. I wonder if she 'd nurse me, thought I; but I did n't think long over that. Where is the woman that would let a man lie sick and helpless within reach of her, whoever he might be, and she not nurse him? I never met her yet.

As soon as we had cleared the Chops of the Channel, the captain's lady became regular one of us, as you may say. She took the foot of the table at meals, and spent 'most the whole day on deck. It was n't long afore she 'd quite transmogrified the Saucy Sal. She got hold the sailors off duty, one by one, and talked to 'em so that she soon won all their hearts. Sometimes she 'd go for'ard, and help 'em mend their clothes; and she 'd go into the caboose, and larn black Sambo no end of cunning things, till he 'd come up to us, and show his white grinders, and say, "Ya! ya! me French cook now, massa!"

She had n't been aboard very long before the skipper had larnt her the name of every sheet and sail from stem to stern, and she soon knew whether work was done clean or not, too. She soon began to understand the working of the vessel; and when the captain saw what a pet she was with the men, he 'd let her give an order now and then. O Lord! how she used to ring it out! Supposing we was going to tack; well, she 'd stand agen the wheel, and cry, in her clear voice, "Stand by for stays! Hard down your helm! Ease up the jib-sheet!" [Here the old sailor jumped to his feet, intensely excited.] "Bear a hand there, boys! Trim down your jib-sheet! Haul aft the mainsail! Trim the foresail! Bouse up the peak! Lay aft now, and sway up the mainsail, boys!" And they did go at it with a will! You 'd have thought you was on board a man-of-war. Langlands declared he never knew what men *could* do till then.

When he saw that she was taking kindly to the sea, he began to larn her navigation, and settled it that she should have two lessons a day, and that we was each to give her one. Ah, they were happy hours! and what a quick scholar she was to be sure! though for that matter she picked up twice as much when her husband was larning her to what she did with me. She never lost a word he said to her; but sometimes, when I was laying down the law, I could see her eyes wandering to get a glance at him as he passed the skylight, or listening more to his footsteps than she did to me. Once, I recollect, when he came down for something in the cabin, in the middle of his watch, which was when I used to give her the lesson, she jumped up to run to him and give him a kiss, leaving me in the middle of a problem, with my tongue clapping away at nothing at all. Then he scolded her, and told her she was very rude to me; and she hung her pretty head, and begged my pardon; and he said to me, "You 'll forgive her, Mr. Andrews,—won't you?" "God bless you both!" said I; "it makes my heart warm to see you love each other so." And so it did, so it did. There never was such a pretty sight as to see them two together then, — to see him coming down below, after his watch, on a breezy day, the picture of health and strength, with his ruddy brown cheeks and sparkling eyes, and broad, laughing mouth; and she with her tiny white hands pulling off his tarpaulins, and rubbing his hands, if they were cold, or combing out his long, wet hair. And sometimes, when they sat together, she on his lap, maybe, with her arms round his neck, and her head cuddled on his broad breast, whispering in his ear, — sometimes a little of their love would fall on me in a kind look or word. It was n't mine, I

knew; it was n't only reflected like; but it used to make me happy all the same.

All her fears and forebodings seemed to be past and gone. She said that she should like to live always at sea with him; and they used to talk of the voyages they 'd make in the Saucy Sal. They 'd trade and travel, too, said the skipper. They 'd sail to Calcutta one time, and Pekin another, and Sidney, and Rio, and New York, till she 'd seen the whole world, — that is, if rough weather did n't frighten her. "I shall see what you 're made of, Poll, before we 're out of the Bay of Biscay," said the captain. And sure enough we had a gale of wind there; but Mrs. Langlands stood it well. I remember her now as she stood lashed to the halliards, with her face all pale and wonder-stricken, but quite calm, looking at the great waves, which looked like moving hills. The skipper was delighted with her; and as for the sailors, they seemed to talk of nothing else. "She 's a good-plucked one, the Commodore, — ain't she, Tom?" I heard one of 'em say. It seems that she went among them by the name of the Pretty Commodore. But they always spoke of her with the greatest respect; and if e'er a one let out a bad word, they used to say, "Hush! Jack" (or whoever it might be), or the Commodore will hear you." So that we went days without hearing an oath, — which is saying a good deal; for swearing seems like second nature to a sailor, somehow.

When we got into the warm latitudes, she used to spend the whole day on deck, looking at the flying-fish, or the white frigate-birds which sailed around, or the beautiful things which sparkled by in the waters underneath. All seemed different to her, she said, — the sky, the sun, the sea; it was like another world. "Ah, Polly," said Langlands, "wait till you see Africa, which will be to-morrow, I think, and then talk about another world."

"To-morrow!" said she; "I had not expected it so soon"; and I fancied her lips turned pale. But he noticed nothing, and the next minute she was laughing and chatting as gayly as before.

Sure enough at daybreak the next morning (it was November the 10th) we caught the loom of the land, and at one P. M. we were anchored off Cape Palmas. We put in there for Kroomen, the black sailors of the Coast, — strong, healthy fellows, who stand the climate very well, though they get sick at times, and who can do any amount of work under a hot sun. Skippers always ship half a dozen or a dozen or so, to lade and unlade, — do boat-work; and often enough they 're wanted to work the vessel home, when all the hands are *down*, or have died off. They let themselves out by the year, or perhaps three years at a time, at so much, — generally five dollars a month, with their clothes, and a pint and a half of rice a day for each man as rations, on the agreement that they shall be landed on their own coast again.

Cape Palmas, next to Sierra Leone, is about the prettiest place along the Coast. Them woody hills that stand back against the sky; that bold, big headland, with the Yankee mission-house perched upon it, like a big white bird; that brown clustering heap of huts, and the belt of golden sand upon the shore, — might well make one think that Africa was a paradise instead of — well, instead of what it is.

I can see Mary's face now as she stood agen the bulwarks, straining her eyes upon the land. "O James! is not this charming?" she cried. "And is this really Africa? Why, I thought that it was all flat and fenny as it is in Cambridgeshire! Please take me on shore, James; there must be beautiful flowers there. But oh! oh! what are those black things coming toward us?"

The black things she talked of was the Kroomen in their canoes, and in a quarter of an hour there was fifty of them round us. A rope was chucked over the for'c'stle; and up they came, one after the other, till the vessel was quite full of them. "O James!" she cried, when she saw these huge naked

men swarming aft, and did n't seem to know whether to laugh or cry, when she saw her husband shoving in and out among them, and turning 'em round, and running his eye over 'em, as if they was horses, and every now and then taking some clumsy fellow that did n't get out of his way a smartish cut with a rope's end. He had a rare eye for muscle, and soon picked out a boat's crew of as clean-limbed men as you could wish to clap your eyes on, — every one of 'em over six foot high.

"What is James doing, Mr. Andrews?" said she. "O tell me what those men are for!"

"They 're only the Krooboys, ma'am," said I. "They hire themselves aboard vessels, you know; so that in case our hands" — get the fever, I was going to say; but I stopped short.

"When our hands what?" she asked.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said I, "sailors in a hot country can't work like they do at home; so we get these Kroos, who 're the only hard-working niggers on the Coast, to do some of their work for them."

"But India, and China, and Australia are hot countries," said she, "and they do without Kroomen there." And with that she looked at me right in the face, and I felt it a-twitching awful. And never a word more said she, but turned her back, and walked away towards the wheel.

Just then a big canoe came alongside, and in the starn sat old King George. He was a character on the Coast then. He used to lend the Krooboys gunpowder and cotton cloth, for which they pawned themselves to him. Then, when a vessel came in, he used to hire 'em out, and take the first month's wages (which, I forgot to say, is always paid in advance), and a good slice more after they came home.

"Hollo, King George!" shouted the skipper, "how are you?"

"Hallo, Cap'n! how you lib, eh? lib well?"

"All right, George. Got any nice boys? I think I 'll take one more for a head-man. Got an old hand, have you?"

"Yes, sar; yes, sar; all my boys very good, — too much. Whar you go this time, — eh?"

"Going to Lagos, King."

"Ah! why for you go Lagos? Go inside bar?"

"No, outside."

"Denn my boy no go Lagos."

"Why not?"

"Too much bar lib Lagos. Water no good."

"O, that 's all right. Don't be so foolish."

"Too much shark lib."

"Come on board, King, and bring your boy, and don't talk nonsense."

"I tell you Lagos bad place, massa Cap'n. Too much sick lib there too. What good for me, my boy die Lagos? I get no dash. Heigh! heigh! me no fit."

Well, they talked it over; and the more the captain tried to persuade him the more obstinate he was, and the more he talked about Lagos, and its bar, and its sickness, and so on. Then came the long job of measuring out fathoms of cloth, and bringing up guns and powder and tobacco from the hold; and as soon as all was done, we set sail. That same night when we were sitting together in the cabin, a-reading Blunt's Navigation by the light of the swinging lamp, Mrs. Langlands shut up the book, and said, "That is enough."

"Tired of it, ma'am?" said I.

"I am not tired of it, Mr. Andrews; but it is of no use my studying it any more."

I did n't well know what she meant by this; so I never said a word. Then she laid her hand softly on to mine, just like my poor mother used to do. "Mr. Andrews," said she, "why did you deceive me?"

"Me, ma'am?" said I.

"Yes, you," she said, smiling, but in a strange, sad way. "You have treated me like a coward; instead of telling me the truth about this country, you have wished to make me believe that it is better than it really is. O, why did you do that? You must have known

that, sooner or later, I should have found it out."

"I thought, ma'am," said I, "that you wanted a little cheering up at the first start of it."

"O, indeed!" she said, her face flushing up. And then she said quickly, "Did James tell you to do so?"

"No, ma'am," said I, as bold as brass.

"No," she said, curling her lip, "I am sure that *he* would not tell an untruth." Here she got up and made me a low bow. "I am deeply grateful to you, Mr. Andrews, for your kind consideration on my behalf."

With that she walked out of the cabin, and stayed in her berth the whole of the next day.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE PYRENEES.

THERE are remote, forgotten corners of history, as there are of geography. When Halévy brought out his opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, the name meant no more to the most of those who heard it than the Valley of Rasselas to our ears, — a sound, locating a fiction. But the critic, who must seem to know everything, opened one of his lexicons, and discovered that Andorra was an actual valley, buried in the heart of the Pyrenees. Furthermore, he learned, for the first time, that its territory was an independent republic, preserved intact since the days of Charlemagne; that both France and Spain, incredible as the fact may appear, have always scrupulously respected the rights granted to its inhabitants more than a thousand years ago. While the existence of every other state has in turn been menaced, while hundreds of treaties have been made only to be broken, here is a place where, like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, time has stood still, and History shut up her annals.

Napoleon, when a deputation from the little republic visited him in Paris, said: "I have heard of this Andorra, and have purposely abstained from touching it, because I think it ought to be preserved as a political curiosity." Louis Philippe, thirty years later, exclaimed: "What! Is it possible that I have a neighbor whose name I never heard before?" I suspect that the name of Andorra on the excellent German maps, which overlook nothing, was the first indication of the existence of the state to the most of those who are now acquainted with it. It was so in my case. From noting its position, and seeing its contracted boundaries, so carefully marked out, I went further, and picked up what fragments of information could be found in French and German geographical works. These were sufficiently curious to inspire me with the design of visiting the valley.

On reaching Urgel, in the Spanish Pyrenees, I was within a league of the Andorran frontier. My way thither lay through the deep gorge out of which the river Valira issues, on its way to the Segre. The bald, snow-streaked summits in the north belonged to the territory of the republic, but whatever of life and labor it contained was buried out of sight in their breast. Nevertheless, the vague and sometimes threatening reports of the people which had reached me at a distance here vanished. Everybody knew Andorra, and spoke well of it. I had some difficulty in finding a horse, which the landlord declared was on account of

the unpractical shape and weight of my valise; but, when I proposed going on foot, an animal was instantly produced. The arrieros could not let a good bargain slip out of their hands.

It was a wonderful morning in mid-June. The shadow of the Pyrenees still lay cool upon the broad basin of Urgel; but the brown ramparts of Castel Ciudad on the rocks, and all the western heights, sparkled in sunshine. I found a nimble mountain pony waiting for me at the door of the inn, and Julian, my guide, a handsome fellow of twenty, in rusty velvet jacket and breeches, and scarlet Phrygian cap. A skin as brown as an Arab's; an eye full of inexpressible melancholy; a grave, silent, but not gloomy nature, — all these had Julian; yet he was the very companion for such a journey. He strode from the gate of Urgel with a firm, elastic step, and I followed through the gray olive orchards across the plain. The lower terraces of the mountain were silvery with the olive; but when the path turned into the gorge of the Valira, the landscape instantly changed. On one side rose a rocky wall; on the other, meadows of blossoming grass, divided by thickets of alder and willow, slanted down to the rapid stream, the noise of which could scarcely be heard for the songs of the nightingales. Features like these, simple as they may seem, sometimes have a singular power to warm one's anticipations of what lies beyond. There is a *promise* in certain scenery; wherein it exists I cannot tell, but I have felt it frequently, and have never yet been disappointed.

After I had threaded the gorge for two miles, it expanded into a narrow valley, where the little Spanish village of Arcacel lay huddled among the meadows. Beyond it, the mountains closed together again, forming an almost impassable cañon, along the sides of which the path was laboriously notched. There were a great many people abroad, and Julian was obliged to go in advance, and select spots where my horse could pass their mules without one or the other being pushed into the abyss below. Some of those I met were probably Andorrans, but I found as yet no peculiarities of face or costume. This is the only road from Spain into the republic, and is very rarely, if ever, traversed by a foreign tourist. The few persons who have visited Andorra, made their way into the valley from the side of France.

As I rode forward, looking out, from time to time, for some mark which would indicate the frontier, I recalled what little I had learned of the origin of the republic. There is not much which the most patient historian could establish as positive fact; but the traditions of the people and the few records which they have allowed to be published run nearly parallel, and are probably as exact as most of the history of the ninth century. On one point all the accounts agree, — that the independence of the valley sprang indirectly from the struggle between the Franks and Saracens. When the latter possessed themselves of the Peninsula, in the beginning of the eighth century, a remnant of the Visigoths took refuge in this valley, whence, later, they sent to Charlemagne, imploring assistance. After Catalonia had been reconquered, the Emperor — so runs the popular tradition — gave them the valley as a reward for their bravery in battle. The more probable account is, that Charlemagne sent his son, Louis le Débonnaire, who followed the last remnants of the Saracen army up the gorge of the Valira, and defeated them on the spot where the town of Andorra now stands. After the victory, he gave the valley to certain of his soldiers, releasing them from all allegiance except to himself. This was in the year 805. What is called the "Charter of Charlemagne," by some of the French writers, is evidently this grant of his son.

Within the following century, however, certain difficulties arose, which disturbed the inhabitants of the little state less than their powerful neighbors. Charlemagne had previously given, it appears, the tithes of all

the region to Possidonius, Bishop of Urgel, and the latter insisted on retaining his right. Moreover, Charles the Bald, in 843, presented to Siegfrid, Count of Urgel, the right of sovereignty over Andorra, which Louis le Débonnaire had reserved for himself and his successors. Thus the spiritual and temporal lords of Urgel came in direct conflict, and the question remained undecided for two centuries; the Andorrans, meanwhile, quietly attending to their own affairs, and consolidating the simple framework of their government. Finally, at the consecration of the Cathedral of Urgel, in the year 1040, the widowed Countess Constance publicly placed the sovereignty claimed by her house in the hands of Bishop *Heribald.* (How curious it seems, to find the name of Garibaldi occurring in this obscure history!) But this gift of Constance was not respected by her successors, and the trouble broke out anew in the following century. We have but a meagre chain of detached incidents, yet what passion, what intrigue, what priestly thirst of power and jealous resistance on the part of the nobles are suggested, as we follow the scanty record! The Bishop of Urgel triumphs to this day, as he reads the inscription over his palace-door: "Princeps soberan del Valle de Andorra."

At the end of the twelfth century, Arnald, Count of Castelbo, purchased certain privileges in the valley from Ermengol, Count of Urgel. The sale was resisted by the bishop, and a war ensued, in which the latter was defeated. Raymond-Roger, Count of Foix, was then called to aid the Episcopal cause; his promised reward being a share in the sovereignty of Andorra, the territory of which bordered his own. Notwithstanding he was victorious, having taken and sacked the city of Urgel, he seems to have considered his claim to the reward still insecure. In the year 1202 he married his son and successor, Roger-Bernard II., to the daughter and only child of the Count of Castelbo. Thus the Bishop of Urgel saw the assumption of sovereignty which he had resisted transferred to the powerful house of Foix. It is stated, however, that, in all the wars which followed, both parties refrained from touching the disputed territory, in order that the value of the revenue expected from it might not be diminished. The Andorrans themselves, though certainly not unconcerned, remained perfectly passive. The fastnesses of the Pyrenees on all sides of them resounded with the noise of war, while they, one generation after another, tended their flocks and cultivated their fields.

The quarrel (and it is almost the end of all history relating to Andorra) came to a close in the year 1278. Roger-Bernard III. of Foix, before the gates of Urgel, which must soon have yielded to him, accepted the proposal for an arbitration; Don Pedro of Aragon having offered his name as security for the fulfilment of the terms which might be agreed upon. Two priests and four knights were the arbitrators; and the *Pariatges* (Partitions) which they declared on the 7th of September of the year already mentioned settled the question of the sovereignty of Andorra from that day to this. Its principal features were, that a slight tribute should be paid by the people, on alternate years, to the Counts of Foix and the Bishops of Urgel; and that certain officials of the Valley should, in like manner, be named alternately by the two parties. In all other respects, the people were left free. The neutrality of their territory, which had been so marvellously preserved for four centuries and a half, was reaffirmed; and it has never since been violated. During the wars of Napoleon, a French army appeared on the frontiers of the republic with the intention of marching through it into Spain; but on the judges and consuls representing to the commanding general the sacred neutrality of their valley, he turned about and chose another route.

The house of Foix became merged in that of Béarn, and the inheritance of the latter, in turn, passed into the hands of the Bourbons. Thus the

crown of France succeeded to the right reserved by Louis le Débonnaire, and presented by Charles the Bald to Siegfrid, Count of Urgel. The Andorrans, who look upon their original charter as did the Hebrews on their Ark of the Covenant, consider that the *Pariatges* are equally sanctioned by time and the favor of God; and, so far from feeling that the tribute is a sign of subjection, they consider that it really secures their independence. They therefore do not allow the revolutions, the change of dynasties which France has undergone, to change their relation to the governing power. They were filled with dismay, when, in 1793, the representative of the French Republic in Foix refused to accept the tribute, on the ground that it was a relic of the feudal system. For six or seven years thereafter they feared that the end of things was at hand; but the establishment of the Empire, paradoxical as it may appear, secured to them their republic. They seem never to have considered that the refusal of the French authorities gave them a valid pretext to cease the further payment of the tribute.

This is the sum and substance of the history of Andorra. No one can help feeling that a wholly exceptional fortune has followed this handful of people. All other rights given by Charlemagne and his successors became waste paper long since: the Counts of Urgel, the houses of Foix and Béarn, have disappeared, and the Bourbons have ceased to reign in France, — yet the government of the little Republic preserves the same forms which were established in the ninth century, and the only relations which at present connect it with the outer world date from the year 1278. I endeavored to impress these facts upon my mind, as the gorge opened into a narrow green valley, blocked up in front by the Andorran mountains. I recalled that picturesque legend of the knight of the Middle Ages, who, penetrating into some remote nook of the Apennines, found a forgotten Roman city, where the people still kept their temples and laid their offerings on the altars of the gods. The day was exquisitely clear and sunny; the breezes of the Pyrenees blew away every speck of vapor from the mountains, but I saw everything softly through that veil which the imagination weaves for us.

Presently we came upon two or three low houses. At the door of the farthest two Spanish soldiers were standing, one of whom stepped forward when he saw me. A picture of delay, examination, bribery, rose in my mind. I assumed a condescending politeness, saluted the man gravely, and rode forward. To my great surprise no summons followed. I kept on my way without looking back, and in two minutes was out of Spain. Few travellers have ever left the kingdom so easily.

The features of the scenery remained the same, — narrow, slanting shelves of grass and grain, the Valira foaming below, and the great mountains of gray rock towering into the sky. In another half-hour I saw the little town of San Julian de Loria, one of the six municipalities of Andorra. As old and brown as Urgel or the villages along the Rio Segre, it was in no wise to be distinguished from them. The massive stone walls of the houses were nearly black; the roofs of huge leaves of slate were covered with a red rust; and there were no signs that anything had been added or taken away from the place for centuries. As my horse clattered over the dirty paving-stones, mounting the one narrow, twisted street, the people came to the doors, and looked upon me with a grave curiosity. I imagined at once that they were different from the Catalans, notwithstanding they spoke the same dialect, and wore very nearly the same costume. The expression of their faces was more open and fearless; a *cheerful* gravity marked their demeanor. I saw that they were both self-reliant and contented.

While Julian stopped to greet some of his friends, I rode into a very diminutive plaza, where some thirty or

forty of the inhabitants were gossiping together. An old man, dressed in pale blue jacket and knee-breeches, with a red scarf around his waist, advanced to meet me, lifting his scarlet cap in salutation. "This is no longer Spain?" I asked.

"It is neither France nor Spain," said he; "it is Andorra."

"The Republic of Andorra?"

"They call it so."

"I also am a citizen of a Republic," I then said; but, although his interest was evidently excited, he asked me no questions. The Andorran reserve is proverbial throughout Catalonia; and as I had already heard of it, I voluntarily gave as much information respecting myself as was necessary. A number of men, young and old, had by this time collected, and listened attentively. Those who spoke Spanish mingled in the conversation, which, on my part, was purposely guarded. Some degree of confidence, however, seemed to be already established. They told me that they were entirely satisfied with their form of government and their secluded life; that they were poor, but much wealth would be of no service to them, and, moreover (which was true), that they were free because they were poor. When Julian appeared, he looked with surprise upon the friendly circle around me, but said nothing. It was still two hours to *Andorra la Vella* (Old Andorra), the capital, which I had decided to make my first resting-place; so I said, "Adios!"—all the men responding, "Dios guarda!"

Beyond the village I entered upon green meadow-land, shaded by grand walnut-trees, mounds of the richest foliage. The torrent of Aviña came down through a wild glen on the left, to join the Valira, and all the air vibrated with the sound of waters and the incessant songs of the nightingales. People from the high, unseen mountain farms and pasture-grounds met me on their way to San Julian; and their greeting was always "God guard you!"—hinting of the days when travel was more insecure than now. When the mountains again contracted, and the path clung to the sides of upright mountain walls, Julian went in advance, and warned the coming muleteers. Vegetation ceased, except the stubborn clumps of box, which had fastened themselves in every crevice of the precipices; and the nightingales, if any had ventured into the gloomy gorge, were silent. For an hour I followed its windings, steadily mounting all the while; then the rocks began to lean away, the smell of flowering grass came back to the air, and I saw, by the breadth of blue sky opening ahead, that we were approaching the Valley of Andorra.

The first thing that met my eyes was a pretty pastoral picture. Some rills from the melting snows had been caught and turned into an irrigating canal, the banks of which were so overgrown with brambles and wild-flowers that it had become a natural stream. Under a gnarled, wide-armed ilex sat a father, with his two youngest children; two older ones gathered flowers in the sun; and the mother, with a basket in her hand, paused to look at me in the meadow below. The little ones laughed and shouted; the father watched them with bright, happy eyes, and over and around them the birds sang without fear. And this is the land of smugglers and robbers! I thought. Turning in the saddle, I watched the group as long as it was visible.

When I set my face forward again, it was with a sudden catch of the breath and a cry of delight. The promise of the morning was fulfilled; beautiful beyond anticipation was the landscape expanded before me. It was a valley six miles in length, completely walled in by immense mountains, the bases of which, withdrawn in the centre, left a level bed of meadows, nearly a mile broad, watered by the winding Valira. Terraces of grain, golden below, but still green above, climbed far up the slopes; then forest and rock succeeded; and finally the gray pinnacles, with snow in their crevices, stood mantled in their own shadows. Near the centre of the val-

ley, on a singular rocky knoll, the old houses and square tower of Andorra were perched, as if watching over the scene. In front, where the river issued from a tremendous split between two interlocking mountains, I could barely distinguish the houses of Escaldas from the cliffs to which they clung. Nothing could be simpler and grander than the large outlines of the scene, nothing lovelier than its minuter features,—so wonderfully suggesting both the garden and the wilderness, the fresh green of the North and the hoary hues and antique forms of the South. Brimming with sunshine and steeped in delicious odors, the valley — after the long, dark gorge I had threaded — seemed to flash and sparkle with a light unknown to other lands.

Shall I ever forget the last three miles of my journey? Crystal waters rushed and murmured beside my path; great twisted ilex-trees sprang from the masses of rock; mounds of snowy eglantine or purple clematis crowned the cliffs or hung from them like folded curtains; and the dark shadows of walnut and poplar lay upon the lush fields of grass and flowers. The nightingale and thrush sang on the earth, and the lark in the air; and even the melancholy chant of the young farmer in his field seemed to be only that soft undercurrent of sadness which was needed to make the brightness and joy of the landscape complete.

Climbing the rocks to the capital, I was pleasantly surprised to see the sign "Hostal" before I had made more than two turns of the winding street. The English guides, both for France and Spain, advise the adventurous tourist who wishes to visit Andorra to take his provender with him, since nothing can be had in the valley. A friendly host came to the door, and welcomed me. Dinner, he said, would be ready in an hour and a half; but the appearance of the cheerful kitchen into which I was ushered so provoked my already ravenous hunger that an omelette was made instantly, and Julian and I shared it between us. An upper room, containing a coarse but clean bed, which barely found room for itself in a wilderness of saddles and harness, was given to me, and I straightway found myself at home in Andorra. So much for guide-books!

I went forth to look at the little capital before dinner. Its population is less than one thousand; the houses are built of rudely broken stones of schist or granite, and roofed with large sheets of slate. The streets seem to have been originally located where the surface of the rock rendered them possible; but there are few of them, and what the place has to show may be speedily found. I felt at once the simple, friendly, hospitable character of the people: they saluted me as naturally and genially as if I had been an old acquaintance. Before I had rambled many minutes, I found myself before the *Casa del Valls*, the House of Government. It is an ancient, cracked building, but when erected I could not ascertain. The front is simple and massive, with three irregular windows, and a large arched entrance. A tower at one corner threatens to fall from want of repair. Over the door is the inscription: "Domus consilii, sedes justitiæ." There is also a marble shield, containing the arms of the Republic, and apparently inserted at a more recent date. The shield is quartered with the mitre and crosier of the Bishop of Urgel, the four crimson bars of Catalonia, the three bars on an azure field of Foix, and the cows of Béarn. Under the shield is sculptured the Latin verse:

"Suspice: sunt vallis neutrius stemmata; sunt que
Regna, quibus gaudent nobiliora tegi:
Singula si populos alios, Andorra, beabunt,
Quidni juncta ferent aurea secla tibi!"

I suspect, although I have no authority for saying so, that this verse comes from Fiter, the only scholar Andorra ever produced, who flourished in the beginning of the last century. The ground-floor of the building consists of stables, where the members of the council lodge their horses when they meet officially. A tumbling staircase

leads to the second story, which is the council-hall, containing a table and three chairs on a raised platform, a picture of Christ between the windows, and oaken benches around the walls. The great object of interest, however, is a massive chest, built into the wall, and closed with six strong iron locks, connected by a chain. This contains the archives of Andorra, including, as the people devoutly believe, the original charters of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire. Each consul of the six parishes is intrusted with the keeping of one key, and the chest can only be opened when all six are present. It would be quite impossible for a stranger to get a sight of the contents. The archives are said to be written on sheets of lead, on palm-leaves, on parchment, or on paper, according to the age from which they date. The chest also contains the "Politar," or Annals of Andorra, with a digest of the laws, compiled by the scholar Fiter. The government did not allow the work to be published, but there is another manuscript copy in the possession of the Bishop of Urgel.

I climbed the huge mass of rock behind the building, and sat down upon its crest to enjoy the grand, sunny picture of the valley. The mingled beauty and majesty of the landscape charmed me into a day-dream, in which the old, ever-recurring question was lazily pondered, whether or not this plain, secluded, ignorant life was the happiest lot of man. But the influences of the place were too sweet and soothing for earnest thought, and a clock striking noon recalled me to the fact that a meal was ready in the hostal. The host sat down to the table with Julian and myself, and the spout of the big-bellied Catalonian bottle overhung our mouths in succession. We had a rough but satisfactory dinner, during which I told the host who I was and why I came, thereby winning his confidence to such an extent that he presently brought me an old, dirty Spanish pamphlet, saying, "You may read this."

Seeing that it was a brief and curious account of Andorra, I asked, "Cannot I buy this or another copy?"

"No," he answered; "it is not to be bought. You can read it; but you must give it to me again."

I selected a dark corner of the kitchen, lit my cigar, and read, making rapid notes when I was not observed. The author was a nephew of one of the bishops of Urgel, and professed to have seen with his own eyes the charter of Louis le Débonnaire. That king, he stated, defeated the Saracens on the plain towards Escaldas, where the western branch of the Valira comes down from the valley of Ordino. Before the battle, a passage from the Book of Kings came into his mind: "Endor, over against Mount Tabor, where the children of Israel, preparing for war against the heathen, pitched their camp"; and after the victory he gave the valley the name of Endor, whence Andorra. The resemblance, the author innocently remarks, is indeed wonderful. In both places there are high mountains; the same kinds of trees grow (!); a river flows through each; there are lions and leopards in Endor, and bears and wolves in Andorra! He then gives the following quotation from the charter, which was written in Latin: "The men who actually live in this country are Licindo, Laurentio, Obaronio, Antimirio, Guirinio, Suessonio, Barrulio, rustic laborers, and many others." Louis le Débonnaire returned to France by the present Porte de Fontargente, where, on the summit of the Pyrenees, he caused a chain to be stretched from rock to rock. The holes drilled for the staples of the rings are still to be seen, the people say.

When I had finished the book, I went out again, and in the shade of a willow in the meadow below made a rough sketch of the town and the lofty Mont Anclar (*mons clavus*) behind it. As I returned, the lower part of the valley offered such lovely breadths of light and shade that I sought a place among the tangle of houses and rocks to make a second drawing. The women, with their children around them,

sat at their doors, knitting and chatting. One cried out to another, as I took my seat on the ground, "Why don't you bring a chair for the cavalier?" The chair was brought immediately, and the children gathered around, watching my movements. The mothers kept them in good order, every now and then crying out, "Don't go too near, and don't stand in front!" Among themselves they talked freely about me; but, as they asked no questions, I finally said, "I understand you; if you will ask, I will answer," — whereupon they laughed and were silent.

I have already said that reserve is a marked characteristic of the Andorrans. No doubt it sprang originally from their consciousness of their weakness, and their fear to lose their inherited privileges by betraying too much about themselves. When one of them is questioned upon a point concerning which he thinks it best to be silent, he assumes a stupid expression of face, and appears not to understand. That afternoon a man came to me in the inn, produced a rich specimen of galena, and said, "Do you know what that is?" "Certainly," I answered; "it is the ore of lead. Where did you get it?" He put it in his pocket, looked up at the sky, and said, "What fine weather we have!" It is known that there is much lead in the mountains, yet the mines have never been worked. The people say, "We must keep poor, as our fathers have been. If we become rich, the French will want our lead and the Spaniards our silver, and then one or the other will rob us of our independence."

So well is this peculiarity of the inhabitants understood, that in Catalonia to assume ignorance is called "to play the Andorran." A student from the frontier, on entering a Spanish theological seminary, was called upon to translate the New Testament. When he came to the words, "Jesus autem tacebat," he rendered them, in perfect good faith, "Jesus played the Andorran." For the same reason, the hospitality of the people is of a passive rather than of an active character. The stranger may enter any house in the valley, take his seat at the family board, and sleep under the shelter of the roof; he is free to come and go; no questions are asked, although voluntary information is always gladly received. They would be scarcely human if it were not so.

The principal features of the system of government which these people have adopted may be easily described. They have no written code of laws, the *Politar* being only a collection of precedents in certain cases, accessible to the consuls and judges, and to them alone. When we come to examine the modes in which they are governed,—procedures which, based on long custom, have all the force of law,—we find a singular mixture of the elements of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. The sovereignty of France and the Bishop of Urgel is acknowledged in the appointment of the two *viguiers* (*vicarii*), who, it is true, are natives of the valley, and devoted to its interests. In all other respects the forms are democratic; but the circumstance that the officials are unpaid, that they must be married, and that they must be members of families in good repute, has gradually concentrated the government in the hands of a small number of families, by whom it is virtually inherited. Moreover, the law of primogeniture prevails to the fullest extent, still further lessening the number of qualified persons.

The Republic consists of six communes, or parishes, each of which elects two consuls and two councillors, whose term of service is four years; one official of each class being elected every two years. There is no restriction of the right of suffrage. The twenty-four officials form the deliberative body, or Grand Council, who alone have the power of electing the Syndic, the executive head of the government. He is chosen for life; he presides over the Council, and carries its decisions into effect, yet is responsible to it for his actions. Only half the Council being chosen at one time, the disadvantage of having an entirely new set of

men suddenly placed in office is obviated. The arrangement, in fact, is the same which we have adopted in regard to the election of United States Senators.

The consuls, in addition, have their municipal duties. Each one names ten petty magistrates, called decurions, whose functions are not much more important than those of our constables. They simply preserve order, and assist in bringing offences to light. All the persons of property, or who exercise some useful mechanical art, form what is called the Parish Council, whose business it is to raise the proportionate share of the tribute, to apportion the pastures, fix the amount of wood to be sold (part of the revenue of Andorra being derived from the forests), and to regulate all ordinary local matters. These councils, of course, are self-existing; every person who is not poor and insignificant taking his place naturally in them. No one can be chosen as consul who is under thirty years of age, who has not been married, who is blind, deaf, deformed, or epileptic, who is addicted to drink, or who has committed any offence against the laws.

The functions of the parish councils and the Grand Council of the Republic are carefully separated. The former have charge of inns, forges, bakeries, weaving, and the building of dwelling-houses; the latter has control of the forests, the ways of communication, the chase, the fisheries, the finances, and the building of all edifices of a public character. It has five sessions a year. Its members are not paid, but they are lodged and fed, during these sessions, at the public expense. Each parish owns two double-beds in the upper story of the *Casa del Valls* at Andorra; in each bed sleep two consuls or two councillors. There is a kitchen, with an enormous pot, in which their frugal meals are cooked, and a dining-room in which they are served. Formerly their sessions were held in the churchyard, among the tombs, as if to render them more solemnly impressive; but this practice has long been discontinued.

The expenses of the state, one will readily guess, must be very slight. The tribute paid to France is nineteen hundred and twenty francs; that to the Bishop of Urgel, eight hundred and forty-two francs, — an average of two hundred and seventy-five dollars per annum. The direct tax is five cents annually for each person; but a moderate revenue is derived from the sale of wood and charcoal, and the rent of pastures on the northern slope of the Pyrenees. Import, export, and excise duties, licenses, and stamps are unknown, although, in civil cases, certain moderate fees are established. The right of tithes, given by Charlemagne to Possidonius, remains in force; but they are generally paid in kind; and in return the Bishop of Urgel, who appoints the priests, contributes to their support. The vicars, of whom there is one to each parish, are paid by the government. The inhabitants are without exception devout Catholics, yet it is probably ancient custom, rather than the influence of the priests, which makes them indifferent to education. The schools are so few that they hardly deserve to be mentioned. Only one man in a hundred, and one woman in five hundred, can read and write.

The two viguiers, one of whom is named by France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel, exercise the functions of judges. They are the representatives of the two sovereign powers, and their office is therefore surrounded with every mark of respect. Although nominally of equal authority, their activity is in reality very unequally divided. Usually some prominent official of the Département de l'Ariége is named on the part of France, and contents himself with an annual visit to the valley. The Bishop, on the other hand, always names a native Andorran, who resides among the people, and performs the duties of both viguiers. When a new viguier is appointed, he must be solemnly installed at the capital. The members of the Grand Council then appear in their official costume, — a long surtout of black cloth, with crimson facings, a red shawl

around the waist, gray knee-breeches, sky blue stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. The Syndic of the Republic wears a crimson mantle; but the viguier is dressed in black, with a sword, cocked hat, and gold-headed staff. As the tribute paid to France is much larger than that paid to the Bishop, the people have voluntarily added to the latter a Christmas offering of the twelve best hams, the twelve richest cheeses, and the twelve fattest capons to be found in the six parishes.

The sovereign powers have two other representatives in addition to the viguiers. These are the *batlles*, (*bailes*, bailiffs?) who are chosen from a list of six persons selected by the Grand Council. Their principal duty is to hear and decide, in the first instance, all civil and criminal cases, except those which the government specially reserves for its own judgment. The batlles, however, are called upon to prevent, rather than solve litigation. When a case occurs, they first endeavor to reconcile the parties, or substitute a private arbitration. If that fails, the case is considered; and, after the help of God is solemnly invoked, judgment is pronounced. Where the dispute involves a delicate or doubtful point, the batlle consults separately the three men of best character and most familiar with the laws who are to be found in the parish, and decides as the judgment of two of them may coincide. It rarely happens that any serious lawsuit occurs, or that any capital crime is committed. The morals of the people are guarded with equal care; any slip from chastity is quietly looked after by the priests and officials, and the parties, if possible, legally united.

The more important cases, or appeals from the decision of the batlles, come before the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, which is composed of the two viguiers, a judge of appeal (chosen to give the casting vote when there is a difference of opinion between the viguiers), a government prosecutor, and two *rahonadors* (pleaders) chosen for the defence by the Grand Council. This tribunal has the power to pronounce a capital sentence, which is then carried out by an executioner brought either from France or Spain.

The army, if it may be called such, consists of six hundred men, or one from each family. They are divided into six companies, according to the parishes, with a captain for each; the decurions acting as subaltern officers. The only special duty imposed upon them, beyond the occasional escort and guard of prisoners, is an annual review by the viguiers and the Grand Council, which takes place on the meadow below Andorra. The officials are seated in state around a large table, upon which a muster-roll of the army is laid. When the first name is read, the soldier to whom it belongs steps forward, discharges his musket in the air, then advances to the table and exhibits his ammunition, which must consist of a pound of powder, twenty-four balls, and as many caps. Each man is called in turn, until the whole six hundred have been thus reviewed.

Such is an outline of the mode of government and the forms of judicial procedure in this little Republic. I have not thought it necessary to add the more minute details which grow naturally out of the peculiarities already described. Two things will strike the reader: first, the sufficiency of the system, quaint and singular as it may be in some respects, to the needs of the people; secondly, the skill with which they have reconciled the conditions imposed upon them by the Pariatges, in 1278, with the structure of government they had already erected. For a people so ignorant, so remote from the movement of the world, and so precariously situated, their course has been directed by a rare wisdom. No people value independence more; they have held it, with fear and trembling, as a precious gift; and for a thousand years they have taken no single step which did not tend to secure them in its possession.

According to the host's volume, the population of the towns is as follows:

Andorra, 850 inhabitants; San Julian de Loria, 620; Encamp, 520; Canillo, 630; Ordino, 750, and Massana, 700. The population of the smaller hamlets, and the scattered houses of the farmers and herdsmen, will probably amount to about as many more, which would give eight thousand persons as the entire population of the state. I believe this estimate to be very nearly correct. It is a singular circumstance, that the number has not materially changed for centuries. Emigration from the valley has been rare until recent times; the climate is healthy; the people an active, vigorous race; and there must be some unusual cause for this lack of increase. A young man, a native of the parish of Ordino, with whom I had a long conversation in the evening, gave me some information upon this point. The life of families in Andorra is still regulated on the old patriarchal plan. The landed property descends to the oldest son or daughter, or, in default of direct issue, to the nearest relative. This, indeed, is not the law, which gives only a third to the chief inheritor, and divides the remainder equally among the other members of the family. But it has become a custom stronger than law — a custom which is now never violated — to preserve the old possessions intact. The *caps*, or heads of families, are held in such high estimation, that all other family and even personal rights are subordinate to theirs. They are rich and respected, while the younger brothers and sisters, who, by this arrangement, may be left too poor to marry, cheerfully accept a life of celibacy. "I am a younger son," said my informant; "but I have been able to marry because I went down into Catalonia, entered into business, and made some money." When a daughter inherits, she is required to marry the nearest relative permitted by canonical law, who takes her family name and perpetuates it.

In the course of centuries, however, the principal families have become so inter-related that their interests frequently require marriages within the prohibited degrees. In this case the Andorran undertakes a journey to Rome, to procure a special dispensation from the Pope. He is generally the representative of other parties, similarly situated, who assist in defraying the expenses of the journey. After a collective dispensation has been issued, all the marriages must be celebrated by proxy, — the Andorran and a Roman woman who is paid for the service representing, in turn, each bridal pair at home. The latter must afterwards perform public penance in church, kneeling apart from the other worshippers, with lighted tapers in their hands and ashes upon their heads.

Owing to the strictness of these domestic laws, the remarkable habit of self-control among the people, and the careful guard over their morals exercised by the officials, they have become naturally virtuous, and hence great freedom of social intercourse is permitted among the sexes. Their sports and pleasures are characterized by a pastoral simplicity and temperance. Excesses are very rare because all ages and classes of both sexes meet together, and the presence of the priests and *caps grossos* (chief men) acts as a check upon the young men. At the festival of some patron saint of the valley, mass in the chapel is followed by a festive meal in the open air, after which the priest himself gives the signal for the dances to commence. The lads and lasses then assemble on a smooth piece of turf, where the sounds of bagpipe and tambourine set their feet in motion. The old people are not always gossiping spectators, speculating on the couples that move before them in the rude, wild dances of the mountains; they often enter the lists, and hold their ground with the youngest.

Thus, in spite of acquired reserve and predetermined poverty, the life of the Andorrans has its poetical side. The Republic has produced one historian (perhaps I should say compiler), but no author; and only Love, the source and soul of Art, keeps alive a habit of im-

provisation in the young, which they appear to lose as they grow older. During Carnival, a number of young men in the villages assemble under the balcony of some chosen girl, and praise, in turn, in words improvised to a familiar melody, her charms of person and of character. When this trial of the Minnesingers begins to lag for want of words or ideas, the girl makes her appearance on the balcony, and with a cord lets down to her admirers a basket containing cakes of her own baking, bottles of wine, and sausages. Before Easter, the unmarried people make bets, which are won by whoever, on Easter morning, can first catch the other and cry out, "It is Easter, the eggs are mine!" Tricks, falsehoods, and deceptions of all kinds are permitted: the young man may even surprise the maiden in bed, if he can succeed in doing so. Afterwards they all assemble in public, relate their tricks, eat their Easter eggs, and finish the day with songs and dances.

Two ruling ideas have governed the Andorrans for centuries past, and seem to have existed independent of any special tradition. One is, that they must not become rich; the other, that no feature of their government must be changed. The former condition is certainly the more difficult of fulfilment, since they have had frequent opportunities of increasing their wealth. There is one family which, on account of the land that has fallen to it by inheritance, would be considered rich in any country; half a dozen others possessing from twenty to thirty thousand dollars; and a large number who are in comfortable circumstances simply because their needs are so few. I had heard that a party opposed to the old traditional ideas was growing up among the young men, but it was not so easy to obtain information on the subject. When I asked the gentleman from Ordino about it, he "acted the Andorran," — put on an expression of face almost idiotic, and talked of something else. He and two others with whom I conversed during the evening admitted, however, that a recent concession of the government (of which I shall presently speak) was the entering wedge by which change would probably come upon the hitherto changeless Republic.

With the exception of this incommunicativeness, — in itself rather an interesting feature, — no people could have been more kind and friendly. When I went to bed among the saddles and harness in the little room, I no longer felt that I was a stranger in the place. All that I had heard of the hospitality of the people seemed to be verified by their demeanor. I remembered how faithfully they had asserted the neutrality of their territory in behalf of political exiles from France and Spain. General Cabrera, Armand Carrel, and Ferdinand Flocon have at different times found a refuge among them. Although the government reserves the right to prohibit residence to any person whose presence may threaten the peace of the valley, I have not heard that the right was ever exercised. Andorra has been an ark of safety to strangers, as well as an inviolate home of freedom to its own inhabitants.

Julian called me at four o'clock, to resume our journey up the valley; and the host made a cup of chocolate while my horse was being saddled. Then I rode forth into the clear, cold air, which the sun of the Pyrenees had not yet warmed. The town is between three and four thousand feet above the sea, and the limit of the olive-tree is found in one of its sheltered gardens. As I issued from the houses, and took a rugged path along the base of Mont Anclar, the village of Escaldas and the great gorge in front lay in a cold, broad mantle of shadow, while the valley was filled to its topmost brims with splendid sunshine. I looked between the stems of giant ilexes upon the battle-field of Louis le Débonnaire. Then came a yawning chasm, down which foamed the western branch of the Valira, coming from an upper valley in which lie the parishes of Ordino and Massana.

The two valleys thus form a Y, giving the territory of Andorra a rough triangular shape, about forty miles in length, — its base, some thirty miles in breadth, overlapping the Pyrenees, and its point nearly touching the Rio Segre, at Urgel.

A bridge of a single arch spanned the chasm, the bottom of which was filled with tumbling foam; while every ledge of rock, above and below, was draped with eglantine, wild fig, clematis, and ivy. Thence, onward towards Escaldas, my path lay between huge masses which had fallen from the steeps, and bowers completely snowed over with white roses, wherein the nightingales were just beginning to awaken. Then, one by one, the brown houses above me clung like nests to the rocks, with little gardens hanging on seemingly inaccessible shelves. I entered the enfolding shadows, and, following the roar of waters, soon found myself at Escaldas, — a place as wonderfully picturesque as Ronda or Tivoli, directly under the tremendous perpendicular walls of the gorge; the arrowy Valira sweeping the foundations of the houses on one side, while the dark masses of rock crowded against and separated them on the other. From the edge of the river, and between the thick foliage of ilex and box behind the houses, rose thin columns of steam, marking the hot springs whence the place (*aguas caldas*) was named.

Crossing the river, I halted at the first of these springs, and took a drink. Some old people who collected informed me that there were ten in all, besides a number of cold mineral fountains, furnishing nine different kinds of water, — all of which, they said, possessed wonderful healing properties. There were both iron and sulphur in that which I tasted. A little farther, a rude fulling-mill was at work in the open air; and in a forge on the other side of the road three blacksmiths were working the native iron of the mountains. A second and third hot spring followed; then a fourth, in which a number of women were washing clothes. All this in the midst of a chaos of rock, water, and foliage.

These springs of Escaldas have led to the concession which the Andorrans described to me as opening a new, and, I fear, not very fortunate, phase of their history. The exploiters of the gambling interest of France, on the point of being driven from Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden-Baden, ransacked Europe for a point where they might at the same time ply their business and attract the fashionable world. They detected Andorra; and by the most consummate diplomacy they have succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the government, in neutralizing the power of its ancient policy, and in acquiring privileges which, harmless as they seem, may in time wholly subvert the old order of things. It is impossible that this result could have been accomplished unless a party of progress, the existence of which has been hinted, has really grown up among the people. The French speculators, I am told, undertake to build a carriage-road across the Pyrenees; to erect bathing-establishments and hotels on a magnificent scale at Escaldas, and to conduct the latter, under the direction of the authorities of Andorra, for a period of forty years, at the end of which time the latter shall be placed in possession of the roads, buildings, and all other improvements. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at ten millions of francs. A theatre and a bank (faro?) are among the features of the speculation. Meanwhile, until the carriage-road shall be built, temporary hotels and gaming-houses are to be erected in the valley of the Ariége, on the French side of the Pyrenees, but within the territory belonging to Andorra.

I do not consider it as by any means certain that the plan will be carried out; but if it should be, the first step towards the annexation of Andorra to France will have been taken. In any case, I am glad to have visited the Republic while it is yet shut from the world.

Behind Escaldas an affluent of the Valira dashed down the mountain on the right, breaking the rich masses of foliage with silver gleams. I halted on the summit of the first rocky rampart, and turned to take a last view of the valley. What a picture! I stood in the deep shadow of the mountains, in the heart of a wilderness of rocks which towered out of evergreen verdure, and seemed to vibrate amidst the rush, the foam, and the thunder of streams. The houses of the village, clinging to and climbing the sides of the opening pass, made a dark frame, through which the green and gold of the splendid valley, drowned in sunshine, became, by the force of contrast, limpid and luminous as a picture of the air. The rocks and houses of Old Andorra and the tower of the house of government made the central point of the view; dazzling meadows below and mountain terraces above basked in the faint prismatic lustre of the morning air. High up, in the rear of the crowning cliffs, I caught glimpses of Alpine pastures; and on the right, far away, streaks of snow. It was a vision never to be forgotten: it was one of the few perfect landscapes of the world.

As the path rose in rapid zigzags beside the split through which the river pours, I came upon another busy village. In an open space among the rocks there were at least a hundred beehives, formed of segments of the hollowed trunks of trees. They stood in rows, eight or ten feet apart; and the swarms that continually came and went seemed to have their separate paths marked out in the air. They moved softly and swiftly through each other without entanglement. After passing the gateway of the Valira, the path still mounted, and finally crept along the side of a deep trough, curving eastward. There were fields on both slopes, wherever it was possible to create them. Here I encountered a body of road-makers, whom the French speculators had set to work. They were engaged in widening the bridle-path, so that carts might pass to Escaldas from the upper valleys of Encamp and Canillo. The rock was blasted on the upper side; while, on the lower, workmen were basing the walls on projecting points of the precipice. In some places they hung over deep gulfs, adjusting the great masses of stone with equal skill and coolness.

In an hour the gorge opened upon the valley of Encamp, which is smaller, but quite as wild and grand in its features as that of Andorra. Here the fields of rye and barley were only beginning to grow yellow, the flowers were those of an earlier season, and the ilex and box alone remained of the southern trees and shrubs. Great thickets of the latter fringed the crags. A high rock on the left served as a pedestal for a church, with a tall, square belfry, which leaned so much from the perpendicular that it was not pleasant to ride under it. The village of Encamp occupied a position similar to that of Escaldas, at the farther end of the valley, and in the opening of another gorge, the sides of which are so closely interfolded that the river appears to issue out of the very heart of the mountain. It is a queer, dirty, mouldy old place. Even the immemorial rocks of the Pyrenees look new and fresh beside the dark rust of its walls. The people had mostly gone away to their fields and pastures; only a few old men and women, and the youngest children, sunned themselves at the doors. The main street had been paved once, but the stones were now displaced, leaving pits of mud and filth. In one place the houses were built over it, forming dark, badly smelling arches, under which I was forced to ride.

The path beyond was terribly rough and difficult, climbing the precipices with many windings, until it reached a narrow ledge far above the bed of the gorge. There were frequent shrines along the way, at the most dangerous points; and Julian, who walked ahead, always lifted his cap and muttered a prayer as he passed them. After three or four miles of such travel, I reached the church of Merichel, on

an artificial platform, cut out of the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. This is the shrine of most repute in Andorra, and the goal of many a summer pilgrimage. Here the mass, the rustic banquet, and the dance draw old and young together from all parts of the Republic.

I climbed another height, following the eastern curve of the gorge, and finally saw the village of Canillo, the capital of one of the six parishes, lying below me, in the lap of a third valley. It had a brighter and fresher air than Encamp; the houses were larger and cleaner, and there were garden-plots about them. In this valley the grain was quite green; the ilex had disappeared, making way for the poplar and willow, but the stubborn box still held its ground. In every bush on the banks of the Valira sat a nightingale; the little brown bird sings most lustily where the noise of water accompanies his song. I never saw him so fearless; I could have touched many of the minstrels with my hand as I passed.

At Canillo I crossed the Valira, and thenceforward the path followed its western bank. This valley was closed, like all the others, by a pass cloven through the mountains. Upon one of the natural bastions guarding it there is an ancient tower, which the people say was built by the Saracens before the Frank conquest. The passage of the gorge which followed was less rugged than the preceding ones, — an indication of my approach to the summit of the Pyrenees. In following the Rio Segre and the Valira, I had traversed *eight* of those tremendous defiles, varying from one to six miles in length; and the heart of the mountain region, where the signs of force and convulsion always diminish, was now attained. One picture on the way was so lovely that I stopped and drew it. In the centre of the valley, on a solitary rock, stood an ancient church and tower, golden-brown in the sun. On the right were mountains clothed with forests of pine and fir; in the distance, fields of snow. All the cleared slopes were crimson with the Alpine-rose, a dwarf variety of rhododendron. Perfect sunshine covered the scene, and the purest of breezes blew over it. Here and there a grain-field clung to the crags, or found a place among their tumbled fragments, but no living being was to be seen.

The landscapes were now wholly northern, except the sun and sky. Aspens appeared on the heights, shivering among the steady pines. After a time I came to a point where there were two valleys, two streams, and two paths. Julian took the left, piloting me over grassy meadows, where the perfume from beds of daffodil was almost too powerful to breathe. On one side, all the mountain was golden with broom-flowers; on the other, a mass of fiery crimson, from the Alpine-rose. The valley was dotted with scattered cottages of the herdsmen, as in Switzerland. In front there were two snowy peaks, with a "saddle" between, — evidently one of the *portes* of the Pyrenees; yet I saw no indications of the hamlet of Soldeu, which we must pass. Julian shouted to a herdsman, who told us we had taken the wrong valley. The porte before us was that of Fontargente, across which Louis le Débonnaire stretched his chain on leaving Andorra.

We retraced our steps, and in half an hour reached Soldeu, in a high, bleak pasture-valley, where cultivation ceases. It is at least six thousand feet above the sea, and the vegetation is that of the high Alps. We were nearly famished, and, as there was no sign of a "hostal," entered the first house. The occupant, a woman, offered to give us what she had, but said that there was another family who made a business of entertaining travellers, and we would there be better served. We found the house, and truly, after waiting an hour, were refreshed by a surprising dinner of five courses. There was another guest, in the person of a French butcher from the little town of Hospitalet, in the valley of the Ariége. It was so cold that we all crowded

about the kitchen fire. Two Andorrans came in, and sat down to the table with us. I have dined at stately entertainments where there was less grace and refinement among the company than the butcher and the two peasants exhibited. There was a dessert of roasted almonds and coffee (with a *chasse*); and after the meal we found the temperature of the air very mild and balmy.

Hospitalet being also my destination, I accepted the butcher's company, and at one o'clock we set forth for the passage of the Pyrenees. On leaving Soldeu I saw the last willow, in which sat and sang the last nightingale. The path rose rapidly along the steep slopes of grass, with an amphitheatre of the highest summits around us. The forests sank out of sight in the glens; snow-fields multiplied far and near, sparkling in the thin air, and the scenery assumed a bleak, monotonous grandeur. I traced the Valira, now a mere thread, to its source in seven icy lakes, fed by the snow: in those lakes, said the butcher, are the finest trout of the Pyrenees. The *Porte de Valira* was immediately above us, on the left; a last hard pull up the steep, between beds of snow, and we stood on the summit.

The elevation of the pass is nearly eight thousand feet above the sea. On either hand you descry nothing but the irregular lines of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, rising and falling in receding planes of distance. Rocks, grass, and snow make up the scenery, which, nevertheless, impresses by its very simplicity and severity.

The descent into France is toilsome, but not dangerous. A mile or two below the crest we saw the fountain of the Ariége, at the base of a grand escarpment of rock. Thence for two hours we followed the descending trough of the river through bleak, grassy solitudes, uncheered by a single tree, or any sign of human life except the well-worn path. Finally the cottage of a grazing-farm came into view, but it was tenantless, — all the inhabitants having been overwhelmed by an avalanche three years ago. Then I discovered signs of a road high up on the opposite mountain, saw workmen scattered along it, and heard a volley of explosions. This was the new highway to Porte St. Louis and Puigcerdá. On a green meadow beside the river walked two gentlemen and two ladies in round hats and scarlet petticoats.

"They are picking out a spot to build their gaming-houses upon," said the butcher; "this is still Andorra."

A mile farther there was a little bridge, — the Pont de Cerda. A hut, serving as a guard-house, leaned against the rocks, but the *gens d'armes* were asleep or absent, and I rode unquestioned into France. It was already sunset in the valley, and the houses of Hospitalet, glimmering through the shadows, were a welcome sight. Here was the beginning of highways and mail-coaches, the movement of the living world again. I supped and slept (not very comfortably, I must confess) in the house of my friend the butcher, said good by to Julian in the morning, and by noon was resting from my many fatigues in the best inn of Foix.

But henceforth the Valley of Andorra will be one of my enthusiasms.

ONCE MORE.

CLASS OF '29.

Condiscipulis, Coætaneis, Harvardianis, Amicis.

"*WILL I come?*" That *is* pleasant! I beg to inquire
If the gun that I carry has ever missed fire?
And which was the muster-roll — mention but one —
That missed your old comrade who carries the gun?

You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock.
It is rusty, some tell me; I heed not the scoff;
It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off!

— "Is it loaded?" I 'll bet you! what does n't it hold?
Rammed full to the muzzle with memories untold;
Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces should fly
Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth of July!

One charge is a remnant of College-day dreams
(Its wadding is made of forensics and themes);
Ah, visions of fame! what a flash in the pan
As the trigger was pulled by each clever young man!

And Love! Bless my stars, what a cartridge is there!
With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons and hair, —
All crammed in one verse to go off at a shot!
— Were there ever such sweethearts? Of course there were not!

And next, — what a load! it will split the old gun, —
Three fingers, — four fingers, — five fingers of fun!
Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and noise
Was there ever a lot like us fellows, The Boys?

Bump! bump! down the staircase the cannon-ball goes, —
Aha, Old Professor! Look out for your toes!
Don't think, my poor Tutor, to *sleep* in your bed, —
Two "Boys" — 'twenty-niners — room over your head!

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel blazed!
From red "Massachusetts" the war-cry was raised;
And "Hollis" and "Stoughton" re-echoed the call,
Till P—— poked his head out of Holworthy Hall!

Old P——, as we called him, — at fifty or so, —
Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full blow;
In ripening manhood, suppose we should say,
Just nearing his prime, as we Boys are to-day!

O, say, can you look through the vista of age
To the time when old Morse drove the regular stage?

When Lyon told tales of the long-vanished years,
And Lenox crept round with the rings in his ears?

And dost thou, my brother, remember indeed
The days of our dealings with Willard and Read?
When "Dolly" was kicking and running away,
And punch came up smoking on Fillebrown's tray?

But where are the Tutors, my brother, O, tell! —
And where the Professors, remembered so well?
The sturdy old Grecian of Holworthy Hall,
And Latin and Logic, and Hebrew and all?

"— They are dead, the old fellows" (we called them so then,
Though we since have found out they were lusty young men).
— They are *dead*, do you tell me? — but how do you know?
You 've filled once too often. I doubt if it 's so.

I 'm thinking. I 'm thinking. Is this 'sixty-eight?
It 's not quite so clear. It admits of debate.
I *may* have been dreaming. I rather incline
To think — yes, I 'm certain — it is 'twenty-nine!

"By George!" — as friend Sales is accustomed to cry, —
You tell me they 're dead, but I know it 's a lie!
Is Jackson not President? ——— What was 't you said?
It can't be; you 're joking; what, — all of 'em dead?

Jim, — Harry, — Fred, — Isaac, — all gone from our side? —
They could n't have left us, — no, not if they tried.
— Look, — there 's our old Præses, — he can't find his text;
— See, — P—— rubs his leg, as he growls out, "*The Next!*"

I told you 't was nonsense. Joe, give us a song!
Go harness up "Dolly," and fetch her along! —
Dead! Dead! You false graybeard, I swear they are not!
Hurrah for Old Hickory! ——— O, I forgot!

Well, *one* we have with us (how could he contrive
To deal with us youngsters and still to survive?)
Who wore for our guidance authority's robe, —
No wonder he took to the study of Job!

— And now as my load was uncommonly large,
Let me taper it off with a classical charge;
When that has gone off, I shall drop my old gun,
And then stand at ease, for my service is done.

Bibamus ad Classem vocatam "The Boys"
Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est "Noyes";
Et floreant, valeant, vigeant tam,
Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam!

[1] January 9, 1868.

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BRETHREN.

ONE thing can be said of our Roman Catholic brethren, and especially of our Roman Catholic sisters, without exciting controversy,—they begin early in the morning. St. Stephen's, the largest Catholic church in New York, which will hold five thousand persons and seat four thousand, was filled to overflowing every morning of last November at five o'clock. That, however, was an extraordinary occasion. The first mass, as housekeepers are well aware, usually takes place at six o'clock, summer and winter; and it was this that I attended on Sunday morning, December 8, 1867, one of the coldest mornings of that remarkably cold month.

It is not so easy a matter to wake at a certain hour before the dawn of day. One half, perhaps, of all the inhabitants of the earth, and two thirds of the grown people of the United States, get up in the winter months before daylight; and yet a person unaccustomed to the feat will be utterly at a loss how to set about it. At five o'clock of a December morning it is as dark as it ever is. The most reckless milkman has not then begun his matutinal whoop, and the noise of the bakers' carts is not heard in the streets. And if there should be a family in the middle of the block who keep chickens, there is no dependence to be placed upon the crowing of the cocks; for they crow at all odd, irrational times both of night and day. Neither in the heavens above nor in the yards beneath, neither in the house nor in the street, is there any sign or sound by which a wakeful expectant can distinguish five o'clock from four, or three, or one. It is true, madam, as you remark, that there *is* such a thing as an alarm-clock. But who ever has one when it is wanted? People who get up at five every morning can do without; and those who get up at five once in five years, even if by any chance they should possess an alarm-clock, forget in the five years of disuse how the little fury is set so as to hold in all night and burst forth in frenzy at the moment required. This was my case. The alarm went off admirably an hour too late, and woke up the wrong person. It was only a most vociferous crowing of the cocks just now reviled as unreliable that caused me to suspect that possibly it might be time for me to strike a light and see how the alarm-clock was getting on. Our Roman Catholic brethren, in some way or ways unknown, habitually overcome this difficulty; for fifty thousand of them, in New York alone, are frequently at church and on their knees before there are any audible or visible indications of the coming day.

It was a very cold and brilliant morning, — stars glittering, moon resplendent, pavement icy, roofs snowy, wind north-northwest, and, of course, cutting right into the faces of people bound up the Third Avenue. An empty car went rattling over the frozen-in rails with an astonishing noise, the conductor trotting alongside, and the miserable driver beating his breast with one hand and pounding the floor with one foot. The highly ornamental policeman on the first corner was singing to keep himself warm; but, seeing a solitary wayfarer in a cloak scudding along on the ice, he conceived a suspicion of that untimely seeker after knowledge; he paused in his song; he stooped and eyed him closely, evidently unable to settle upon a rational explanation of his presence; and only resumed his song when the suspected person was five houses off. There was scarcely any one astir to keep an adventurer in countenance, and I began to think it was all a delusion about the six-o'clock mass. At ten minutes to six, when I stood in front of the spacious St. Stephen's Church in Twenty-

Eighth Street, there seemed to be no one going in; and, the vestibule being unlighted, I was confirmed in the impression that early mass did not take place on such cold mornings. To be quite sure of the fact, however, I did just go up the steps and push at the door. It yielded to pressure, and its opening disclosed a vast interior, dimly lighted at the altar end, where knelt or sat, scattered about one or two in a pew, about a hundred women and ten men, all well muffled up in hoods, shawls, and overcoats, and breathing visibly. There was just light enough to see the new blue ceiling and its silver stars; but the sexton was busy lighting the gas, and got on with his work about as fast as the church filled. That church extends through the block, and has two fronts. As six o'clock approached, female figures in increasing numbers crept silently in by several doors, all making the usual courtesy, and all kneeling as soon as they reached a pew. At last the lower part of the church was pretty well filled, and there were some people in the galleries; in all, about one thousand women and about one hundred men. Nearly all the women were servant-girls, and all of them were dressed properly and abundantly for such a morning. There was not a squalid or miserable-looking person present. Most of the men appeared to be grooms and coachmen. Among these occupants of the kitchen, the nursery, and the stable there were a few persons from the parlor, evidently of the class whom Voltaire speaks of with so much wrath and contempt as *dévots et dévotes*. There were two or three men near me who might or might not have been ecclesiastics or theological students; upon the pale and luminous face of each was most legibly written, This man prays continually, and enjoys it.

There is a difference between Catholics and Protestants in this matter of praying. When a Protestant prays in public, he is apt to hide his face, and bend low in an awkward, uncomfortable attitude; and, when he would pray in private, he retires into some secret place, where, if any one should catch him at it, he would blush like a guilty thing. It is not so with our Roman Catholic brethren. They kneel, it is true, but the body above the knees is bolt upright, and the face is never hidden; and, as if this were not enough, they make certain movements of the hand which distinctly announce their purpose to every beholder. The same freedom and boldness are observable in Catholic children when they say their nightly prayers. Your little Protestant buries its face in the bed, and whispers its prayer to the counterpane; but our small Catholic brethren and sisters kneel upright, make the sign of the cross, and are not in the least ashamed or disturbed if any one sees them. Another thing strikes a Protestant spectator of Catholic worship, — the whole congregation, without exception, observe the etiquette of the occasion. When kneeling is in order, all kneel; when it is the etiquette to stand, all stand; when the prayer-book says bow, every head is low. These two peculiarities are cause and effect. A Protestant child often has some reason to doubt whether saying its prayers is, after all, "the thing," since it is aware that some of its most valued friends and relations do not say theirs. But among Catholics there is not the distinction (so familiar to us) between those who "belong to the church" and those who do not; still less the distinction (nearly as familiar in some communities) between believers and unbelievers. From the hour of baptism, every Catholic is a member of the church, and he is expected to behave as such. This is evidently one reason for that open, matter-of-course manner in which all the requirements of their religion are fulfilled. No one is ashamed of doing what is done by every one in the world whom he respects, and what he has himself been in the habit of doing from the time of his earliest recollection. A Catholic appears to be no more ashamed of saying his prayers than he is of eating his dinner, and he

appears to think one quite as natural an action as the other.

On this cold morning the priest was not as punctual as the people. The congregation continued to increase till ten minutes past six; after which no sound was heard but the coughing of the chilled worshippers. It was not till seventeen minutes past six that the priest entered, accompanied by two slender, graceful boys, clad in long red robes, and walked to his place, and knelt before the altar. All present, except one poor heathen in the middle aisle, shuffled to their knees with a pleasant noise, and remained kneeling for some time. The silence was complete, and I waited to hear it broken by the sound of the priest's voice. But not a sound came from his lips. He rose, he knelt, he ascended the steps of the altar, he came down again, he turned his back to the people, he turned his face to them, he changed from one side of the altar to the other, he made various gestures with his hands, — but he uttered not an audible word. The two graceful lads in crimson garb moved about him, and performed the usual services, and the people sat, stood, knelt, bowed, and crossed themselves in accordance with the ritual. But still not a word was spoken. At the usual time the collection was taken, to which few gave more than a cent, but to which *every one* gave a cent. A little later, the priest uttered the only words that were audible during the whole service. Standing on the left side of the altar, he said, in an agreeable, educated voice: "The Society of the Holy Rosary will meet this afternoon after vespers. Prayers are requested for the repose of the souls of —"; then followed the names of three persons. The service was continued, and the silence was only broken again by the gong-like bell, which announced by a single stroke the most solemn acts of the mass, and which, toward the close of the service, summoned those to the altar who wished to commune. During the intense stillness which usually followed the sound of the bell, a low, eager whisper of prayer could occasionally be heard, and the whole assembly was lost in devotion. About twenty women and five men knelt round the altar to receive the communion. Soon after this had been administered some of the women began to hurry away, as if fearing the family at home might be ready for breakfast before breakfast would be ready for them. At ten minutes to seven the priest put on his black cap, and withdrew; and soon the congregation was in full retreat. But by this time another congregation was assembling for the seven-o'clock mass; the people were pouring in at every door, and hurrying along all the adjacent streets towards the church. Seven o'clock being a much more convenient time than six, the church is usually filled at that hour; as it is, also, at the nine-o'clock mass. At half past ten the grand mass of the day occurs, and no one who is in the habit of passing a Catholic church on Sunday mornings at that hour needs to be informed that the kneeling suppliants who cannot get in would make a tolerable congregation of themselves.

What an economy is this! The parish of St. Stephen's contains a Catholic population of twenty-five thousand, of whom twenty thousand, perhaps, are old enough and well enough to go to church. As the church will seat four thousand persons, all this multitude can hear mass every Sunday morning. As many as usually desire it can attend the vespers in the afternoon. The church, too, in the intervals of service, and during the week, stands hospitably open, and is usually fulfilling in some way the end of its erection. How different with our churches! There is St. George's, for example, the twin steeples of which are visible to the home-returning son of Gotham as soon as the Sound steamer has brought him past Blackwell's Island. In that stately edifice half a million dollars have been invested, and it is in use only four hours a week. No more; for the smaller occasional meetings are held

in another building, — a chapel in the rear. Half a million dollars is a large sum of money, even in Wall Street, where it figures merely as part of the working capital of the country; but think what a sum it is when viewed as a portion of the small, sacred treasure set apart for the higher purposes of human nature! And yet the building which has cost so much money stands there a dead and empty thing, except for four hours on Sunday! Our Roman Catholic brethren manage these things better. When *they* have invested half a million in a building, they put that building to a use which justifies and returns the expenditure. Even their grand cathedrals are good investments; since, besides being always open, always in use, always cheering and comforting their people, they are splendid illustrations of their religion to every passer-by, to every reader of books, and to every collector of engravings. Such edifices as St. Peter's, the cathedrals of Milan and of Cologne, do actually cheer and exalt the solitary priest toiling on the outskirts of civilization. Lonely as he is, insignificant, perhaps despised and shunned, he feels that he has a property in those grandeurs, and that an indissoluble tie connects him with the system which created them, and which will one day erect a gorgeous temple upon the site of the shanty in which now he celebrates the rites of his church in the presence of a few railroad laborers.

While these successive multitudes have been gathering and dispersing something has been going on in the basement of St. Stephen's, — a long, low room, extending from street to street, and fitted up for a children's chapel and Sunday-school room. The Protestant reader, it is safe to say, has never attended a Catholic Sunday school, but he shall now have the pleasure of doing so. It ought to be a pleasure only to see two or three thousand children gathered together; but there is a particular reason why a Protestant should be pleased at a Catholic Sunday school. Imitation is the sincerest homage. The notion of the Sunday school is one of several which our Roman Catholic brethren have borrowed from us. This church, hoary and wrinkled with age, does not disdain to learn from the young and bustling churches to which it has given all they have. The Catholic Church, however, claims a share in the invention, since for many ages it has employed boys in the celebration of its worship, and has given those boys a certain training to enable them to fulfil their vocation. Still, the Sunday school, as now constituted, is essentially of Protestant origin. Indeed, the energetic and truly catholic superintendent of St. Stephen's school, Mr. Thomas E. S. Dwyer, informed me, that, before beginning this school, he visited all the noted Sunday schools in New York, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, and endeavored to get from each whatever he found in it suitable to his purpose.

The basement of St. Stephen's, being three hundred feet long, fifty or sixty feet wide, and only about *ten* feet high, looks more like a section of an underground railroad than a room. It is so very low that, although abundantly provided with windows on both sides, it is necessary always to light many jets of gas. In the ceiling is fixed part of the heating apparatus of the church, — a circumstance that does not tend to the purification of the atmosphere. At one end of this exceedingly long room is a small, plain altar, with the usual candles and other appurtenances; and on one side of the room, about midway, is a large cabinet organ, with an enclosure about it for the choir of children who chant the responses and psalms of the mass. On the walls between each window are the showy pictures usually found in Catholic institutions. At nine o'clock, when I took my seat in one of the pews of this long, low apartment, children with the reddest cheeks and the warmest comforters were thundering in, and diffusing themselves over the floor, — the girls taking one side of the room and the boys the other.

When Mr. Dwyer began this school a few years ago, only two hundred children attended, — a mere handful in a Catholic parish, — but every teacher bound himself to visit each of his pupils once a month, and so endeavor to interest the people in the school. The effect was magical. Children came pouring in, until now the average attendance is two thousand, and there have been in the school at one session three thousand three hundred and forty.

The noise continued to increase till ten minutes past nine, when nearly every pew was filled, and the side extensions following the cruciform plan of the church were also crowded with the younger children seated upon benches, each bench having a teacher at one end. Meanwhile, the candles of the altar had been lighted, the choir had assembled, and the organ had been opened. A bell tinkles. A priest is at the altar, attended by two boys, who had come in unobserved amid the confusion. The bell rings again. Every child gets upon its knees, and every adult also, except the lonely heathen before mentioned. It was a truly affecting spectacle, — the rows of little boys, with a tall teacher at the head of each row, all kneeling in the candid, upright manner in which our Roman Catholic brethren always do kneel. There was still, however, a great noise of boys coming in and kneeling, and it was some minutes before there was any general approach to silence.

This mass, like the early one in the church, was performed without the priest's uttering one audible word. The responses and the psalm-like portions of the mass were sung by the choir, which consisted of one man, one woman, and about twenty children, who sang very well, and very appropriate music. But in that low, crowded, noisy room the music had as much effect as if performed in a tunnel, or at the bottom of a large, deep well. Thus, as the priest said nothing, and the choir could not be understood, the children were thrown, as it were, upon their own resources; and those resources, it must be owned, were insufficient. Many of the boys followed the service in their little prayer-books, and most of them refrained from conversation. There were always some, however, who kept up a sly whispering in the ears of their neighbors, and the countenances of a very large number were expressive of — nothing.

But what strains are these? Old Hundred introduced into the mass! Slightly altered, it is true, but unmistakably Old Hundred. And again: the children of the choir break into one of our most joyful tunes, which is sung in every Protestant church, on an average, once every Sunday the year round. Later in the mass the choir sang one of the regular Sunday-school airs, such as Mr. Root of Chicago composes, — similar in character to "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." To think of Catholic children presuming to express their joyful emotions by the aid of Protestant music! Congress, perhaps, will be petitioned next winter for an Inter-Denominational Copyright Law.

The supreme moment of the mass, announced by the ringing of the bell, is at the elevation of the host. Now, for the first time during the service, there was silence in the room; and every head was bowed, while the priest said inaudibly, in Latin: "Accept, O Holy Father, almighty, eternal God, this immaculate Host, which I, thy unworthy servant, offer unto thee, my living and true God, for my innumerable sins, offences, and negligences, and for all here present; as also for all faithful Christians, both living and dead, that it may be profitable for my own and for their salvation unto life eternal. Amen." Soon after this solemnity, ten or fifteen children, from nine to eleven years of age, went to the altar and communed. All this army of children, except a very few under seven years of age, have been confirmed, and consequently are communicants. Many hundreds of them had been recently confirmed, — clad in white garments, adorned with

flowers, accompanied by parents and friends, and surrounded by whatever is most expressive of joy and hope. In this easy and pleasant way our Roman Catholic brethren "join the church." As we have already observed, there is not, among Catholics, anything of that distinction between those who "belong to the church" and those who do not, which is so painful, and, as some of us think, so deeply demoralizing, a circumstance of American life. There are good Catholics and bad Catholics, devout Catholics and neglectful Catholics; but all are Catholics; all are members of the church; all can at any moment resume neglected obligations without taking the public into their confidence. The attitude and condition of each soul is a secret known only to itself and to one other. Hence there is no such thing as a roll of members in a Catholic parish, and there are no formalities attending the transfer of a member to another parish. The poor emigrant is at home in the first church he comes to, and every priest is his father. This is one of the most important differences between our Roman Catholic brethren and ourselves; and it is one which gives them a most telling advantage in this country among educated persons who love virtue and loathe the profession of it.

This Sunday-school mass lasted thirty-five minutes, at the end of which the priest put on his black cap and retired. A curtain was then drawn across the altar, which exempted all from the obligation of bending the knee on passing it. A furious uproar arose when the mass ended, caused by the gathering of the classes around the teachers and getting ready for the next exercise, which was catechism. For about half an hour the whole body of children were engaged in saying their lesson, and in hearing the comments of the teachers upon it; and as there were two thousand of them the noise was great. Nevertheless, there was very little intentional disorder, although the air was so agonizingly impure as to enhance tenfold the difficulty of keeping order, and of keeping in order. Windows were opened, but it was of no use; the air never can be even tolerable in that basement when there are five hundred persons in it. After the catechism the superintendent mounted a platform in the midst of his flock, and reduced them to silence by the sound of his bell. Then he crossed himself, and said, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen," while all the children rose to their feet. He then said, "The Gospel for the day is,"— and read it to the children, all standing. He next said, "Kneel"; and all knelt on both knees, with the body upright. He said a very short prayer (five or six short sentences), which the children repeated after him. The school was then dismissed.

Usually, however, they spend the last fifteen minutes in singing a few simple songs, set to easy, lively music. Dr. Cummings, who was the late pastor of this church, and was venerated in it, composed a Sunday-school hymn-book in the last years of his life. The reader, perhaps, may be curious to know what kind of hymns our Roman Catholic brethren teach their children to sing. Well, cut out of this book one tenth of its contents, in which the saints are invoked and a few Catholic peculiarities are referred to, and it would be found suitable to any Protestant Sunday-school. There is, for example, a "Song of the Union," which might very properly be sung in Faneuil Hall on the Fourth of July: —

"Ere Peace and Freedom, hand in hand,
Went forth to bless this happy land,
And make it their abode,
It was the footstool of a throne:
But now no sceptre here is known,
No King is feared but God.

"Americans uprose in might,
And triumphed in th' unequal fight,
For Union made them strong:—
Union! the magic battle-cry,
That hurled the tyrant from on high,
And crushed his hireling throng!

"That word since then hath shone on high
In starry letters to the sky,—
It is our country's name!
What impious hand shall rashly dare

Down from its lofty peak to tear
The banner of her fame?"

The same strain of patriotism is continued in the three other stanzas. There are many hymns such as the following, called "A Child's Hymn to his Guardian Angel," which hovers over the line that divides poetry and superstition: —

"How kind it is of you to come,
Bright angel, from your starry home,
And watch by night and watch by day
Beside a sinful child of clay!
How good and pure I ought to be,
Who always live so near to thee.
Beneath thine eyes the whole day round,
Where'er I tread is holy ground.

"And if I had my wish I would,
Dear angel mine! be always good;
This minute I would rather die
Than say bad words or tell a lie.
I always feel disposed this way,
Whene'er I kneel me down to pray;
But I forget when church is o'er,
And am as naughty as before.

. . . . .

"But I would love to fear the Lord,
And shun each sinful deed and word,
Not do the sin, then feel the force
Of bitter shame and keen remorse.
I wish to think of God and thee
Whenever pretty things I see,
Till every flower that gems the sod
Shall make me think of thee and God."

Interspersed among such simple and innocent songs as this there are a few which Protestants disapprove: —

"O Mary! Mother Mary!
We place our trust in thee;
Our faith shall never vary,
Though weak the flesh may be.
Too oft, with steps unwary,
From duty we have bent:
O Mary! Mother Mary!
Thou teach us to repent."

But, on the other hand, there are no appeals to base terror, no horrid pictures of future hopeless torment. The only thing in the book that even calls to mind the fearful threats of eternal vengeance with which all children used to be terrified, degraded, and corrupted is a hopeful and sympathetic little hymn entitled "Purgatory": —

"When gentle showers
Cool the parched beds,
Languishing flowers
Lift up their heads.
Christ's precious merits,
Like gentle rain,
Soothe the good spirits
In their great pain.

"To the dim region,
Where dear ones mourn,
Love and religion
Bid us oft turn.
Prayer hath the power
To give them peace,
Speeding the hour
Of their release."

Such are the exercises of a Catholic Sunday school: mass, thirty-five minutes; catechism, about the same time; singing, fifteen minutes; the Gospel of the day read; a prayer of five lines; to which is occasionally added a short address by the pastor. The following summary of the Annual Report of this school for 1867 will interest some readers. The word "Mission," which occurs in it, signifies "revival," or "protracted meeting," concerning which something further may be said: —

Number of children on Register	2,346
Average attendance of children	1,607
Average number of children late	97
Number of teachers on Register	230
Average attendance of teachers	176
Average number of teachers late	9
Number of classes in Sunday school	210
Increase in the number of children on Register over 1866	762
Increase in the average attendance of children over 1866	427
Increase in the number of teachers on Register over 1866	62
Increase in the average attendance of teachers over 1866	31
Increase in the number of classes over 1866	54
Number of children at Festival, Jan. 13, 1867	3,000
Number of children at Festival, Oct. 27, 1867	3,434
Number of children to confession during Mission	2,900
Number of children who received communion during Mission	1,660
Number of children confirmed during Mission	1,530
Total number of visits to children during the year	4,973
Increase in the number of visits to children over 1866	436

THOS. E. S. DWYER, *Sup't.*

JOHN J. WELDON, FRANCIS A. REILLY, } *Secretaries.*

It is a beautiful thought, to gather the children of a community, for a short time — an hour and a half, no more — on Sunday morning, in some very inviting and perfectly salubrious place, where they shall enjoy themselves in singing songs and hymns, and hear something cheering and beneficial, and to join in any other exercises which the

affectionate ingenuity of their elders may be able to devise. It is a lovely idea, and one which civilization, having once possessed, can never again let go. So far, the idea has been carried out imperfectly; and it will perhaps never be made the most of until the churches all give up the attempt to expound the universe, and settle down to their final grand vocation, — that of inculcating virtue, instructing ignorance, and cheering human life. This Sunday school of our Roman Catholic brethren will doubtless improve when its zealous and amiable teachers have better facilities and a better school-room. It has already an excellent feature: this one session of an hour and a half is, at once, church and Sunday school; and nothing more is required of the children during all the rest of the day. There is no afternoon school, and the children are not expected nor advised to hear a second mass. Our Roman Catholic brethren never compel young children, over-schooled during the week, to attend Sunday school from nine to half past ten; to remain in church, understanding nothing of what is said and done there, until past twelve; and then, after dinner, to endure both school and church again, happy if they escape them in the evening. Of all the contrivances for making children sicken at the thought of everything high and serious this is the masterpiece. Fortunately, it is now scarcely known, except in a few very remote and benighted places. The time is near at hand, when the great joy of the week to the children of the United States will be the hour and a half of the Sunday school. Often, when hearing Mr. Dickens read, the thought occurred to us: What a splendid exercise some such reading as this for a Sunday school! Among a dozen teachers, surely there would always be one with a little natural aptitude for reading and personating, who would consent to go into training for a year or two, and then give all the children, every Sunday, half an hour of rapture, and an endless benefit, by reading something suitable.

Protestants who visit Catholic institutions for the first time, and converse with those who have charge of them, are surprised to find how little good Catholics differ from other good people. These teachers of the St. Stephen's Sunday school, for example, their *tone*, manner, feeling, cast of countenance, remind you continually of Protestant persons engaged in the same calling. They are as candid and open as the day. They are as truly and entirely convinced of the truth of their religion as any Protestant ever was of his, and their habitual feeling towards Protestants is — compassion. They think their religion is altogether sweet and engaging, full of comfort and hope; and they yearn to see all the world partaking of its joys and consolations. Just as we in our ignorance pity them, so do they in their ignorance pity us. The habitual feeling of good Catholics, with regard to their church and the rest of the world, was well and truly expressed by the late pastor of St. Stephen's, Dr. Cummings: —

> "World of Grace! mysterious Temple!
> Holy, Apostolic, One!
> Never changing, ever blessing
> Every age and every zone;
> Church, sweet Mother! may all nations
> Know thee, love thee as of yore:
> May thy children learn to prize thee,
> Daily, hourly, more and more."

Ignorant Catholics, of course, like ignorant Protestants, sometimes despise or hate those who differ from them on subjects which are far beyond all human comprehension. But the general feeling of our Roman Catholic brethren towards us is a tender and warm desire that we should immediately abandon our gloomy and abortive religion, and come back to the true fold, where all is cheerfulness, certainty, and love, — especially, *certainty!* There is nothing they pity us so much for as the doubt and uncertainty in which they suppose many of us are living concerning fundamental articles of faith. A Catholic cannot doubt; for the instant he doubts he ceases to be a Catholic. His church is "infallible"; hence his doctrine must be right. His priest is the director of

his soul; he has but to obey his direction. Thus a good Catholic has intellectual satisfaction and peace of conscience both within his reach; and he truly pities those who grope in mental darkness, and carry the burden of their sins, without the possibility of ever being *quite* sure they are forgiven. The priest says: "I absolve thee"; but it is on certain conditions named, with which a person can comply, and with which he can *know* he has complied.

There is an impression among Protestants that the Catholic priests are not believers in their own creed; but that, being convinced of the necessity which exists in unformed minds of believing something absurd and fictitious, they recognize that necessity, and have organized superstition without sharing it. We sometimes hear Protestants parodying the ancient remark concerning the Roman augurs, and wondering whether two priests can ever look one another in the face without laughing. That there are Catholic statesmen and monarchs who take this view of the religion they profess is probable enough. Voltaire himself admitted, when his house had been robbed, that hell was an excellent thing to frighten thieves with, and he consigned to it the particular thieves in question most heartily. His friend, Frederick of Prussia, who was as thoroughgoing an unbeliever as himself, was in the habit of laughing at Voltaire's zeal against the faith of Christendom; and used to tell him, that, even if he could succeed in destroying that faith, which he could not, every ignorant mind would immediately attach itself to falsehoods still more extravagant and pernicious. At that day, too, there were not wanting in France abbés and bishops who passed their lives in deriding the church from which they derived their subsistence. But even then and there the vast majority of the working clergy were perfectly sincere and very laborious pastors, and gave the hungry peasant the greater part of the little comfort he enjoyed.

No candid person can associate much with the Catholic priests of the United States without becoming aware of the entireness and strength of their faith in the doctrines they teach, — without being convinced of their fidelity to the vows they have taken. Why remain priests if they have ceased to believe? It is not the life a false man would choose in *this* country. What with the early masses, the great number of services, the daily and nightly calls to the bedside of the dying, the labor and anxiety of hearing confessions, the deprivation of domestic enjoyments, the poverty (the Archbishop of New York has but four thousand dollars a year and his house), and what with the social stigma which in some communities the very name of Catholic carries with it, — there are few vocations in which a fervent believer would find more joy, and in which a hypocrite would suffer so much weariness and disgust. In one sickly time, two years ago, an assistant priest of a populous New York parish was summoned sixty-five times in eight days to administer the communion to dying persons, and forty-five of those times were between sunset and sunrise. The salary of an assistant priest, in these dear times, is four hundred dollars a year, a room, and a portion of the fees he receives for marriages, baptisms, and masses for the dead, — the whole being a bare subsistence, averaging about eight hundred dollars a year. The pastor of a church receives six hundred dollars a year, a house, and a portion of the fees just mentioned. In a few very extensive city parishes the priest may get a little more money than he really needs; but the great majority receive just enough for the three necessities, — food, clothes, and charity.

The manner in which our Roman Catholic brethren select and train their priests insures at least sincerity. It is a training which, in favorable cases, develops every noble trait of human nature except one, — the sceptical, question-asking faculty, to which all improvement, all progress, is due. Some of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest

human beings on this earth are Roman Catholic priests. I have had the pleasure, once in my life, of conversing with an absolute gentleman: one in whom all the little vanities, all the little greedinesses, all the paltry fuss, worry, affectation, haste, and anxiety springing from imperfectly disciplined self-love, — *all* had been consumed; and the whole man was kind, serene, urbane, and utterly sincere. This perfect gentleman was a Roman Catholic bishop, who had spent thirty years of his life in the woods near Lake Superior, trying (and failing, as he frankly owned) to convert rascally Chippeways into tolerable human beings. "I make pretty good Christians of some of them," said he; "but *men?* No: it is impossible." But while I so highly rate this exquisite human being, I must remember that his task in life had been far easier than ours. The two grand difficulties of human life he never encountered, — the difficulty of earning his subsistence, and the difficulty of rearing a family. "Thirteen year of temper in a palace," says Doctor Marigold, "would try the worst of you; but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you." The Catholic priest *ought* to be far gentler and sweeter than other men, since he has neither a cart to drive nor a temper to live with. It is also much easier to live in a grand, lofty, contemplative way, in the forest, than in New York or Chicago. A Catholic priest, indeed, would be much to blame if he failed to attain a high degree of serenity, moral refinement, and paternal dignity.

The training of priests is severe and long. They come to the altar to be ordained, with faces pallid and wasted by long fasting and late watching. Years before, when they were little boys in the Sunday school, they were noted for their docility, and their interest in all that related to the Church. The pastor marked them, observed them. As soon as they were old enough, they aspired to serve the priest at the altar; and this ambition was, at length, after due trial and preparation, gratified, to the great delight and pride of parents and relations. A Protestant can hardly imagine the joy of Catholic parents at seeing their son ministering to the priest at the altar. Besides being a conspicuous reward for his good behavior, and a kind of guaranty of his future good conduct, it is also something done toward his eternal salvation. Our Roman Catholic brethren, abounding in faith as they are, scoff at the idea of being "justified by faith alone," and feel themselves bound "to work out their salvation." The zealous lad, impelled partly by this motive, but chiefly by natural love of the self-denying and devoted, soon belongs to the select band of altar boys, who glory in assisting at the earliest mass, and in masses performed at midnight. The pastor converses with the parents, and if they consent, but cannot afford the expense of educating the boy for the priesthood, ways are found of aiding him through the preliminary studies. Those studies, — what are they? Latin, Greek, theology, and whatever else cultivates the imagination and assists faith, without giving play to that best something in the best human minds which will not take things for granted, — which inquires, doubts, denies, reasons, and presses on to better ways of thinking. That most powerful instinct, too, which urges the young man, like the spring bird, to seek his mate, has to be extinguished or controlled; and to this end fasting, watching, and other painful mortifications are enjoined, increasing in intensity as the time draws near for the final and irrevocable act of renunciation. With pinched cheeks and sunken eyes, and souls on fire, the young men kneel to receive ordination, while all good Catholics who look upon the scene are filled with a feeling that would be compassion if it were not triumphant joy. "We believe," says a convert, who witnessed the ceremony lately, "there were few dry eyes in that basement chapel when the long ceremony came to its close, when the last words of benediction had been given to the newly consecrated priests by the uplifted hands of the bishop; and cold and self-

ish must have been the heart which did not linger to send up a fervent petition that God would give perseverance to those youthful and self-devoted laborers in his vineyard. But never shall we forget the zeal and eagerness with which the first mass of each new priest was attended, or how the crowd, men, women, children, pressed forward at its close to receive the benediction from those innocent and now sanctified palms. So precious is this first blessing from a newly ordained priest, that old priests and even bishops come eagerly forward, and bow their heads under the freshly anointed hands."

Sincere! The sincerest believers in the world are our Roman Catholic brethren. Faith, like every other faculty or habit, grows strong by exercise. Every time a Catholic attends mass, he is required to perform the most tremendous act of faith ever attempted by the human mind since its creation. Whatever may be weak or wanting in Catholics, they abound in faith.

Our Roman Catholic brethren are acquiring so great an estate in the United States, and acquiring it so rapidly, that it becomes a matter of public concern how they get it, what they do with it, and, especially, what they *will* do with it by and by, when it shall have become the largest property held in the country by or for an organization. Other organizations usually live from hand to mouth; but, somehow, the Catholics always contrive to have a little money ahead, to invest for the future. The Catholic Church, seven tenths of whose members are exempt from the income tax because their income is under a thousand dollars a year, is a capitalist, and has the advantage over other organizations which a man has over his fellows who, besides earning his livelihood, has a thousand dollars to operate with. There are spots in the Western country, over which the prairie winds now sweep without obstruction, that will one day be the sites of great cities. Our Roman Catholic brethren mark those spots, and construct maps upon which, not existing towns alone are indicated, but probable towns also. A professor of one of our Western colleges saw, two years ago at Rome, a better map of the country west of the Mississippi than he ever saw at home; upon which the line of the Pacific Railroad was traced, and every spot was dotted where a settlement would naturally gather, and a conjecture recorded as to its probable importance. Five hundred dollars judiciously invested in certain localities now will buy land which, in fifty years, or in twenty, may be worth one hundred millions. Thirty-seven years ago the best thousand acres of the site of Chicago could have been bought for a dollar and a quarter an acre; and there is one man now in Chicago who owns a lot worth twenty thousand dollars which he bought of the government for fifteen cents and five eighths. Now, there are in the Roman Catholic Church men whose business it is to turn such facts to the advantage of the church, and there is also a systematic provision of money for them to expend for the purpose.

Look at our island of Manhattan! Sixty-seven years ago there were but one or two small Catholic churches upon it. It was not until 1808 that there was such a personage as a Roman Catholic bishop of New York. Run over the diocese now, and what do we find? Churches, 88; chapels attached to institutions, 29; colleges and theological seminaries, 4; academies and select schools, 23; parochial schools, one to nearly every church; charitable asylums and hospitals, 11; religious communities of men, 6; of women, 10. But this enumeration, as every New-Yorker knows, conveys no idea of the facts. Everything which our Roman Catholic brethren buy or build is bought or built with two objects in view, — duration and growth. Hence massive structures, and plenty of land! Wherever on this island, or on the lovely waters near it, you observe a spot upon which nature and circumstances have assembled every charm and every advantage, there the fore-

sight and enterprise of this wonderful organization have placed, or are placing, something enormous and solid with a cross over it. The marble cathedral which is to contain ten thousand persons is going up on the precise spot on the Fifth Avenue which will be the very best for the purpose as long as the city stands. Yet, when that site was selected, several years ago, in the rocky wilds beyond the cattle-market, no one would have felt its value except a John Jacob Astor or a Roman Catholic Archbishop. This marvellous church so possesses itself of its members, that Catholic priests are as wise and acute and pushing for the church as the consummate man of business is for his own estate. Our excellent and zealous friends, the Paulist Fathers, when they planted themselves on the Ninth Avenue opposite Weehawken, bought a whole block; and thus, for less money than one house-lot will be worth in five years, secured room enough for the expansion of their community and its operations for ten centuries! And there is the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in the upper part of the island, — the old Lorillard country-seat; and the great establishments of the Sisters of Charity on the Hudson, where Edwin Forrest built his toy-castle, — were ever sites better chosen? Mark, too, the extent of the grounds, the solidity of the buildings, and the forethought and good sense which have presided over all the arrangements.

All these things cost money, though bought and built with most admirable economy. Fifty million dollars' worth of land and buildings the church probably owns in the diocese of New York; one half of which, perhaps, it acquired by buying land when land was cheap, and keeping it till it has become dear. Protestants will not fail to note the wisdom of this, and to reflect upon the weakness and distracted inefficiency of *our* mode of doing business. But the question remains: How was the other half of this great estate accumulated in half a century by an organization drawing its revenues chiefly from mechanics, small store-keepers, laborers, and servant-girls? Why, in the simplest way possible, and without laying a heavy burden on any one. The glory of the Catholic Church, as we all know, is, that it is the church of the poor; and in this fact consists its strength, as well as its glory.

The unit of the Catholic Church is the parish. A certain number of parishes constitute the diocese, and a certain number of dioceses form an archdiocese; but the beginning of everything is the parish. Just as a company of troops is at once a whole and a part, small in itself, but imaging in its organization the whole army, independent and yet subordinate, such is a parish to the Church Universal. It so happens that a new parish is now organizing in the city of New York, which includes the house in which this article is forming out of chaos; and I can read from the front windows, stuck upon a lamp-post (in violation of an ordinance), a handbill which explains how it is done: —

"NOTICE TO CATHOLICS.

"A NEW PARISH.

"The Most Reverend Archbishop McCloskey has appointed the undersigned to take charge of a new parish, which will extend from the east side of Fourth Avenue to the East River, and from the north side of Eighteenth Street to the south side of Twenty-Fourth Street.

DEMILT HALL,

Northwest corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-Ninth Street, will be opened on and after Sunday, Jan. 5th, 1868, for divine service.

"On Sundays, at Eight o'clock.

"High Mass, Nine o'clock.

"On Holy Days of Obligation, Mass at Seven and at Nine.

"On other days, Mass at Seven.

"Sunday school will meet at the Hall on Sundays at Eight o'clock, A. M., and will continue one hour after Mass.

"At the Eight-o'clock Mass on Sundays, and at the Nine-o'clock Mass on Holy Days, a portion of the Hall will be reserved for children.

"Confessions will be heard every Saturday, commencing at Four o'clock, P. M.

"R. L. BURTSELL, D. D., *Pastor.*

"CHRISTMAS DAY, 1867."

Observe now the simplicity and efficiency of the system. St. Stephen's parish, containing twenty-five thousand Catholic souls, had become too populous to be adequately served by one church; and therefore this slice (a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, containing, perhaps, ten thousand Catholics) is cut off from it to form a new parish. The archbishop looks about among his clergy for a priest fitted by nature and circumstances to organize a parish and provide for it suitable buildings. The priest selected feels himself honored by the appointment; it is promotion to him; it is reward and stimulus. He comes to his new field unshackled, except by the general laws and usages of the Church. The same Church which tries and tests with such unrelenting severity the candidates for the priesthood trusts her priests with great freedom, great power, great responsibility, while supplying them with the most powerful motives to exertion. She supplies both kinds of motives, the noble and the commonplace. This priest has a church to build, schools to form, a parish to create. He has no wife: the Church is his spouse. He has no child: the Church is his HEIR! Professional pride, *esprit du corps*, human ambition, and all the other ordinary motives to exertion, conspire in this man with benevolence and religion: since he firmly and entirely believes that the Roman Catholic Church is the sweetest, holiest, sublimest thing known to man, — his best consolation here, and his surest passport to happiness yonder.

In union there is strength; and yet when a thing is to be done, one man must do it. Our Roman Catholic brethren contrive to work at once, with the power of a union of two hundred millions of members, and with the efficient force which only an individual can wield. This priest of the unformed parish is as independent as the captain of a frigate on his own quarter-deck, who must ever keep an eye on the signals of the admiral's ship, but who when the signal says *Go in*, lays his ship alongside, and carries on the action in his own way, subject only to the rules of the service. This priest, too, is not required to waste his force and the best of his time in writing brilliant sermons for the entertainment of a cloyed, fastidious congregation. His is healthier, manlier work. He has to do, at times, with contractors, masons, carpenters, architects. He is out of doors a good deal, watching the progress of buildings, upon the erection of which his heart is set, and the completion of which will gratify his pride as well as his benevolence, besides entitling him to consideration elsewhere. Seeing what a healthy and full life these Catholic priests lead, I no longer wonder to find them so round, contented, cheerful, and merry.

Our priest, as we see in the handbill, hires a hall, and begins. The enterprise is self-sustaining from the first day. His three masses on Sunday, his daily mass, his vesper services, his pew-rents, his fees, bring in money enough for all expenses, and a surplus for the church which is to be erected. At every mass there is a collection. A building committee is formed; subscription-books are opened; fairs are held. In seven years, come to this new parish, and you shall see: 1. A large and handsome church; 2. A good parsonage, next door to it; 3. A five or six story building adjoining for a parochial school, with two thousand children in it under the instruction of the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers. This is no exaggeration; for I am only stating here what has actually occurred in the next par-

ish, — that of the Immaculate Conception, in East Fourteenth Street. Seven years ago, when Dr. Morrogh was appointed pastor of this parish, there was neither church, parsonage, nor school. He now has an excellent church, which he is about to enlarge, a sufficient parsonage, and an exceedingly spacious and handsome school-house, wherein, by the time these lines are read, he will have twenty-five hundred children. It is true that Dr. Morrogh possesses unusual executive ability; but, on the other hand, his church is in the heart of one of the tenement-house regions, and he probably has not a hundred men in his parish who ever have a hundred dollars all at once. Probably he can boast — and a proud boast it is for a Christian minister — that nine tenths of his flock are laboring men and domestic servants. And it is these poor people who have solaced themselves by paying for these buildings, which cannot have cost less than two hundred thousand dollars. Nor has it been a heavy burden to any one but the pastor. "Many a night I have lain awake," said he, "wondering where the money was to come from to go on with." But for the people of the parish it was easy enough. Are there not fifteen thousand of them? If each contributes ten cents a week, does it not come to seventy-eight thousand dollars a year?

The regular revenues of a Catholic church in a city are numerous and large. Here is the Church of St. Stephen's, for example; let us endeavor to estimate its income: —

Six-o'clock mass on Sunday morning	$10.00
Seven-o'clock mass " "	25.00
Nine-o'clock " " "	25.00
Sunday-school collection	10.00
High mass at half past ten	40.00
Vespers	20.00
Six week-day masses, in all	25.00
Total weekly income	$155.00

This is equal to $8,060 for a year. Add to this the rent of 600 pews, at an average of $75 each, and we have an annual revenue of $53,060. The pew-rent, I believe, averages more than this; although the pews stand open to every comer, except at high mass and vespers.

Such is the income. The expenses are not great: —

Pastor's salary	$600
Three assistant priests, in all	1,200
Sexton, not more than	1,000
Organist, probably	1,000
Choir, about	4,000
Fire and gas, possibly	1,000
Total expenses	$ 8,800

This leaves an excess of income over expenditure of $42,260. This excess, except a small annual tax for the archbishop and the general interests of the diocese, is all expended in the parish. Upon most of these new city churches there is a debt which has to be provided for. If the parish is old enough to be out of debt, you may be sure it needs a new or an enlarged church, for which a fund is forming. If its church is sufficient, and the parsonage adequate, then you may expect to see the pastor directing the construction of a parochial school-house, large enough to draw off from the over-crowded public schools of the neighborhood the two thousand too many children on their rolls. Or, perhaps, there is connected with the church a religious community whose operations are expensive. Thus, by the unstimulated, quiet operation of the system, all our cities will be covered with costly Catholic structures, which will constantly increase in splendor and number. In some New England villages, and in several New England towns, the Catholic Church is already much the most solid, spacious, and ornate ecclesiastical edifice in the place. It must be so; for the poor, besides being more generous than the rich, are hundreds of times more numerous, and their pennies flow in a continuous stream. Nor do they confine their gifts to copper coin. "An Irish housemaid," says a paragraph just afloat, "has given a stained-glass window to the Catholic Church at Concord, New Hampshire." Nothing more credible. Two servant-girls, in this very house where I am now writing, educated their brother for the priest-

hood, — keeping on, year after year, spending nothing for their personal gratification, literally nothing, but sustaining him respectably, until one ecstatic day they went off in their Sunday clothes, their two faces radiant with joy, to see him ordained. Having accomplished this work, they next saved the sum requisite ($ 250 each) for their honorable admission into a laborious religious order, in which they now are. And yet the self-indulgent Parlor has the insolence to think itself morally superior to the self-denying Kitchen. The Recording Angel, if there is such a book-keeper, has something to enter to the credit of the Kitchen much oftener, probably, than he has to that of the apartments above it.

But we are talking of the financial system of the church. The archbishop, as before observed, draws a small sum annually from each parish; he also derives something from the revenues of the cathedral; and he controls the large fund arising from the sale of lots in the Catholic cemeteries, — all of which are the property of the diocese. Our Roman Catholic brethren decidedly prefer to be buried in cemeteries of their own. No strict Catholic will bury a member of his family in Greenwood or Mount Auburn, for he does not feel that God Almighty's ground is quite good enough for his bones to moulder in until a bishop has said a few words over it. We must pardon him this harmless foible, in consideration of our own similar weaknesses. The fact remains, however, that the income of the cemeteries adds something considerable to the central fund of the diocese, which is applied to objects of diocesan importance. We may illustrate the working of this part of the system by showing how the new cathedral in the city of New York was started, how it has been continued, and how it is to be carried on to completion. This edifice will probably cost two millions of dollars. It would cost ten millions if it were to be built by the city government.

When Archbishop Hughes made up his mind, about ten years ago, that the time had come for beginning a cathedral that would be worthy of the chief city of the Union, the debt upon the old cathedral had not been extinguished, the cemetery fund was almost consumed in enlarging and improving the cemeteries themselves, and the archbishop was dependent for his mere maintenance upon the product of the tax upon the parishes. No matter; the time had come for beginning; and every New-Yorker now sees how perfectly the commencement of the enterprise was timed. But there was no money. If it had been a Protestant enterprise, this fact would have presented a slight impediment. It is only our Roman Catholic brethren who can undertake two-million-dollar cathedrals without having any money. The archbishop caused a circular letter to be written, announcing his design, and requesting the person addressed to contribute toward it one thousand dollars. A copy of this letter, signed by the archbishop, was sent to every Catholic in the diocese known to be rich enough to afford himself the luxury of giving away a thousand dollars. A similar letter, also signed by the archbishop, was addressed to every Catholic who could be supposed capable of giving five hundred dollars; and another letter to many who could be rationally expected to give two hundred and fifty dollars; each of whom was invited to confer upon himself the pleasure and advantage of giving the sum mentioned in the epistle addressed to him. Such requests are never made without due consideration, and they are seldom refused. Nor is the church too particular as to *whose* money it shall accept. I have before me a Catholic subscription paper, on which may be read: —

Charles O'Conor	$ 250.00
John Morrissey	500.00

All is fish that comes to the church's net. By this expedient the archbishop raised three hundred thousand dollars, — enough to buy the land, lay the foundation, and carry up the walls a few feet. About the time the war broke

out the money was gone, and it was highly convenient to stop. The orphans and the widows of the war were a heavy charge upon all the city parishes. The ordinary collections at Christmas and Easter (sacred to the orphan in all Catholic churches) were utterly insufficient, and the people were called upon for further aid, which of course they gave most liberally. It was obviously not a time to be building marble cathedrals for posterity, and so the walls were carefully boarded over. The war being ended, the new archbishop issued a requisition, calling upon each pastor of a parish for a contribution to the cathedral fund, and allowing him a certain time in which to collect it. Work upon the building has been resumed, and will probably go on until it is completed; for the old cathedral is out of debt, and the cemetery fund is now productive.

The archbishop, be it observed, is the almost absolute ruler of the priests of his province. He places them, removes them, suspends them, according to his own good will and pleasure, subject to the laws and usages of the church. There is no appeal against his decisions, except to Rome; and this resource is seldom within the compass of a priest. Rome is far away, and a priest appealing against the judgment of his superior must have a very good case or a very good friend, in order to obtain a favorable judgment. But, on the other hand, a dignitary of the church is severely and long tested before promotion, and he is practically elected by the very men whom he is afterwards to govern. Soon after the death of an archbishop, the higher clergy of the province assemble to express their preferences with regard to his successor. They send three names to Rome. Opposite the first name is written, *Dignus*, worthy. Opposite the second, *Dignior*, worthier. Opposite the third name is written, *Dignissimus*, most worthy. The office is almost invariably assigned to the person whom his brethren thus indicate as their choice. The instances are rare in which an American prelate has abused his power over the clergy, and I believe no priest has yet applied to Rome for the redress of a grievance.

Among our Roman Catholic brethren the instinct of organizing and co-operating is wonderfully developed. I have before me a list, not complete, of the Catholic orders, which contains the names of two hundred and fifty-one varieties, each of which is an expression and a permanent gratification of the desire of some benevolent soul. One example: Two hundred and fifty years ago, a French priest, named Vincent de Paul, was requested by a lady of his flock to call the attention of the congregation to the case of a destitute family lying sick a mile from the town. He did so, and with such effect that the poor people were supplied with food in profusion, so that much of it was spoiled before they could consume it. This priest, being one of those men whom every event instructs, was led to reflect upon the need there was in every large town of having the benign impulses regulated, and the gifts of the benevolent husbanded, so that none of them should be wasted, and the supply should never be exhausted. The result of his meditations we behold in the order of the Sisters of Charity, which all the world approves, and will ever approve. But this was not all the good arising from Father Vincent's reflections. To-day nearly every Catholic parish in large towns, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, has within it a society called a "Conference of St. Vincent de Paul," the object of which is the systematic and judicious relief of the poor of the parish. These societies form one vast system of charity; each conference reporting to a diocesan centre, each diocese reporting to a national centre, and each nation to the Head Centre of the organization, — a cardinal residing at Paris. From him again, as the blood pulses back from the heart to the extremities, a quarterly report is sent to every corner of Christendom, which reaches every individual member of each conference. Any reader curious

to know the practical working of the system can gratify his desire by expending ten cents at any Catholic bookstore, where he can buy the "Rules of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

Then there is the "Propaganda," or, as we should term it, the missionary system. This, too, is an organization which embraces the whole world, and to the funds of which tens of millions of Catholics contribute. Each member of the organization gives one cent a week toward the extension of the domain of the Church. In every ten members there is one person who is authorized to receive the weekly coppers, and pay the dime over to an individual who is the centre of ten tens. By the time the money reaches *his* hands it has become a dollar, and he hands the dollar to one who receives for ten of these ten tens. We have now rolled up the sum to ten dollars, which is paid to the head of ten of the hundred tens; and so it goes on swelling until it reaches the chief of the propaganda, another cardinal, who lives at Lyons. He, in turn, sends to the societies a report of the grand result, which, by a system of handing from one ten to another, is made to reach every giver of a weekly cent. Thus is the money raised which sustains the Church beyond the bounds of Christendom, and buys the sites of churches where as yet there is no human habitation.

There is no end to the charities of our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters, and all that they do in this way is done with the efficiency and power of a disciplined organization. An admirable case in point is that of a community in Paris, which consists of an equal number of blind and seeing sisters. In each cell there is one of each; and it is part of the occupation of the sister who can see to aid, wait upon, and read to the sister who is blind. It does the heart good merely to know that such a sweet device as this has ever been conceived. There is a little book published in Paris (and we ought to have such in our cities) which contains a catalogue and brief account of all the charitable organizations there, — *Manuel des Œuvres et Institutions de Charité. Publié par Ordre de Mgr. l'Archevêque*, &c. It contains a description of one hundred and ninety-two benevolent societies and systems. Any one would be puzzled to think of a malady, misfortune, deprivation, or peril for which there does not exist in Catholic Paris some organized remedy, mitigation, or prevention. The mere enumeration would exhaust all my remaining space, and I can only mention a few. There are societies for aiding mothers before, during, and after confinement; some of which give indoor, others out-door aid; some bearing the whole charge, others part; some aiding mothers themselves to form a fund against the time, and others insuring the required aid, whenever needed, in return for the payment of a small sum periodically. There are societies for the preservation and assistance of every conceivable description of needy children, — lost children, abandoned children, neglected children, destitute children, bad children, blind, deaf and dumb, and crippled children; children subject to fits, convalescent children, children whose mothers have to go out to work, children who want to be apprenticed and cannot pay the required premium, children who have no one to teach them their catechism; orphan children in asylums, orphan children living with relatives, orphan children in places, orphan children adopted, Polish orphans, Jewish orphans. Besides special hospitals for almost every kind of curable and incurable maladies, there are asylums for every description of disabled persons, — the blind, the deaf and dumb, the crippled, the aged, the imbecile, the incompetent of all kinds and degrees. And this vast system of charity is carried on by our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters, and most of the work is done by persons dedicated for life to the service of the afflicted, and trained to discharge their vocation in the best manner.

It is interesting to observe how each

part of the Catholic system, besides promoting the general object, works in special harmony with special aims. Example: it is the wish, it is the fixed intention, of our Roman Catholic brethren to have a free school in every parish in the United States sufficient for the accommodation of all the Catholic children resident in the parish. In the diocese of New York there are sixty-one of these parochial schools, in which about twenty-five thousand pupils are taught, greatly to the relief of the cruelly crowded public schools. The religious instruction given in these schools consists of a lesson in the catechism, the saying of a few short Catholic prayers, the reading of the Gospel for the day, and an occasional exhortation; the whole occupying, on an average, twenty minutes a day. But it is not for the sake of the direct religious instruction that the pastors are so desirous of having parochial schools. There are several orders in the church which are devoted to the work of instruction, — the Christian Brothers, some of the Sisters of Charity, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and many more. It is from these orders that the teachers of the parochial schools are drawn; and it is the *Catholicizing* effect, upon the minds of the children, of these still, self-contained, cheerful persons that the pastors chiefly value. There is a marvellous economy, too, in the system; for these pious sisters and devoted brothers only require the necessaries of life. Dr. Morrogh pays into the treasury of the Sisters of Charity two hundred dollars per annum for each sister employed in his school! The sisters live at the house of their order in Fifteenth Street, and go forth every morning to the schools to spend a laborious day in instructing ignorance, returning at noon and at night to their religious home. It will cost Dr. Morrogh about eight thousand dollars to sustain his school, possibly ten thousand. It would cost the city of New York eighteen thousand dollars. It happened to be a snowy day on which I visited this school, and no one went home to dinner. But when dinner time came, an apparatus containing a hot dinner for the sisters was brought round to them from their home near by, and they all sat down together in a nice little room to enjoy it, with the musical accompaniment of twelve hundred romping girls.

Surely there is something admirable and imitable in all this.

Of course there is shadow to be put into the picture. This amazing organization, or system of organizations, is the accumulated practical wisdom of many thousand years; but it is the work of imperfect human beings, and partakes of their imperfection. "There is a provision in nature," says Goethe, "to prevent trees from growing up into the sky." Else, Commodore Vanderbilt would own all the railroads, and we should all turn Catholics immediately. Every Protestant knows, or thinks he knows, precisely what the defect is which prevents this interesting tree from growing up into the sky, and spreading its branches over the whole earth. I think I know. I think it is because there is not a sufficient provision in it for adapting its doctrine to the advancing mind of the race. Perhaps, however, it is the modernized mind that is in fault.

Our Roman Catholic brethren, for example, firmly believe that miracles are daily wrought among them. They inform me, that the most noted miracle yet performed in the United States occurred in the city of Washington on the 10th of March, 1824. Bishop England, of Charleston, who ranked very high in the estimation of his brethren, investigated this miracle, published an account of it, and appended to his narrative the affidavits of thirty-seven persons, all of whom testified to the miraculous nature of the event. Mrs. Ann Mattingly, widow, aged thirty-four, residing with her brother, the Mayor of Washington, had been afflicted for six years with a hard and painful tumor in the lower part of the left breast, which four of the leading physicians of the city pronounced incurable, and for which they prescribed only palliative applica-

tions and medicines. She suffered all that a woman could suffer and live, — vomitings of blood, intense chills, pain almost insupportable, a most distressing cough, until she was reduced to a skeleton, and lay at death's door. From long lying in bed, her shoulders and back were ulcerated to such a degree that it was torture to her to have her linen changed or to move in bed. In the fifth year of her illness the tidings began to be spread abroad in America of the wonderful cures wrought in Europe through the prayers of a certain Prince Hohenlohe, a venerated priest of the Catholic Church; and some of the friends of the afflicted lady besought her to make known her sufferings to this holy man, and beg his intercession in her behalf. The pastor of her church, with the consent of the Archbishop of Baltimore, wrote to the princely priest, — as many others did in all parts of the world, — asking his prayers for this lady's recovery. The priest ascertained, however, that the Prince Hohenlohe had already made known his intentions with regard to all sick persons out of Europe who desired his prayers. He would pray for such on the tenth day of every month at nine o'clock in the morning, and he called upon all who wished to enjoy the benefit of his intercession to fulfil certain conditions. They must have faith in the efficacy of prayers; they must repent anew and deeply of their sins; they must form an immovable purpose to lead an exemplary life; they must perform a Novena, or nine days' devotion, in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus; they must confess, do penance, and receive the sacrament; and, finally, on the appointed day, the tenth of any month, at nine A. M., they must unite in prayers with the prince, far away on the other side of the ocean.

With all these conditions Mrs. Ann Mattingly complied. The priest of her church, two hundred of her friends and fellow-Catholics, as well as some other sick persons, shared in the Novena, and the archbishop of the province "graciously promised to join in prayer with them on the appointed day, 10th of March instant." The Novena was begun on the first day of March, 1824, so that it might end on the tenth. As there is a difference of six hours between the time at Washington and at the place in Germany where the prince lived, the priest appointed the hour of three in the morning for the last solemn act of supplication, and so notified all the families and persons concerned. At nine in the evening before, Mrs. Mattingly, who apparently had not many hours to live, confessed, and received absolution. At two in the morning, the priest who was in special charge of the Novena said mass in the church, and carried thence the sacrament to the afflicted lady's room, where he arrived about half past two. She was then so low and so incessantly tormented by a cough, that the priest was apprehensive she would die before she had communed. The sacrament, however, was administered, and it cost the lady a painful effort of six minutes to swallow it. The solemn ceremony being ended, the priest wrapped up the sacred vessels and implements, gave the usual blessing to the kneeling family (five in number, all of whom swear to these and the following statements), and was making his last adoration of the host before leaving, when he heard a deep sigh issuing from the direction of the bed. He turned, and behold, — a miracle! Mrs. Mattingly sat up, stretched her arms forward, clasped her hands, and said, in a clear, though weak voice, "Lord Jesus, what have I done to deserve so great a favor?" Sobs and shrieks burst from the persons present. The priest rose from his knees, and hastened to the bedside. She raised his hand. "Ghostly father," she cried, "what can I do to acknowledge such a blessing?" "Glory be to God!" he exclaimed; "we may say so. O, what a day for us!" On being asked to tell what she felt, she said, "Not the least pain left."

She went on to say, that, being overcome by her sufferings, and in expectation of immediate death, she had said to herself, "Lord Jesus, thy will be

done!" and at that instant she was completely relieved from all her pains. "I wish to get up," she cried joyfully, "and give thanks to God on my knees"; and so she did, and remained kneeling for fifteen minutes without fatigue. She walked; she dressed herself; she came down to breakfast; she ate heartily, and remained up all day, receiving the visits of friends and strangers, who came in crowds to see her. Every trace of the tumor was gone! *The ulcers upon her back had vanished, and left no scar;* and, what was strangest of all, the matter which those ulcers had discharged had all disappeared, both from the bed-clothes and from her own night-dress!! Upon this last point Bishop England is emphatic. "I am perfectly convinced," he says, "that, were I disposed to collect the testimony relating thereto, it would appear to the satisfaction of every unbiased, impartial, and judicious reader, unquestionable, that as miraculous a change took place in the state of the clothing of the bed and of the body as there did in the state of the body itself."

This assertion of the excellent Bishop is safe, because upon such subjects *no* reader is unbiased, *no* reader is impartial.

This narrative illustrates a very important difference between our Roman Catholic brethren and ourselves. A good Catholic, no matter what his rank or culture, believes in such things without an effort. It was not necessary for the faith of Catholics that Bishop England should gather such a mass of testimony. Three good witnesses would have sufficed quite as well as three dozen. But no amount or quality of testimony could convince a Protestant mind that Mrs. Mattingly's tumor was cured miraculously, and her linen miraculously cleansed. For my part, if the President and Vice-President, if the whole Cabinet, both houses of Congress, and the judges of the Supreme Court, had all sworn that they saw this thing done, and I myself had seen it, — nay, if the tumor had been on my own body, and had seemed to myself to be suddenly healed, — still I should think it more probable that all those witnesses, including myself, were mistaken, than that such a miracle had been performed. Such is the incredulity of a modernized mind, especially if that modernized mind has occasionally served on a jury, and so learned the value of human testimony.

How different with Catholics! "Why!" says Father Hecker, "we do not worship a dead God! Where is the improbability? No one doubts God's ability to heal his faithful servants; why should we find it so hard to believe that he does so? Protestants usually admit that miracles were once performed, and they still use language in their prayers which implies an expectation of miraculous aid. We Catholics have a living practical *faith* in Providence, which you Protestants think you have, and have not. And where is your authority for saying that, during a certain period of the world's history, miracles were wrought, but that there came a moment when they ceased to be wrought? Why is it rational to believe in a miracle which occurred Anno Domini 32, but wholly irrational to believe in one wrought Anno Domini 1868?"

These are not the precise words of the able and devoted Superior of the Paulists, but such are some of his ideas. I did not, do not, cannot answer his questions. My office is merely that of reporter, and, with the permission of the gentle reader, I will continue my report in a future number of this magazine. I have yet to relate the special measures now on foot for the conversion of us all, and the grounds upon which our Roman Catholic brethren rest their confident expectation of being in another generation or two the dominant church of the United States.

THE POISON OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE animal kingdom adds but two active poisons to the numberless fatal agents which form in bark and seed, or get new birth by annual dozens from the chemist's laboratory.

These two animal poisons are furnished by the race of venomous serpents and by the toad, whose ancient and evil reputation modern toxicology has finally justified by discovering in the mucus of his skin a deadly and rapid poison. The other animal substances which injure we may pass over here, because the venom of the centipede or the scorpion is rarely fatal, and at all events is not to be compared to the potent material which the rattlesnake, cobra, or viper deals out to its victim.

The venom of the serpent is certainly one of the most powerful of all the poisons; and it therefore strikes us as strange, that, for devilish devices to kill, men have plundered vegetable and mine, but have left to the serpent untouched his death-giving juices. So far is this from the popular belief, that venom has been for ages supposed to form part of certain famous poisons, and within a few years it was thought to be the chief ingredient in the well-known arrow poison of South America. The symptoms of venom-toxication are, however, distinct. It only injures when placed under the skin or deep in the tissues, and it is absolutely as harmless as bread when swallowed. To have been used by the poisoner it must, therefore, have been lodged in the tissues, — a difficult task; and we should have then found related a certain set of symptoms which would be unmistakable as evidence of the character of the poison. No such histories exist; and the doubtful case of the Queen of Egypt is the only one where the venom of the serpent figures upon the pages of historic poisonings.

The savage has been equally unwilling or unable to employ venom; and the various poisons with which he arms his spear or dart — such as the upas of the east and the various woorara s of South America and the Isthmus — are all found to be of vegetable origin, and to act differently from the poisons yielded by the snakes of the various countries in question.

It is to be presumed that the non-employment of a poison so fatal and so widely diffused has been due to the difficulty of securing it in quantity, and to the world-wide dread of serpents, rather than to any other cause. Such sentiments may have had something to do with the scientific neglect which so long left these poisons to be the subjects of a hundred fabulous tales, while other and far less interesting poisons have been studied over and over with never-ending care and patience. Not, however, that this has been the only reason. Science is fearless, and carries untrembling her all-revealing torch, with little regard to the fears and prejudices which check the steps of those who are not her followers and priests. But in Europe, where investigators are abundant, poisonous serpents are small and rare; whilst in lands where the snake exists in hideous plenty, the experimental toxicologist is rarely found, or lacks the means to carry on his pursuits. In Europe, also, the added interest which once belonged to the subject on account of the number of serpents has lessened with their gradual extinction; and, as man has not himself employed this poison, it has also wanted the fascination belonging to agents which, having once figured in some famous poisoning case, never again fail of interesting the chemist and toxicologist, who set about at once to discover antidotes and detective tests for each rare poison, as in turn it makes good this horrible claim to be

so considered. In this way the great Palmer case brought about the most careful study of both strychnia and tartar emetic; while the equally infamous Boccarmé poisoning in Belgium led to a thorough investigation of nicotine, which for the first time made its appearance upon the annals of crime.

Lacking this kind of interest, but surrounded by a haze of the strangest popular beliefs, the serpent venom got no fair examination until the researches of Francesco Redi, whose essay, originally in Italian, 1669, is now before me in Latin form, Amsterdam, 1675; a small volume of "Experimenta circa res diversas naturales, speciatim illas, quæ ex Indiis ad feruntur." On the title-page, a buxom figure of Science receives gifts from a plumed Indian with a crocodile comfortably bestowed under his arm. Charas, a better observer, wrote soon after Redi. His work, entitled "New Experiments upon Vipers, with Exquisite Remedies, etc., now rendered English," London, 1673, set at rest many popular fallacies, and prepared the way for the more elaborate research made by the well-known Felix Fontana, and first published at Lucca in 1767. Of this remarkable toxicological study it is difficult to speak too highly. Resting upon at least three thousand experiments on all classes of animals, it displays an amount of industry and scientific sagacity which have been rarely equalled. A short chemical paper by Lucien Bonaparte, and scattered records of cases of poisoning, comprise nearly all that has been added to the subject, so far as concerns the viper. In the East Indies, Russell and Davy have since experimented with the venom of the cobra, and Dr. Rufz has given us an excellent account of the dreaded *vipère fer de lance* of Martinique, while in our own country the toxicology of the rattlesnake and copperhead have been studied of late with every advantage which the most modern methods could give. From these researches collectively we are able to offer a sketch of the toxicology of snake poisons which will at least approach in completeness that which can be given of any of the best-known and more accessible poisons.

The United States possess but three kinds of poisonous serpents, known in popular language as rattlesnake, copperhead, and moccasin. The first of these having been the chief subject of study, we premise by stating that nearly all of our statements refer to this serpent. As a poisoner it ranks side by side with the cobra and viper *fer de lance*, and probably above the copperhead and the moccasin. In fact, all that we know at present leads us to believe that the venom of all serpents is alike in toxic character, and only differs in degree of virulence and in amount; so that what we gather as to the chemical and other qualities of the venom of any one serpent may, as a rule, be said to apply alike to all of this terrible family.

The rattlesnake, as every one knows, gets his name from the curious jointed appendix to the tail by which the hunter becomes aware of his neighborhood. We have seen one of these sets of rattles numbering eighteen joints, another thirty-six; which, if the vulgar notion be correct, would allot to the owner just so many years of life. We have known, however, three of these joints to form in forty summer days; so that it is probable the larger snakes might carry them by dozens, if they were not so brittle as constantly to be broken off and lost.

The attitude of a large rattlesnake when you come suddenly upon him is certainly one of the finest things to be seen in our forests. The vibrating tail projects from coils formed by about half the length of the snake, while the neck, lifted a few inches, is held in curves, the head perfectly steady, the eyes dull and leaden, the whole posture bold and defiant, and expressive of alertness and inborn courage.

Let us tease this gallant-looking reptile with a switch. He has power to throw his head forward only about one third to one half the length of his whole body, so that our game is safe enough.

Sometimes he will strike at the stick; usually he reserves his forces, judging wisely as to his own powers. At last, when he finds that he is getting nothing by pluck and endurance, he turns his head, and, unrolling coil from coil, glides away, not very swiftly, ready at a moment to coil anew, as a regiment forms square to receive a charge. If, as he glides along, you can seize his tail, and quickly enough lift him from the earth, holding him at arm's length, he will be utterly unable to return on your hand or to reach your body, having none of the great physical force of his cousins the constrictors. If, while on the ground, in any posture, coiled or not, you seize his tail, that deadly head will return upon you with a swiftness which seems as though you had touched some releasing spring in a quick machinery; so that there is no truth in the notion that the snake can strike only when coiled. The awful celerity of this movement is in odd contrast to the sluggard pace of most of his actions, which are sadly deceptive, and have cost more than one man his life. Hundreds of times have we seen this swift motion, and as often marvelled at the simplicity and certainty of the means which drove the relentless, death-laden head to its mark. Let us look a moment at the rest of the apparatus, and then we shall the easier understand how all the parts unite in functional activity so as to give to this horrible instrument the same efficiency which Nature has secured for her other and more seemingly useful purposes.

The laboratory in which the serpent makes his potent medicine is an almond-shaped gland behind the eye, on either side of the upper jaw. It looks like the ordinary salivary glands, and is merely a mass of minute tubes surrounded by little sacs or cells, only to be seen by a microscope. Here the venom forms, and thence reaches a larger tube at the lower side of the gland. This is the only poison-sac. It communicates with a tube or duct about the size of a steel knitting-needle, which runs forward under the eye, and then around the front of the upper jaw, where it has a slight enlargement made up of muscular fibres, so arranged as to keep the duct shut and to cork up the poison until a greater power overcomes the resistance. The anterior bone of the serpent's upper jaw is double, — one for each side. It is an irregular truncated pyramid; apex down, and hollowed, so that in it rests the stout base of the fang. This exquisite instrument is merely a hollow tooth, curved backwards like the bend of a sabre, with a little forward turn at the tip, which is itself solid, for strength's sake, and as sharp as the finest needle. About a line below this point, on the front aspect, there is a minute opening. If we run into this a bristle, it will appear at the base of the tooth, just where the tube leading from the gland lies against the fang, and is held to it by the folds of tissue which lie in the gums. When unused, the two fangs, with their supporting bone, in which they are rigidly fixed, are drawn backwards, and lie, covered by a cloak of mucous tissue, one on each side upon the roof of the snake's mouth. A second muscle is so attached to the maxillary bone as to be able to erect it, together with the fang, which, when thus ready for use, projects downwards into the open mouth, its convexity forwards.

Thus placed, it is at the utmost disadvantage; and this is only in part overcome by the backward bending of the head and the extreme opening of the mouth at the moment of the bite. Lastly, let us understand that two powerful muscles fastened to the upper bones of the head run over the venom gland, and then are attached, one on each side, to the lower jaw. Let these muscles shorten and two things result, — the jaws close on the body bitten, and, the gland being abruptly squeezed, the venom flies along the tube of exit, through the basal opening of the fang, and out at the orifice near its tip.

It will be easy now to understand how this wonderful machinery moves

in sequence to its deadly result. You have come a little too near this coiled death. Instantly the curves of the projecting neck are straightened, half a ring of the coil flashes out with it, and the head is thrust at the opposing flesh, the bulk of the body serving as an anchor. As it moves, the neck bends back, the mouth opens wide, the fangs are unsheathed and held stiffly, and you have a sharp pang as the points enter the skin. Quick as thought the lower jaw shuts on the part, deeper go the fangs, and, the same muscle which closes the jaw compressing the glands, the venom is injected among the tissues which the fangs have pierced. Of late the doctors have taken to administering medicines by a very similar process, which has been found to combine economy in the amount of medicine needed with the utmost efficiency as to results. This instrument is merely a hollow needle, through which the medicine is forced by a syringe. I wish I could say that the hint was taken from the snake, so much of a plea might have been put forward for his abused race.

It sometimes chances that, despite all this exquisite machinery, some little failure occurs, which may be taken as a desirable piece of good luck for the person aimed at. For instance, the teeth may strike at a disadvantage and be suddenly doubled backwards, whereupon the venom occasionally goes down the snake's throat, and, as we shall see, does him no such harm as drugs usually do the apothecary; or it chances that, the sequence of actions failing as to their due order, the venom is ejected before the fang enters, or escapes at the base of the tooth on account of the duct not being drawn neatly upon the aperture of the tooth.

Let these incidents occur, and at the same time let the sharp and hooked teeth of the lower jaw wound the skin, and we shall have all the material for a case of rattlesnake bite, in which we may administer an antidote with great surety of success. A snake strikes you, the skin is wounded, and the conclusion is naturally drawn that you are also poisoned; whereas both in man and animals, as we have seen many times, the victim may drag the snake some distance, hung to the tissues by the harmless little hooked teeth of the lower jaw.

It is also a matter of moment whether, being bitten, you have received two fang-wounds or only one, because the two glands are as independent of one another as two rival drug-shops; and, if you get both fangs in you, the dose of the venom is twice what it would be if only one of them entered. Luckily, it often chances that, in small members like the fingers, one tooth goes aside of the mark, and so fails of its purpose, thus lessening the risk exactly one half.

These keenly tempered fangs are liable to be lost by accidents, and also to fall by natural decay. When the former occurs, the snake is unarmed for the time; but in a few days a reserve fang — which always lies behind or to one side of the active tooth — becomes firmly set in its socket, and comes into apposition with the opening of the duct. It is therefore not enough to pull out the active fang, since numerous others lie ready for use in the gum behind it. A young friend once showed me a small rattlesnake, from which he had taken the active fangs three months before, supposing the reptile thus disarmed for life. He was accustomed to handle it freely, and had never been bitten. On opening the mouth, I pointed out to him the new and efficient teeth which had taken the place of those he had removed. How much danger he thus ran it were hard to say, since the snake may be handled with impunity, if care be taken not to hurt it or to use abrupt motions.

A very startling incident illustrative of this occurred some years ago in Philadelphia. A tavern-keeper had in a box two large rattlesnakes, perfectly wild, and not long captives. Coming into his bar-room early one morning, he found his little daughter, about six years old, seated beside the open snake-

box, with both serpents lying in her lap. He was wise enough, seeing her unhurt, to ask how they got out, and hearing in reply that she herself had lifted them from the box, he ordered her to replace them, which she did without harm, finally closing upon them the lid of their cage. Snakes long confined very often become so tame that, as we have found, they will allow mice, reed-birds, or pigeons in their cage without attempting to injure them. If any still doubt that the rattlesnake may be handled with impunity, the experience of the naturalist Waterton may end his doubt. His biographer describes him as seizing and holding poisonous serpents with an indifference which is only credible to those who have studied their habits with care. We are persuaded, however, that certain snakes are more likely to strike than others, some requiring the utmost provocation. This is very apt to be the case after the serpent has bitten a few times vainly upon a stick or other hard body; so that it seems probable, not only that the snake has memory, but that individuality may exist in forms of life even as low as this one. Where in the descending scale does this cease? Are there clever earthworms and stupid earthworms, — no two things anywhere precisely the same?

Let us now pursue our inquiry, — see how we may get the venom for study, and what physically and chemically this marvellous liquid may be.

Many ways of handling the serpent were tried before one was found simple and safe enough. While the complicated methods were used some narrow escapes were made, until at last we hit on a plan which answered every purpose. A stick five feet long, cut square at the end, was fitted with a thin leather strap two inches wide, tacked on to one side of the end, and then carried over it and through a staple on the other side, where it was attached to a stout cord. Pulling this leather out into a loop, and leaning over the snake cage, which is five feet deep and now open above, we try to noose one of the snakes. This has been done so often as to be difficult. At first, when it was slipped over their heads, they crawled forward through it; now always they have learned to draw back on its approach. At last one is taken, the leathern strap is drawn tight around his neck by pulling the cord, and is kept so near to the head that he cannot turn to bite the stick, if the pressure should provoke his wrath. Thus secured, we lift him from his dozen of friends, and, holding the noose firm, so as to keep him well squeezed against the end of the stick, we put him on a table. Next, resigning the staff and string to an assistant, we open the snake's mouth, and, with the edge of a little saucer, catch and elevate the two fangs. This is an old snake, milked often before, and now declining to bite unless compelled. Holding the saucer in one hand, we seize the snake's head over the venom gland, and with a thumb and forefinger press the venom forward through the duct. Suddenly a clear yellow fluid flows out of the fangs. This is the venom. The snake is four feet long, untouched for two weeks, and has given us about twenty drops of poison. The assistant replaces him in his cage, and we turn to look at the famous poison which a living animal carries unharmed in his tissues for the deadly hurting of whom it may concern. There is some of this fluid in a phial on the table before me, and here some of it dried for three years, — a scaly, yellow, shining matter like dried white of egg, and as good to kill as ever it was. No smell, if fresh; no taste; faintly acid, and chemically a substance which is so nearly like this very white of egg that no chemical difference may be made between them. Two things so alike and so unlike! Indeed, it seems hardly fair of Nature to set us such problems. We fall back upon an imagined difference in the molecular composition of the two, — very consoling, no doubt; but, after all, the thing is bewildering, explain it as we may. We would like not to believe it. We think of poisons as unlike what they hurt.

Let us take from a dog's veins a little blood, keep it a few hours in the open air, and throw it back into his circulation, and very surely you have given him his death. Ugly facts of disease where the body gets up its own poisons for home use make the wonder less to the doctor; but even now to him it must still seem wonderful, this little bit of white of egg to nourish, and this, to no human test, differing in composition, good for destroying alone.

It was once thought that the poison ceased to be such when not injected by the maker. Fontana disproved this, and so we may safely use it in our researches as we get it from the snake, with the great advantage of knowing what dose we administer. Let us now study the symptoms which this poison produces, and then learn, if possible, how it acts, and on what organs; because, as modern science has shown, all poisons have their especial organs, or sets of organs, upon which chiefly their destructive influence falls. This sort of analytic separation of the effects of poisons is always difficult, and never more so than as regards venom.

Rattlesnake poison is not fatal to all life. You cannot kill a crotalus with its own venom, nor with that of another. Neither can you poison a plant with venom. And, in fact, if you manage the experiment cleverly, canary-seed may be made to sprout from a mixture of venom and water.

We have seen, too, that the serpent often swallows his own poison. As for him, if it will not hurt being put under his skin, the wonder of its not injuring him when swallowed is little enough. It only excites amazement when we learn that it poisons no creature if ingested. We have fed pigeons with it, day after day, in doses each enough to have killed forty had it been put within the tissues. Placed in the stomach, it lies within some thousandths of an inch of the blood-vessels, only a thinnest mucous membrane between; and here it is harmless, and there it means death. Let us follow this problem, as has lately been done. Why does it not poison? We give a pigeon fifty drops of venom, which, otherwise used, would kill a hundred, and that surely. For three days we collect all the excretæ, and then, killing the bird, remove with care the contents of the intestinal canal. Knowing well what fluids dissolve the venom, we separate by this means whatever poison may be present from all the rest of the substances passed by or taken from the bird. Then, with the fluid thus obtained, we inject the tissues of pigeons. No injury follows; our poison has gone. But where, and how? Let us mix a little of it with gastric juice, and keep it at body-heat for an hour. It still poisons; but we learn at length, after many essays, that very long digesting of it in constantly added quantities of gastric juice does change it somewhat; and so, as we do not find it in the excretæ, we come to think that, being what we call an albuminoid, it is very likely to be altered during digestion, and so rendered innocent enough, it may be. Here, at last, we must rest, having learned first that venom will not pass through the mucous surfaces; and, second, that it undergoes such change in digestion as to make it harmless. In these peculiarities it stands alone, if we except certain putrefying substances which may usually be swallowed without injury, but slowly kill if placed under the skin.

As regards also the mode in which venom is hurtful to animal life, this potent agent is altogether peculiar. Let us examine a single case. We inject through a hollow needle two drops of venom under the skin of a pigeon. On a sudden, within a minute, it is dead, without pang or struggle; and the tissues, when examined, reveal no cause of death. The fatal result is rarely so speedy; but here, as with all poisons, personal peculiarities count for a good deal, and one animal will die in a minute from a dose which another may resist for hours. We repeat the experiment, using only half a drop. In a few minutes the bird staggers, and at last crouches, too fee-

ble to walk. The feebleness increases, vomiting occurs, the breathing becomes labored, the head falls, a slight convulsion follows, and the pigeon is dead. This is all we see, — merely a strange intense weakness. Before trying to explain it, we shall do well to watch that which takes place when a larger animal, surviving the first effects, perishes after a few hours or days. Here is a record of such a case. A large dog, poisoned with five drops of venom, lives over the first few hours of feebleness, and then begins to show a new set of symptoms. Some horrible malady of the blood and tissues has come upon him, so that the vital fluid leaks from the kidneys or the bowels, and oozes from the gums. The fang-wounds bleed, and a prick of a needle will drip blood for hours. Thus exhausted, he dies, or slowly recovers. Meanwhile, the wound made by the injecting needle or the fang has undergone a series of changes, which, rightly studied, gave the first clew to the true explanation of how this hideous agent acts.

A large and growing tumor marks where the needle entered. We cut into it. There is no inflammation at first; the whole mass is fluid blood, which by and by soaks every tissue in the neighborhood, and even stains the bones themselves. If, for the sake of contrast, we wound any healthy part with a common needle, without venom, we open thus a few small blood-vessels, which presently cease to bleed, because the escaped blood quickly clots, and so corks their open mouths by a rarely failing providence of all-thoughtful Nature. The conclusion seems easy, that the venom destroys the power of the blood to clot, and so deprives the animal of this exquisite protection against hemorrhage. If the creature live long and the dose be heavy, the collected blood putrefies, abscesses form, and more or less of the tissue becomes gangrenous. Nor is this evil only local. The venom absorbed from the wound enters the circulation, and soon the whole mass of the blood has lost power to clot when drawn. We are not willing to assert that this is a putrefactive change; but it is certainly in that direction, because this blood, if drawn, will now decay faster than other blood. By and by it begins to leak through the various tissues, and we find blood escaped out of the vessels and into the brain, lungs, or intestinal walls, giving in each case specific symptoms, according to the part injured and the function disturbed.

A further step has of late been gained towards comprehending this intricate problem. A young rabbit was made senseless and motionless with chloroform. Then its abdomen was opened, and a piece of the delicate membrane which holds the intestines was laid under a microscope, and kept moist by an assistant. The observer's eye looked down upon a wild racing of myriad blood-disks through the tiny vessels of the transparent membrane. Presently the assistant puts a drop of venom upon the tissue we are studying. For thirty seconds there is no change. Then suddenly a small vessel, giving way, is hidden by a rush of blood-disks. A little way off another vessel breaks, then a third, and a fourth, until within five minutes the field of view is obscured by blood, which at last causes a rupture in the delicate membrane, between whose double folds the vessels run to and from the intestine. We are now as near to the centre of the maze as we are likely to come, nearer than we have come with most poisons. We have learned that this bland, tasteless venom has the subtle power to forbid the blood to clot, and in some strange way to pass through the tissues, and to soften and destroy the little blood-vessels, so that they break under the continuing force of the heart pump.

The same phenomena may be seen on the surface of an open wound treated with venom; and that which happens in the wound, and, in the experiment just described, goes on at last everywhere in the body; so that in dozens of places vessels break down,

while the blood is powerless to check its own wasteful outflow, as it would have done in health.

We have dwelt so long upon the symptoms of the protracted cases of snake-bite as to have lost sight for a time of the smaller class of sufferers, who perish so suddenly as to forbid us to explain their deaths by the facts which seem so well to cover the chronic cases. These speedily fatal results are uncommon in man, but in small animals are very frequent.

It is common to see pigeons die within ten minutes, and in these instances no trace of alteration can be found in the blood or the solid tissues. Upon considering, therefore, the two sets of cases, it seems pretty clear that the venom has, besides its ability to alter the blood and enfeeble the vessels, some direct power to injure the great nerve centres which preside over locomotion, respiration, and the heart's actions.

To describe the experimental method by which these conclusions were reached would demand the space of another article, and involve a full explanation of the modern means of studying the effects of poisons; so that for this reason we must beg the reader to accept the proposition without being troubled with the proof.

It were well if the record of horrors ended with the death or the recovery; but in countries where poisonous snakes are abundant and cases of bite numerous, it is not uncommon to find that persons who survive become the victims of blindness, skin disorders, and various forms of palsy.

Fortunately the average snake-bite, even in India or Martinique, is far less fatal than was once believed; so that even dogs, when bitten, are by no means sure to die. Thus, of nine so treated on one occasion, only three perished; while among the eighty cases of venom poisoning in man recorded in our own medical journals up to 1861 we have but four deaths. This unlooked-for result is due chiefly to the fact, that the danger is directly as the amount of venom, and that the serpent, unless very large and long at rest, or in captivity, can rarely command enough to kill a man. Once aware of these facts, it is easy to see why so many remedies got credit as antidotes in a disease supposed to be fatal, and in reality not at all so.

Among the most absurd of the tales which rest on the common belief that a mere prick of a venomed fang may kill is that of the farmer who was stung by a snake, which not only slew him, but left its fang in the fatal boots; which falling to his descendants, proved fatal to two of them also. This story is to be traced to its original in the Letters of an American Farmer, by St. John (de Crèvecœur), where it loses none of the piquancy of the later versions.

The reader will by this time understand that it is impossible the mere wound of the dry fangs could destroy three persons in succession, so that we may confidently dismiss this tale to the limbo of other snake stories.

A few words must suffice to tell all we know as to the proper treatment. There are in this country at least a hundred supposed antidotes, and in Martinique about as many. It is an old saying of a wise doctor, that diseases for which there are numerous remedies are either very mild or very fatal. Taking the mass of cases of snake-bite in this country, few die; and this is why, as we said before, all means seem good alike. Tested fairly, where the dose of venom has been large, they are all alike worthless, — a beautiful subject for the medical statistician.

Looked at with an eye to symptoms, we see in the first effects of venom a dangerous depression of all functions, exactly like what follows an over-dose of tartar emetic. The obvious treatment is to stimulate the man, and this is the meaning of whiskey for snake-bite, — a remedy, by the way, which enormously increased the number of snake-bites in the army on our frontier. The intensity of the depression is shown best by the amount of whiskey which may

then be taken with impunity. In one case, a well-known physician of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, gave to a child aged two years a pint of whiskey in two hours. A little girl of nine years old in South Carolina received thus a pint and a half of whiskey in four hours. Neither patient was made drunk by these doses, and both recovered.

It is likely that too much whiskey is often given in such cases, since all that is desirable is to keep the person gently stimulated, and not to make him drunk. Nor does stimulus destroy the venom, — it only antagonizes its activity, as is best shown by mixing venom with alcohol, and then injecting the mixture under the skin, when the subject of the experiment will die, just as if no alcohol had been used.

As to local treatment, whatever gets the venom out of the tissues is good. Cross-cut the wound through the fang-marks, and suck at it with cups or with the mouth, if you like the bitten person well enough. Cut the piece out, if the situation allows of that, or burn it with a red-hot iron, — milder caustics being mostly valueless. One other measure has real utility. Tie a broad band around the limb above the bite, so as to stop the pulse. Now give whiskey enough to strengthen the heart. Let us then relax the band, and so connect again the circulation of the bitten part with the general system. The poison, before in quarantine, is let loose; the pulse becomes fast and feeble. We tighten the band, and give more liquor. The principle is this: You have ten men to fight, and you open the door wide enough just to let in one at a time. So much of the venom as your local treatment leaves in the tissues has to be admitted to the general system soon or late; we so arrange as to let it in a little at a time, and are thus able to fight it in detail.

Stripped utterly of its popular surroundings, and told in the plainest language, the mere scientific story of the venom of the rattlesnake is full of a horrible fascination, such as to some degree envelops the history of all poisons. One would like to know who first among the early settlers encountered the reptile, and what that emigrant thought of the original inhabitant. What they wrote of him soon after is told in the following quotations, with which we shall close. They have a peculiar interest, as the first printed statements about the rattlesnake, and as giving the earliest expression to certain fallacies which still retain their hold upon the popular mind.

(From *New English Canaan*, or *New Canaan*. Written by THOMAS MORTON, of Clifford's Inn, Gent. Printed at Amsterdam, 1637.)

"There is one creeping beast or longe creeple (as the name is in Devonshire) that hath a rattle at his tayle, that does discover his age; for so many yeares as hee hath lived, so many joynts are in that rattle, which soundeth (when it is in motion) like pease in a bladder, & this beast is called a rattlesnake; but the Salvages give him the name of Sesick; which some take to be the Adder; & it may well be so (for the Salvages are significant in their denomination of anything) & is no lesse hurtfull than the Adder of England & no more. I have had my dogge venomed with troubling one of these, & so swelled that I had thought it would have bin his death; but with one saucer full of salet oyle poured downe his throate he recovered & the swelling assuaged by the next day. The like experiment hath bin made upon a boy, that hath by chaunce troad upon one of these, & the boy never the worse. Therefore it is simplicity in any one that shall tell a bugbeare tale of horror, or terrible serpents that are in that land." (p. 82.)

(From *New England's Prospect*. By WILLIAM WOOD. London, 1636.)

"That which is most injurious to the person & life of man is a Rattlesnake, which is generally a yard & a halfe long, as thick in the middle as the small of a man's legge; she hath a yellow belly, her backe being spotted with blacke, russet yellow & greene colours placed like scales; at her taile is a rattle with which shee makes a noyse when shee is molested, or when shee seeth any approach neere her; her neck seemes to be no thicker than a mans thumbe, yet can shee swallow a Squerrill, having a great

wide mouth, with teeth as sharpe as needles, wherewith shee biteth such as tread upon her; her poyson lyeth in her teeth, for shee hath no sting. When any man is bitten by any one of these creatures, the poyson spreads so suddenly through the veines, & so runs to the heart, that in one hour it causeth death, unlesse he hath the Antidote to expell the poyson, which is a root called Snakeweede, which must be champed, the spittle swallowed & the roote applied to the sore; this is present cure against that which would be present death without it; this weede is ranke poyson, if it be taken by any man that is not bitten, unlesse it be physically compounded; whosoever is bitten by these snakes his flesh becomes spotted like a leaper untill he be perfectly cured. It is reported that if the party live that is bitten, the snake will dye, & if the party dye the snake will live. This is the most poysonous and dangerous creature, yet nothing so bad as the report goes of him in England. For whereas hee is said to kill a man with his breath, & that hee can flie, there is no such matter, for he is naturally the most sleepie & unnimble creature that lives, never offering to leape or bite any man if he be not trodden on first; & it is their desire in hot weather to lie in pathes, where the sun may shine on them, where they will sleepe so soundly that I have known foure men stride over one of them & never awake her; five or six men have been bitten by them, which by using snakeweede were all cured, never yet any losing his life by them. Cowes have been bitten, but being cut in divers places & this weede thrust into their flesh were cured. I never heard of any beast that was yet lost by any of them, saving one mare." (p. 38.)

(From *New England's Rarities.* Discovered by JOHN JOSSELYN, Gent. London, 1672.)

"The Rattle Snake who poysons with a vapour that comes through two crooked fanges in their mouths; the hollows of these fanges are black as ink. The Indians when weary with travelling, will take them up with their bare hands, laying hold with one hand behind their head, with the other taking hold of their tail, & with their teeth tear off the skin of their backs & feed upon them alive, which they say refresheth them." Ugh!! (p. 38.)

We are aware of no earlier accounts; so that, in the scope of this article, the readers of the Atlantic have the first and the very last words concerning the serpent in question.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

LATE in the spring of the year 1865, just as the war had come to a close, a young invalid officer lay in bed in one of the uppermost chambers of one of the great New York hotels. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a waiter, who handed him a card superscribed *Mrs. Samuel Mason*, and bearing on its reverse the following words in pencil: "Dear Colonel Mason, I have only just heard of your being here, ill and alone. It 's too dreadful. Do you remember me? Will you see me? If you do, I think you *will* remember me. I insist on coming up. M. M."

Mason was undressed, unshaven, weak, and feverish. His ugly little hotel chamber was in a state of confusion which had not even the merit of being picturesque. Mrs. Mason's card was at once a puzzle and a heavenly intimation of comfort. But all that it represented was so dim to the young man's enfeebled perception that it took him some moments to collect his thoughts.

"It 's a lady, sir," said the waiter, by way of assisting him.

"Is she young or old?" asked Mason.

"Well, sir, she 's a little of both."

"I can't ask a lady to come up here," groaned the invalid.

"Upon my word, sir, you look beautiful," said the waiter. "They like a sick man. And I see she 's of your own name," continued Michael, in whom constant service had bred great frankness of speech; "the more shame to her for not coming before."

Colonel Mason concluded that, as the visit had been of Mrs. Mason's own seeking, he would receive her without more ado. "If she does n't mind it, I 'm sure I need n't," said the poor fellow, who had n't the strength to be over-punctilious. So in a very few moments his visitor was ushered up to his bedside. He saw before him a handsome, middle-aged blond woman, stout of figure, and dressed in the height of the fashion, who displayed no other embarrassment than such as was easily explained by the loss of breath consequent on the ascent of six flights of stairs.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, taking the young man's hand.

He lay back on his pillow, and looked at her. "You used to be my aunt, — my aunt Maria," he said.

"I 'm your aunt Maria, still," she answered. "It 's very good of you not to have forgotten me."

"It 's very good of you not to have forgotten *me*," said Mason, in a tone which betrayed a deeper feeling than the wish to return a civil speech.

"Dear me, you 've had the war and a hundred dreadful things. I 've been living in Europe, you know. Since my return I 've been living in the country, in your uncle's old house on the river, of which the lease had just expired when I came home. I came to town yesterday on business, and accidentally heard of your condition and your whereabouts. I knew you 'd gone into the army, and I had been wondering a dozen times what had become of you, and whether you would n't turn up now that the war 's at last over. Of course I did n't lose a moment in coming to you. I 'm *so* sorry for you." Mrs. Mason looked about her for a seat. The chairs were encumbered with odds and ends belonging to her nephew's wardrobe and to his equipment, and with the remnants of his last repast. The good lady surveyed the scene with the beautiful mute irony of compassion.

The young man lay watching her comely face in delicious submission to whatever form of utterance this feeling might take. "You 're the first woman — to call a woman — I 've seen in I don't know how many months," he said, contrasting her appearance with that of his room, and reading her thoughts.

"I should suppose so. I mean to be as good as a dozen." She disembarrassed one of the chairs, and brought it to the bed. Then, seating herself, she ungloved one of her hands, and laid it softly on the young man's wrist. "What a great full-grown young fellow you 've become!" she pursued. "Now, tell me, are you very ill?"

"You must ask the doctor," said Mason. "I actually don't know. I 'm extremely uncomfortable, but I suppose it 's partly my circumstances."

"I 've no doubt it 's more than half your circumstances. I 've seen the doctor. Mrs. Van Zandt is an old friend of mine; and when I come to town, I always go to see her. It was from her I learned this morning that you were here in this state. We had begun by rejoicing over the new prospects of peace; and from that, of course, we had got to lamenting the numbers of young men who are to enter upon it with lost limbs and shattered health. It happened that Mrs. Van Zandt mentioned several of her husband's patients as examples, and yourself among the number. You were an excellent young man, miserably sick, without family or friends, and with no asylum but a suffocating little closet in a noisy hotel. You may imagine that I pricked up my ears, and asked your baptismal name. Dr. Van Zandt came in, and told me. Your name is luckily an uncommon one: it 's absurd to suppose that there could be two Ferdinand Masons. In short, I felt that you were my husband's brother's child, and that at last

I too might have my little turn at hero-nursing. The little that the Doctor knew of your history agreed with the little that I knew, though I confess I was sorry to hear that you had never spoken of our relationship. But why should you? At all events you 've got to acknowledge it now. I regret your not having said something about it before, only because the Doctor might have brought us together a month ago, and you would now have been well."

"It will take me more than a month to get well," said Mason, feeling that, if Mrs. Mason was meaning to exert herself on his behalf, she should know the real state of the case. "I never spoke of you, because I had quite lost sight of you. I fancied you were still in Europe; and indeed," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I heard that you had married again."

"Of course you did," said Mrs. Mason, placidly. "I used to hear it once a month myself. But I had a much better right to fancy you married. Thank Heaven, however, there 's nothing of that sort between us. We can each do as we please. I promise to cure you in a month, in spite of yourself."

"What 's your remedy?" asked the young man, with a smile very courteous, considering how sceptical it was.

"My first remedy is to take you out of this horrible hole. I talked it all over with Dr. Van Zandt. He says you must get into the country. Why, my dear boy, this is enough to kill you outright, — one Broadway outside of your window and another outside of your door! Listen to me. My house is directly on the river, and only two hours' journey by rail. You know I 've no children. My only companion is my niece, Caroline Hofmann. You shall come and stay with us until you are as strong as you need be, — if it takes a dozen years. You shall have sweet, cool air, and proper food, and decent attendance, and the devotion of a sensible woman. I shall not listen to a word of objection. You shall do as you please, get up when you please, dine when you please, go to bed when you please, and say what you please. I shall ask nothing of you but to let yourself be very dearly cared for. Do you remember how, when you were a boy at school, after your father's death, you were taken with measles, and your uncle had you brought to our own house? I helped to nurse you myself, and I remember what nice manners you had in the very midst of your measles. Your uncle was very fond of you; and if he had had any considerable property of his own, I know he would have remembered you in his will. But of course he could n't leave away his wife's money. What I wish to do for you is a very small part of what he would have done, if he had only lived, and heard of your gallantry and your sufferings. So it 's settled. I shall go home this afternoon. To-morrow morning I shall despatch my man-servant to you with instructions. He 's an Englishman. He thoroughly knows his business, and he will put up your things, and save you every particle of trouble. You 've only to let yourself be dressed, and driven to the train. I shall, of course, meet you at your journey's end. Now don't tell me you 're not strong enough."

"I feel stronger at this moment than I 've felt in a dozen weeks," said Mason. "It 's useless for me to attempt to thank you."

"Quite useless. I should n't listen to you. And I suppose," added Mrs. Mason, looking over the bare walls and scanty furniture of the room, "you pay a fabulous price for this bower of bliss. Do you need money?"

The young man shook his head.

"Very well then," resumed Mrs. Mason, conclusively, "from this moment you 're in my hands."

The young man lay speechless from the very fulness of his heart; but he strove by the pressure of his fingers to give her some assurance of his gratitude. His companion rose, and lingered beside him, drawing on her glove, and smiling quietly with the look of a long-baffled philanthropist who has at last

discovered a subject of infinite capacity. Poor Ferdinand's weary visage reflected her smile. Finally, after the lapse of years, he too was being cared for. He let his head sink into the pillow, and silently inhaled the perfume of her sober elegance and her cordial good-nature. He felt like taking her dress in his hand, and asking her not to leave him, — now that solitude would be bitter. His eyes, I suppose, betrayed this touching apprehension, — doubly touching in a war-wasted young officer. As she prepared to bid him farewell, Mrs. Mason stooped, and kissed his forehead. He listened to the rustle of her dress across the carpet, to the gentle closing of the door, and to her retreating footsteps. And then, giving way to his weakness, he put his hands to his face, and cried like a homesick school-boy. He had been reminded of the exquisite side of life.

Matters went forward as Mrs. Mason had arranged them. At six o'clock on the following evening Ferdinand found himself deposited at one of the way stations of the Hudson River Railroad, exhausted by his journey, and yet excited at the prospect of its drawing to a close. Mrs. Mason was in waiting in a low basket-phaeton, with a magazine of cushions and wrappings. Ferdinand transferred himself to her side, and they drove rapidly homeward. Mrs. Mason's house was a cottage of liberal make, with a circular lawn, a sinuous avenue, and a well-grown plantation of shrubbery. As the phaeton drew up before the porch, a young lady appeared in the doorway. Mason will be forgiven if he considered himself presented *ex officio*, as I may say, to this young lady. Before he really knew it, and in the absence of the servant, who, under Mrs. Mason's directions, was busy in the background with his trunk, he had availed himself of her proffered arm, and had allowed her to assist him through the porch, across the hall, and into the parlor, where she graciously consigned him to a sofa which, for his especial use, she had caused to be wheeled up before a fire kindled for his especial comfort. He was unable, however, to take advantage of her good offices. Prudence dictated that without further delay he should betake himself to his room.

On the morning after his arrival he got up early, and made an attempt to be present at breakfast; but his strength failed him, and he was obliged to dress at his leisure, and content himself with a simple transition from his bed to his arm-chair. The chamber assigned him was designedly on the ground-floor, so that he was spared the trouble of measuring his strength with the staircase, — a charming room, brightly carpeted and upholstered, and marked by a certain fastidious freshness which betrayed the uncontested dominion of women. It had a broad high window, draped in chintz and crisp muslin and opening upon the greensward of the lawn. At this window, wrapped in his dressing-gown, and lost in the embrace of the most unresisting of arm-chairs, he slowly discussed his simple repast. Before long his hostess made her appearance on the lawn outside the window. As this quarter of the house was covered with warm sunshine, Mason ventured to open the window and talk to her, while she stood out on the grass beneath her parasol.

"It's time to think of your physician," she said. "You shall choose for yourself. The great physician here is Dr. Gregory, a gentleman of the old school. We have had him but once, for my niece and I have the health of a couple of dairy-maids. On that one occasion he — well, he made a fool of himself. His practice is among the 'old families,' and he only knows how to treat certain old-fashioned, obsolete complaints. Anything brought about by the war would be quite out of his range. And then he vacillates, and talks about his own maladies *à lui*. And, to tell the truth, we had a little repartee which makes our relations somewhat ambiguous."

"I see he would never do," said Mason, laughing. "But he's not your only physician?"

"No: there is a young man, a newcomer, a Dr. Knight, whom I don't know, but of whom I 've heard very good things. I confess that I have a prejudice in favor of the young men. Dr. Knight has a position to establish, and I suppose he 's likely to be especially attentive and careful. I believe, moreover, that he 's been an army surgeon."

"I knew a man of his name," said Mason. "I wonder if this is he. His name was Horace Knight, — a light-haired, near-sighted man."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Mason; "perhaps Caroline knows." She retreated a few steps, and called to an upper window: "Caroline, what 's Dr. Knight's first name?"

Mason listened to Miss Hofmann's answer, — "I have n't the least idea."

"Is it Horace?"

"I don't know."

"Is he light or dark?"

"I 've never seen him."

"Is he near-sighted?"

"How in the world should I know?"

"I fancy he 's as good as any one," said Ferdinand. "With you, my dear aunt, what does the doctor matter?"

Mrs. Mason accordingly sent for Dr. Knight, who, on arrival, turned out to be her nephew's old acquaintance. Although the young men had been united by no greater intimacy than the superficial comradeship resulting from a winter in neighboring quarters, they were very well pleased to come together again. Horace Knight was a young man of good birth, good looks, good faculties, and good intentions, who, after a three years' practice of surgery in the army, had undertaken to push his fortune in Mrs. Mason's neighborhood. His mother, a widow with a small income, had recently removed to the country for economy, and her son had been unwilling to leave her to live alone. The adjacent country, moreover, offered a promising field for a man of energy, — a field well stocked with large families of easy income and of those conservative habits which lead people to make much of the cares of a physician. The local practitioner had survived the glory of his prime, and was not, perhaps, entirely guiltless of Mrs. Mason's charge, that he had not kept up with the progress of the "new diseases." The world, in fact, was getting too new for him, as well as for his old patients. He had had money invested in the South, — precious sources of revenue, which the war had swallowed up at a gulp; he had grown frightened and nervous and querulous; he had lost his presence of mind and his spectacles in several important conjunctures; he had been repeatedly and distinctly fallible; a vague dissatisfaction pervaded the breasts of his patrons; he was without competitors: in short, fortune was propitious to Dr. Knight. Mason remembered the young physician only as a good-humored, intelligent companion; but he soon had reason to believe that his medical skill would leave nothing to be desired. He arrived rapidly at a clear understanding of Ferdinand's case; he asked intelligent questions, and gave simple and definite instructions. The disorder was deeply seated and virulent, but there was no apparent reason why unflinching care and prudence should not subdue it.

"Your strength is very much reduced," he said, as he took his hat and gloves to go; "but I should say you had an excellent constitution. It seems to me, however, — if you will pardon me for saying so, — to be partly your own fault that you have fallen so low. You have opposed no resistance; you have n't cared to get well."

"I confess that I have n't, — particularly. But I don't see how you should know it."

"Why, it 's obvious."

"Well, it was natural enough. Until Mrs. Mason discovered me, I had n't a friend in the world. I had become demoralized by solitude. I had almost forgotten the difference between sickness and health. I had nothing before my eyes to remind me in tangible form of that great mass of common human interests for the sake of which — under

whatever name he may disguise the impulse — a man continues in health and recovers from disease. I had forgotten that I ever cared for books or ideas, or anything but the preservation of my miserable carcass. My carcass had become quite too miserable to be an object worth living for. I was losing time and money at an appalling rate; I was getting worse rather than better; and I therefore gave up resistance. It seemed better to die easy than to die hard. I put it all in the past tense, because within these three days I've become quite another man."

"I wish to Heaven I could have heard of you," said Knight. "I would have made you come home with me, if I could have done nothing else. It was certainly not a rose-colored prospect; but what do you say now?" he continued, looking around the room. "I should say that at the present moment rose-color was the prevailing hue."

Mason assented with an eloquent smile.

"I congratulate you from my heart. Mrs. Mason — if you don't mind my speaking of her — is so thoroughly (and, I should suppose, incorrigibly) good-natured, that it's quite a surprise to find her extremely sensible."

"Yes; and so resolute and sensible in her better moments," said Ferdinand, "that it's quite a surprise to find her good-natured. She's a fine woman."

"But I should say that your especial blessing was your servant. He looks as if he had come out of an English novel."

"My especial blessing! You haven't seen Miss Hofmann, then?"

"Yes: I met her in the hall. She looks as if she had come out of an American novel. I don't know that that's great praise; but, at all events, I make her come out of it."

"You're bound in honor, then," said Mason, laughing, "to put her into another."

Mason's conviction of his newly made happiness needed no enforcement at the Doctor's hands. He felt that it would be his own fault if these were not among the most delightful days of his life. He resolved to give himself up without stint to his impressions, — utterly to vegetate. His illness alone would have been a sufficient excuse for a long term of intellectual laxity; but Mason had other good reasons besides. For the past three years he had been stretched without intermission on the rack of duty. Although constantly exposed to hard service, it had been his fortune never to receive a serious wound; and, until his health broke down, he had taken fewer holidays than any officer I ever heard of. With an abundance of a certain kind of equanimity and self-control, — a faculty of ready self-adaptation to the accomplished fact, in any direction, — he was yet in his innermost soul a singularly nervous, over-scrupulous person. On the few occasions when he had been absent from the scene of his military duties, although duly authorized and warranted in the act, he had suffered so acutely from the apprehension that something was happening, or was about to happen, which not to have witnessed or to have had a hand in would be matter of eternal mortification, that he can be barely said to have enjoyed his recreation. The sense of lost time was, moreover, his perpetual bugbear, — the feeling that precious hours were now fleeting uncounted, which in more congenial labors would suffice almost for the building of a monument more lasting than brass. This feeling he strove to propitiate as much as possible by assiduous reading and study in the intervals of his actual occupations. I cite the fact merely as an evidence of the uninterrupted austerity of his life for a long time before he fell sick. I might triple this period, indeed, by a glance at his college years, and at certain busy months which intervened between this close of his youth and the opening of the war. Mason had always worked. He was fond of work to begin with; and, in addition, the complete absence of family ties had allowed him to follow his tastes without obstruction or diversion. This circumstance had been

at once a great gain to him and a serious loss. He reached his twenty-seventh year a very accomplished scholar, as scholars go, but a great dunce in certain social matters. He was quite ignorant of all those lighter and more evanescent forms of conviviality attached to being somebody's son, brother, or cousin. At last, however, as he reminded himself, he was to discover what it was to be the nephew of somebody's husband. Mrs. Mason was to teach him the meaning of the adjective *domestic*. It would have been hard to learn it in a pleasanter way. Mason felt that he was to learn something from his very idleness, and that he would leave the house a wiser as well as a better man. It became probable, thanks to that quickening of the faculties which accompanies the dawning of a sincere and rational attachment, that in this last respect he would not be disappointed. Very few days sufficed to reveal to him the many excellent qualities of his hostess,— her warm capacious heart, her fairness of mind, her good temper, her good taste, her vast fund of experience and of reminiscence, and, indeed, more than all, a certain passionate devotedness, to which fortune, in leaving her a childless widow, had done but scant justice. The two accordingly established a friendship, — a friendship that promised as well for the happiness of each as any that ever undertook to meddle with happiness. If I were telling my story from Mrs. Mason's point of view, I take it that I might make a very good thing of the statement that this lady had deliberately and solemnly conferred her affection upon my hero; but I am compelled to let it stand in this simple shape. Excellent, charming person that she was, she had every right to the rich satisfaction which belonged to a liberal — yet not too liberal — estimate of her guest. She had divined him, — so much the better for her. That it was very much the better for him is obviously one of the elementary facts of my narrative; a fact of which Mason became so rapidly and profoundly sensible, that he was soon able to dismiss it from his thoughts to his life, — its proper sphere.

In the space of ten days, then, most of the nebulous impressions evoked by change of scene had gathered into substantial form. Others, however, were still in the nebulous state, — diffusing a gentle light upon Ferdinand's path. Chief among these was the mild radiance of which Miss Hofmann was the centre. For three days after his arrival Mason had been confined to his room by the aggravation of his condition consequent upon his journey. It was not till the fourth day, therefore, that he was able to renew the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced. When at last, at dinner-time, he reappeared in the drawing-room, Miss Hofmann greeted him almost as an old friend. Mason had already discovered that she was young and gracious; he now rapidly advanced to the conclusion that she was uncommonly pretty. Before dinner was over, he had made up his mind that she was neither more nor less than beautiful. Mrs. Mason had found time to give him a full account of her life. She had lost her mother in infancy, and had been adopted by her aunt in the early years of this lady's widowhood. Her father was a man of evil habits,—a drunkard, a gambler, and a rake, outlawed from decent society. His only dealings with his daughter were to write her every month or two a begging letter, she being in possession of her mother's property. Mrs. Mason had taken her niece to Europe, and given her every advantage. She had had an expensive education; she had travelled; she had gone into the world; she had been presented, like a good republican, to no less than three European sovereigns; she had been admired; she had had half a dozen offers of marriage to her aunt's knowledge, and others, perhaps, of which she was ignorant, and had refused them all. She was now twenty-six years of age, beautiful, accomplished, and *au mieux* with her bankers. She was an excellent girl, with a will of her own. "I 'm very fond of her," Mrs.

Mason declared, with her habitual frankness; "and I suppose she 's equally fond of me; but we long ago gave up all idea of playing at mother and daughter. We have never had a disagreement since she was fifteen years old; but we have never had an agreement either. Caroline is no sentimentalist. She 's honest, good-tempered, and perfectly discerning. She foresaw that we were still to spend a number of years together, and she wisely declined at the outset to affect a range of feelings that would n't stand the wear and tear of time. She knew that she would make a poor daughter, and she contented herself with being a good niece. A capital niece she is. In fact we 're almost sisters. There are moments when I feel as if she were ten years older than I, and as if it were absurd in me to attempt to interfere with her life. I never do. She has it quite in her own hands. My attitude is little more than a state of affectionate curiosity as to what she will do with it. Of course she 'll marry, sooner or later; but I 'm curious to see the man of her choice. In Europe, you know, girls have no acquaintances but such as they share with their parents and guardians; and in that way I know most of the gentlemen who have tried to make themselves acceptable to my niece. There were some excellent young men in the number; but there was not one — or, rather, there was but one — for whom Caroline cared a straw. That one she loved, I believe; but they had a quarrel, and she lost him. She 's very discreet and conciliating. I 'm sure no girl ever before got rid of half a dozen suitors with so little offence. Ah, she 's a dear, good girl!" Mrs. Mason pursued. "She 's saved me a world of trouble in my day. And when I think what she might have been, with her beauty, and what not! She has kept all her suitors as friends. There are two of them who write to her still. She does n't answer their letters; but once in a while she meets them, and thanks them for writing, and that contents them. The others are married, and Caroline remains single. I take for granted it won't last forever. Still, although she 's *not* a sentimentalist, she 'll not marry a man she does n't care for, merely because she's growing old. Indeed, it 's only the sentimental girls, to my belief, that do that. They covet a man for his money or his looks, and then give the feeling some fine name. But there 's one thing, Mr. Ferdinand," added Mrs. Mason, at the close of these remarks, "you will be so good as not to fall in love with my niece. I can assure you that she 'll not fall in love with you, and a hopeless passion will not hasten your recovery. Caroline is a charming girl. You can live with her very well without that. She 's good for common daylight, and you 'll have no need of wax-candles and ecstasies."

"Be reassured," said Ferdinand, laughing. "I 'm quite too attentive to myself at present to think of any one else. Miss Hofmann might be dying for a glance of my eye, and I should n't hesitate to sacrifice her. It takes more than half a man to fall in love."

At the end of ten days summer had fairly set in; and Mason found it possible, and indeed profitable, to spend a large portion of his time in the open air. He was unable either to ride or to walk; and the only form of exercise which he found practicable was an occasional drive in Mrs. Mason's phaeton. On these occasions Mrs. Mason was his habitual companion. The neighborhood offered an interminable succession of beautiful drives; and poor Ferdinand took a truly exquisite pleasure in reclining idly upon a pile of cushions, warmly clad, empty-handed, silent, with only his eyes in motion, and rolling rapidly between fragrant hedges and springing crops, and beside the outskirts of woods, and along the heights which overlooked the river. Detested war was over, and all nature had ratified the peace. Mason used to gaze up into the cloudless sky until his eyes began to water, and you would have actually supposed he was shedding sentimental tears. Besides these com-

fortable drives with his hostess, Mason had adopted another method of inhaling the sunshine. He used frequently to spend several hours at a time on a veranda beside the house, sheltered from the observation of visitors. Here, with an arm-chair and a footstool, a cigar and half a dozen volumes of novels, to say nothing of the society of either of the ladies, and sometimes of both, he suffered the mornings to pass unmeasured and uncounted. The chief incident of these mornings was the Doctor's visit, in which, of course, there was a strong element of prose, — and very good prose, as I may add, for the Doctor was turning out an excellent fellow. But, for the rest, time unrolled itself like a gentle strain of music. Mason knew so little, from direct observation, of the *vie intime* of elegant, intelligent women, that their habits, their manners, their household motions, their principles, possessed in his view all the charm of a spectacle, — a spectacle which he contemplated with the indolence of an invalid, the sympathy of a man of taste, and a little of the awkwardness which women gladly allow, and indeed provoke, in a soldier, for the pleasure of forgiving it. It was a very simple matter to Miss Hofmann that she should be dressed in fresh crisp muslin, that her hands should be white and her attitudes felicitous; she had long since made her peace with these things. But to Mason, who was familiar only with books and men, they were objects of constant, half-dreamy contemplation. He would sit for half an hour at once, with a book on his knees and the pages unturned, scrutinizing with ingenious indirectness the simple mass of colors and contours which made up the physical personality of Miss Hofmann. There was no question as to her beauty, or as to its being a warm, sympathetic beauty, and not the cold perfection of poetry. She was the least bit taller than most women, and neither stout nor the reverse. Her hair was of a dark and lustrous brown, turning almost to black, and lending itself readily to those multitudinous ringlets which were then in fashion. Her forehead was broad, open, and serene; and her eyes of that deep and clear sea-green that you may observe of a summer's afternoon, when the declining sun shines through the rising of a wave. Her complexion was the color of perfect health. These, with her full, mild lips, her generous and flexible figure, her magnificent hands, were charms enough to occupy Mason's attention, and it was but seldom that he allowed it to be diverted. Mrs. Mason was frequently called away by her household cares, but Miss Hofmann's time was apparently quite her own. Nevertheless, it came into Ferdinand's head one day, that she gave him her company only from a sense of duty, and when, according to his wont, he had allowed this impression to ripen in his mind, he ventured to assure her that, much as he valued her society, he should be sorry to believe that her gracious bestowal of it interfered with more profitable occupations. "I 'm no companion," he said. "I don't pretend to be one. I sit here deaf and dumb, and blind and halt, patiently waiting to be healed, — waiting till this vagabond Nature of ours strolls my way, and brushes me with the hem of her garment."

"I find you very good company," Miss Hofmann replied on this occasion. "What do you take me for? The hero of a hundred fights, a young man who has been reduced to a shadow in the service of his country, — I should be very fastidious if I asked for anything better."

"O, if it 's on theory!" said Mason. And, in spite of Miss Hofmann's protest, he continued to assume that it *was* on theory that he was not intolerable. But she remained true to her post, and with a sort of placid inveteracy which seemed to the young man to betray either a great deal of indifference or a great deal of self-command. "She thinks I 'm stupid," he said to himself. "Of course she thinks I 'm stupid. How should she think otherwise? She and her aunt have talked

me over. Mrs. Mason has enumerated my virtues, and Miss Hofmann has added them up: total, a well-meaning bore. She has armed herself with patience. I must say it becomes her very well." Nothing was more natural, however, than that Mason should exaggerate the effect of his social incapacity. His remarks were desultory, but not infrequent; often trivial, but always good-humored and informal. The intervals of silence, indeed, which enlivened his conversation with Miss Hofmann, might easily have been taken for the confident pauses in the talk of old friends.

Once in a while Miss Hofmann would sit down at the piano and play to him. The veranda communicated with the little sitting-room by means of a long window, one side of which stood open. Mason would move his chair to this aperture, so that he might see the music as well as hear it. Seated at the instrument, at the farther end of the half-darkened room, with her figure in half-profile, and her features, her movements, the color of her dress, but half defined in the cool obscurity, Miss Hofmann would discourse infinite melody. Mason's eyes rested awhile on the vague white folds of her dress, on the heavy convolutions of her hair, and the gentle movement of her head in sympathy with the music. Then a single glance in the other direction revealed another picture, — the dazzling midday sky, the close-cropped lawn, lying almost black in its light, and the patient, round-backed gardener, in white shirt-sleeves, clipping the hedge or rolling the gravel. One morning, what with the music, the light, the heat, and the fragrance of the flowers, — from the perfect equilibrium of his senses, as it were, — Mason manfully went to sleep. On waking he found that he had slept an hour, and that the sun had invaded the veranda. The music had ceased; but on looking into the parlor he saw Miss Hofmann still at the piano. A gentleman was leaning on the instrument with his back toward the window, intercepting her face. Mason sat for some moments, hardly sensible, at first, of his transition to consciousness, languidly guessing at her companion's identity. In a short time his observation was quickened by the fact that the picture before him was animated by no sound of voices. The silence was unnatural, or, at the least, disagreeable. Mason moved his chair, and the gentleman looked round. The gentleman was Horace Knight. The Doctor called out, "Good morning!" from his place, and finished his conversation with Miss Hofmann before coming out to his patient. When he moved away from the piano, Mason saw the reason of his friends' silence. Miss Hofmann had been trying to decipher a difficult piece of music, the Doctor had been trying to assist her, and they had both been brought to a stop.

"What a clever fellow he is!" thought Mason. "There he stands, rattling off musical terms as if he had never thought of anything else. And yet, when he talks medicine, it 's impossible to talk more to the point." Mason continued to be very well satisfied with Knight's intelligence of his case, and with his treatment of it. He had been in the country now for three weeks, and he would hesitate indeed to affirm that he felt materially better; but he felt more comfortable. There were moments when he feared to push the inquiry as to his real improvement, because he had a sickening apprehension that he would discover that in one or two important particulars he was worse. In the course of time he imparted these fears to his physician. "But I may be mistaken," he added, "and for this reason. During the last fortnight I have become much more sensible of my condition than while I was in town. I then accepted each additional symptom as a matter of course. The more the better, I thought. But now I expect them to give an account of themselves. Now I have a positive wish to recover."

Dr. Knight looked at his patient for a moment curiously. "You are right," he said; "a little impatience is a very good thing."

"O, I 'm not impatient. I 'm patient to a most ridiculous extent. I allow myself a good six months, at the very least."

"That is certainly not unreasonable," said Knight. "And will you allow me a question? Do you intend to spend those six months in this place?"

"I 'm unable to answer you. I suppose I shall finish the summer here, unless the summer finishes me. Mrs. Mason will hear of nothing else. In September I hope to be well enough to go back to town, even if I 'm not well enough to think of work. What do you advise?"

"I advise you to put away all thoughts of work. That is imperative. Have n't you been at work all your life long? Can't you spare a pitiful little twelvemonth to health and idleness and pleasure?"

"Ah, pleasure, pleasure!" said Mason, ironically.

"Yes, pleasure," said the Doctor. "What has she done to you that you should speak of her in that manner?"

"O, she bothers me," said Mason.

"You are very fastidious. It 's better to be bothered by pleasure than by pain."

"I don't deny it. But there is a way of being indifferent to pain. I don't mean to say that I have found it out, but in the course of my illness I have caught a glimpse of it. But it 's beyond my strength to be indifferent to pleasure. In two words, I 'm afraid of dying of kindness."

"O, nonsense!"

"Yes, it 's nonsense; and yet it 's not. There would be nothing miraculous in my not getting well."

"It will be your fault if you don't. It will prove that you 're fonder of sickness than health, and that you 're not fit company for sensible mortals. Shall I tell you?" continued the Doctor, after a moment's hesitation. "When I knew you in the army, I always found you a step beyond my comprehension. You took things too hard. You had scruples and doubts about everything. And on top of it all you were devoured with the mania of appearing to take things easily and to be perfectly indifferent. You played your part very well, but you must do me the justice to confess that it *was* a part."

"I hardly know whether that 's a compliment or an impertinence. I hope, at least, that you don't mean to accuse me of playing a part at the present moment."

"On the contrary. I 'm your physician; you 're frank."

"It 's not because you 're my physician that I 'm frank," said Mason. "I should n't think of burdening you in that capacity with my miserable caprices and fancies"; and Ferdinand paused a moment. "You 're a man!" he pursued, laying his hand on his companion's arm. "There 's nothing here but women, Heaven reward them! I 'm saturated with whispers and perfumes and smiles, and the rustling of dresses. It takes a man to understand a man."

"It takes more than a man to understand you, my dear Mason," said Knight, with a kindly smile. "But I listen."

Mason remained silent, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes wandering slowly over the wide patch of sky disclosed by the window, and his hands languidly folded on his knees. The Doctor examined him with a look half amused, half perplexed. But at last his face grew quite sober, and he contracted his brow. He placed his hand on Mason's arm and shook it gently, while Ferdinand met his gaze. The Doctor frowned, and, as he did so, his companion's mouth expanded into a placid smile. "If you don't get well, said Knight, — "if you don't get well —" and he paused.

"What will be the consequences?" asked Ferdinand, still smiling.

"I shall hate you," said Knight, half smiling too.

Mason broke into a laugh. "What shall I care for that?"

"I shall tell people that you were a poor, spiritless fellow, — that you are no loss."

"I give you leave," said Ferdinand.

The Doctor got up. "I don't like obstinate patients," he said.

Ferdinand burst into a long loud laugh, which ended in a fit of coughing.

"I 'm getting too amusing," said Knight; "I must go."

"Nay, laugh and grow fat," cried Ferdinand. "I promise to get well." But that evening, at least, he was no better, as it turned out, for his momentary exhilaration. Before turning in for the night, he went into the drawing-room to spend half an hour with the ladies. The room was empty, but the lamp was lighted, and he sat down by the table and read a chapter in a novel. He felt excited, light-headed, light-hearted, half-intoxicated, as if he had been drinking strong coffee. He put down his book, and went over to the mantelpiece, above which hung a mirror, and looked at the reflection of his face. For almost the first time in his life he examined his features, and wondered if he were good-looking. He was able to conclude only that he looked very thin and pale, and utterly unfit for the business of life. At last he heard an opening of doors overhead, and a rustling of voluminous skirts on the stairs. Mrs. Mason came in, fresh from the hands of her maid, and dressed for a party.

"And is Miss Hofmann going?" asked Mason. He felt that his heart was beating, and that he hoped Mrs. Mason would say no. His momentary sense of strength, the mellow lamplight, the open piano, and the absence, of the excellent woman before him, struck him as so many reasons for her remaining at home. But the sound of the young lady's descent upon the stairs was an affirmative to his question. She forthwith appeared upon the threshold, dressed in crape of a kind of violent blue, with desultory clusters of white roses. For some ten minutes Mason had the pleasure of being witness of that series of pretty movements and preparations with which women in full dress beguile the interval before their carriage is announced; their glances at the mirror, their slow assumption of their gloves, their mutual revisions and felicitations.

"Is n't she lovely?" said Miss Hofmann to the young man, nodding at her aunt, who looked every inch the handsome woman that she was.

"Lovely, lovely, lovely!" said Ferdinand, so emphatically, that Miss Hofmann transferred her glance to him; while Mrs. Mason good-humoredly turned her back, and Caroline saw that Mason was engaged in a survey of her own person.

Miss Hofmann smiled discreetly. "I wish very much you might come," she said.

"I shall go to bed," answered Ferdinand, simply.

"Well, that 's much better. We shall go to bed at two o'clock. Meanwhile I shall caper about the rooms to the sound of a piano and fiddle, and Aunt Maria will sit against the wall with her toes tucked under a chair. Such is life!"

"You 'll dance then," said Mason.

"I shall dance. Dr. Knight has invited me."

"Does he dance well, Caroline?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"That remains to be seen. I have a strong impression that he does not."

"Why?" asked Ferdinand.

"He does so many other things well."

"That 's no reason," said Mrs. Mason. "Do you dance, Ferdinand?"

Ferdinand shook his head.

"I like a man to dance," said Caroline, "and yet I like him not to dance."

"That 's a very womanish speech, my dear," said Mrs. Mason.

"I suppose it is. It 's inspired by my white gloves and my low dress, and my roses. When once a woman gets on such things, Colonel Mason, expect nothing but nonsense. — Aunt Maria," the young lady continued, "will you button my glove?"

"Let me do it," said Ferdinand. "Your aunt has her gloves on."

"Thank you." And Miss Hofmann extended a long white arm, and drew

back with her other hand the bracelet from her wrist. Her glove had three buttons, and Mason performed the operation with great deliberation and neatness.

"And now," said he, gravely, "I hear the carriage. You want me to put on your shawl."

"If you please," — Miss Hofmann passed her full white drapery into his hands, and then turned about her fair shoulders. Mason solemnly covered them, while the waiting-maid, who had come in, performed the same service for the elder lady.

"Good by," said the latter, giving him her hand. "You 're not to come out into the air." And Mrs. Mason, attended by her maid, transferred herself to the carriage. Miss Hofmann gathered up her loveliness, and prepared to follow. Ferdinand stood leaning against the parlor door, watching her; and as she rustled past him she nodded farewell with a silent smile. A characteristic smile, Mason thought it, — a smile in which there was no expectation of triumph and no affectation of reluctance, but just the faintest suggestion of perfectly good-humored resignation. Mason went to the window and saw the carriage roll away with its lighted lamps, and then stood looking out into the darkness. The sky was cloudy. As he turned away the maid-servant came in, and took from the table a pair of rejected gloves. "I hope you 're feeling better, sir," she said, politely.

"Thank you, I think I am."

"It 's a pity you could n't have gone with the ladies."

"I 'm not well enough yet to think of such things," said Mason, trying to smile. But as he walked across the floor he felt himself attacked by a sudden sensation, which cannot be better described than as a general collapse. He felt dizzy, faint, and sick. His head swam and his knees trembled. "I 'm ill," he said, sitting down on the sofa; "you must call William."

William speedily arrived, and conducted the young man to his room. "What on earth had you been doing, sir?" asked this most irreproachable of serving-men, as he helped him to undress.

Ferdinand was silent a moment. "I had been putting on Miss Hofmann's shawl," he said.

"Is that all, sir?"

"And I had been buttoning her glove."

"Well, sir, you must be very prudent."

"So it appears," said Ferdinand.

He slept soundly, however, and the next morning was the better for it. "I 'm certainly better," he said to himself, as he slowly proceeded to his toilet. "A month ago such an attack as that of last evening would have effectually banished sleep. Courage, then. The Devil is n't dead, but he 's dying."

In the afternoon he received a visit from Horace Knight. "So you danced last evening at Mrs. Bradshaw's," he said to his friend.

"Yes, I danced. It 's a great piece of frivolity for a man in my position; but I thought there would be no harm in doing it just once, to show them I know how. My abstinence in future will tell the better. Your ladies were there. I danced with Miss Hofmann. She was dressed in blue, and she was the most beautiful woman in the room. Every one was talking about it."

"I saw her," said Mason, "before she went off."

"You should have seen her there," said Knight. "The music, the excitement, the spectators, and all that, bring out a woman's beauty."

"So I suppose," said Ferdinand.

"What strikes me," pursued the Doctor, "is her — what shall I call it? — her vitality, her quiet buoyancy. Of course, you did n't see her when she came home? If you had, you would have noticed, unless I 'm very much mistaken, that she was as fresh and elastic at two o'clock as she had been at ten. While all the other women looked tired and jaded and used up, she alone showed no signs of exhaustion. She was nei-

ther pale nor flushed, but still light-footed, rosy, and erect. She 's solid. You see I can't help looking at such things as a physician. She has a magnificent organization. Among all those other poor girls she seemed to have something of the inviolable strength of a goddess"; and Knight smiled frankly as he entered the region of eloquence. "She wears her artificial roses and dew-drops as if she had gathered them on the mountain-tops, instead of buying them in Broadway. She moves with long steps, her dress rustles, and to a man of fancy it 's the sound of Diana on the forest-leaves."

Ferdinand nodded assent. "So you 're a man of fancy," he said.

"Of course I am," said the Doctor.

Ferdinand was not inclined to question his friend's estimate of Miss Hofmann, nor to weigh his words. They only served to confirm an impression which was already strong in his own mind. Day by day he had felt the growth of this impression. "He must be a strong man who would approach her," he said to himself. "He must be as vigorous and elastic as she herself, or in the progress of courtship she will leave him far behind. He must be able to forget his lungs and his liver and his digestion. To have broken down in his country's defence, even, will avail him nothing. What is that to her? She needs a man who has defended his country without breaking down, — a being complete, intact, well seasoned, invulnerable. Then, — then," thought Ferdinand, "perhaps she will consider him. Perhaps it will be to refuse him. Perhaps, like Diana, to whom Knight compares her, she is meant to live alone. It 's certain, at least, that she is able to wait. She will be young at forty-five. Women who are young at forty-five are perhaps not the most interesting women. They are likely to have felt for nobody and for nothing. But it 's often less their own fault than that of the men and women about them. This one at least *can* feel; the thing is to move her. Her soul is an instrument of a hundred strings, only it takes a strong hand to draw sound. Once really touched, they will reverberate for ever and ever."

In fine, Mason was in love. It will be seen that his passion was not arrogant nor uncompromising; but, on the contrary, patient, discreet, and modest, — almost timid. For ten long days, the most memorable days of his life, — days which, if he had kept a journal, would have been left blank, — he held his tongue. He would have suffered anything rather than reveal his emotions, or allow them to come accidentally to Miss Hofmann's knowledge. He would cherish them in silence until he should feel in all his sinews that he was himself again, and then he would open his heart. Meanwhile he would be patient; he would be the most irreproachable, the most austere, the most insignificant of convalescents. He was as yet unfit to touch her, to look at her, to speak to her. A man was not to go a wooing in his dressing-gown and slippers.

There came a day, however, when, in spite of his high resolves, Ferdinand came near losing his balance. Mrs. Mason had arranged with him to drive in the phaeton after dinner. But it befell that, an hour before the appointed time, she was sent for by a neighbor who had been taken ill.

"But it 's out of the question that you should lose your drive," said Miss Hofmann, who brought him her aunt's apologies. "If you are still disposed to go, I shall be happy to take the reins. I shall not be as good company as Aunt Maria, but perhaps I shall be as good company as Thomas." It was settled, accordingly, that Miss Hofmann should act as her aunt's substitute, and at five o'clock the phaeton left the door. The first half of their drive was passed in silence; and almost the first words they exchanged were as they finally drew near to a space of enclosed ground, beyond which, through the trees at its farther extremity, they caught a glimpse of a turn in the river. Miss Hofmann involuntarily pulled up.

The sun had sunk low, and the cloudless western sky glowed with rosy yellow. The trees which concealed the view flung over the grass a great screen of shadow, which reached out into the road. Between their scattered stems gleamed the broad white current of the Hudson. Our friends both knew the spot. Mason had seen it from a boat, when one morning a gentleman in the neighborhood, thinking to do him a kindness, had invited him to take a short sail; and with Miss Hofmann it had long been a frequent resort.

"How beautiful!" she said, as the phaeton stopped.

"Yes, if it was n't for those trees," said Ferdinand. "They conceal the best part of the view."

"I should rather say they indicate it," answered his companion. "From here they conceal it; but they suggest to you to make your way in, and lose yourself behind them, and enjoy the prospect in privacy."

"But you can't take a vehicle in."

"No: there is only a footpath, although I have ridden in. One of these days, when you 're stronger, you must drive to this point, and get out, and walk over to the bank."

Mason was silent a moment, — a moment during which he felt in his limbs the tremor of a bold resolution. "I noticed the place the day I went out on the water with Mr. McCarthy. I immediately marked it as my own. The bank is quite high, and the trees make a little amphitheatre on its summit. I think there 's a bench."

"Yes, there are two benches," said Caroline.

"Suppose, then, we try it now," said Mason, with an effort.

"But you can never walk over that meadow. You see it 's broken ground. And, at all events, I can't consent to your going alone."

"That, madam," said Ferdinand, rising to his feet in the phaeton, "is a piece of folly I should never think of proposing. Yonder is a house, and in it there are people. Can't we drive thither, and place the horse in their custody?"

"Nothing is more easy, if you insist upon it. The house is occupied by a German family with a couple of children, who are old friends of mine. When I come here on horseback they always clamor for 'coppers.' From their little garden the walk is shorter."

So Miss Hofmann turned the horse toward the cottage, which stood at the head of a lane, a few yards from the road. A little boy and girl, with bare heads and bare feet, — the former members very white and the latter very black, — came out to meet her. Caroline greeted them good-humoredly in German. The girl, who was the elder, consented to watch the horse, while the boy volunteered to show the visitors the shortest way to the river. Mason reached the point in question without great fatigue, and found a prospect which would have repaid even greater trouble. To the right and to the left, a hundred feet below them, stretched the broad channel of the seaward-shifting waters. In the distance rose the gentle masses of the Catskills with all the intervening region vague and neutral in the gathering twilight. A faint odor of coolness came up to their faces from the stream below.

"You can sit down," said the little boy, doing the honors.

"Yes, Colonel, sit down," said Caroline. "You 've already been on your feet too much."

Ferdinand obediently seated himself, unable to deny that he was glad to do so. Miss Hofmann released from her grasp the skirts which she had gathered up in her passage from the phaeton, and strolled to the edge of the cliff, where she stood for some moments talking with her little guide. Mason could only hear that she was speaking German. After the lapse of a few moments Miss Hofmann turned back, still talking — or rather listening — to the child.

"He 's very pretty," she said in French, as she stopped before Ferdinand.

Mason broke into a laugh. "To think," said he, "that that little youngster should forbid us the use of two languages! Do you speak French, my child?"

"No," said the boy, sturdily, "I speak German."

"Ah, there I can't follow you!"

The child stared a moment, and then replied, with pardonable irrelevancy, "I 'll show you the way down to the water."

"There I can't follow you either. I hope *you* 'll not go, Miss Hofmann," added the young man, observing a movement on Caroline's part.

"Is it hard?" she asked of the child.

"No, it 's easy."

"Will I tear my dress?"

The child shook his head; and Caroline descended the bank under his guidance.

As some moments elapsed before she reappeared, Ferdinand ventured to the edge of the cliff, and looked down. She was sitting on a rock on the narrow margin of sand, with her hat in her lap, twisting the feather in her fingers. In a few moments it seemed to Ferdinand that he caught the tones of her voice, wafted upward as if she were gently singing. He listened intently, and at last succeeded in distinguishing several words; they were German. "Confound her German!" thought the young man. Suddenly Miss Hofmann rose from her seat, and, after a short interval, reappeared on the platform. "What did you find down there?" asked Ferdinand, almost savagely.

"Nothing,—a little strip of a beach and a pile of stones."

"You *have* torn your dress," said Mason.

Miss Hofmann surveyed her drapery. "Where, if you please?"

"There, in front." And Mason extended his walking-stick, and inserted it into the injured fold of muslin. There was a certain graceless *brusquerie* in the movement which attracted Miss Hofmann's attention. She looked at her companion, and, seeing that his face was discomposed, fancied that he was annoyed at having been compelled to wait.

"Thank you," she said; "it 's easily mended. And now suppose we go back."

"No, not yet," said Ferdinand. "We have plenty of time."

"Plenty of time to catch cold," said Miss Hofmann, kindly.

Mason had planted his stick where he had let it fall on withdrawing it from contact with his companion's skirts, and stood leaning against it, with his eyes on the young girl's face. "What if I do catch cold?" he asked abruptly.

"Come, don't talk nonsense," said Miss Hofmann.

"I never was more serious in my life." And, pausing a moment, he drew a couple of steps nearer. She had gathered her shawl closely about her, and stood with her arms lost in it, holding her elbows. "I don't mean that quite literally," Mason continued. "I wish to get well, on the whole. But there are moments when this perpetual self-coddling seems beneath the dignity of man, and I 'm tempted to purchase one short hour of enjoyment, of happiness, at the cost — well, at the cost of my life if necessary!"

This was a franker speech than Ferdinand had yet made; the reader may estimate his habitual reserve. Miss Hofmann must have been somewhat surprised, and even slightly puzzled. But it was plain that he expected a rejoinder.

"I don't know what temptation you may have had," she answered, smiling; "but I confess that I can think of none in your present circumstances likely to involve the great sacrifice you speak of. What you say, Colonel Mason, is half —"

"Half what?"

"Half ungrateful. Aunt Maria flatters herself that she has made existence as easy and as peaceful for you — as stupid, if you like — as it can possibly be for a — a clever man.

And now, after all, to accuse her of introducing temptations."

"Your aunt Maria is the best of women, Miss Hofmann," said Mason. "But I 'm not a clever man. I 'm deplorably weak-minded. Very little things excite me. Very small pleasures are gigantic temptations. I would give a great deal, for instance, to stay here with you for half an hour."

It is a delicate question whether Miss Hofmann now ceased to be perplexed; whether she discerned in the young man's accents — it was his tone, his attitude, his eyes that were fully significant, rather than his words — an intimation of that sublime and simple truth in the presence of which a wise woman puts off coquetry and prudery, and stands invested with perfect charity. But charity is nothing if not discreet; and Miss Hofmann may very well have effected the little transaction I speak of, and yet have remained, as she did remain, gracefully wrapped in her shawl, with the same serious smile on her face. Ferdinand's heart was thumping under his waistcoat; the words in which he might tell her that he loved her were fluttering there like frightened birds in a storm-shaken cage. Whether his lips would form them or not depended on the next words she uttered. On the faintest sign of defiance or of impatience he would really give her something to coquet withal. I repeat that I do not undertake to follow Miss Hofmann's feelings; I only know that her words were those of a woman of great instincts. "My dear Colonel Mason," she said, "I wish we might remain here the whole evening. The moments are quite too pleasant to be wantonly sacrificed. I simply put you on your conscience. If you believe that you can safely do so, — that you 'll not have some dreadful chill in consequence, — let us by all means stay awhile. If you do not so believe, let us go back to the carriage. There is no good reason, that I see, for our behaving like children."

If Miss Hofmann apprehended a scene, — I do not assert that she did, — she was saved. Mason extracted from her words a delicate assurance that he could afford to wait. "You 're an angel, Miss Hofmann," he said, as a sign that this kindly assurance had been taken. "I think we had better go back."

Miss Hofmann accordingly led the way along the path, and Ferdinand slowly followed. A man who has submitted to a woman's wisdom generally feels bound to persuade himself that he has surrendered at discretion. I suppose it was in this spirit that Mason said to himself as he walked along, "Well, I got what I wanted."

The next morning he was again an invalid. He woke up with symptoms which as yet he had scarcely felt at all; and he was obliged to acknowledge the bitter truth that, small as it was, his adventure had exceeded his strength. The walk, the evening air, the dampness of the spot, had combined to produce a violent attack of fever. As soon as it became plain that, in vulgar terms, he was "in for it," he took his heart in his hands and succumbed. As his condition grew worse, he was fortunately relieved from the custody of this valuable organ, with all it contained of hopes delayed and broken projects, by several intervals of prolonged unconsciousness.

For three weeks he was a very sick man. For a couple of days his recovery was doubted of. Mrs. Mason attended him with inexhaustible patience and with the solicitude of real affection. She was resolved that greedy Death should not possess himself, through any fault of hers, of a career so full of bright possibilities and of that active gratitude which a good-natured elderly woman would relish, as she felt that of her *protégé* to be. Her vigils were finally rewarded. One fine morning poor long-silent Ferdinand found words to tell her that he was better. His recovery was very slow, however, and it ceased several degrees below the level from which he had originally fallen. He was thus twice a convalescent,—a sufficiently miserable fellow. He professed to be very much

surprised to find himself still among the living. He remained silent and grave, with a newly contracted fold in his forehead, like a man honestly perplexed at the vagaries of destiny. "It must be," he said to Mrs. Mason, — "it must be that I am reserved for great things."

In order to insure absolute quiet in the house, Ferdinand learned Miss Hofmann had removed herself to the house of a friend, at a distance of some five miles. On the first day that the young man was well enough to sit in his arm-chair Mrs. Mason spoke of her niece's return, which was fixed for the morrow. "She will want very much to see you," she said. "When she comes, may I bring her into your room?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Ferdinand, to whom the idea was very disagreeable. He met her accordingly at dinner, three days later. He left his room at the dinner hour, in company with Dr. Knight, who was taking his departure. In the hall they encountered Mrs. Mason, who invited the Doctor to remain, in honor of his patient's reappearance in society. The Doctor hesitated a moment, and, as he did so, Ferdinand heard Miss Hofmann's step descending the stair. He turned towards her just in time to catch on her face the vanishing of a glance of intelligence. As Mrs. Mason's back was against the staircase, her glance was evidently meant for Knight. He excused himself on the plea of an engagement, to Mason's regret, while the latter greeted the younger lady. Mrs. Mason proposed another day, — the following Sunday; the Doctor assented, and it was not till some time later that Ferdinand found himself wondering why Miss Hofmann should have forbidden him to remain. He rapidly perceived that during the period of their separation this young lady had lost none of her charms; on the contrary, they were more irresistible than ever. It seemed to Mason, moreover, that they were bound together by a certain pensive gentleness, a tender, submissive look, which he had hitherto failed to observe. Mrs. Mason's own remarks assured him that he was not the victim of an illusion.

"I wonder what is the matter with Caroline," she said. "If it were not that she tells me that she never was better, I should believe she is feeling unwell. I 've never seen her so simple and gentle. She looks like a person who has a great fright, — a fright not altogether unpleasant."

"She has been staying in a house full of people," said Mason. "She has been excited, and amused, and preoccupied; she returns to you and me (excuse the juxtaposition, — it exists) — a kind of reaction asserts itself." Ferdinand's explanation was ingenious rather than plausible.

Mrs. Mason had a better one. "I have an impression," she said, "George Stapleton, the second of the sons, is an old admirer of Caroline's. It 's hard to believe that he could have been in the house with her for a fortnight without renewing his suit, in some form or other."

Ferdinand was not made uneasy, for he had seen and talked with Mr. George Stapleton, — a young man very good-looking, very good-natured, very clever, very rich, and very unworthy, as he conceived, of Miss Hofmann. "You don't mean to say that your niece has listened to him," he answered, calmly enough.

"Listened, yes. He has made himself agreeable, and he has succeeded in making an impression, — a temporary impression," added Mrs. Mason with a business-like air.

"I can't believe it," said Ferdinand.

"Why not? He 's a very nice fellow."

"Yes, — yes," said Mason, "very nice indeed. He 's very rich too." And here the talk was interrupted by Caroline's entrance.

On Sunday the two ladies went to church. It was not till after they had gone that Ferdinand left his room. He came into the little parlor, took up a book, and felt something of the stir of his old intellectual life. Would he ever again know what it was to work?

In the course of an hour the ladies came in, radiant with devotional millinery. Mrs. Mason soon went out again, leaving the others together. Miss Hofmann asked Ferdinand what he had been reading; and he was thus led to declare that he really believed he should, after all, get the use of his head again. She listened with all the respect which an intelligent woman who leads an idle life necessarily feels for a clever man when he consents to make her in some degree the confidant of his intellectual purposes. Quickened by her delicious sympathy, her grave attention, and her intelligent questions, he was led to unbosom himself of several of his dearest convictions and projects. It was easy that from this point the conversation should advance to matters of belief and hope in general. Before he knew it, it had done so; and he had thus the great satisfaction of discussing with the woman on whom of all others his selfish and personal happiness was most dependent those great themes in whose expansive magnitude persons and pleasures and passions are absorbed and extinguished, and in whose austere effulgence the brightest divinities of earth remit their shining. Serious passions are a good preparation for the highest kinds of speculation. Although Ferdinand was urging no suit whatever upon his companion, and consciously, at least, making use in no degree of the emotion which accompanied her presence, it is certain that, as they formed themselves, his conceptions were the clearer for being the conceptions of a man in love. And, as for Miss Hofmann, her attention could not, to all appearances, have been more lively, nor her perception more delicate, if the atmosphere of her own intellect had been purified by the sacred fires of a responsive passion.

Knight duly made his appearance at dinner, and proved himself once more the entertaining gentleman whom our friends had long since learned to appreciate. But Mason, fresh from his contest with morals and metaphysics, was forcibly struck with the fact that he was one of those men from whom these sturdy beggars receive more kicks than halfpence. He was nevertheless obliged to admit, that, if he was not a man of principles, he was thoroughly a man of honor. After dinner the company adjourned to the piazza, where, in the course of half an hour, the Doctor proposed to Miss Hofmann to take a turn in the grounds. All around the lawn there wound a narrow footpath, concealed from view in spots by clusters of shubbery. Ferdinand and his hostess sat watching their retreating figures as they slowly measured the sinuous strip of gravel; Miss Hofmann's light dress and the Doctor's white waistcoat gleaming at intervals through the dark verdure. At the end of twenty minutes they returned to the house. The Doctor came back only to make his bow and to take his departure; and, when he had gone, Miss Hofmann retired to her own room. The next morning she mounted her horse, and rode over to see the friend with whom she had stayed during Mason's fever. Ferdinand saw her pass his window, erect in the saddle, with her horse scattering the gravel with his nervous steps. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Mason came into the room, sat down by the young man, made her habitual inquiries as to his condition, and then paused in such a way as that he instantly felt that she had something to tell him. "You 've something to tell me," he said; "what is it?"

Mrs. Mason blushed a little, and laughed. "I was first made to promise to keep it a secret," she said. "If I 'm so transparent now that I have leave to tell it, what should I be if I had n't? Guess."

Ferdinand shook his head peremptorily. "I give it up."

"Caroline is engaged."

"To whom?"

"Not to Mr. Stapleton, — to Dr. Knight."

Ferdinand was silent a moment; but he neither changed color nor

dropped his eyes. Then, at last, "Did she wish you not to tell me?" he asked.

"She wished me to tell no one. But I prevailed upon her to let me tell *you*."

"Thank you," said Ferdinand with a little bow — and an immense irony.

"It 's a great surprise," continued Mrs. Mason. "I never suspected it. And there I was talking about Mr. Stapleton! I don't see how they have managed it. Well, I suppose it 's for the best. But it seems odd that Caroline should have refused so many superior offers, to put up at last with Dr. Knight."

Ferdinand had felt for an instant as if the power of speech was deserting him; but volition nailed it down with a great muffled hammer-blow.

"She might do worse," he said mechanically.

Mrs. Mason glanced at him as if struck by the sound of his voice. "You 're not surprised, then?"

"I hardly know. I never fancied there was anything between them, and yet, now that I look back, there has been nothing against it. They have talked of each other neither too much nor too little. Upon my soul, they 're an accomplished couple!" Glancing back at his friend's constant reserve and self-possession, Ferdinand — strange as it may seem — could not repress a certain impulse of sympathetic admiration. He had had no vulgar rival. "Yes," he repeated gravely, "she might do worse."

"I suppose she might. He 's poor, but he 's clever; and I 'm sure I hope to Heaven he loves her!"

Ferdinand said nothing.

"May I ask," he resumed at length, "whether they became engaged yesterday, on that walk around the lawn?"

"No; it would be fine if they had, under our very noses! It was all done while Caroline was at the Stapletons'. It was agreed between them yesterday that she should tell me at once."

"And when are they to be married?"

"In September, if possible. Caroline told me to tell you that she counts upon your staying for the wedding."

"Staying where?" asked Mason, with a little nervous laugh.

"Staying here, of course, — in the house."

Ferdinand looked his hostess full in the eyes, taking her hand as he did so. "'The funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.'"

"Ah, hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Mason, pressing his hand. "How can you be so horrible? When Caroline leaves me, Ferdinand, I shall be quite alone. The tie which binds us together will be very much slackened by her marriage. I can't help thinking that it was never very close, when I consider that I 've had no part in the most important step of her life. I don't complain. I suppose it 's natural enough. Perhaps it 's the fashion, — come in with striped petticoats and pea-jackets. Only it makes me feel like an old woman. It removes me twenty years at a bound from my own engagement, and the day I burst out crying on my mother's neck because your uncle had told a young girl I knew, that he thought I had beautiful eyes. Now-a-days I suppose they tell the young ladies themselves, and have them cry on their own necks. It 's a great saving of time. But I shall miss Caroline all the same; and then, Ferdinand, I shall make a great deal of you."

"The more the better," said Ferdinand, with the same laugh; and at this moment Mrs. Mason was called away.

Ferdinand had not been a soldier for nothing. He had received a heavy blow, and he resolved to bear it like a man. He refused to allow himself a single moment of self-compassion. On the contrary, he spared himself none of the hard names offered by his passionate vocabulary. For not guessing Caroline's secret, he was perhaps excusable. Women were all inscrutable, and this one especially so. But Knight was a man like himself, — a man whom he es-

teemed, but whom he was loath to credit with a deeper and more noiseless current of feeling than his own, for his own was no babbling brook, betraying its course through green leaves. Knight had loved modestly and decently, but frankly and heartily, like a man who was not ashamed of what he was doing, and if he had not found it out it was his own fault. What else had he to do? He had been a besotted day-dreamer, while his friend had simply been a genuine lover. He deserved his injury, and he would bear it in silence. He had been unable to get well on an illusion; he would now try getting well on a truth. This was stern treatment, the reader will admit, likely to kill if it did n't cure.

Miss Hofmann was absent for several hours. At dinner-time she had not returned, and Mrs. Mason and the young man accordingly sat down without her. After dinner Ferdinand went into the little parlor, quite indifferent as to how soon he met her. Seeing or not seeing her, time hung equally heavy. Shortly after her companions had risen from table, she rode up to the door, dismounted, tired and hungry, passed directly into the dining-room, and sat down to eat in her habit. In half an hour she came out, and, crossing the hall on her way up stairs, saw Mason in the parlor. She turned round, and, gathering up her long skirts with one hand, while she held a little sweet-cake to her lips with the other, stopped at the door to bid him good day. He left his chair, and went towards her. Her face wore a somewhat weary smile.

"So you 're going to be married," he began abruptly.

Miss Hofmann assented with a slight movement of her head.

"I congratulate you. Excuse me if I don't do it with the last grace. I feel all I dare to feel."

"Don't be afraid," said Caroline, smiling, and taking a bite from her cake.

"I 'm not sure that it 's not more unexpected than even such things have a right to be. There 's no doubt about it?"

"None whatever."

"Well, Knight 's a very good fellow. I have n't seen him yet," he pursued, as Caroline was silent. "I don't know that I 'm in any hurry to see him. But I mean to talk to him. I mean to tell him that if he does n't do his duty by you, I shall —"

"Well?"

"I shall remind him of it."

"O, I shall do that," said Miss Hofmann.

Ferdinand looked at her gravely. "By Heaven! you know," he cried with intensity, "it must be either one thing or the other."

"I don't understand you."

"O, I understand myself. You 're not a woman to be thrown away, Miss Hofmann."

Caroline made a gesture of impatience. "I don't understand you," she repeated. "You must excuse me. I 'm very tired." And she went rapidly up stairs.

On the following day Ferdinand had an opportunity to make his compliments to the Doctor. "I don't congratulate you on doing it," he said, "so much as on the way you 've done it."

"What do you know about the way?" asked Knight.

"Nothing whatever. That 's just it. You took good care of that. And you 're to be married in the autumn?"

"I hope so. Very quietly, I suppose. The parson to do it, and Mrs. Mason and my mother and you to see it 's done properly." And the Doctor put his hand on Ferdinand's shoulder.

"O, I 'm the last person to choose," said Mason. "If he were to omit anything, I should take good care not to cry out." It is often said, that, next to great joy, no state of mind is so frolicsome as great distress. It was in virtue of this truth, I suppose, that Ferdinand was able to be facetious. He kept his spirits. He talked and smiled and lounged about with the same deferential languor as before. During the

interval before the time appointed for the wedding it was agreed between the parties interested that Miss Hofmann should go over and spend a few days with her future mother-in-law, where she might partake more freely and privately than at home of the pleasure of her lover's company. She was absent a week; a week during which Ferdinand was thrown entirely upon his hostess for entertainment and diversion, — things he had a very keen sense of needing. There were moments when it seemed to him that he was living by mere force of will, and that, if he loosened the screws for a single instant, he would sink back upon his bed again, and never leave it. He had forbidden himself to think of Caroline, and had prescribed a course of meditation upon that other mistress, his first love, with whom he had long since exchanged pledges, — she of a hundred names, — work, letters, philosophy, fame. But, after Caroline had gone, it was supremely difficult not to think of her. Even in absence she was supremely conspicuous. The most that Ferdinand could do was to take refuge in books, — an immense number of which he now read, fiercely, passionately, voraciously, — in conversation with Mrs. Mason, and in such society as he found in his path. Mrs. Mason was a great gossip, — a gossip on a scale so magnificent as to transform the foible into a virtue. A gossip, moreover, of imagination, dealing with the future as well as the present and the past, — with a host of delightful half-possibilities, as well as with stale hyper-verities. With her, then, Ferdinand talked of his own future, into which she entered with the most outspoken and intelligent sympathy. "A man," he declared, "could n't do better; and a man certainly would do worse." Mrs. Mason arranged a European tour and residence for her nephew, in the manner of one who knew her ground. Caroline once married, she herself would go abroad, and fix herself in one of the several capitals in which an American widow with an easy income may contrive to support existence. She would make her dwelling a base of supplies — a *pied à terre* — for Ferdinand, who should take his time to it, and visit every accessible spot in Europe and the East. She would leave him free to go and come as he pleased, and to live as he listed; and I may say that, thanks to Mrs. Mason's observation of Continental manners, this broad allowance covered in her view quite as much as it did in poor Ferdinand's, who had never been out of his own country. All that she would ask of him would be to show himself say twice a year in her drawing-room, and to tell her stories of what he had seen; that drawing-room which she already saw in her mind's eye, — a compact little *entresol* with tapestry hangings in the doorways and a coach-house in the court attached. Mrs. Mason was not a severe moralist; but she was quite too sensible a woman to wish to demoralize her nephew, and to persuade him to trifle with his future, — that future of which the war had already made light, in its own grim fashion. Nay, she loved him; she thought him the cleverest, the most promising, of young men. She looked to the day when his name would be on men's lips, and it would be a great piece of good fortune to have very innocently married his uncle. Herself a great observer of men and manners, she wished to give him advantages which had been sterile in her own case.

In the way of society, Ferdinand made calls with his hostess, went out twice to dine, and caused Mrs. Mason herself to entertain company at dinner. He presided on these occasions with distinguished good grace. It happened, moreover, that invitations had been out some days for a party at the Stapletons', — Miss Hofmann's friends, — and that, as there was to be no dancing, Ferdinand boldly announced his intention of going thither. "Who knows?" he said; "it may do me more good than harm. We can go late, and come away early." Mrs. Mason doubted of the wisdom of the act; but she finally as-

sented, and prepared herself. It was late when they left home, and when they arrived the rooms — rooms of exceptional vastness — were at their fullest. Mason received on this his first appearance in society a most flattering welcome, and in a very few moments found himself in exclusive possession of Miss Edith Stapleton, Caroline's particular friend. This young lady has had no part in our story, because our story is perforce short, and condemned to pick and choose its constituent elements. With the least bit wider compass we might long since have whispered to the reader, that Miss Stapleton — who was a charming girl — had conceived a decided preference for our Ferdinand over all other men whomsoever. That Ferdinand was utterly ignorant of the circumstance is our excuse for passing it by; and we linger upon it, therefore, only long enough to suggest that the young girl must have been very happy at this particular moment.

"Is Miss Hofmann here?" Mason asked as he accompanied her into an adjoining room.

"Do you call that being here?" said Miss Stapleton, looking across the apartment. Mason, too, looked across.

There he beheld Miss Hofmann, full-robed in white, standing fronted by a semicircle of no less than five gentlemen, — all good-looking and splendid. Her head and shoulders rose serene from the *bouillonnement* of her beautiful dress, and she looked and listened with that half-abstracted air which is pardonable in a woman beset by half a dozen admirers. When Caroline's eyes fell upon her friend, she stared a moment, surprised, and then made him the most gracious bow in the world, — a bow so gracious that her little circle half divided itself to let it pass, and looked around to see where the deuce it was going. Taking advantage of this circumstance, Miss Hofmann advanced several steps. Ferdinand went towards her, and there, in sight of a hundred men and as many women, she gave him her hand, and smiled upon him with extraordinary sweetness. They went back together to Miss Stapleton, and Caroline made him sit down, she and her friend placing themselves on either side. For half an hour Ferdinand had the honor of engrossing the attention of the two most charming girls present, — and, thanks to this distinction, indeed the attention of the whole company. After which the two young ladies had him introduced successively to every maiden and matron in the assembly in the least remarkable for loveliness or wit. Ferdinand rose to the level of the occasion, and conducted himself with unprecedented gallantry. Upon others he made, of course, the best impression, but to himself he was an object almost of awe. I am compelled to add, however, that he was obliged to fortify himself with repeated draughts of wine; and that even with the aid of this artificial stimulant he was unable to conceal from Mrs. Mason and his physician that he was looking far too much like an invalid to be properly where he was.

"Was there ever anything like the avidity of these dreadful girls?" said Mrs. Mason to the Doctor. "They 'll let a man swoon at their feet sooner than abridge a *tête-à-tête* that amuses them. Then they 'll have up another. Look at little Miss McCarthy, yonder, with Ferdinand and George Stapleton before her. She 's got them contradicting each other, and she looks like a Roman fast lady at the circus. What does she care so long as she makes her evening? They like a man to look as if he were going to die, — it 's interesting."

Knight went over to his friend, and told him sternly that it was high time he should be at home and in bed. "Your 're looking horribly," he added shrewdly, as Ferdinand resisted.

"You 're *not* looking horribly, Colonel Mason," said Miss McCarthy, a very audacious little person, overhearing this speech.

"It is n't a matter of taste, madam," said the Doctor, angrily; "it 's a fact." And he led away his patient.

Ferdinand insisted that he had not hurt himself, that, on the contrary, he was feeling uncommonly well; but his face contradicted him. He continued for two or three days more to play at "feeling well," with a courage worthy of a better cause. Then at last he let disease have its way. He settled himself on his pillows, and fingered his watch, and began to wonder how many revolutions he would still witness of those exquisite little needles. The Doctor came, and gave him a sound rating for what he called his imprudence. Ferdinand heard him out patiently; and then assured him that prudence or imprudence had nothing to do with it; that death had taken fast hold of him, and that now his only concern was to make easy terms with his captor. In the course of the same day he sent for a lawyer and altered his will. He had no known relatives, and his modest patrimony stood bequeathed to a gentleman of his acquaintance who had no real need of it. He now divided it into two unequal portions, the smaller of which he devised to William Bowles, Mrs. Mason's man-servant and his personal attendant; and the larger — which represented a considerable sum — to Horace Knight. He informed Mrs. Mason of these arrangements, and was pleased to have her approval.

From this moment his strength began rapidly to ebb, and the shattered fragments of his long-resisting will floated down its shallow current into dissolution. It was useless to attempt to talk, to beguile the interval, to watch the signs, or to count the hours. A constant attendant was established at his side, and Mrs. Mason appeared only at infrequent moments. The poor woman felt that her heart was broken, and spent a great deal of time in weeping. Miss Hofmann remained, naturally, at Mrs. Knight's. "As far as I can judge," Horace had said, "it will be a matter of a week. But it 's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of. The man was steadily getting well." On the fifth day he had driven Miss Hofmann home, at her suggestion that it was no more than decent that she should give the young man some little sign of sympathy. Horace went up to Ferdinand's bedside, and found the poor fellow in the languid middle condition between sleeping and waking in which he had passed the last forty-eight hours. "Colonel," he asked gently, "do you think you could see Caroline?"

For all answer, Ferdinand opened his eyes. Horace went out, and led his companion back into the darkened room. She came softly up to the bedside, stood looking down for a moment at the sick man, and then stooped over him.

"I thought I 'd come and make you a little visit," she said. "Does it disturb you?"

"Not in the least," said Mason, looking her steadily in the eyes. "Not half as much as it would have done a week ago. Sit down."

"Thank you. Horace won't let me. I'll come again."

"You 'll not have another chance," said Ferdinand. "I 'm not good for more than two days yet. Tell them to go out. I wish to see you alone. I would n't have sent for you, but, now that you 're here, I might as well take advantage of it."

"Have you anything particular to say?" asked Knight, kindly.

"O, come," said Mason, with a smile which he meant to be good-natured, but which was only ghastly; "you 're not going to be jealous of me at this time of day."

Knight looked at Miss Hofmann for permission, and then left the room with the nurse. But a minute had hardly elapsed before Miss Hofmann hurried into the adjoining apartment, with her face pale and discomposed.

"Go to him!" she exclaimed. "He 's dying!"

When they reached him he was dead.

In the course of a few days his will was opened, and Knight came to the knowledge of his legacy. "He was a good, generous fellow," he said to

Mrs. Mason and Miss Hofmann, "and I shall never be satisfied that he might n't have recovered. It was a most extraordinary case." He was considerate enough of his audience to abstain from adding that he would give a great deal to have been able to make an autopsy. Miss Hofmann's wedding was, of course, not deferred. She was married in September, "very quietly." It seemed to her lover, in the interval, that she was very silent and thoughtful. But this was certainly natural under the circumstances.

DOCTOR MOLKE'S FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.

AFTER we had reached the missionary's hut, the storm seemed to shriek more fiercely than before, and the wind pressed and beat upon it with such violence, that the slender timbers fairly groaned and shivered; and as the hut was merely stuck upon the rock, I thought we stood a fair chance of going over at any moment, or of being carried up and tossed about among the clouds that were sailing in from the open sea and breaking into phantom shapes among the crags and cliffs. Groups of native dogs crouched among the rocks, crying piteously, under the cold pelting of the storm; and as the night wore on, great showers of hail came rattling against the window-pane; and the wind rose steadily, and the spray flew still more wildly over the ghostly icebergs in the sea, and the clouds broke into more fantastic shapes, and the icebergs and the cliffs, and everything in sight, grew more weird, and seemed more and more unreal.

But no darkness greater than the darkness of a gloomy midday sky ever came; and the time of night (the time we call night at home) was measured off upon the dial-plate of a little Dutch clock that ticked against the wall, and told off the seconds as they passed. And this little Dutch clock, with its long chains and weights of brass dangling down (as if they were arms and legs feeling for something real to rest upon), appeared to have a mind of its own upon the situation; for it ticked away under protest, as it were, and as if it would have you know that there was no occasion for ticking seconds there; and when midnight came, it set off with a preliminary rumble in its bowels and a gurgle in its throat (a sort of warning to take notice now and mind, or 't would be the worse for you), and sang out with a sharp, cracked voice, "Where 's the use, where 's the use, where 's the use, will you tell me, will you tell me, will you tell me, striking midnight, striking midnight, striking midnight, in the daylight, in the daylight, in the daylight?"—ending with another rumble in its bowels, and another gurgle in its throat; and after that it subsided once more into ticking under protest.

And all through this strange night the missionary sat before me, by the fire, talking of himself,—at broken intervals during the first half-hour, more constantly the second, and afterward all the time; and as he talked, the winds and clouds and rattling hail, and the wild and troubled sea, were quite forgotten by me, and all thought of phantom things and phantom shapes, and the endless day (that seemed only to be made for Wandering Jews) ceased to trouble my imagination; for I was deeply curious to

learn why this strange man had come to such a place, and he was telling me.

"I was born," began the missionary, "in Copenhagen, and was educated for the law. My family history would not interest you; and it is enough for me, therefore, to say that I had two sisters and three brothers. My brothers were fond of claiming that the Rolfsons were a very ancient family; but I never cared to inquire into the matter, deeming it of little consequence. Besides, I have always observed that those who manifest the most concern for their ancestral dignity have usually the least to bless themselves withal; and, were they wise, they would preserve a prudent silence upon the subject, contenting themselves with the knowledge that they had fathers, without disturbing their minds about their grandfathers, if indeed they ever had any to boast of.

"My father was a native of Bergen, Norway; but when, after the disastrous campaign of Frederick VI., in which he bore a part, Norway was ceded to the Swedish crown, he quitted Bergen, and came to reside with his family in Copenhagen, to which city he was the more attached that he had helped to defend it against the bombardment of the English. There he continued to live under the old flag and king, — and to none other would he own allegiance.

"The fortune of my father was ample for maintaining his family in comfort, and, indeed, in some elegance. His children had the best opportunities of education; and he lived to see his two daughters well and happily married, one of his sons established in the army, another in the civil service, another a merchant, and myself, the youngest, prepared, at least in form, to practise the profession which had been selected for me.

"Between my father and myself there grew up a deep affection; for to that feeling natural between parent and child there was added a great similarity of taste and disposition, and, indeed, of personal appearance. Those who remembered my father when a young man of my own age declared that I was the exact counterpart of him.

"He saw fit to make me his constant companion; and, when his pursuits or my studies would allow of our being together, he would take me with him, generally with no one else in company, on his walks and rides and boating expeditions. His early life having been passed at the romantic old fishing-town of Bergen, (which nestles, with its quaint houses and bright bay, in a great amphitheatre of mountains,) he was, quite naturally, fond of the sea; and I fully shared his disposition in this, as in all other respects. We often visited the scenes of his boyhood; and it was thus, perhaps, that an early familiarity with the bleak coast and almost arctic climate of Norway prepared me for coming hither, when later in life I sought a resting-place.

"When my legal studies were commenced, I was no longer regular in my attendance at the University; and we arranged our pleasant walks and excursions with a view to my father's convenience and inclination, rather than to the order of my lectures. Nothing in or about the picturesque and dearly loved Copenhagen escaped our attention. Together we strolled, day after day, through the grand saloons of the palace of Christianberg; my father, with earnest enthusiasm, pointing out to me the beauties of the paintings, the excellence of the engravings in that fine collection, and the noble sculptures of the great Thorwaldsen; and he led me to the books which I wished to consult in the immense library, — one of the largest in the world. Together we visited the museum of antiquities, and the schools of art and science in Charlottenburg; and in the pleasant summer evenings, when the twilight lingered long, we walked together in the delightful gardens of the old Rosenberg, or strolled across one or the other of the two bridges which lead to Christianshavn, and thence around by the beautiful church of St. Saviour, with

its strange tower, to the shipping in the bay, and over to the Old and New Holm where were the arsenals, and dock-yards, and vessels of Denmark's gallant little fleet.

"How freshly all this comes before me now, as if it had happened yesterday! How my father, with his cheerful face, and kind voice, and handsome, active figure, stands before me at this distance of time, in this far-off desert place! and as I see him now and remember him, he seems to me, as he seemed then, the dearest friend that I could ever have, and the wisest counsellor, rather than my father; for I was his companion and confidant, rather than his son. Blest and happy days were those we passed together!

"My father's nature was most sensitive, but his soldier's life and long mingling with men had filled him with worldly wisdom; and, seeing how like himself I was, I have since sometimes wondered whether, in bringing me in daily contact with the world at an early period of my life, he did not think to school me in experience and smooth my future pathway. Perhaps he may have merely wished to see me happy and be himself happy while he might. Perhaps he may have wished to keep me from all serious work and thoughts, knowing that such things would come quite soon enough. Perhaps he may have seen in me only a susceptible, studious, dreamy boy, to love and pity; and then, when I was no more a child in years, and he saw no change, he clung to me still as he had clung before.

"So I grew to be a man, without fixed aim or purpose; and another year, and still another and another, passed away, and it was the same dreamy, studious life, devoid of care.

"And then my father died.

"The spirit of melancholy laid its hand upon me heavily, and to shake it off I went abroad, — caring little where, — to the Rhine, with its ruins and its vineyards, — to France, with Paris and its sunny wine, — to Rome, to Naples, — back through Italy to Switzerland, with its shepherds and its glaciers, — to Spain, to Holland, to Bremen, — everywhere and anywhere for change; but still the unhappy spirit clung to me, and I could not shake it off.

"At Bremen I took ship for England; and one bleak November evening I was on the Thames, and saw the great dome of St. Paul's above the dense cloud of fog and smoke that swallowed up the great city, and blended streets and houses in chaotic blackness. Away beyond the city, a narrow belt of light lay beneath the cold gray sky, and against this the lofty dome stood black and gloomy as the city at its feet. And then the little belt of light faded away, and the dome was gone, and the city lay before me shapeless in the night, and a heavy, leaden rumble, like the distant roar of the great ocean, filled the ear. The anchor dropped, with a sullen thud, into the noisome stream; and, muffled from the damp night air, I was on the black water in a boat, once more seeking land to rest my foot upon. The boat glided past the vessels in the river, past the wharves and docks, — past great gloomy walls, — past houses covering squalid poverty and tumbling to decay among the masts and hulls of noble ships, to which they bore so great a contrast, — and landing at length on a long strange wharf, with great stacks of boxes and barrels here and there, and broken anchors and scraps of broken chains, and piles of rope, that seemed like myriads of serpents coiled up in tangled knots, to keep each other warm in the chilly night, I passed thence through strange streets, with strange faces flitting by the lamps, and footfalls coming from the darkness into which the faces melted; and with other footfalls following those that vanished, and bringing other faces underneath the lamps, to be seen for a single moment, and for a single moment only to linger on the memory, and then to pass away forevermore. And then in a strange hotel, a stranger in a strange land, in the very heart of the great city, and very sick and very weary, — with no one near me

that I had ever seen, no voice that I had ever heard, not one familiar sound, — I realized for the first time truly what it was to be alone, — to be divorced from human sympathy, to be utterly forsaken, — to be left to go and come, and live and die and pass away, with not a soul to care, not one of all the crowd of passers-by, not one of all the throng of men and women in this busiest mart of industry in all the world, to have a thought or wish for me. I was as lonely in the midst of thousands and the endless hum and bustle of the mighty city as if I had wandered to the deepest valley of this desert Arctic land, beyond the reach of sound from crumbling ice or breakers beating on the shore, beneath the reach of winds and beyond the touch of warmth, — buried and lost in the solitude and silence of the Arctic night.

"A raging fever now tormented me, and for weeks I was in pain, and at times insensible. But I was saved at last; and as I sat in my convalescent-chair watching the shadows come and go, and gaining strength from day to day, I came by degrees to learn that in idly bemoaning the loss I had suffered I was accusing Providence. I was made to feel gratitude to Heaven for the blessings that I had; and when at length, fully restored to health, I set out for home, I was changed and chastened.

"And now, instead of rushing wildly to and fro, without good to mind or body, I travelled for profitable instruction, and found pleasure where I went. After remaining long enough in the British Isles to become familiar with the language and the customs of the people, I crossed back to the Continent, and revisited some of the places that I had passed over so hastily; and my wanderings led me finally to Cologne.

"While at the University, one of the studies which most interested me was architecture, and especially the Gothic; and I wrote several essays to prove that this was the true Christian style, and should be so called. Although in some sense mere rhapsodies, and in no sense wholly original, these essays were well received. I was particularly impressed with the appropriateness of this name; and I argued that, while it combined all the subordinate parts of the Grecian and other Pagan styles, the modern Gothic — or Christian, as I wished it might be distinguished — typified in its limitless variety of form and decoration and expansiveness the endless growth and compass of the Christian religion, while its unrestricted loftiness symbolized the boundless aspirations of the Christian soul.

"With these feelings strong upon me, I approached the magnificent cathedral at Cologne, after having visited most of the celebrated Gothic edifices on the Continent and in England; and you may well imagine the effect which it produced upon me. Originally intending to spend but one day in the examination of it, I lingered about it for weeks, going away, and returning to it each time with renewed interest. It seemed to possess a fascination for me, and in the end I was as loath to quit it as in the beginning.

"I am thus particular in mentioning this circumstance to you, that you may see how in all things I was the creature of impulse, and how thoroughly I gave myself up to the impulse of the moment, — whether of joy or grief or restlessness, or of dreamy contemplation. I would have you understand me to mean that I was obeying what was natural to me, and that in this was involved the destiny of my life.

"And let me further pursue the thought by contrasting others with myself. There are those who can view such a work of art as the Cologne Cathedral without deep emotion. They look upon it as an object of great interest, and are not insensible to its sublime proportions and its historic associations; but the bent of their minds is toward other things, and it would be difficult to imagine any circumstance connected with it which would influence their lives. With me, however, the case was different. The study of such objects was my great

delight, — my life, indeed, and, as I thought, my happiness; and, being thus led away from other pleasures, it was very natural that, while giving free course to my impulses here, I should encounter my destiny.

"While I lingered one evening in the majestic nave of the cathedral, leaning against one of the massive clustered columns which support it, and watching the effect of the light that streamed through the upper windows from the setting sun, the sound of footsteps (unusual at that hour) startled me. Turning my face in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw, standing in the golden light that poured through a richly stained window two human figures. 'It's he; it must be,' I then heard, to my great surprise. 'Who?' cried the other. 'Rolfson, — my dear friend Rolfson,' was the answer.

"For one whole year I had never heard my name pronounced by any one; and so faintly did the words now reach me, that I could not distinguish the voice that had uttered the welcome sound. But I was not long in doubt. He who had spoken was soon folded in my arms, and I had found a long-neglected friend, — my dearest classmate and companion at the University. 'Why have you so long forgotten me?' were his only reproving words, after our first greeting was over, but they touched me deeply; and then, buoyant as of old, and ever fresh as the wine of his own Moselle, he took me away to present me to his sister, whom he had left standing in the golden light.

"The golden light was stealing through the window, as if it loved to linger on the face before me, as if it loved to twine itself about her auburn hair, and was loath to part from anything so fair and beautiful, and trust it to the shadowy night. But as I came up to her the golden stream fled through the window; and the one brief glimpse I had of the light and the face together, before the parting came, left a picture printed on my heart and memory that can never, never fade. My hand has painted it imperfectly, and you have seen it hanging on the wall of my poor chamber.

"The name of my old friend was Frederick Ohlsen; his sister's name was Margaret.

"This was to have been the last day of my stay at Cologne. My trunks were packed and at the station, and I had come there for a last look at the great monument of human genius, and, I had almost said, of heavenly beauty. Frederick, with his sister, had arrived that very day and hour, and, preferring to walk across the town to a pleasant villa on the other side, had strolled into the great cathedral as if by chance, for it was directly in their way.

"And thus it was that as I lingered there, obedient to the impulse of the hour, giving myself wholly to the fancy that pleased me at the time, the destiny of my life was wrought out; the good or ill that I might do upon the earth was in the balance, though I was wholly thoughtless of the future and careless of the present time.

"Frederick wished that I would stay while they were staying, and you may well be sure that I needed no persuasion. My trunks were ordered back; my old quarters were resumed at the hotel; and days and weeks of greater happiness never came to bless and strengthen any weary traveller on the crooked road of life; for she upon whose face the golden light had stolen down from heaven through the window of the solemn temple knew that I lingered there because of her; and she knew, upon the other hand, that she had saved me from a selfish and unwholesome brooding over sorrows past, and things obscure to come, — knew that she had saved me from myself. More than this I had no need to wish that she should know, — not more, at least, than that I always saw her standing in the golden light, of which she seemed to me a part, and from which she was inseparable.

"The days sped on, and as they sped I grew to feel the strength of manhood in me, — grew to see that duty lay in plain realities, and that, if love

and happiness should come to bless my days, I must hold my course through life with a steady hand.

"And so I grew in strength of mind and body, and so I erred upon the other side. I would brook no obstacle in my way, would have my will, and ride rough-shod upon my chosen path.

"I had won a pure and gentle love, — I had yet to win a bride.

"But there were many difficulties, and, impetuous when I should have been calm and content to wait, I set myself to tearing down what might well have been left to tumble of itself.

"The first obstacle in my way did not long remain, though, until it became an obstacle, I no more thought to do what I went about, than I thought to stop the rain-drops falling from the clouds. This was to return to Copenhagen, and so arrange my long-abandoned affairs that my property would yield me the largest revenues, and, this proving insufficient, to establish myself in my profession. In both of these I was successful. Not lacking knowledge, and I may perhaps say talent, with family influence to support me, I had no great difficulty in placing myself in respectable standing in the law.

"Two years passed away, and then I sought my bride, and found everything against me but her heart. Her father, unworthy of such a child, had years ago plotted her sacrifice for rank and fortune. Had she consented? Yes, as she had told me at Cologne. Yet then she was but a child. Yes, but a child. Would she retract her consent? With her father's leave, and the leave of him to whom the promise had been given, yes. Not otherwise? How could she? She could leave her father's house that hour, and be my wife before the sun had been an hour set!

"The sun was setting then, and we were standing in the gloomy shelter of the trees, and the trees rose darkly up against a bank of clouds that lay along the land. But a window opened for a moment in the clouds, and the golden light stole once more upon the face before me, as if it again loved to linger there, and loved to twine itself about the auburn hair, and was loath to part from anything so fair and beautiful, and trust it to the shadowy night.

"I took her hand in mine. She turned from the golden light, and looked into my face and smiled, and the golden stream fled through the window in the clouds, to return never, never more. The smile said, Come; and the clouds that closed upon the golden light rolled up above our heads, charged with angry mutterings; and thus accompanied, we stole, hand in hand, beneath the shadow of the trees, and fled.

"I had soon an opportunity to send a message to Margaret's father, telling him what I had done, and where I might be found, and my message started him and another on our track. This other was her brother, some years older than Frederick, and a fitting son of a sordid father. But I did not know it then. Margaret had never spoken to me of this brother, and he would not reveal himself to me when we met. Was he Margaret's lover, the count of whom I had often heard? It mattered not to me who he was, I must give him satisfaction for my conduct. To a stranger? No! Then he put an affront upon me, which, with the feelings I had at that time, could not be borne.

"This right arm of mine is strong, and this right hand is skilful. At the University I was apt at all manly exercises, but was especially distinguished as a swordsman. From the very first moment of the encounter I knew that the unknown man was no match for me, and I resolved to terminate the matter with as little harm as possible. But he was clearly bent on mischief, — bent upon my life; and with the angry, determined lunge of one whose patience is turned to desperation, I ran him through the body, and left him on the ground for dead.

"When Margaret knew what I had done, sorrow brooded where I had first seen the golden light playing tenderly; and afterward, when she learned

that her father had died from injuries received while in pursuit of her, — died disowning her, — she sank beneath a burden that she had not strength to bear; and I had no power to help her, for on the hands that I would help her with she saw a brother's blood, and in every line she read with her sad and silent eyes, as I well saw, — Homicide. The iron that had pierced her brother's heart, (as I then thought, though wrongly, for he recovered from the wound), had likewise pierced her soul.

"Whether it was the shock caused by all these multiplying calamities, combined with a feeling that she had done a grievous wrong, I cannot say, but sickness overtook her; and within one month from that evening when the golden light fled to return never, never more, and hand and hand we had stolen away beneath the evening shadows and the muttering clouds, I laid my Margaret to her final rest beside my father in St. Saviour's Churchyard.

"And now Remorse was written on my very soul, — remorse that I had slain one whom I would have saved from every harm; remorse that I had sought her brother's life; remorse that I had been so impatient and so headstrong, and that I did not wait till in Heaven's good time the wrong should be set right.

"What use to travel now? What use to fly through France, and Spain, and Italy? What use to go away and bury myself in the great city? I could see none, and yet I could not endure to rest.

"I came back a second time from my wanderings changed and chastened once again, but now weaned from earthly passions, hopes, pursuits, and dreams, and idle fancies brooding in the mind through idle days.

"The missionary college took me in, a humbled man, and in course of time I found an opportunity of coming to this wild place. Some years before, while in Göttingen, I had fallen in with a German student and traveller named Heinrich Nettmann who had an eccentric fancy for going about the world in pursuit of certain insects. This fancy had once already taken him to Greenland, and he was going again, as he told me, when we met a second time; and, much to his astonishment, I proposed to bear him company.

"The government gave me without hesitation the privilege that I desired, of going in a vessel that was fitting out to found a new colony, and of establishing in that colony a mission and a church. And the Lord has prospered me, and blessed my humble work, although I am painfully and sorrowfully aware that I have done far less than I should have done.

"And thus it was that I came to Greenland, and thus it has happened that I am living here in this rocky desert. I have not found it so lonely, though, as I sometimes found in other days the crowded city; for to one who serves his Master, there is no utter loneliness. My wants are few, and my thoughts are free, and the golden light no longer seems to flee from me, but lingers where I first saw it long ago, upon the face of a pure and radiant being, — trusting it no more to the shadowy night."

The night had waned away, and the morning sun shone upon the hills, and the clouds were lifted up and broken, and seemed like balls and knotted skeins and tangled webs of softest fleece, as they mingled with the drifting snow on the mountain-tops, and went tossing up and down and flying wildly through the silver morning light that filled the heavens everywhere, and glistened in the spray of the beating waves and on the great icebergs in the sea. The little hut which sheltered us seemed to stand more firmly, the clock seemed to have grown more reconciled to its office, the dogs had ceased their moaning, and were running playfully about, and everything promised the final breaking of the storm.

"And now to rest," said my companion, after remaining for some time quiet, as if lost in his own reflec-

tions; but before he spoke he had risen from his seat, and, looking through the window, he seemed for the first time conscious of any change of weather.

"To rest, to rest! for the storm is breaking fast, and we are likely to have a pleasant afternoon for another walk. I cannot now go on with the story of my Greenland life."

"Heinrich Nettmann, the gnat-catcher, will save you that trouble," exclaimed a voice behind us.

Much surprised, I turned, and beheld a short round figure, looking like a huge seal-skin muff, tilted up on end, with a great Nuremburg toy stuck through and through the middle of it; for there was nothing of a man's form to be seen but two small feet, and a round laughing face that was so very bright, and looked so very merry, that one might have thought it expressly got up by a troop of strolling fairies in imitation of the sun, at the very moment when that luminary had triumphed over the storm.

However, it was verily and truly Heinrich Nettmann, as was proven afterward without any doubt; but as this chapter is already too long for human patience, we will take the inhospitable liberty of leaving sunny-faced Heinrich Nettmann where he stands, with his little feet upon the threshold, — the wild wind driving past him through the half-shut door, — until we open another chapter, and then we 'll let him fairly in, and give him welcome, if we find him pleasant company.

FREE MISSOURI.

PART II.

THE Missouri Legislature sat in the rude village of Jefferson. One day a street fight was going on in front of the Governor's house, and his Excellency stepped up to the combatants to separate them and command the peace. But Martin Palmer, a brawny Representative, who stood watching the conflict, thought the Chief Magistrate was taking one side; so he threw off his coat, and sprang forward with doubled fists, shouting: "Hold up, Governor! When it comes to a squar' fight, you 're no bigger nor any other man. If you mix in yer, I reckon I 'll take a small hand myself!"

That was characteristic of the backwoodsman. He was rough, but his sense of fair play was very strong — on every subject except one. For now, after a fierce two years' struggle, Missouri had been admitted, — the twenty-third State of the American Union. Of her seventy thousand inhabitants eleven thousand were slaves. The long contest ending in the Compromise had fanned the hottest flames of partisanship. Missouri deliberately saddled herself with the political Old Man of the Sea. She adopted a Constitution which forbade the abolition of slavery, and prohibited free negroes from "coming into and settling in this State, under any pretext whatever."

This seed of barbarism bore fruit after its kind. In 1835, in the streets of St. Louis, two white men suspected — only suspected — of decoying away slaves into Illinois received nearly two hundred lashes. They were administered by wealthy and leading citizens, who had first decided, by a vote of only forty-two to twenty, to whip the offenders instead of hanging them. The same year, more leading citizens of the utmost "respectability" warned Elijah P.

Lovejoy, a young clergyman from Maine, that the public temper would not permit him to continue his temperate discussions of slavery through his religious weekly, "The St. Louis Observer." But young Lovejoy's blood was up, and he stood on his rights as an American citizen.

Twelve months later a mulatto desperado fatally stabbed one officer who was taking him to prison, and severely wounded another. A mob tore him from jail; burned him alive, and left his charred corpse chained to a tree, with boys throwing stones at it; and a St. Louis judge, who bore the appropriate name of Lawless, charged the grand-jury that this horrible outrage, being the involuntary act of a frenzied multitude, was beyond the jurisdiction of human law. Was it here the eminent New England divine learned his theory that slavery is an "organic sin" which involves no individual responsibility?

Lovejoy's comments on this atrocious doctrine provoked another "frenzied" mob to tear down his printing-office. He removed his newspaper to Alton; but neighboring Illinois, too, — settled largely from Missouri, — was ruled by the devilish spirit of slavery. Twice his establishment was destroyed by Alton mobs, and twice he replaced it. The municipal authorities sympathized with the rioters. Prudent friends expostulated with Lovejoy. His editorials had been very moderate and courteous; but in this hour of danger he was immovable. In a public meeting, modestly, calmly, inflexibly he proclaimed his determination, living or dying, to vindicate the constitutional guaranty that freedom of speech and of the press shall in no wise be abridged. Once only, when he alluded to his sick wife and helpless children, his voice broke; and there were few dry eyes in the hall. And yet, in free Illinois, there was no public sentiment to sustain such a man! Finally his third printing-press arrived. A handful of friends banded with him to defend it. At midnight, an armed attack was made; one of the rioters was killed by the party on guard, and then, with the mayor of the city looking on, in sight of his own home, and while protecting his own property, Elijah Lovejoy was shot dead. He fell in his thirty-fifth year. His was the first blood shed in our great struggle. Freedom has had few abler champions, no nobler martyr. A monument to his memory is now rising at Alton.

The murder stirred the hot indignation of a young New York journalist, then unknown to fame. He wrote: —

"We dare not trust ourselves to speak of this shocking affair in the language which our indignation would dictate. It forms one of the foulest blots on the pages of American history. . . . . Every single participant, however passive, in this execrable attempt to prevent by violence the expression of a freeman's opinions, is, in the eye of God and of justice, a murderous felon, and his hands are reeking with the blood of a martyr to the cause of liberty of speech and of the press. . . . . We loathe and abhor the miserable cant of those that talk of Mr. Lovejoy as guilty of resisting public opinion! Public opinion, forsooth! . . . . To talk of resisting what is called public opinion, as a crime, is to make Socrates an anarchist and Jesus Christ a felon. . . . . This tragedy, if its effects be not thus counteracted, is calculated to give a fearful impetus to the cause of abolition. It will immediately add thousands to the unwelcome petitions with which the halls of Congress are now crowded. We ask the South, then, to come forward, and declare that she asks nobody in other States to enter upon an unsolicited defence of her peculiar institutions, by means of burglary, robbery, arson, and murder."

These extracts are from the "New-Yorker." They were Horace Greeley's first public words even of indirect sympathy for the antislavery cause. And their closing appeal to the South was made in entire sincerity.

Boston itself was in the mobbing, but not in the murdering line. The ven-

erable William Ellery Channing called a meeting in Faneuil Hall to consider the outrage; but the respectability of the city had not yet determined whether it was an outrage. Dr. Channing read a temperate, well-considered address. Then James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, arose in the gallery, opposed any public action, insisted that Lovejoy had died as the fool dieth, and poured forth a flood of invective upon the antislavery agitators, appealing to prejudice against color, and the baser passions. After he ceased, and before the storm of stamping, clapping, and hissing had died away, a young lawyer, slender, erect, and graceful, sprang upon the platform. His father had been the first mayor of Boston. He himself had won some distinction at Harvard as a debater; but he had no popular fame, and was not known by sight to a hundred men in the audience. When the tumult subsided, his clear, silvery tones rang through the old hall: —

"Mr. President, I wonder that this floor does not open, and the earth yawn under our feet, to swallow up the recreant son of Massachusetts who has just taken his seat!"

The style has become so familiar during thirty intervening years, that we instinctively recognize it as an old friend. Need the reader be told that this was the first bugle-call of Wendell Phillips to the American people?

As time passed on, the St. Louis cruelties were repeated in remoter districts. At Springfield, in Southwestern Missouri, I once saw a half-witted negro taken from prison, and hanged by a mob, for an outrage upon a lady. Probably a white man would have met the same fate for the same crime. But I heard members of the crowd propose collecting all the negroes of the vicinity, and burning them on the public square; and a citizen told me that he had seen two slaves burned at the stake in the neighboring county of Jasper for a like offence, aggravated by the murder of their victims.

Now the Great Conflict was at hand. Missouri remembers its preliminary skirmish, all of which she saw, and a part of which she was. The admission of Texas, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, had left smouldering embers; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, opening to slavery a region which has since been divided into five great States and Territories, fanned them into a consuming flame. The North was in a blaze. Three thousand clergymen of New England joined in one protest against it. The "Tribune" urged upon Northern members of Congress resistance to the last. It said: "Better that confusion should ensue, — better that discord should reign in the national councils, — better that Congress should break up in wild disorder, — nay, better that the Capitol itself should blaze by the torch of the incendiary, or fall and bury all its inmates beneath its crumbling ruins, — than that this perfidy and wrong should be finally accomplished. . . . . Should success attend the movement, it is tantamount to a civil revolution, and an open declaration of war between freedom and slavery on the North American Continent, *to be ceaselessly waged till one or the other party finally and absolutely triumphs.*"

Prophetic words! And from his place in the Senate, on the eve of its passage, Mr. Seward spoke the sentiment of the Free States: "The sun has set for the last time upon the guaranteed and certain liberties of all the unsettled and unorganized portions of the American Continent that lie within the jurisdiction of the United States. To-morrow's sun will rise in dim eclipse over them. . . . . The day of compromises has passed forever. . . . . Come on, then, gentlemen of the Slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of Freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas; and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in right!"

The act became a law May 30, 1854. The South greeted it with bonfires and triumphal guns; the North with tolling bells, and flags at half-mast. The Missourians were thoroughly

wrought up. They had been educated to hold any tampering with their slaves worthy only of the noose or the fagot. In the Mexican war they had fought zealously for slavery in general. Now they could strengthen slavery at home. It would never do to permit a Free State just across the imaginary line, upon their long western border. Beside, those neighboring prairies, thirty years before so parched as to appear utterly worthless, now, blessed with abundant rains, were a blooming paradise for the farmer. Fanaticism, seeming self-interest, and the American lust for territory, all beckoned them in the same direction. They knew no fine-spun distinctions. They thought "Popular Sovereignty" meant slavery in Kansas. So they went in to possess their promised land.

But just over its threshold they were amazed to find the Massachusetts Yankee there before them, with his family Bible and patent apple-parer, his "Weekly Tribune" and Sharpe's rifle. At first they regarded him with a curiosity as keen, if not as intelligent, as that which a new bird excited in Audubon, or a new fish kindles in Agassiz. What strange fellow was this, with his "idear" and "guess," who did not drink buttermilk, nor build his chimneys on the outside of his house? And their leading oracles, — all the St. Louis newspapers except the "Democrat," echoed by the whole border press, — their trusted Senators and Representatives, and their lesser politicians of the counties and the cross-roads, chimed in reply, "He is the Abolitionist, here to make Kansas free, and steal your negroes. Defend your property and your rights!"

Western Missouri held the richest counties and the heaviest slave interests of the State. Its inhabitants had the leading frontier virtues, — they were honest, impetuous, brave, and hospitable; but they were not a reading nor an intelligent people. Like most Southern communities, they followed blindly their public men. These influenced and stimulated them to the grossest violations of law. At a mass meeting in St. Joseph, General B. F. Stringfellow counselled them: "I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal."

Reeder was the Governor of Kansas. His "vile myrmidons" were the settlers from the North.

The Missourians obeyed. At the first election, seventeen hundred of them, with their rifles, blankets, and a few days' provisions, marched into the Territory. Among their leaders were David R. Atchison, in his third term as a Senator, and Acting Vice-President of the United States; Benjamin Stringfellow; Claiborne F. Jackson, afterward Governor; and M. W. Oliver, a Representative in Congress.

Under the Organic Act, every white male "actual resident," over twenty-one, was a voter. These interlopers claimed to be actual residents — while they stayed. They took possession of the polls, chose their own judges and clerks, deposited such ballots and made such returns as suited them, and, having played their farce, went back, one to his farm and another to his merchandise.

Thus, through two years, invaders did the voting for Kansas. They chose Legislatures composed largely of Missourians, who had never crossed into the Territory except on election days. These alien legislators set up in business as law-makers, wholesale and retail. With no delay, they extended over the conquered soil the entire civil and criminal code of Missouri. They added an act of greater stringency than any Southern State had yet ventured upon "for the protection of slave property." They bestowed charters upon a hundred and fifty town, bridge, ferry, turnpike, and railway companies, in which they themselves were chief corporators. In a few days they enacted laws which fill more than one thousand closely printed large octavo pages. Then they

adjourned, and went home to their Missouri law offices and plantations.

A volume of their ponderous statutes now lies before me. Turning its ample pages, I find provisions which might be edicts of Herod or of Nero. But first comes the novel enactment, that, wherever "State" occurs in any clause, all courts shall construe it to mean, — not the State of Missouri, but the Territory of Kansas! These imported legislators and legislative importers did not break packages. They received and issued their wares in bulk. Adopting *en masse* the laws of Missouri, they did not even stop to make the needful clerical changes.

I read further: Any negro attempting violence upon a white woman shall suffer bodily mutilation; but "homicide shall be deemed excusable when committed by accident or *misfortune* in lawfully correcting a child, apprentice, servant, or slave." Any person aiding to entice or persuade a slave away from his master, or harboring or concealing a slave who has escaped from another State, may be punished with death; but he who kidnaps and sells into slavery a free person is subject only to imprisonment "not exceeding ten years." No negro or mulatto, bond or free, is a competent witness against a white man. Any person who shall print, write, publish, circulate, or bring into the Territory any paper whatever containing "statements, opinions, or innuendoes calculated to produce dangerous disaffection among slaves," or to induce them to run away, "shall be punished by imprisonment and hard labor for a term of *not less* than five years." And finally, any free person who shall, by speaking or writing, deny the right to hold slaves in Kansas, or shall bring into the Territory any written or printed paper containing such denial, shall be imprisoned at hard labor for not less than two years!

Only ten years ago, these enactments, so infamous in origin, so atrocious in character, were the laws of Kansas. The Supreme Court of the Territory declared them constitutional. Two successive Presidents of the United States sustained them, and the national army stood ready to enforce them.

The Free-State settlers offered to these "bogus laws" a negative resistance more potent than arms. They held them up to ridicule and scorn. They utterly denied their validity. They would vote at no elections, obey no legal processes, pay no taxes. When the first assessor appeared at Topeka, they prepared to hang him on the spot. He vanished, and never troubled them more. They would not even bring a civil suit before a magistrate claiming authority under this legislative farce. They adjusted pecuniary "misunderstandings" by arbitration, and personal ones by fisticuffs, and hanged horse-thieves on the most modern principles of mob-law. They treated the Missouri code as a dead letter, but seldom resisted it with violence. In a few cases, however, the hot blood of their young men found vent in rescuing a prisoner, or emptying a revolver at some peculiarly obnoxious marshal or sheriff.

The scurvy office-holders, who represented the invaders, and the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, were at their wits' end. They were like pugilists striking out at a feather-bed. They had at their call government dragoons from Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley; but what were dragoons against a thing so shadowy and yet so terrible as public opinion? Once, indeed, the soldiers broke up a Free-State Legislature which had assembled at Topeka. They were commanded by Edwin V. Sumner, then colonel of the First United States Cavalry. The gallant old soldier was acting under orders, and as he announced, from the Speaker's stand, that the members must disperse, he declared that he was performing the most painful act of his life.

At last violence begot violence. Lecompte, Chief Justice of the Territory, charged a grand-jury that resistance to the bogus laws was high treason against the United States. And that jury, impanelled at the territorial capi-

tal, Lecompton, — which, like Atchison, Kickapoo, and Leavenworth, had a majority of proslavery settlers, — indicted as "nuisances" a Lawrence hotel and printing-press. These the sheriff and his posse destroyed, together with a considerable portion of the young city. Two other newspaper offices were demolished. Leading Free-State men were held as treason prisoners in foul quarters, swarming with vermin. These commotions attracted desperadoes into the Territory, who murdered inoffensive Northern settlers, until the long-suffering inhabitants shouldered their fire-arms. Then the outrages were not all on one side.

The border blazed with guerilla warfare. Missourians began to hear the name of Jim Lane with terror. Discomfited invaders returned home with startling tales about the wonderful Sharpe's rifle, whose whirling ball would bring down a man at half a mile, and bore a hole through his body as large as one's wrist. They told also of an old man with a long beard, — the father of twenty children, — who wore sober, Quaker-like garments; drank nothing but water and milk; prayed, and read the Bible in camp, every night and morning; exhorted about the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and made bloody reprisals upon the public enemy. For old John Brown was in the field, urging his neighbors to fight more and talk less, and practising what he preached. Already he began to gather the young enthusiasts who finally followed him to Harper's Ferry. Henry Clay Pate, editor and postmaster of Wesport, Missouri, led a band to arrest him. They met on the open prairie, and when, after a skirmish, John Brown captured the entire invading force, — more than twice as large as his own, — his fame was established among the border ruffians. Pate was a young Virginian of education and gentlemanly manners. Three years after John Brown achieved immortality on the Charlestown scaffold, he, too, fell, leading a regiment of Rebel cavalry in his native State.

In 1857 the tide turned. Even *bonæ fide* settlers from the South, who had welcomed the first invasions, began to feel sensitive about having their own soil longer outraged, and to become first-class Abolitionists. The South had proved utterly unable to compete with the North in colonizing. Outside of Missouri there was no organized emigration from any Slave State, except Georgia, which sent two feeble companies. Ohio alone had furnished more settlers to the Territory than Missouri, its next-door neighbor, and more than all the other Slave States combined. She had contributed one tenth of its entire population, Missouri almost another tenth, New York nearly the same fraction, Massachusetts about one twentieth, and the Northwest eight or nine twentieths.

The Free-State settlers made their first stand in Leavenworth at a municipal election. It was won, but not without bloodshed. I shall never forget the ghastly upturned face of the City Recorder, — a young Georgian, — who, while attempting to intimidate a Free-Soil voter with a drawn weapon, was stabbed to the heart, and fell dead upon the sidewalk. There was civil war enough afterward. A year later I saw the whole southeastern border under arms, and stood upon the spot where, one week before my visit, eleven inoffensive settlers, torn from their ploughs and work-shops, were wantonly shot down by Missouri murderers. Even after this it was six or eight months before the last blood was shed. But there were no formidable invasions subsequent to that Leavenworth election.

For the Missouri propagandists now had their hands full at home. A great reaction had set in. The masses saw the hopelessness of fixing slavery in Kansas, and the madness of invasion, — that two-edged sword which cut both ways. The Atchisons, Stringfellows, and Olivers had fallen, never to rise again. St. Louis, thanks to her Northern element, and the ever-true Germans who constituted half of her voters, had

wheeled into the antislavery line; and from that day — though for years later on slave soil — she was the only great city in the Union always sure for a Republican majority.

She elected Frank Blair to Congress, and Gratz Brown, with a full delegation of other Free-Soilers, to the Legislature. The late invaders of Kansas were astounded to hear Abolition doctrines boldly proclaimed in their own capitol, — by men, too, who wore revolvers, resented the least personal indignity, and, if challenged, fought duels with the most cheerful alacrity. The old spirit which had murdered Lovejoy and burned Lawrence was still rife; but these ugly customers, — backed by a great constituency, — who brought Southern tactics to the Northern side, were not good subjects for lynching. They advocated gradual emancipation in Missouri, only on the low ground that free labor would develop and enrich the State. Careful to disown the least sympathy for the negro, they even styled themselves "The White Man's Party." But they inaugurated free speech, and that settled the question.

The gubernatorial canvass of 1857 exhibited curious paradoxes. Rollins, the Emancipation candidate, was a Kentuckian by birth, and the owner of one hundred slaves. Stewart, the anti-Emancipationist, was a native of Massachusetts, and had only half a dozen slaves. It was a hot campaign with both rank and file. The two candidates stumped the State together, after the wholesome Western fashion. At one of their public discussions, one aspirant charged the other with falsehood. The other responded by knocking him off the platform. Like candidate like voter. Stewart was elected by a bare majority of three hundred. A few years later, and the rivals had changed partners. Stewart, the Propagandist, led a Union regiment in the field; Rollins, the Emancipationist, was a Representative of the "Peace Democracy" in Congress.

As the invaders had adopted the "bogus laws" by one sweeping act, the first genuine Kansas Legislature abrogated them by another equally sweeping. Then, in the streets of Lawrence, with loud huzzas, the people made a public bonfire of the huge volume of obsolete statutes. Another copy they forwarded to the Governor of Missouri, with the message, that, having no further use for the property, they took pleasure in sending it home.

Some paid off old scores by aiding negroes to escape to Iowa. Dr. John Doy was escorting thirteen of these fugitives, when a Missouri band, without any legal process, captured him in Kansas, fifty miles from the line. He was hurried to St. Joseph, and tried for enticing away slaves, — a felony whose extreme penalty was death. The indictment charged that the offence was committed in Missouri. The prosecution failed to prove that he had ever been within thirty miles of that State, yet the jury found him guilty. But one dark night, before he could be taken to the penitentiary, John Brown, with a few trusty comrades, crossed the river in a skiff, broke open the jail, re-kidnapped Doy from his kidnappers, and bore him home in triumph.

In 1860, out of one hundred and sixty five thousand votes, Missouri gave only seventeen thousand for Lincoln. And of these more than two thirds were polled in St. Louis County.

Then came the drum-beat of battle. Relatively the Unionists were no stronger than in Tennessee or North Carolina; but they had organization and leaders. There were eighty-eight thousand Germans in the State, — nearly one tenth of the free population, — and they were loyal almost to a man. When President Lincoln first called for Union troops, Claiborne F. Jackson, the old Kansas invader, now Governor of the State, and leader of the Secessionists, replied that Missouri would not furnish a man. But within two weeks from that day, — thanks to the Germans again, — ten regiments of loyal soldiers were organized, equipped, and under arms in St. Louis.

Captain Nathaniel Lyon, command-

ing the Union forces, was a quiet, slender, stooping, red-haired, mild-visaged officer of the Regular Army. He looked more like a student than a soldier. But he was thoroughly earnest. By the prompt capture of Camp Jackson, a thinly disguised organization of Rebels, he took the initiative. Union troops, attacked in St. Louis, fired back upon their assailants with deadly results. Wildest excitement followed. A mob started to attack the "Democrat" office, but found it so well manned by resolute Unionists, leaning upon rifles, with piles of hand-grenades beside them, that it prudently desisted. The city was terror-stricken. Thousands of families thronged Eastern railway trains, and steamers at the landing, to fly from the bloody conflict which they believed impending.

War began in earnest. The Governor called for fifty thousand troops to "rise and drive out ignominiously the invaders," as he styled Union citizens who had sprung to arms to defend their own homes. In the frenzy caused by the first bloodshed, Sterling Price went over to the Rebels, taking with him about one third of the State Convention, over which he was presiding, and to which he had been elected as an unconditional Unionist. He was a plain, elderly planter, from one of the interior counties. Though he had been Governor of the State, and led a small brigade in the Mexican war, he was believed to possess little capacity. But he proved a tower of strength to the Rebels, — by all odds their ablest general except Lee, with whom he had many qualities in common. For two years he kept Union armies greatly outnumbering his own very busy indeed. He inspired in his unpaid, ill-fed, barefooted soldiers the most enthusiastic devotion; no Americans ever fought better than they. But he took the road to ruin. Only a few months ago he died, a broken-hearted old man, and was followed to the grave by the largest funeral procession ever witnessed in St. Louis.

Now the whirligig of time brought in his revenges. The blooy Kánsas drama was re-enacted, on a tenfold larger scale, at the hearths of the very men who had performed it. The Rebel authorities were driven from the State. Claiborne Jackson himself, a hunted fugitive from his home and chair of office, died in the wilds of Arkansas. Newspapers were suppressed, towns were burned, the civil law was supplanted by the bayonet. Owen Lovejoy, in a Federal uniform, was leading soldiers who avenged many times over the murder of his brother, a quarter of a century before. On the western border, Lane and his Kansans ravaged with fire and sword the very counties which, six years earlier, had sent invading hordes to oppress them. This was long before the Emancipation Proclamation; but they made a clean sweep of the negroes who sought their protection. On their first march, they sent back two thousand slaves into Kansas. Whenever a loyal master came to their camp in pursuit of his human property, with grim humor would they appraise the missing negro, give a certificate that —— had "lost one able-bodied slave," valued at ——, by the march of the Kansas brigade, and counsel him to keep the receipt until government should begin to pay for that class of property! In due time the negroes too reappeared in regiments, carrying muskets, at their old homes, — bloody instructions, returned to plague the inventors.

Missouri was under the harrow. She contributed thirty-five thousand men to the Rebel armies, and nearly a hundred thousand to the armies of the Union. For two years she suffered more on her own soil than any other Southern State.

At last the tide of war swept southward to return no more. She emerged, educated and purified by her experience. On the 11th of January, 1865, in Constitutional Convention, by a vote of sixty to four, she solemnly ordained: —

"Hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime,

whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby *declared free.*"

So she threw off her Old Man of the Sea. Though too young and vigorous to be crushed altogether under his weight, she had fallen behind her less strong, but unburdened, sisters. The census reports show how much: —

INCREASE IN POPULATION FROM 1850 TO 1860

Iowa,	251 per cent.
Wisconsin,	154 " "
Illinois,	101 " "
Missouri,	73 " "

WHOLE NUMBER OF INHABITANTS.

	1820.	1860.
Illinois,	55,161	1,711,951
Missouri,	66,557	1,182,012

MILES OF RAILWAY IN 1867.

Illinois,	3,250
Missouri,	938

In comparing the increase of Missouri with her neighbors, it is only fair to note the peculiar restlessness of her population. Though less than half her white inhabitants were born upon her own soil, she has sent forth relatively more emigrants than any other Commonwealth of the Union. She has contributed to Oregon more settlers than did any other State, to California more than any other State except New York, to Kansas more than any except Ohio, to Colorado more than any except New York and Ohio. And in every younger Territory, from Dakota and Montana to Texas and Arizona, the traveller is surprised to find whole counties peopled from prolific Missouri.

St. Louis has long enjoyed admirable public schools; but in the interior education has languished. The census returns of 1860 exhibit this sharp contrast: —

	Inhabitants.	Teachers.
Massachusetts,	1,231,066	6,398
Missouri,	1,182,012	3,068

But when the slaveholder went out, his old enemy, the schoolmaster, came in. The army of freedom carries in its baggage-train the spelling-book and the ballot. The new Constitution prescribes that after 1870 no man shall vote who cannot read and write. An excellent system of schools has been inaugurated. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, by adding to his report the vote of the two parties at the last election, shows how much more largely they are attended in Radical than in Conservative neighborhoods. A few counties, taken quite at random, will illustrate: —

County.	Pop.	Whole No. Children.	No. in Schools.	Radical Voters.	Conserv'e Voters.
Clark,	11,216	4,819	1,939	1,032	193
Mercer,	9,274	3,838	2,117	886	195
Howard,	9,986	3,847	429	204	1,011
Boone,	14,399	4,522	188	178	636

In mineral wealth Missouri is incomparable. The Granby Mines, in the southwest corner of the State, are very inaccessible, — supplies are hauled in and lead hauled out in wagons, two hundred miles to the nearest railway, — but last year they yielded 2,500,000 pounds. About seventy-six per cent of metal is extracted from the ore. A single pure block, weighing two thousand pounds, has been taken out. The ore is all found near the surface. One of the richest veins was struck by a squatter while digging a well. The region yields more lead upon the capital and labor employed than any other mines in the world. Lead crops out in more than five hundred distinct places through the State. The deposits already successfully worked underlie six thousand three hundred square miles, and lead-bearing rock is found over sixteen thousand more.

More wonderful yet are the deposits of iron. Iron Mountain, Pilot Knob, and Shepherd's Mountain, one hundred miles south of St. Louis, are among the world's rare curiosities. They are all of volcanic origin, — hills of solid metal. The first is the largest and richest mass yet found upon the globe. It covers five hundred acres. The ore, containing seventy per cent of pure iron, has been penetrated for four hundred feet below the surface, with no diminution of its richness even at that depth. Pilot Knob, a conical hill, six hundred feet high, and at the base covering three hundred and twenty acres, is also

pure ore, containing sixty per cent of iron. Shepherd's Mountain is equally rich. E. C. Swallow, the State Geologist, asserts that enough ore of the very best quality exists above the surface of the valleys, within a radius of a few miles, "to furnish one million tons per annum of manufactured iron for the next two hundred years." Much more satisfactory than this sweeping estimate is the statement, that already, before the smoke of battle has fairly cleared away, the Missouri furnaces are turning out twenty-five thousand tons per annum of domestic iron.

The "portable climate of our civilization" is even more abundant. The coal measures underlie twenty-six thousand square miles, or more than one third of the entire State. The average workable thickness of the beds is estimated at five feet. The enthusiastic Swallow assures us that they "can furnish one hundred million tons per annum for the next thirteen hundred years, and then have enough left for a few succeeding generations." At least, enough for practical purposes!

Nine southeastern counties, covering two millions of acres, are known as the "submerged lands." These swamps, chiefly formed by the great earthquake, are of rich alluvium, often covered with stagnant water, which poisons the summer air with miasma. They are uninhabitable except upon the islands, which furnish homes for hunters and trappers. Some, dry a part of the year, are studded with enormous cypresses, which rise sixty or seventy feet without a branch. The islands produce noble oaks and hickories. It is believed that by a system of levees on the Mississippi, White, and St. Francis Rivers, this whole region could be drained and reclaimed for less than half a million of dollars. That would make it one of the most valuable portions of the State.

Valleys subject to overflow, and uplands where the rich soil is first opened to the air, generate chills and fever, — always prevalent in new countries, since it shook Julius Cæsar out of Gaul. Typhoid fevers, too, abound in some regions during early autumn; but in general the State is healthful.

Three million acres of public lands are still open to entry at $1.25 to $2.50 per acre. But they are the leavings of forty years, and their quality is poor. The valley of the Missouri, opposite Kansas, and several other sections, produce tobacco and hemp abundantly; and there is a well-founded saying among the farmers, that land which will raise hemp will raise any other crop. Flax, wheat, corn, oats, grasses, and, in southern counties, cotton, all flourish. Most of the prairies are in the northern half of the State; though a belt two or three counties wide leaving the Missouri near Booneville, and running southwest through Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, is the fairest and richest body of prairie land in the world.

Every variety of Northern fruit thrives. Grape-culture, begun in 1849, has become a prominent industrial interest. Missouri wines, improving year by year, are already favorably known throughout America and Europe. The principal difficulties are rot and mildew, — both prevented by proper drainage and selection of soil. Thus far, the Catawba and Norton's Seedling are the most successful grapes. Two hundred and fifty gallons of wine per acre is given as the average yield; but single acres have produced one thousand gallons. As yet the principal vineyards are on the Missouri; but the grape thrives in every portion of the State. Even on the flint ridges of the Ozark Hills it produces luxuriantly. Missouri is believed to contain five millions of acres adapted to its culture, — an area equal to all the vineyards of France, and capable of employing remuneratively two millions of people.

Hitherto St. Louis has kept five or six years behind Chicago in reaching out railway arms to regions naturally tributary to her; but now she seems to be rousing. She is pushing her locomotives south toward Memphis, and west far toward the Rocky Moun-

tains. One railway bridge is springing across the Missouri at St. Charles, and another at Kansas City; and St. Louis is bridging the Mississippi with a structure which will cost five millions of dollars. She is waxing mighty in manufactures; the smoke of her foundries and machine-shops ascendeth for ever and ever. Coming from bituminous coal, it makes St. Louis the dirtiest city upon our continent, with the single exception of Pittsburg. Relics of early French days exist, in the narrow streets, and quaint brick and frame houses; and even one or two of the pioneer log-cabins are still standing.

Every section of the State is favorable to stock-growing, and contains abundant water-power for manufacturing. Rich deposits of tin are found in the southeast; some day they may cut off our importations from Cornwall. The forests abound in black-walnut and other valuable timber. Every variety of building-stone exists, from solid granite to fine-grained marble, white and variegated.

Such is Missouri, the "uninhabitable" of early explorers and settlers, from De Soto to Benton. It covers four parallels of latitude and five meridians of longitude, with a land area of sixty-seven thousand square miles. It is one third as large as France, half as large as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is an empire in itself, bisected by the second river of the globe, watered upon its whole eastern border by the third, and threaded by other important streams. It has a genial climate, boundless agricultural, horticultural, mineral, and manufactural resources, and a pleasantly diversified surface, rising from Ohio City, — three hundred feet above tide-water, — to the summit of the Ozark Hills, twelve hundred feet higher.

In 1860 it contained ninety-three thousand cultivated farms and plantations, and three thousand manufacturing establishments, employing a capital of twenty million dollars. In 1870 its inhabitants will fall little short of two millions. It is by all odds the richest interior State of our whole Union. May the ideas that mould its future be as generous as its material resources!

APRIL.

APRIL has searched the winter land,
And found her petted flowers again;
She kissed them to unfold their leaves,
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,
And filled the grass with green content,
And made the weeds and clover vain.

Her fairies climb the naked trees,
And set green caps on every stalk;
Her primroses peep bashfully
From borders of the garden-walk;
And in the reddened maple-tops
Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

She greets the patient evergreens,
She gets a store of ancient gold,
Gives tasselled presents to the breeze,
And teaches rivers songs of old, —

Then shakes the trees with stolen March winds,
And laughs to hear the cuckoo scold.

Sometimes, to fret the sober sun,
She pulls the clouds across his face;
But finds a snow-drift in the woods,
Grows meek again, and prays his grace;
Waits till the last white wreath is gone,
And drops arbutus in the place.

Her crocuses and violets
Give all the world a gay "Good year!"
Tall irises grow tired of green,
And get themselves a purple gear;
And tiny buds, that lie asleep
On hill and field, her summons hear.

She rocks the saucy meadow-cups;
The sunset's heart anew she dyes;
She fills the dusk of deepest woods
With vague, sweet sunshine and surprise,
And wakes the periwinkles up
To watch her with their wide, blue eyes.

At last she deems her work is done,
And finds a willow rocking-chair,
Dons spectacles of apple-buds,
Kerchief and cap of almonds rare,
And sits, a very grandmother,
Shifting her sunshine-needles, there.

And when she sees the deeper suns
That usher in the happy May,
She sighs to think her time is past,
And weeps because she cannot stay,
And leaves her tears upon the grass,
And turns her face, and glides away.

ART.

OUR distinguished countrywoman, Miss Charlotte Cushman, who has so long lived in Rome, became interested, some time since, in a Danish sculptor, a fellow-worker of Thorwaldsen, Willhelm Matheiu by name, who, though he has created real works of genius, lives there, poor and old, and comparatively unknown. Several years ago he designed and executed for the Grand Duchess Helena, of Russia, busts of three great musical composers. Miss Cushman, captivated by the beauty of the work, and wishing to help the artist and to make his merit known, and at the same time pay a graceful compliment to her native city, ordered casts of these works, which she has sent as a gift for the adornment of the Music Hall, with which she had associated her name by her recital of the Ode written for the inauguration of its Great Organ. The casts have arrived uninjured, and, before they are formally pre-

sented and displayed, a brief description of the designs may not be uninteresting.

They are busts of three great musical composers, as we have said, upheld by brackets ornamented with allegorical figures suggesting the distinctive genius, style, and place in musical history of each. The heads are modelled in heroic or more than life size. The brackets are some five feet long by three feet wide. The figures stand out in full *alto rilievo*.

The first bust is that of Palestrina, a very noble head, high, symmetrical, and broad, with features regular and finely cut, giving the impression of rare purity and truth of character, fine intellectuality, the calm dignity of a soul well centred, — a beautiful harmony of strength and delicacy. The artist has been guided by a portrait painted from life, (as well as by a bust made from the painting,) which he found in the Barberini Gallery in Rome. We venture to say that there is not a more simple and harmonious portrait bust in Boston than the Danish sculptor has here produced.

As Palestrina was the great reformer of church music, the master in whom pure religious vocal music first attained to perfect art, there stands forth from the centre of the bracket a figure representing "the Genius of Harmony," as it is called by the artist,—or say Saint Cecilia,—holding an open music-book of large, wide pages, between two angels, who are placed a little higher in the background; one of them, with folded hands, and lost in devotion, reads over her shoulder from the book; the other, pointing to the notes, appears to ask her whence the music came, and the Genius, whose eyes are upturned, indicates that it is given by inspiration from above. The three forms and faces are instinct with a divine beauty; the central figure is one of unconscious dignity and grace, and is the loftiest ideal of pure womanhood. The whole grouping of the figures,—the rich folds of the drapery made so light and flowing by harmonious arrangement with the wings and halos of the angels, — is the most free and graceful that can be imagined. Above and behind this group, for the immediate support of the shelf which holds the bust, there is a choir of little cherubs, with sweet faces, nestling eagerly together, and with little arms encircling each other's necks, who are singing over the shoulders of Cecilia, and seem to be trying the new heavenly music in the open book below. It needs no argument to show the fitness of the allegory; it speaks for itself as instantly as the poetic beauty and consistency of the execution.

The next bust is Mozart's, type of all that is graceful and spontaneous in music, and of perpetual youth; the purest type of *genius*, perhaps, that ever yet appeared in any art,—or in literature, if we except Shakespeare. Not that there has been no other composer so great, but that there has been none whose whole invention and processes were so purely those of genius. Learned and laborious though he was, yet he created music as naturally as he breathed; music was very atmosphere and native language with him. The busts and portraits which we see of Mozart differ widely, almost irreconcilably. This one adheres mainly to the portrait from life by Tischbein, with aid from several sculptures. Of all the busts that we have seen, it seems to us the worthiest to pass for Mozart. It has the genial, beaming, youthful face, with nothing small or weak in any feature, — the full eyes; square eyebrows; broad, large, thoughtful forehead; the full, compact head; the long nose withal. Altogether it is very winning.

Mozart was the complete musician; his genius did not wholly run in one direction; like the other greatest modern masters, he was master in all kinds, — in symphony as well as in song. But wherein he lives pre-eminent, the best type of a kind, if we would speak of only one, is in the lyric or dramatic union of orchestra and human voices, best shown in his operas, but shown also in his sacred compositions; for masses, requiems, oratorios, in full modern form with orchestra, are in an important sense dramatic, and without the drama they had never been. Accordingly, to symbolize at once the most graceful minister that Music ever had, as well as his peculiarly lyrical province, the artist has given for a central support to the bust the trunk of the German oak, about which, under its umbrageous canopy, circle the three Graces, with flying feet and flowing skirts, linked hand in hand, sisterly, in mutual guidance, — though in truth the middle one guides the other two, for cause which shall appear. In these three Graces he has represented the three characters of music, — the joyous, the sacred, and the tragic. The foremost in the dance, with full open face and open breast, all sunshine and delight, with the right arm thrown up and holding a bunch of grapes over her head, is joyous in the sweetest sense; her other hand is gently detained by her relig-

ious sister, — the unspeakably lovely one between us and the oak, whose shoulders thrown back and intent head in half profile, slightly bent in serious, blissful meditation, reminds us not a little of Jenny Lind, save that in beauty it exceeds her as far as she exceeded herself when she rose in song. Her left arm sustains, and seems to lead forward, her drooping sister Tragedy, whose head, deeply bent, looks off and downward to the left, and takes the shadow of the picture, while the left arm is gracefully thrown up to balance the raised right arm of the joyous one. At their feet, the masks of Tragedy and Comedy lean against the tree, grouping with the pine-apple of a thyrsus stick. The whole group is exquisite, — so rhythmical, so fluid, free, exhaustless in its movement, that it becomes fugue and music to the eyes, — drapery and all accessories in perfect keeping. Around the top of the oak stem is carved the word "Requiem," — the last, unfinished work and aspiration of the composer, — below which a wreath of laurel rests upon the oak-leaves.

The Mozart seems to us the happiest conception of the three. This one design should be enough to make its author famous.

Beethoven is the subject of the third bust, which also is extremely interesting; and yet to many it will prove the least satisfactory of the three. Indeed, Beethoven is naturally far more difficult to symbolize in art than either of the others. The head, however, modelled mainly from a good bust made in Vienna, and from a drawing on stone, is doubtless far more true to actual life, if not a stronger head, than Crawford's noble, but only ideally true, statue. Whether a better bust of Beethoven exists we know not; but certainly none nearly so good has found its way before to America, unless it be in Story's little statuette. It is not, perhaps, so agreeable a face as an admirer of his music and of so grand a character could wish; and one may well doubt whether his best expression, — the only one at all fair to the real man within, which may sometimes have shone out through the rough exterior, — has ever been caught in bust or portrait.

But how to symbolize the genius of Beethoven? — one so many-sided, so profound, struggling with untoward fate, yet full of secret hope and joy beyond the cloud, of glorious aspiration for the human race? one born into the new era, with the hope of universal liberty and sanctity and brotherhood? It is easy to think of his power, and how he wields the thunderbolts and smites in the climax of his harmonies, and how Jove-like and all-conquering, cloud-compelling, he is. The Germans sometimes call him the "Thunderer," and so our artist has chosen for support of the bust *Jupiter Tonans* himself sitting throned upon his eagle, which clutches the thunderbolts in its talons, and soars through immensity. Above the god's shoulders appear two winged genii, holding up the bracket. This is one side of Beethoven, no doubt. Still, this counterfeit presentment is not just; Beethoven is no heathen, and it is no *brutum fulmen* which he wields. Jove is the type of just that kind of majesty, that Old World might-makes-right, against which Beethoven's whole humanity and genius were a protest. Prometheus, heaven-storming Titan, were a fitter emblem. Still, in the best sense he is, we grant, Olympian. There is a fine truth, too, to the glorious, uplifting sense his music gives us, in the idea of being borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle. The same image has occurred to us while listening transported to one of his symphonies.

But the sweetness, the tenderness, the frolic fancy, are quite as characteristic as the strength and kingliness of Beethoven; and our artist has made the thunderer relax his gravity, and listen with inclined smiling face to a little urchin of a Cupid, seated on the eagle's wing, who, with upraised looks and hands, is telling merry stories to the god of gods, — clearly in allusion to the humorous passages, the scherzos, in Beethoven's music. The thought is a happy one. Nevertheless, the design as a whole is far from giving us the whole of Beethoven; as allegory it is hardly so complete a success — how could it be? — as the two others, though not less admirable as art.

These admirable and most suggestive sculptures, works of art in a high sense, will soon be placed upon the walls of the Music Hall, already rich in artistic adornment, to be seen of all. Just how and where to place them is not so easy a question to settle. The two galleries, running round three sides of the hall, leave no light, open space sufficient except at a great height, between the upper balcony and ceiling. The stage end is filled by the organ and the Beethoven statue. On the opposite wall, far up, each side of the Apollo

Belvedere, are panels which would hold them if they were but two; the third might come as a pleasant surprise upon one wandering through the corridors. But which two shall go up? Beethoven and Mozart, historically and every way, are far more nearly related to each other than either is to Palestrina; yet the Palestrina and Mozart, as sculptures, in design and treatment balance each other more perfectly, while the Beethoven is in quite another spirit, and, moreover, would behold his double (how unlike!) across the hall below. But there is a relation, suggested above, between the three, which would seem to outweigh all others, and to dictate that all three should be displayed, if possible, together in one row. For they mark (whether the artist thought of this or not), *as the artist has treated them*, the three great stages in the development of music. In Palestrina we have the pure harmony of voices carried up to perfect art. In Mozart we have the dramatic union of vocal and instrumental music. In Beethoven we have the highest expression of pure instrumental music, — music completely emancipated from words, music self-sufficient, leaning upon no other art, the genius of the symphony *par excellence;* for therein is he greatest, beyond all others, though he too has written a *Missa Solennis* which is sublime, and an opera with which one other only can dispute the palm.

Palestrina, highest type of vocal harmony, complete in itself, without instruments; Mozart, type of vocal and instrumental music blended in dramatic forms; Beethoven, pure instrumental music, ideal, soaring beyond human limitations. It is, perhaps, only stating the same relation in another way to speak of Palestrina as the representative of pure Italian art in music; of Mozart as the union of the Italian and the German genius, — he woos the Italian graces to dance around the German oak, — of Beethoven, as pure German of the Germans.

We trust our citizens will feel such active pride in the possession of these fine works of art as shall lead, not only to their being put some day into marble, but to the enlargement of the group by ordering from the same sculptor similar busts of two or three more great representative composers. The noble gift should be a noble impulse to us in the same direction.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution. By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

THE first volume of a biography to which hardly any reader will come from the late controversies of Mr. Bancroft and his critics in a strictly impartial state of mind brings down the story of General Greene's life to the time of Steuben's arrival in the camp of Valley Forge, near the close of 1777. The volume is divided into two books, one of which narrates with sufficient detail, and yet with sufficient rapidity, the incidents and circumstances of Greene's youth and early manhood, and ends with his appointment as commander of the Rhode Island Army of Observation in 1775; while the other book, with the greater fulness due to the important part Greene now assumed, develops his character as a soldier and leader. His letters are largely quoted, and the author studies to make his traits of mind and habits of action thoroughly familiar to the reader, before entering in succeeding books upon the record of events that become more and more historical and less strictly biographical. "The war is the frame in which it is set," says Mr. Greene, referring to the picture of General Greene's character, which in this first part of his work he aims to present. "Of him I have told all that I could learn; of the war, only so much as was necessary to understand the part which he took therein."

We own that we enjoy the work better the more personal it is, and that we like the General's company when he appears to us in some frank speech or unstudied act, rather than when he is writing his formal

letters, or is preoccupied with affairs of state, though there is something winning and soldierly in whatever he does. His inborn soldiership is what most constantly impresses you; for there never grew up in war a more soldierly spirit than this Quaker son of Quakers. The wild boy who ran away to the forbidden dances at night, and practised the stratagem of placing shingles under his jacket to receive the punishment of his offence, had inherited from some warlike ancestor a quality which, lying dormant in the broad-brimmed generations between them, awoke in him at the earliest rumor of arms, and he showed himself one of the fittest as well as one of the first to fight. "You dance stiffly," said a partner to him once, rallying him upon the halt in his right leg. "Very true," he replied, "but you see that I dance strong?" And as he danced he made war; from the time when he helped raise the company of the Kentish Guards at the beginning of the Revolutionary troubles to the day of his death, he fought strong against ignorance, prejudice, selfish ambitions, Tories, Hessians, English troops, and every kind of public enemies. These Kentish Guards were ashamed of the limping lieutenant proposed them in Greene; and he, though bitterly mortified at the affront offered him, still wrote to the friend who threatened to leave the company unless Greene were made lieutenant, beseeching him to forbear, lest such a course should break up the company, to the disgrace of the town and the injury of the cause. It is a very simple and noble letter, and the true man and soldier showed himself thoroughly earnest and devoted by carrying a musket as a private in the Kentish Guards, when those fastidious warriors marched to join the American forces at Cambridge. He no sooner won place and influence than he began his strong fighting to consolidate the troops, to break up the independent colony system, to make permanent enlistments, and to levy taxes for the support of the war. His family, though eminently respectable, was not aristocratic; yet he was always prompt to assert the rights of military rank, and to repel encroachments upon it. In fact, he was instinctively a soldier, as only Americans can be soldiers, — ambitious but unselfish, subordinate but thoroughly individual. He looked at the cause in which he was engaged courageously, as a soldier must; but he had too much sense, seeing the sluggishness, jealousies, and divisions of the politicians and people, to be over-sanguine about the end; and his letters are full of warnings and alarms, demanding of the country something of the devotion of the army. In the army his practical mind was of the greatest value, — not only in the presence of the enemy's troops, but of the prejudices and superstitions of our own men; his fight against the small-pox was characteristically strong; he was himself one of the first to be inoculated, and he insisted upon the inoculation of all the rank and file.

His patriotism also was of the soldierly sort, and he would have dealt severely with all lukewarm friends and covert traitors. He particularly detested Tories, and offered in his letter to Washington, as one capital reason for burning New York, that two thirds of the property belonged to Tories. We suspect that he had not much greater love for neutrals whose peaceableness he probably regarded as half-enmity. "The Friends, or Quakers," he wrote from the Jerseys in 1776, "are almost to a man disaffected. Many have the effrontery to refuse the Continental currency. This line of conduct cannot fail of drawing down the resentment of the people upon them." He seems never to have looked on his Quaker origin as a natural advantage; and he particularly resented that narrowness of creed and of thought which had forbidden him a liberal education in his youth, and held polite learning as little better than profane swearing. In fact, he never quite recovered from the injury thus done him, and we cannot greatly blame him if he did not quite forgive it to his ancestral sect. He had the most ardent admiration for literature, and he read and studied whatever books he could find. Locke, Butler, Blackstone, and Beccaria were his masters; Cæsar, Horace (both Englished), Pope, Swift, and Sterne were his friends; and he had the companionship of Rollin in Roman history and Rapin in the history of England. It was good society enough, and we are told that these, and some severe books of the dictionary sort, which composed his library, were the wonder of Greene's neighbors; but while he learnt humanity and liberality from his authors, he won small literary grace from them. His verbs and nominatives are not always on perfect terms with each other; his diction is often prolix and pompous, and here and there a word wanders about rather insecure of its destiny; when he

wrote of business, he never failed to write clearly and directly, but at other times he tended to platitude. Nevertheless, as we say, he loved letters, — with a tenderness, indeed, that, considering how little his affection was requited, becomes almost pathetic. Sterne was the favorite of this frank-minded soldier; but he had a warm heart for any writer, and he fell into a sort of rapture on beholding an actual flesh-and-blood *savant*. "I had the honor," he writes from Boston in 1775, "to be introduced to that very great man Dr. Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration the whole evening. Attention," he adds with a flavor from his stateliest reading, and a sense that very lofty language is due the distinguished occasion,—"attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his periods."

One likes the old hero for this ingenuous love of letters, as well as for a certain characteristic sensitiveness. We have hinted at his quick defence of the rights of the officers against the encroachments of Congress, which would have unduly meddled with promotion, and which kept them upon such insufficient pay that, as they were resolved "not to live below the gentleman," they were obliged to draw upon their private incomes. Early in the war he wrote to Adams that the promotion of another officer over his head, unless with the "General's recommendation," was an humiliation which he would not give any legislative body the opportunity to offer him a second time; and later he actually tendered his resignation, to take effect if Du Coudray should receive the high place that Congress contemplated offering him. At the same time, while looking jealously to his own honor and dignity as an officer, he was careful and active in behalf of his men, anxious to give them moral efficiency by securing for them a just pay, and protection against the evils of a rapidly depreciating currency.

Greene, in fact, resisted Congressional interference with the army, because he believed that it impaired its efficiency, and jeoparded the cause he loved; and he controlled his sensitiveness in regard to other wrongs which he felt quite as deeply, but of which the retaliation must have been even more mischievous than undue promotion. He was keenly alive to the general contempt in which the New England troops were held during the first years of the Revolution; he more than once deplores it in letters to his friends at home; yet beyond a frank expression of satisfaction at the removal of General Schuyler, — whose insolence to the New England officers in the army under his command had produced the worst effects, — he suffered nothing to escape him in resentment of a prejudice of the New-Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, and Southerners which even Washington shared for a while.

That Washington never underrated Greene himself, but had from the first a warm and confiding regard for him, there can be no better evidence than the envy of his brother officers. But evidence of all kinds appears to support the fact which General Greene's biographer views with a satisfaction so great and so just. Washington seems at once to have discovered the rare capacity and solid qualities of the fighting Quaker iron-master whom he found in command of the Rhode Island Army of Observation at Cambridge in 1775, and Greene repaid this appreciation with a manly devotion which did him the greatest honor. The incongruity between his inherited faith and his natural character and present profession must have struck the Virginian gentleman with peculiar force, for it extorted from that great man one of the few jokes which give us hold upon a humanity now grown shadowy through the cannon-smoke of many Fourths of July. "Send them to Greene," he said, in regard to a deputation of Friends that appeared in camp on behalf of their society; "Greene 's a Quaker himself." The two patriots were sufficiently unlike in many things to unite in a very sincere friendship upon the basis of their common hopes and purposes. Greene's quick decision and prompt executive ability could not but command the admiration of a man of Washington's pondering mind, even when these qualities tended to impetuosity; while his sensitiveness that never interfered with duty, and his tenderness that never affected his good soldiership, must each have had their peculiar charm for the cooler and calmer, not to say harder, temperament of his chief. It is certain that Greene was his favorite counsellor, and that he respected him for his military genius as thoroughly as he loved him for his personal traits.

The present volume leaves the biography of Greene at a most important point, and we shall look with interest for the succeeding instalments of a work destined to associate the author's name with those of the few writers who have made the great Revolutionists real and individually dear to us.

Woman's Wrongs: A Counter-Irritant. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

IT is the first business of the author of this sprightly little book to demolish the Rev. Dr. Todd, who some time ago printed a pamphlet on Woman's Rights, and told woman the usual things about her sphere, and her dependence, and her divinely established inferiority, and her sovereignty of the affections, and her general wickedness in making any effort except of the sort asked of Mrs. Dombey. Dr. Todd is such an intellectual chaos, that he had to be built up before being knocked over, and he seems in the end to be superfluously trampled upon. When our author has done with him, she enters upon much better work, namely, the discussion of woman's place in American society and polity. This topic she treats as impersonally and frankly and vigorously as any of our own clear-headed and abstractly thinking sex, and brings knowledge of social and political economy to bear upon it; while in saying that if she were a man she would not deny the right of suffrage to woman, and that being a woman she will not ask it, leaves the question in that doubt essential to the happiness of all seekers after truth. She questions whether the ballot would socially or morally elevate woman, seeing that the great mass of men are not so elevated by it; and she is sure that it would not increase or regulate wages, which are subject only to the laws of demand and supply, and cannot be reached by statute. Women, she shows, are no longer shut out from trades or professions, and they are ill-paid because they do slovenly half-work from want of skill. The author does not believe that the typical forty thousand starving seamstresses in New York would be at all filled by the ballot, but thinks they might be quite comfortable in domestic service, — which it is well to say, though the starving forty thousand will never hear to it. There is such a vast deal for women to do before they vote, that, while she believes every woman who desires to vote ought to vote now, she counsels her sex rather to strive for success in the businesses open to them than to dream of legislating themselves into well-paid employments. All this and more is urged, without favor to wise men who tell women to choose husbands and be happy, and say no more about it. The book is altogether one of the most noticeable arguments upon the subject it treats.

Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight, Lieutenant-Colonel Second Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THE charm of this book begins with the noble face which greets you from its first page, and which, once seen, haunts you continually, in all the bright and manly words and all the heroic deeds which find record here. You must needs turn to it often as you read, and marvel at the perfect expression it gives to the pure, cheerful, devoted life this brave young soldier led.

As to its external facts, it was the career of multitudes: the civil pursuit suspended, the military life embraced with as great ardor as if it had been a long-cherished purpose; the seasoning of the good fibre in camps; the hope, the patience, the impatience; the greatly desired battle, and coveted occasion, not merely to endure, but to do, — it is so common a career, that it seems the story of the whole nation; only the nation lived triumphing, and the individual lives that reflected her heroism were dark to her success. But the career which in the letters here given is suffered, for the most part, to portray itself, was that of a man whose excellent soldiership was wrought of material noticeably fine, even in a country and a time that offered so much of the best to war. The clear-headedness and knowledge of the world which would have made a successful lawyer, and the grace and culture which might have won a reputation in literature, appear in the unconscious and careless letters dashed off amid the duties and distractions of camps; while the rare unselfishness, the tenderness and active goodness which marked the character of this soldier, are eloquent in the testimonies of the friends and companions in arms. "I have lived a soldier, I die a soldier, I wish to be buried as a soldier," he said to those who listened to his last requests, after his mortal wound at Antietam. Was our cause indeed so grand, and was the national purpose so exalted, that such a man — so fine, so clear, so kind — could think, in death, of nothing better than its championship? Seeing the pitiful state into which we are so soon fallen, it seems scarcely possible; reading this book, we cannot doubt it.

We wish to say how simply and restrainedly this story of Wilder Dwight is told by one to whom the reader had been most willing to pardon excess of pride or fondness. It is his mother who has

shaped the memoir, and with a brief preliminary sketch of his boyhood and college-life and travels abroad, has skilfully connected the letters which contain the narrative of his life from the time when he entered the army, at the beginning of the war, until the time when he was struck down at its darkest hour. Then properly follow expressions of public and private grief and condolence; and so the whole has been quietly and unaffectedly said of facts and traits which make the reader exult to be of the same race and country with men like Wilder Dwight.

Bibliotheca Canadensis; or, A Manual of Canadian Literature. By HENRY J. MORGAN. Ottawa: G. E. Desbarats.

IT is easy to see the great industry that goes to the completion of such a work as this, and all who, from taste or necessity, have to do with bibliography, must feel their indebtedness to Mr. Morgan. It has evidently been a labor of love and of patriotism with him; and while it has made him acquainted with more worthless books, probably, than were known even to the not wisely but too well read friend of Charles Lamb, it is a real service rendered to literature. The contributions to the material of local and provincial history, from both French and English sources, form a very large portion of the works and authors cited; and herein the manual of Canadian literature is of very obvious use. As to the multitude of sermons, pamphlets, poems, and novels, likewise carefully remembered, their record here can at least serve as a monument of untiring perseverance in our colonial neighbors, and as proof of that desire for something original and authentic in literature which goes before — often a long while before — a national literature. Looking over the titles of the poems and romances, and glancing at the criticisms on them, an American beholds the image of his own Republic of Letters as it was thirty or forty years ago. A celebration, at any cost, of Canadian scenes and incidents is praised as the promise of a Canadian literature; and those people over the St. Lawrence and the great lakes appear still guileless enough to believe that a national literature is to be coaxed into existence and nursed into prosperity.

Mr. Morgan's method in his work is much the same as Mr. Allibone's in his famous Dictionary of Authors. Each writer's name is given, with a brief biographical statement, where the leading facts of his life are known, and then the titles of his works are cited, with criticism from the best authorities, and generally without comment where quotable criticism is wanting. The French authors stand in about the proportion of one to eight of the English, and they treat commonly of historical and scientific topics, while their Anglo-Saxon fellow-colonists are the novelists, poets, and preachers. Of literary clergymen, there is indeed an extraordinary number mentioned, and the names of many writing officers of the British service go to swell the lists of Canadian authorship. From the prevailing obscurity and oblivion, such a name as John Foster Kirke's shines out with remarkable effect; there are others, like Haliburton's, which are also familiar, though scarcely of the unfading kind.

Early Recollections of Newport, R. I., from the Year 1793 *to* 1811. By GEORGE G. CHANNING, Newport, R. I. pp. 284.

"NEWPORT," said a summer resident, "is the only place in the United States where you are out of America." The English crown still decorates the top of its tallest steeple. There is a town-crier. It gives one no sense of surprise to hear that the stern-post of Captain Cook's ship, the old "Endeavor," is built into one of the wharves. Where else should it be? It marks the spot where many other endeavors have gone down.

There are single sidewalks in Newport, which are narrow enough and quaint enough, one would think, to lead an explorer back to the Middle Ages; and Mr. Channing's book is like these sidewalks. Yet his memory does not reach back to the brilliant period of Newport, but to its incipient decay; it was beginning to be old when he was young.

It was said in Puritan days, in Massachusetts, that, if any man lost his religion, he could find it again at some village in Rhode Island. And if there could be anything in those days more varied and peculiar than the two hundred and ten "pestilent heresies" already counted up, it must all have been put away in Rhode Island also, to be kept until Mr. Channing was born. Can it be really true that he remembers smoke-jacks and pewter plates,

that he saw men pilloried, and branded, and whipped through the streets at the cart's tail? Did people really ring the old year out and the new year in? Did watchmen cry the wind and weather at night; and were they cheered by occasional hospitalities on stormy nights, in the form of ginger and cider flip?

Besides these doubtful felicities of night wanderers, the author recalls other culinary delights, as, for instance "whitepot." It was pronounced as if written "whitpot," and was made of white Indian-meal and new milk, with enough molasses to give it a yellow tinge. He describes social festivities too; subscription assemblies, where the partners for the first two dances were assigned by lot; tea-drinkings where nobody spoke, and all the guests sat round the walls in high-backed chairs. "Nobody spoke; it was not thought genteel." "Now and then a whisper might be heard, but as a general rule any deviation from the strictest formality was discouraged." What heights of saintly virtue must men and women have ascended in those days, through penitential exercises like these!

In those days boys wore deep-ruffled shirts, the ruffles falling half-way down the back. Boots were a great luxury, and were required to come as high as the knee, and be surmounted by yellow tops. "Twice a year a noted cheap shoemaker from Bristol visited Newport to obtain the length of the feet of every boy and girl." Young men wore small-clothes and knee-buckles; young women usually wore sheepskin gloves dyed blue. "O the simplicity of that age, when a thin gold ear-hoop and a few strings of gold beads constituted the beginning and end of female finery!"

Mr. Channing, with a zeal becoming his profession, records with especial delight the ecclesiastical oddities of those days. It was not the custom, it seems, for the leading male parishioners to enter the house of worship at the beginning, but to wait till the first prayer was over; thus allowing to the pastor and the female saints one spiritual season unchecked by grosser presences. Church services thus reversed the customs of the old-fashioned English dinner-table, where the ladies and the clergy retired first.

He well remembers Dr. Hopkins, who indeed could hardly have failed to impress himself on boyish memories. For he wore, when on horseback, "a robe of stuff called, at the time, *calamanco*, — a glossy woollen material of green color, — which was secured round the waist by a silken girdle. His head-gear was a red cap over a wig. He rode with his arms akimbo." The Robin-Hood ballads must have seemed very real to the Newport boys when they saw this austere Friar Tuck in Lincoln green riding forth on sunny mornings; but Mr. Channing admits no Maid Marian into the tale, and evidently questions the historic truth of Mrs. Stowe's tender legends.

It is pleasant to find that the author, true to the instincts of his name, was indignant even in childhood at "the stratagem employed by the vestry [of Trinity Church] to conceal the presence of colored people during service, which was effected by placing a frame with pear-shaped apertures at the side of the organ, through which they could see the minister and congregation, without being seen."

Who can read without regret, in these pages, of those palmy days of the Moravian Church (now extinct) when they had love-feasts of chocolate and buns, in which the world's people might share, on paying fourpence? Was it through such an excess of hospitality that this kindly church died out? Why did it perish, when many a sect survives to feed its devotees on husks? But the Moravian church edifice still exists in Newport, transformed into a school-house, where eager boys gaze aloft at the now inaccessible pulpit, and ponder passionate dreams of breaking into the building during some vacation, and scaling its dizzy height. The name of the structure is now modified by the popular tongue into "Arabian Meetin'-house," as if to match the Jewish synagogue in a neighboring street, and as if the descendants of Roger Williams were resolved to include with a fine hospitality all the monotheisms of the world.

Touching schools, Mr. Channing amazes the reader with the statement, that children were in his day furnished by their parents with movable seats made of round blocks of wood of various sizes. With what an altogether jubilant roar and rumble must those sessions have been dismissed! Every recess-time must have been a ten-strike, for what boy could resist the temptation to set his seat spinning? The author furthermore records that such was his aversion to the portrait on the outside of Webster's Spelling-Book, that he once returned a new copy in indignation at seeing the same grim face, — and afterwards invested the amount in sugar-candy. Then the cruel bookseller sarcastically denounced him be-

fore the school as having so keen an appetite for knowledge as to have eaten his spelling-book. It must have been a serious matter, that portrait; for it is said that William Cobbett bequeathed to Noah Webster the sum of fifteen dollars "to enable him to procure a new engraved likeness of himself for the book, that children may no longer be frightened from their studies." It is an odd coincidence, that time and the editors have not only effaced Mr. Webster's original features from the outside of his Spelling-Book, but also from the inside of his Dictionary.

We must not, however, linger too long in the seductive paths of this literary Pompeii. The book is full of quaint reminiscences, simply and honestly told. It is egotistic, as it should be, but there is no personal conceit in it; and the chief exploit of his own which he narrates — the saving of a wrecked vessel — was really quite an heroic thing, if local traditions be trusted, and is here very modestly told. These pages display a few of the weaknesses of old age, perhaps, — there are some trivialities and some discursiveness, and we are sometimes taken rather suddenly from liberty-trees to calico frocks, — but they have also the most attractive traits of old age, — amiability and tolerance. To acquire years without prejudices is always beautiful; may the town which Mr. Channing celebrates grow old as gracefully!

The American Beaver and his Works. By Lewis H. Morgan, Author of "The League of the Iroquois." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1868.

What Huber did for bees Mr. Morgan has done in some measure for beavers. The subject of his book is peculiarly an American one; for though beavers are found in the other hemisphere, they make no dams there, and a beaver without his dam is nobody.

Mr. Morgan has spent a good part of many successive summers in investigating the habits of the American branch of the family, studying them in their works, and making their personal acquaintance, so far as their natural reserve and shyness would admit. He has studied them on Lake Superior, and at the head of the Missouri, and supplemented the knowledge thus acquired by a vast amount of information gained through the Indians and the trappers. If he oversets some of the romances put in circulation by Buffon and others, he nevertheless does not detract from the high reputation for forecast and intelligence which the subject of his investigations has always enjoyed. In fact, most readers will derive from his book no little respect and esteem for these quadruped engineers, mingled with a pang of regret at the widespread devastation made among them in obedience to the exactions of civilization.

Beaver families consist usually of seven or eight members, namely, the father, the mother, and the children of one and two years. The young beavers, after being weaned, are fed carefully with tender shoots of willows, birches, and poplars, till they are able to provide for themselves. After the second year they are expected to leave the parental lodge, find mates, and make lodges for themselves. It sometimes happens that they fail in effecting the desired alliance. They are then, according to the Indians, permitted to remain another year under the parental roof, where, however, they are in a sort of disgrace, and are compelled to work at the dams, and do other hard labor, as a punishment for their matrimonial failure. Mr. Morgan does not vouch for the latter part of this story.

He writes throughout in an humane and kindly spirit, and an evident sympathy, not only with beavers, but with all the rest of the animal kingdom. He has brought to this work, an episode in the midst of graver studies, the same well-trained powers of observation and reflection, and the same spirit of careful and persistent research, which have already distinguished him in larger fields of inquiry. The value of his book is much increased by a profusion of excellent illustrations, made in most cases from photographs.

Mr. Morgan argues, at the close of his book, that the beaver and other animals are guided, not by the blind power called instinct, but by a conscious intelligence, like that of man, though incomparably inferior in degree. We are disposed to agree with him; and yet we would call attention to one fact which invalidates his principal train of reasoning, founded on structural affinities between man and the reasoning animals. In those of the animal kingdom, in whom, above all others, intelligence is proverbial, there is no such structural affinity. Ants and bees have neither brain, spine, nor nerves; that is to say, they are without the organs in which a conscious intelligence is universally supposed to reside.

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THE TURF AND THE TROTTING HORSE IN AMERICA.

NEARLY all the great trotting horses of America have come of one blood, — that of Messenger, an English horse, imported into New York in 1788.

The lineage of this horse can be traced directly back to the Darley Arabian, who was the sire of Flying Childers; and to the Cade mare, who was a granddaughter of the Godolphin Arabian. He was, therefore, of the best English thorough-bred racing stock.

All accounts concur in representing Messenger as a horse of superb form and extraordinary power and spirit. A groom who saw him taken off the ship which brought him to this country was accustomed to relate that, "the three other horses that accompanied him on a long voyage had become so reduced and weak that they had to be helped and supported down the gang-plank; but when it came Messenger's turn to land, he, with a loud neigh, charged down, with a negro on each side holding him back, and dashed off up the street on a stiff trot, carrying the negroes along, in spite of all their efforts to bring him to a stand-still."

He was a handsome gray, fifteen and three quarter hands high,* with "a large bony head, rather short, straight neck, with windpipe and nostrils nearly twice as large as ordinary; low withers, shoulders somewhat upright, but deep and strong; powerful loin and quarters; hocks and knees unusually large, and below them limbs of medium size, but flat and clean, and, whether at rest or in motion, always in a perfect position.

These records indicate that he had more of the form of the trotter than the thorough-bred horse in general. This form, along with the extraordinary vitality and endurance of his race, he gave to his progeny; which being persistently used and trained to trot became still more marked in these characteristic particulars. The first generation of his descendants were fine road horses, many of them fast, and all endowed with extraordinary courage and endurance. The second and third generations possessed in still greater perfection the form and action of the trotting horse, of which the fourth gen-

* A hand is four inches.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

eration has furnished the most perfect specimens.

Messenger lived to be twenty-eight years old. For fifteen years he was owned in the neighborhood of New York, and was held in such estimation that he probably left a more numerous family than any horse that has ever lived. So great has been the impress of his wonderful stamina and splendid form upon the horses of America, that those best acquainted with the subject do not hesitate to estimate his value to the country at one hundred millions of dollars.

Of the other horses that have founded lines of trotters, Justin Morgan deserves to be mentioned first. He was foaled in 1793 at Springfield, Massachusetts, and when two years old was taken to Vermont. His sire was True Briton, a fine horse ridden by General Delancey in the Revolutionary War.

Justin Morgan is described as a "low, compact, powerful horse, with a proud step, and good lively action." These qualities he communicated to his descendants, who are smooth, easy travellers, and possessed of indomitable perseverance. Fox, one of his colts, was driven one hundred and seventy-five miles on the road within twenty-four hours. The excellence of the stock of New England is due to this horse and to Hambletonian, a son of Messenger.

The Bashaws are descended from two imported Arabian horses. The first, known as Bashaw, was bred by the Emperor of Morocco, by whom he was presented to the Dey of Algiers, and finally, through the Swedish Consul, found his way to this country about the year 1768.

Grand Bashaw was imported from Tripoli in 1820. Andrew Jackson, Kemble Jackson, Long Island Black Hawk, Henry Clay, Lantern, and George M. Patchen are of his descendants, although all of them are more or less derived from Messenger. The Bashaws are characterized by fine size, handsome head and neck, full mane and tail, and a certain pride and magnificence of style.

The trotting horse Bellfounder was imported from England in 1823. He was a horse of great substance, of remarkable spirit, and his career in England was marked by splendid achievements. At three years old he trotted two miles in six minutes; and when four years old, ten miles in thirty minutes. Afterwards he trotted over the Norfolk Course, seventeen and one half miles, within an hour, winning a purse of five hundred guineas. He gave muscle and sinew to his progeny, and a Bellfounder cross appears in the pedigrees of many fine trotting horses.

There remain to be mentioned imported Trustee, and Sir Henry; Duroc, by thorough-bred Diomed; Glencoe, by Sultan; and the French horses Pilot and Royal George. These last horses were only in part of the original Norman stock; but they had enough of the blood to show it in their form, in the toughness of their constitution, and in their bold trotting action.

From the horses that have been here enumerated all the trotting horses and most of the road horses in the United States have come. In the case of many trotting horses a pedigree cannot be made out; but whenever one is fully ascertained, it invariably establishes a connection with one or the other of them. An excellent authority claims that no great trotter has been produced whose pedigree, when traced for four generations, does not show a connection with imported Messenger.

This record proves the immense influence of a few good horses upon the stock of a nation, and attests also the superior qualities of the English racer. All the horses here mentioned are of the Arabian and English thorough-bred stock, except the French horses, and even they are known to have had a strong infusion of the blood. From the vast hordes of wild horses which roamed over the plains of Texas, Mexico, and South America, not a single animal equal in size, speed, and enduring power to these English horses

and their direct descendants has ever been bred.

The first public trotting race in America, of which there is any record, took place in the year 1818. There had been for many years previous a growing taste for driving the trotting horse, and racing, or running, had been popular from the first settlement of the country; but it was not until that comparatively recent date that the interest in trotting culminated in a public exhibition of it.

The love of the horse is a part of the birthright of Americans, as the offspring of a people who for centuries have been devoted to the sports of the turf, and whose patriotism and pride have co-operated with their love of pleasure in the cultivation and improvement of a national stock. As early as the twelfth century a regular race-course was established in London; this being none other than Smithfield. Fitzstephen, who lived at that period, gives the following quaint account of the contests between the palfreys of the day: "When a race is to be run by horses which in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is raised, and common horses are ordered to withdraw from without the way. Two jockeys, then, or sometimes three, as the match may be made, prepare themselves for the contest, — such as are used to ride, and know how to manage their horses with judgment; the grand point being to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses on their part are not without emulation. They tremble, and are impatient, and continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they hurry along with unremitting velocity; the jockeys, inspired with the thoughts of applause and the hopes of victory, clapping spurs to their willing steeds, brandishing their whips, and cheering them with their cries." Youatt adds, that this description, with the exception of the cries, might form part of the record of a modern race at Epsom, in the columns of a morning paper, — so national is the English sport of horse-racing, and so unchanged are its characteristics. The history of the English horse and turf is full of interest. Such was the importance that Edward III. attached to good stock, that he gave a thousand marks for fifty Spanish horses, negotiating at the same time with the kings of France and Spain for their safe passage by land. The Stuarts imported many fine horses from the East, and laid the basis of the modern thorough-bred stock. Since their time it has been considered obligatory upon royalty to encourage breeding and racing, and even Parliament adjourns in honor of the Derby. As a recent writer in an English magazine says: "It is an undoubted necessity that Englishmen should have a national pastime, capable of affording amusement to all classes, enacted in the open air, devoid of all taint of cruelty, and conducted, as far as possible, with the rules of fair play. That want racing supplies; and when the national amusements of other times and peoples are reviewed, it will be found a difficult task to dispute, successfully, the claim, that the English turf is the noblest pastime in which any nation, ancient or modern, has ever indulged."

The love of the national sport was strongly implanted in the breasts of those Englishmen who settled Virginia and other southern and southwestern portions of the United States. They imported the best English horses, and the time early came when every planter kept his stud. As the country was sparsely settled, and wagon-roads uncut, the horse and saddle furnished the principal means of communication with neighbors and towns, and to be well mounted became one of the distinguishing marks of social position. The stage-coach came afterward, and the railroad; and travelling on horseback gradually ceased, but not until the taste for using the horse under the saddle had become thoroughly established, and yearly meetings for racing in the English style had become popular.

Passing over Colonial times, and the period immediately following the Revo-

lution, we come upon the period when racing reached the highest point of popularity. For a period of over twenty-five years every city and considerable town, from New York to Florida, from Cairo to Balize, and all through the valley of the Mississippi, had biennial meetings, in which the most distinguished men of the time took part. The leading politicians of the South were foremost in patronizing the turf. The efforts of General Jackson to improve the stock of Kentucky, and his fondness for racing, are fully set forth in his biography by Mr. Parton. The names of Sir Henry, American Eclipse, Ariel, Black Maria, Gray Eagle, Boston, and Fashion will render this period in American turf-annals forever illustrious.

But racing had its origin in the Southern States. Virginia and Kentucky were the great nurseries of the running horse. The principal race-courses were near Southern capitals; and although, in the great race on Union Course, Long Island, in 1823, between Sir Henry and American Eclipse, the North was successful, in the main the greatest success in breeding running horses, as well as the greatest popularity of the sport, was at the South.

If the English love of the horse was shared by the Puritan settlers of New England at all, it did not show itself in patronage of the turf. On the contrary, they regarded racing and all its accompaniments with peculiar aversion. Their creed and lives, indeed their very expatriation formed a protest against the habits and principles of those of their countrymen at home with whom the maintenance of the turf was the first object of life. Nor was the exhilarating ride in the saddle in harmony with the Puritan temper. It was tainted with incitements whose direct tendency was the race-course. Their settlements covered a narrower field, and consequently there was not the same demand for the horse for use in travelling as at the South. It was as an assistant in the labors of agriculture that they found him principally serviceable. His decorous use before the rude vehicles which carried their families to meeting was the nearest approach which they made to modern pleasure-driving. Harnessed before their "one-horse shays," a horse possessing the speed of Flora Temple or Dexter would be brought down to an orthodox amble. Thus it came that driving the horse before vehicles of varying degrees of clumsiness generally prevailed in New England; whence it has gradually spread over the country, displacing the use of the horse under the saddle, and furnishing another evidence of the complete predominance of Puritan influence in the country. The habit of driving led naturally to the cultivation of trotting; that gait being the easiest for the horse in harness, and the most unobtrusive and agreeable to the driver.

There exists but a scanty record of the early trotting horses and their achievements. The first sporting-paper published in America, "The Turf Register," was first issued September 1, 1829. This monthly journal was almost entirely devoted to the thoroughbred running horse and racing; and, during the first two or three years of its existence, trotting was barely mentioned in its pages. As has been stated, the first public trotting race took place in 1818. In that year the horse Boston Blue trotted at Boston, in a match against time, a mile within three minutes (the exact time is unknown), which was reckoned a very great performance. In 1824, Albany Pony trotted a mile on the Jamaica turnpike in 2 m. 40 s., which shows a considerable advance in speed in the six years which had intervened.

The performances of Top Gallant were so extraordinary, and he was in every respect such a superior horse, that a more complete record of him has been handed down than of any of the old-time trotters. He was foaled in 1808, but trotted his principal races after he was twenty years old. Hiram Woodruff, who rode him at his exercise, thus describes him: "Top Gallant was a dark bay, fifteen hands,

three inches high; plain, and raw-boned; but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. His spirit was very high, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality." In 1828, in a four-mile race against Whalebone over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, he trotted four heats * of four miles each, in 11 m. 16 s., 11 m. 6 s., 11 m. 17 s., 12 m. 15 s., the whole sixteen miles in 45 m. 44 s. In 1830, when twenty-two years old, he trotted twelve miles over the same course in 38 minutes; and in 1831, on the same ground, two miles in 5 m. 19 s.

A correspondent of the "English Sporting Magazine," writing of the trotting horses at the Hunting Park Course in 1829, mentions Top Gallant first, as follows:

"Top Gallant, by Hambletonian, he by Messenger, trotted twelve miles in harness in 38 minutes; and three miles, under saddle, in 8 m. 31 s. He is now nineteen years old, and can trot a mile with one hundred and fifty pounds in 2 m. 45 s.

"Betsey Baker, by Mambrino, he by Messenger, beat Top Gallant three miles, under saddle, carrying one hundred and fifty pounds, in 8 m. 16 s. This mare, when sound, could trot twenty miles within the hour.

"Trouble, by Hambletonian, a horse of good bottom, trotted two miles in 5 m. 25 s.

"Sir Peter, by Hambletonian, trotted three miles in harness in 8 m. 16 s.

"Whalebone, by Hambletonian, trotted three miles in 8 m. 18 s. These two, Sir Peter and Whalebone, can be matched either against Rattler or Tom Thumb, now in England, for any amount."

(Tom Thumb trotted, in England, 16.5 miles, in harness, in 56 m. 45 s., and 100 miles in 9 h. 30 m.)

"Screwdriver, by Mount Holly, he by Messenger, in a race with Betsey Baker, trotted two three-mile heats in 8 m. 2 s., and 8 m. 10 s."

* A heat is one continuous effort, either in running or trotting.

This record of performances would be creditable to the trotting horse in any year of his history. It illustrates the general character of all the trotting races of the early time. They were as much a test of endurance as of speed, and were seldom of less than two, and frequently of three and four miles. Races were trotted in which the endurance of horses was taxed to the uttermost, and the tasks most commonly imposed would render completely worthless one half of the trotting horses of the present day. Speed has been cultivated to the neglect of bottom, and what has been gained in swiftness has been lost in staying power.

In this respect, the course of trotting in America is analogous to that of racing in England. The English racers of half a century ago partook of the characteristic excellence of the Oriental horses, from whom they were derived, — which was that, in addition to their speed, they possessed extraordinary powers of endurance. Such horses as Bay Middleton, Glencoe, Mameluke, The Baron, Pyrrhus the First, Blair Athol, Wild Dayrell, Lanercost, and Harkaway, and the mares Catherina, Beeswing, and Alice Hawthorn, are not now found upon the English turf, and it is doubtful if ever they will be found there again. An English writer on the present condition of the turf says: "There is not a six-year-old now in training in England to whom any of these four (Lanercost, Harkaway, Beeswing, and Alice Hawthorn) could not at the same age have given a stone and a beating over the Beacon Course."

The "Turf Register" of March, 1834, copies from a Philadelphia paper the following comments on a race which took place at Trenton, N. J., in which the horse Edwin Forrest trotted a mile in 2 m. 36 s., and Columbus, in 2 m. 37 s.: "The improvement of the trotting horse is engaging the attention of some of the best sporting characters in the country. We believe our State boasts of the best trotters in the Union. New York is nearly as good as our own. It

is, in our opinion, a sport which should be encouraged."

The horses Edwin Forrest and Columbus were the best trotting horses of their time. The first trotted on Long Island, in 1834, a mile in 2 m. 31½ s., which was then the best time ever made. He was afterward beaten by Daniel D. Tompkins, a New England horse, in a great race for ten thousand dollars. Columbus was the first horse to trot three miles in less than eight minutes.

The celebrated horse Dutchman made his appearance on the turf in 1833. His pedigree was never ascertained. In his work on the trotting horse, Hiram Woodruff says of him: "For the combined excellences of speed, bottom, and constitutional vigor, equal to the carrying on of a long campaign and improving on it, Dutchman has had few, if any, equals, and certainly no superior." In 1836 he was entered in sweepstakes with Fanny Pullen and Confidence. Fanny Pullen was the dam of Trustee, the first horse to trot twenty miles within an hour. Confidence was a handsome bay horse, afterwards purchased for the well-known English horseman, Mr. Osbaldestone, and taken out of the country. Dutchman won the race in 5 m. 17½ s. and 5 m. 18½ s. He afterwards beat Lady Suffolk in two straight two-mile heats in 5 m. 11 s. and 5 m. 13 s. His race with Rattler, a horse that Hiram Woodruff declared to be the best trotter ever taken to England, was one of the most closely contested and best three-mile races ever trotted. For eleven miles the horses were never clear of each other; and when Dutchman left Rattler in the twelfth, it was by inches only. In 1839, on the Beacon Course, New Jersey, Dutchman made his great and imperishable record of three miles in 7 m. 32½ s. He trotted one mile of this race in 2 m. 28 s., which was the best one-mile time that had then been made, as the three-mile time is the best made up to the present writing.

Long Island, the scene of so many of the triumphs of the trotting horse, is equally distinguished as the birthplace of some of the most celebrated. Messenger was kept at its western extremity, and his blood was disseminated over the whole island. From one of his descendants, Engineer, came Lady Suffolk, for many years the unquestioned mistress of the trotting-turf. She was bred in Suffolk County, whence her name, and when three years old was purchased by David Bryant, from the farmer who raised her, for ninety dollars. She was a gray, raw-boned, slab-sided, homely animal; but deep in the chest and muscular in the arms and quarters, which enabled her to keep up a wonderfully long and clearing stride. Her first appearance on the turf was in 1838, when she was five years old. From that time she was kept steadily at work for sixteen years, trotting one hundred and sixty-one races, of which she won eighty-eight. Her owner, though devotedly attached to her, did not use the discretion in her management which is necessary to secure success, even with the most reliable animals; so, despite her extraordinary speed and bottom, the list of her defeats is nearly as long as that of her victories. She was beaten by Dutchman, Repton, Lady Victory, Lafayette, Independence, Aaron Burr, and by Americus in a great five-mile race which came off on the Centreville Course in the fall of 1841. That same year she beat Dutchman on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, trotting three miles in 7 m. 40½ s. The year before, the same horse had beaten her easily in 7 m. 51 s. She had steadily improved from the time of her first appearance, although she had been driven in races of two and three miles every season, until it was a cause of surprise that her legs were strong enough to bear her up at all. Anything of less steel-like fibre would have given way, and the trotting-turf been deprived of one of its greatest ornaments.

In 1842 she beat Ripton in a two-mile race, in harness, in 5 m. 10 s. and

5 m. 15 s. This was on the 7th of May. On the 1st of August, Ripton turned the tables by beating her in 5 m. 6 s. and 5 m. 22 s. This Ripton was a handsome bay, small, but a trotter of peculiar smoothness and beauty. He had many contests with Lady Suffolk, and the record shows that he beat her oftener than he was beaten. Even as late as this year, 1842, most of the races were of two and three miles, and in all such races it is important to husband the power of the horse as much as possible; consequently the full speed is very seldom called out, but a gait is aimed at which can be maintained to the end of a long race. For this reason, horses of moderate speed and great endurance may beat, in such races, far faster trotters. Although Lady Suffolk had the hardiest bottom and highest courage, she was a long strider, and calculated to put forth all her strength in a great effort, rather than expend it gradually in a moderate effort long continued. In spite of this, such was her enduring power, that, in 1837, she distanced the pacer James K. Polk, the first heat of a two-mile race in 5 m. 3 s. But her greatest performance was in the season of 1849. Hiram Woodruff says: "This arduous season began at the Union Course on the 21st of May. Lady Suffolk and Lady Moscow trotted mile heats, Moscow winning in four heats. Lady Suffolk then went Down East, and trotted three races at Providence, Rhode Island. From there she went to Boston, and on the 14th of June she trotted on the Cambridge Course with Mac, on which occasion she made the fastest heat she ever trotted. The first heat was won by Mac in 2 m. 31 s. The Lady won the second in 2 m. 26 s." This was her greatest performance. It raised her to the highest place among trotting horses, and gave her a world-wide fame, which has endured to the present day. She afterwards trotted with Jack Rossiter, Lady Sutton, Trustee, Long Island Black Hawk, Gray Trouble, and Gray Eagle, — all horses of the very first class, — and remained on the turf until 1853, doing an immense amount of work every season, maintaining her great reputation both for speed and endurance until she passed into honorable retirement.

Long Island Black Hawk was one of the greatest stock-horses ever bred upon the island which furnished the first half of his name, and one of the best representatives of the Bashaw family. He was fifteen and a half hands in height, finely moulded, a great weight-puller, and a good traveller. He was hardly a match for Lady Suffolk, who drew three hundred and fifty pounds, and beat him in 2 m. 40 s.

Kemble Jackson, another son of Andrew Jackson, was equally distinguished. As a trotter, he surpassed Long Island Black Hawk. He commenced his career on the Centreville Course in December, 1850. The next year he beat the Nelson Colt in a three-mile race, giving a strong proof of his great qualities. On the 1st of June, 1853, in a similar race with O'Blenis, Boston Girl, Pet, Iola, and Honest John, he achieved a national reputation. This race attracted almost as much attention as the great race between Sir Henry and American Eclipse, in which the honor of two sections of the country, the North and the South, was considered at stake. The contest was mainly between the popular favorites Kemble Jackson and O'Blenis. The latter was by Abdallah, from whom he inherited all the fine characteristics of the Messenger stock. Kemble Jackson was driven by Hiram Woodruff, whose skill and judgment in driving were signally displayed in the management of his horse on this occasion. All the horses came on the ground in good condition, and were well started for the first trial. The popular judgment was immediately confirmed by Kemble Jackson and O'Blenis drawing ahead of the others,— Kemble Jackson on the lead, which he maintained for three miles, winning the first heat in 8 m. 8 s. In the second heat, Iola and Pet got off with the lead, but on the second quarter Kemble Jackson headed them, and O'Blenis

coming up, a duel between them was maintained until the end of the second mile; Kemble Jackson, leading easily in the third mile, won the heat and the race in 8 m. 4¾ s. All the horses did well, but Kemble Jackson surpassed all expectation; and though the time has been frequently beaten, this is generally considered one of the best three-mile races ever witnessed on Long Island.

Lady Suffolk's day was hardly over before a successor appeared who was more than her equal, whose career on the turf was nearly as long, and marked by achievements exciting equal admiration, and gaining her even greater celebrity. The new light was Flora Temple. She was foaled in 1845, near Utica, New York, and was by One-eyed Hunter, a son of Kentucky Hunter. She was a little bay mare, fourteen and a half hands high, of thorough-bred, muscular form, and peculiarly quick and nervous gait. When four years old she was sold for thirteen dollars, and again for sixty-eight dollars, and ultimately found her way to New York, where she soon became known on the suburban roads as a trotter of unusual promise. In the summer of 1850 she trotted her first race, a half-mile, on the old Red House track. In the fall of the same year she trotted with Delaware Maid, Whitehall, Napoleon, and Hiram, winning in 2 m. 55 s., 2 m. 52 s., and 2 m. 49 s.

In 1852 she beat the horse Centreville in 2 m. 42 s., and this year she was sold again; the price paid was four thousand dollars. In 1853 she beat Black Douglas, who had previously beaten her on the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia. In this race she trotted a mile in 2 m. 31¼ s. Her races with Highland Maid took place the same season. This mare was bred in Orange County, New York, and was of the purest Messenger blood. She was very powerful, and a great strider, and was then, like Flora Temple, in the first flush of what promised to be a brilliant career. Their first race was in harness, and came off on the Centreville, Long Island, Course, on the 15th of June, 1853. Highland Maid won the first heat in 2 m. 29 s., and the second in 2 m. 27 s., which last was the best time that had then been made in harness. Flora Temple had pushed her antagonist to the top of her speed, and the great strain had told upon her. In the third heat she gave out, and was distanced in 2 m. 32½ s. The next race between them was to wagons, and took place on the 28th of the same month. In the first heat Flora Temple got the lead, and maintained it, winning in 2 m. 28 s. The next heat was won by Highland Maid in 2 m. 32 s. The third heat was severely contested, and was declared a dead heat. The fourth was won by Highland Maid in 2 m. 33 s. But in the fifth and sixth Flora Temple showed her superior power to repeat by beating her rival in 2 m. 31½ s. and 2 m. 35 s. This was a very severe race, and Highland Maid, not being thoroughly matured and seasoned, did not recover from it for a long time. It raised Flora Temple to the rank of the first trotting horses of the country.

The next month she trotted with Tacony. This horse was bred in Canada, and had trotted under the saddle in 2 m. 25½ s. The race was in harness, and was won by Tacony in three desperately contested heats, the time being 2 m. 28 s., 2 m. 27 s., 2 m. 29 s. The horses were immediately matched to trot again two-mile heats in harness, the race to come off in five days. Flora Temple won easily in 4 m. 59 s. and 5 m. 1 s. On the 26th of July she beat Tacony again at Saratoga; and afterwards, in 1856, distanced him in 2 m. 24½ s., effectually establishing her superiority.

In 1854 Flora Temple beat Lady Brooks in four heats, and Kemble Jackson in five heats, to wagons. The victory over this veteran was only won after a terrific struggle. It seemed hard for the victor over so many courses to lay all his laurels at the feet of a youthful rival. In November she beat Green Mountain Maid and Rhode Island at Rochester. After her return to New

York she trotted with Mac, an old antagonist of Lady Suffolk. She beat him easily in 2 m. 31¾ s., 2 m. 32 s., and 2 m. 33 s.

Not long after this race, Flora Temple became the property of James McMann, who henceforth drove her in her principal races, and with whom she is chiefly associated. Her first appearance after this change of ownership was in a race with Sontag. This mare was by Vermont Hambletonian, a grandson of Messenger, and a sire of many famous trotting horses. In this race Flora Temple was driven by Warren Peabody (Hiram Woodruff had driven her in most of her previous races), and was beaten by Sontag in 2 m. 31 s., 2 m. 33 s., and 2 m. 35 s. The loss of this race would seem to be owing to the change of drivers, as the best time made had been repeatedly beaten by Flora Temple on previous occasions. She was now matched to trot twenty miles within an hour, but was withdrawn after trotting twelve miles. Like Lady Suffolk, she does not appear to have been constituted for the dragging effort which is required for success in such races.

It was in October of the year 1856 that Flora Temple and the great Morgan horse, Ethan Allen, trotted their first race. Ethan Allen may well be the pride of New England, for a finer built and more beautiful trotter was never harnessed. He had just beaten Rose of Washington and Hiram Drew; and this, with his easy and perfect trotting gait, made many regard him as fully a match for the pet of Long Island. The race came off on the 5th of November, and was won by Flora in two heats in 2 m. 32½ s. and 2 m. 36½ s. It proved that Ethan Allen had hardly arrived at the period of development, or become sufficiently seasoned upon the turf, to compete with its mature and experienced mistress.

Her first match in 1857 was with Rose of Washington. This Messenger mare was bred by that veteran horseman, Smith Burr of Comac, Long Island, and was a full sister of Lady Woodruff. Although she had been beaten by Ethan Allen when four years old, she was now fully matured and in prime condition for the race. Flora, on the contrary, had only shortly returned from her winter quarters, and had not had the work necessary to put her in condition to trot with a rival who had beaten Tacony in 2 m. 30 s. and 2 m. 31 s. that same season. In addition, it was stipulated that Flora should draw a wagon, Rose of Washington going in harness.* The result was that Flora was beaten in three straight heats. Another race between these two mares took place two weeks afterwards, with a different result. Flora, in the mean time, had trotted with the Belle of Portland, and had been worked into trotting condition, and in this race distanced Rose of Washington in the first heat. The time, however, was not so good by one quarter of a second as the time made in the previous race; and had it not been for the early death of Rose of Washington she might have eclipsed her victorious rival.

After these races, Flora travelled about the country, trotting for purses at various places, with Miller's Damsel, Redbird, Lancet, and Brown Dick. In 1858 she was sold to Mr. William McDonald of Baltimore for eight thousand dollars. The change of ownership made no difference in her trotting appointments, all of which continued to be made by James McMann. She trotted with Lancet at Philadelphia on the 8th of June, and at Baltimore on the 8th of July. In October she went West, and trotted at Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and other places. Among her antagonists in these races were Hero the pacer, Prince, and Reindeer.

But it was not until 1859 that Flora Temple made the time which raised her to the high position which she holds among later trotting horses. She began the season that year by beating Ethan Allen in 2 m. 25 s. Her races with Princess followed. Princess was a very beautiful trotter. She was bred in New

* A horse is held by the best judges to be able to trot under the saddle three seconds faster than in harness, — that is, harnessed to a sulky, — and six seconds faster than when harnessed to a wagon.

Hampshire; but had been in California, where she had trotted ten miles to wagon in 29 m. 10½ s. The first race between Flora and Princess was of three miles, and was won by the former, after a hard pull, in 7 m. 54 s. and 7 m. 59½ s. The second race of two miles was won by Princess in 5 m. 2 s. and 5 m. 5 s. The third race of one mile was won by Flora in 2 m. 23½ s., 2 m. 22 s., and 2 m. 23½ s. Although this most extraordinary race was won by Flora, Princess had trotted so well that it was still thought by some that she was the better horse. In August a fourth race of two miles took place between them, which was won by Flora in the unprecedented time of 4 m. 50½ s. The time of the second heat was 5 m. 5 s. The two mares then made a trip together, trotting at Saratoga, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and, on the 15th of October, at Kalamazoo, Mich. In the third heat of the race at this place, with Princess and Honest Anse, Flora trotted a mile in 2 m. 19¾ s. The news of this great performance was received by telegraph in the principal cities of the Union, and created a general excitement. It was the culmination of a long and brilliant career. Flora Temple became thenceforth an object of public interest, and wherever she went was regarded with the greatest curiosity and favor. Before she returned to New York, she visited Cleveland, and St. Catharine's, Canada, winning races at both places.

Flora was now fifteen years old. She had been on the turf for ten years, during which time she had trotted over fifty successful races, and won thousands of dollars. It would seem that she had fairly earned a release. But such was not the fate in store for her. Another great horse had made his appearance, with whom she was destined to fight her old battles over again. This was George M. Patchen. He was bred in New Jersey, and was of Bashaw, Messenger, and Trustee lineage. He had been beaten once by Ethan Allen, but had beaten Brown Dick and Lancet, and trotted under the saddle in 2 m. 25¼ s. He was a large, powerful horse, and every way worthy of his reputation as a trotter. His first race with Flora took place on the 21st of November, 1859. Flora won the first heat in 2 m. 23 s., the second in 2 m. 24 s., and the third in 2 m. 24 s.; but this heat, because of some irregularity, was given to Patchen by the judges. The race was then postponed, on account of darkness, until the following day, but was never finished.

The second race between them took place on the 6th of June, 1860, and was won by Flora in 2 m. 21 s., 2 m. 24 s., and 2 m. 21½ s. Hiram Woodruff pronounces this the best of Flora's races, and the horse that pushed her in it could not be other than very nearly as good as herself. They afterwards trotted a number of races at different places, in which Flora maintained her place at the head of the trotting horses of the country.

In 1861 a new rival came from the West, to put the undecayed powers of this wonderful mare to one more trial. This horse had been known as Medoc, but was now called John Morgan. He was by Pilot, Jr., deriving Messenger blood from his dam. He was a very strong horse, and of great courage and endurance as well as speed. He was matched to trot three races with Flora; the first of one mile, the second of two miles, and the third of three miles. In all he was beaten; but in the second race he proved himself worthy to rank with the very best horses that had ever been pitted against Flora. In this race he pushed her at every step, and the two heats were the best ever trotted in one race; the time being 4 m. 55 s. and 4 m. 52½ s.

Flora's races with Ethan Allen and running mate remain to be mentioned. In these she was beaten, but they are not to be considered in any fair estimate of the powers of the two horses. A horse trotting with a running mate is not only relieved of the whole weight of wagon and driver, but is absolutely helped along. In these races Flora showed undiminished speed and endurance, and in the last heat of the last

race was only beaten by the team by a length, in her own best time, 2 m. 19¾ s. She was now withdrawn from the turf, and has never since made her appearance in a public race.

In this sketch of the career of Flora Temple, in which the interesting "Reminiscences of the Trotting Horse, by Hiram Woodruff," published in the "Spirit of the Times," have been consulted, most of the first trotting horses of the country, of the twelve years of her life on the turf, have been noticed. During the period of her ascendency there was a great development of the taste for trotting, and the number of trotting horses had constantly increased. During the past five years that taste has become still more marked, and diffused over the whole country. The number of trotting-courses has multiplied, until nearly every town of three thousand inhabitants is supplied with one. The attention of farmers is largely given to breeding trotters; and the amount of money, care, and intelligence bestowed upon that one branch of rural economy is almost incredible. In one county in the State of New York — Orange County, on the Hudson — there are millions of dollars invested in trotting stock farms. At the Stony Ford establishment alone there are one hundred and twenty-five horses of the Messenger blood. So many fast trotters have consequently been produced since 1861, that it is possible, within the limits of this article, to mention only the most celebrated.

The first noticeable race of the year 1862 was that of Lady Emma and Jilt, on Long Island. Lady Emma was a granddaughter of Abdallah, and every way worthy of her descent from that patriarch of trotters. In the race with Jilt she made the following surpassing record, — 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 29¼ s., 2 m. 30 s., 2 m. 31 s. This was followed by the race between two great horses, Ethan Allen and Robert Fillingham, or George Wilkes, as he is now called. The latter is by the celebrated Messenger horse Hambletonian of Chester, — with one exception the only son of Abdallah living, and the sire of more great trotting horses than any horse that has ever lived in America. George Wilkes has all the characteristics of the Hambletonian stock, — fine size, great muscular development, smooth long stride, and superior endurance. He beat Ethan Allen in three straight heats, in 2 m. 24¾ s., 2 m. 25¾ s., and 2 m. 31 s.

In October of the same year the first race between the horses General Butler and Rockingham was trotted, to wagons, on the Fashion Course, Long Island. General Butler is a very remarkable horse. He developed slowly, and came to his great speed only after long and careful training. He has shown lasting powers equal to those of old Top Gallant. Rockingham was bred in Massachusetts, where he was known as the Granger colt. He was a large, flea-bitten gray horse, of very stylish appearance, and a great trotter. In this race five heats were trotted, — Rockingham winning the first two, in 2 m. 30¼ s. and 2 m. 29¼ s.; and General Butler the last three, in 2 m. 28 s., 2 m. 27 s., and 2 m. 30 s. The second and third of their races were both won by Rockingham, in the third of which he trotted a mile under the saddle in 2 m. 22¼ s.

The famous feat of the "Ledger team," Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, also took place in the season of this year, 1862, on the Fashion Course, Long Island, on the day of the race between the black mare Sunnyside and Gray Eddy. As Sunnyside was a new-comer of great pretension, a large concourse of people had assembled to witness her first performance. After the race was over, it was whispered that Mr. Bonner would give his mares a trial of one mile; and his appearance on the course in his road wagon, driving the well-known beauties, detained the whole assembled multitude. The reason of this public exhibition of the speed of a pair of horses kept strictly for private amusement by a gentleman strongly opposed to betting, and all the demoralizing accessories of the turf, was known to many upon the grounds, and tended to intensify their interest. A few years

before, Mr. Bonner had taken up driving for his health. On the roads about the city, among others he met Commodore Vanderbilt, the great steamship owner, who has for many years been known as an indefatigable *roadite* and horseman. They were accustomed to meet at what is known as the Club House on Harlem Lane, where easy and pleasant social intercourse, enlivened by an occasional brush between some of the first-class horses that were daily assembled there, made such meetings exceedingly agreeable. On one of these occasions some *badinage* took place between Commodore Vanderbilt and Mr. Bonner as to the speed of their respective teams, that resulted in a lasting rivalry. Mr. George Wilkes, writing of this rivalry, says: "It was a fair contest. Commodore Vanderbilt was worth eight or nine millions of dollars, and Mr. Bonner had an income of considerably more than one hundred thousand a year. Every one, therefore, looked on with pleasure at this rivalry, and the efforts each gentleman made to secure pre-eminence made the contest conspicuous to all lookers-on." The efforts here referred to were efforts to obtain the fastest horses in the market. As Mr. Bonner would not accept a bet of ten thousand dollars, he offered the Commodore the alternative of competing in a friendly way, should he see fit, with the time that he should make with his horses in a public trial. On the day in question the Commodore was on the course, and, by request, held a watch upon the horses, and took note of the time made.

When Mr. Bonner brought out his team there was a murmur of admiration. The horses were well matched, of the finest mould, full of life and elastic vigor, and moved together as if they obeyed a single impulse. Lady Palmer is a dark chestnut Glencoe mare, of fine thorough-bred appearance, but has bone and muscle in abundance, where bone and muscle are needed in trotting. Flatbush Maid is of the same height, but of heavier build. She has the compact and solid form and vigorous action which indicate ability to carry weight and trot a long race. In the preliminary skirmishes, previous to starting, it became apparent that both were in the best condition for the trial. Mr. Bonner now gave them a turn around the course, gradually increasing the rate of speed, and passed over the score for the trial at a flying gait. The quarter pole was passed in 38½ seconds, and, urged on to their utmost endeavor, the team increased the pace, and crossed the score in 2 m. 32½ s. But Mr. Bonner did not stop them at the end of the first mile. He pushed straight forward for the second mile, rightly estimating that in the first half of the first mile they had not been quite up to the mark. But they were now fully down to the work. They moved with the steadiness of a locomotive, and as they came upon the home-stretch, they appeared to put forth all their strength. The eyes of thousands were upon them as they came flying on; and as they passed over the score, they were greeted with a general exclamation of delight and a universal clapping of hands. The time had not been announced, but all were satisfied that it was a great improvement upon the previous record, though few were prepared to hear 2 m. 28¾ s. announced from the judges' stand. This made the time of the two miles 5 m. 1¼ s. It was entirely unprecedented; the best time on record being that of Lady Suffolk and Rifle, of two miles in 5 m. 19 s., made May 31, 1842, and of one mile in 2 m. 42 s., by Lantern and Whalebone in 1856. After learning the time in which his horses had trotted, Mr. Bonner publicly declared that, while it was a rule with him never to make a bet, he would present ten thousand dollars *as a gift* to any gentleman who owned a team, if he would drive them in the time just made by Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid; and this, although the time was not so good by nearly three seconds as that of a private trial, namely, 2 m. 26 s., made a few days previous.

This great feat, and the circumstances out of which it arose, had more influence

in drawing public attention to driving the trotting horse than any other single occurrence in his whole history. Mr. Bonner's refusal to bet somewhat dispelled the fancy that it was impossible to own a fast horse without using him for gambling purposes; which fancy had arisen from the fact that running horses in America are of no use except upon the turf. Taken with the established popularity of driving, and the increased facilities for it provided in trotting-parks and improved roads, that refusal assisted in making the use of the fast trotting horse general, and in freeing a perfectly innocent and healthful amusement from a disreputable odor which had for many years attached to it.

During the year 1863 the war caused a great diversion of public attention; nevertheless, the records of the turf exhibit a goodly amount of excellent work. It was marked by the splendid trotting of the horses General Butler, George Wilkes, George M. Patchen, Silas Rich, California Damsel, and by the first appearance of a number of the horses that have since become famous. In May, the Hambletonian, Shark, made his mark in a three-mile race with Frank Temple; placing himself in the list with Screwdriver, Dutchman, Lady Suffolk, and all the famous old three-milers of the first generations. He won the race with Frank Temple in two heats; trotting the first in 7 m. 47¾ s., and the second in 7 m. 52½ s.

The great two-mile race, on the Fashion Course, Long Island, between General Butler and George M. Patchen, in which General Butler made the best two-mile time to wagon on record, took place on the 18th of June. General Butler won the first heat in 4 m. 56¼ s. In the second heat, owing to some unfair advantage taken by the driver of General Butler, the judges declared him distanced. Two days after, the same horses met again, when General Butler came off victorious; winning three mile-heats in 2 m. 27½ s., 2 m. 30 s., and 2 m. 32 s. In the early part of this month — June — George Wilkes, in harness, beat Rockingham, under the saddle, in three straight mile-heats, the best of which was trotted in 2 m. 24½ s.

In September, George Wilkes and General Butler were pitted against each other again, in a race on the Fashion Course. The year before, George Wilkes had beaten Ethan Allen, and he came to the encounter with the green laurels of his victory over Rockingham. It was stipulated that he should go in harness, but this was to him no drawback, while General Butler was privileged to go under the saddle, the style most favorable to an exhibition of all his powers. The day was fine, and the track in excellent condition. General Butler appeared in trim to surpass all his previous performances, and perhaps outstrip all his predecessors. George Wilkes did not appear so well, and in the race broke frequently, but pushed General Butler out in the last heat in 2 m. 23½ s. The preceding two heats were won by General Butler, in 2 m. 29½ s. and 2 m. 28½ s. General Butler may therefore be fairly regarded as the first horse upon the trotting turf in 1863; and his great endurance and speed entitle him to be mentioned among the very first of American trotting horses, living or dead.

The great performance of the gray mare Peerless also took place on Long Island in the summer of this year. She was then, as now, the property of Mr. Robert Bonner, and the performance referred to was a trial of one mile to wagon. Hiram Woodruff drove her in 2 m. 23¼ s., which is the best time to wagon upon record. This mare was bred in Orange County, New York, and is directly derived through her sire, American Star, from Sir Henry. She is therefore the best living representative of that excellent and popular strain of trotting blood, and is held by many of its admirers to be able to draw a wagon faster than any other horse living.

It will perhaps be noticed that the principal races mentioned have been upon Long Island. This is owing to the fact of its being the seat of the great metropolitan race-courses to which every first-class horse sooner or later is

brought. New York City is, in truth, the sporting emporium of the Union. The great facilities for driving in its suburbs, and the large number of its wealthy men interested in fast horses, make it the best market for them in America. The record of trotting on Long Island is, consequently, a record of its progress in the whole country.

The year 1864 was one of the most brilliant in trotting-turf annals. A fitting record of its great races would fill a volume. They represent the best horses of 1862 and 1863, — General Butler, George Wilkes, Lady Emma, and Stonewall Jackson; and such additions as Dexter, Shark, Nutwood, Brunette, Prince, May Queen, Lady Thorn, and Commodore Vanderbilt. Some of the latter had been on the turf for a short time previous; but it was in 1864 that they flowered into a fulness of speed which gained them a national reputation. Dexter, however, the greatest of all, and the horse that at present represents the highest development of speed in trotting, made his first appearance on the 4th of May of this year.

Dexter was bred in Orange County, New York, of the blood of Messenger and Sir Henry. That of the former he derived from his sire, Hambletonian; and the latter from his grandsire, American Star. He was foaled in 1857, and was therefore seven years old when he made his appearance on the turf. He is of a rich brown color, fifteen hands one and one half inches high, and has all the characteristics which distinguish the trotter, as the following minute analysis of his prominent features exhibits: "His head, though somewhat large, is clean and bony; lower jaw well open at the base, leaving ample room for the windpipe; ears tapering and lively; eyes bright and prominent; head well set on to a rather light neck, which is well fitted to fine sloping shoulders; withers high, with great depth of brisket, and a good barrel; back slightly arched, with broad loin and hips, and a drooping rump; uncommonly long from the point of the hip to the hock; short cannon-bone. Though wide across the hip, he is more so measured across the stifles, where his power is most apparent; fine arm and thigh; his limbs are clean and sinewy, and without blemish, with long pasterns fitting into well-shaped hoofs; mane and tail sufficiently full, and the latter denoting his Hambletonian origin."* In the seven years which preceded his first appearance, his frame had become firmly knit, and his muscles developed and hardened, so that, when placed in the skilful hands of Hiram Woodruff, he had the strength to undergo a thorough training, and to maintain and repeat every improvement in speed.

The first race on the Fashion Course in 1864 was that in which Stonewall Jackson, of Hartford, Connecticut, beat Frank Cosette and General Grant in 2 m. 30 s. This was on the 10th of April; and the race of Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins, and Dexter followed on the 4th of May. Although Dexter was a green horse, the fact of his being pitted against such a champion as Stonewall Jackson, under the management of Hiram Woodruff, was sufficient to excite considerable expectation as well as curiosity, and there was in consequence a good attendance at the race. In the first heat the horses got off well, Dexter leading, and giving a taste of his quality by trotting the first quarter in 37 seconds. Stonewall Jackson then drew up, but did not succeed in dispossessing Dexter of the lead which he maintained to the end of the heat; time, 2 m. 33 s. In the next heat Stonewall Jackson led nearly half-way round the course, when he was overhauled and passed by Dexter, who kept the lead, winning the heat in 2 m. 36 s. In the third heat Dexter opened a wide gap between himself and his two competitors, which was never closed. He won this heat in 2 m. 34½ s., and with it the highest opinion of all who had been witnesses of the race. Not only his style of trotting, but his apparent vigor and courage, impressed every one with the idea of a great horse, and caused

* From "Turf, Field, and Farm."

much speculation as to his future. Looking back now, there appears to have been a chance for speculation of a more easily computable value, as Dexter could probably have been bought at that time for five thousand dollars. Two days afterwards Dexter beat Lady Collins on the Union Course. In the interval between the last heats Commodore Vanderbilt drove his famous team, Ploughboy and Postboy, around the course several times in fine style, but made no attempt to compete with the time placed upon record by Mr. Bonner with Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid. On the 3d of June Dexter started in a race with two other Hambletonians, Shark and Hambletonian Second, but struck his leg in the first heat, and was withdrawn. He did not appear on the turf again during 1864.

In the early part of this season there was a great revival of trotting in all parts of the country. In the West as well as in the East there was an unusual activity upon the turf. At Cincinnati, Quaker Boy trotted in 2 m. 30½ s.; at Chicago, Black Diamond beat General Grant and Boston; at Woodlawn, Kentucky, Rolla Golddust distanced Jerry Morgan in 2 m. 29½ s.; at Hartford, Connecticut, John Morgan beat Prince, trotting five heats, — the fifth in 2 m. 28¾ s.; at Springfield, Massachusetts, Dan Mace beat General Butler, trotting under the saddle, one heat, in 2 m. 31 s.; and later in the season, at Boston, Belle of Hartford and mate trotted in double harness in 2 m. 33¾ s.

The principal races of the year, however, came off on Long Island. On the 1st of June, Lady Emma, May Queen, and Dan Mace met in a race on Union Course, which was won by Lady Emma in three successive heats, — two of which were trotted in 2 m. 27¼ s. On the 15th of June General Butler beat George Wilkes and John Morgan in a great race on the Fashion Course. George Wilkes won the first two heats; but through the disgraceful conduct of his driver, in driving foul, he was distanced by the judges in the third, although he won the heat in 2 m. 24 s. The fourth and fifth were won by General Butler in 2 m. 33¼ s. and 2 m. 31¼ s., who came out of the contest apparently as fresh and vigorous as when he went into it. On the 16th, Toronto Chief, the famous son of Royal George, beat Shark, on the Union Course, in 2 m. 25¾ s.; and July 8th, Shark was also beaten by Goshen Maid in 2 m. 31¾ s.

On the 21st of September a great race between the champions General Butler, Lady Emma, Prince, and John Morgan took place on the Fashion Course. It was won by Prince, of Hartford, who trotted the three last of five heats in 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 30¼ s., and 2 m. 30¼ s., beating at the same time both Lady Emma and General Butler, — a distinction never enjoyed by any other horse.

October 8 there was another meeting of the same horses. George Wilkes was entered also; and, if he had trotted, it would have included nearly all the great rivals on the turf. As it was, the celebrity of the horses engaged in it, and the fact of their having trotted together a few weeks before, excited very great interest in the race. Their previous trial had been in harness; this was to wagons. Lady Emma was the favorite, and she came on the ground in the finest condition; Prince had the prestige of success; while General Butler and John Morgan were well sustained by their friends, upon the strength of their many victories. The race was worthy the reputation of the horses engaged, and fully met public expectations. It was indeed one of the best that was ever trotted. Lady Emma increased her great reputation by winning every heat. Her time was 2 m. 27¼ s., 2 m. 26¼ s., and 2 m. 26¾ s. Flora Temple, in her best race to wagons, trotted three heats in 2 m. 25 s., 2 m. 27½ s., and 2 m. 27½ s., which cannot be regarded as very much better than the time of Lady Emma in this race.

On the 12th of October Stonewall Jackson trotted a three-mile race with Shark, in which he made the best three-mile time on record, excepting that of

Dutchman. He trotted two heats; the second in exactly the same time as the first, — 7 m. 39 s. Shark showed himself a worthy antagonist, and his splendid trotting made the race very interesting. October 17 the horse Commodore Vanderbilt beat Toronto Chief in 2 m. 33¾ s., and established his reputation as a first-class trotter, — a reputation which he fully sustained the following year. On the 21st of October Lady Thorne, the famous daughter of Mambrino Chief, the great Messenger horse of the West, trotted at Philadelphia with Shark in one of her earliest races, in 2 m. 32½ s. In this race she gave a good earnest of her future greatness.

The trotting season of 1865 opened about the 1st of June, and was marked by fine races in all parts of the country. In many of these the horses that have been previously mentioned were pitted against Dexter, who made the year memorable in trotting records by his surpassing performances. On the 2d of June he beat General Butler; trotting three heats in 2 m. 26¾ s., 2 m. 26¼ s., 2 m. 24½ s. This showed a marked improvement in his trotting capacity, his best time in 1864 being 2 m. 30 s. On the 12th he was beaten by Lady Thorne, who trotted a mile in this race in 2 m. 24 s. On the 26th he beat Stonewall Jackson in a three-mile race, but without making a remarkable record. A race with General Butler followed September 7th, and one with the same horse and George Wilkes, September 21st. George Wilkes had been previously beaten on the 20th of June by Lady Emma, — a mare in praise of whose beauty, speed, endurance, and reliability it is impossible to say enough. The race of September 21st was won by Dexter, whose claim to the title "King of the Turf" was now pretty clearly established. It received, however, an indorsement on the 10th of October, which rendered it indisputable. On that day he trotted his great race against time, on the Fashion Course. In the presence of all the leading horsemen of the country, who had assembled to see Flora Temple forever dispossessed of her place at the head of the trotting horses of America, Dexter trotted one mile under the saddle in 2 m. 18⅕ s. Subsequent to this great feat he made his appearance on the turf only twice in this year, — each time in a race with the indefatigable bay veteran, General Butler. In the last race Dexter trotted two miles in 4 m. 56¼ s.

In the latter part of this season there remains to be mentioned the race in which General Butler beat George Wilkes and Lady Emma, adding another to his long list of splendid victories; and two races in which George Wilkes beat Commodore Vanderbilt.

November 16, 1865, the gentlemen of New York interested in horses had the high honor of entertaining General Grant at their pleasant rendezvous, Dubois's Club House, on Harlem Lane. The Club House is an open cottage building, situated near the road, with a one-half mile course immediately in the rear. Through the agency of Mr. George Wilkes, — during General Grant's visit to the city, — the owners of most of the fine horses were informed of the General's desire to see their horses, and, upon solicitation, he appointed a day to meet them at Dubois's Club House. On the day appointed there was such a gathering of trotting horses and horsemen as was never equalled. Flora Temple, still living, was there to claim admiration for the splendid performances of other days; Dexter, in the height of fame; The Auburn Horse, of whose great speed every one present had caught glimpses; Lady Emma, Lantern, Peerless, George Wilkes, General Butler, Toronto Chief, Commodore Vanderbilt, Brunette, Ella Sherwood, Lady Clifden, and many others. The General, who is a great lover of the horse, was highly gratified; and his discriminating remarks indicated his ability to review an army of horses quite as well as an army of men.

This review showed the strength and richness of the trotting turf in material for various and brilliant displays

of speed, and in the seasons of 1866 and 1867 these succeeded each other so rapidly as to lose something of their former novelty. The season of 1866 opened early. The reappearance of Dexter on the 15th of June was preceded by several fine races. In one of these, which took place on the 15th of May, on the Fashion Course, Rosamond, a dark chestnut mare by Old Columbus, and Mambrino Pilot, in whom the strains of Messenger and Pilot are united, took part. Mambrino Pilot, although untrained, won one heat in 2 m. 34¾ s. The other three heats were won by Rosamond, who trotted the first in 2 m. 30¼ s. On the 30th of May, Shark, a really first-class horse, but almost uniformly unsuccessful, beat Lady Emma in 2 m. 28½ s., 2 m. 30 s., and 2 m. 36 s.; Lady Emma winning two of the five heats in 2 m. 28¾ s. and 2 m. 26¼ s.

The antagonist of Dexter, on the 15th of June, was George M. Patchen, Jr., a son of George M. Patchen, — a horse sixteen and one half hands high and of proportionate size, but compactly built, and possessing rare ability as a trotter. He had beaten Commodore Vanderbilt on the 1st of the month, and high hopes were entertained of his power to dispute the supremacy of the "King of the Turf"; but Dexter beat him easily in three successive heats. After beating General Butler and Commodore Vanderbilt once more, Dexter made a tour of the country, trotting at Philadelphia, Syracuse, Avon Park, Buffalo, Cleveland, Hamtrank Course, Chicago, Milwaukee, Adrian, Kalamazoo, Pittsburg, Baltimore, and Washington. He was everywhere successful. At Buffalo he beat Rolla Golddust; at Pittsburg, the Magoozler pacer and George M. Patchen, Jr.; and, at Washington, Silas Rich.

October 25, 1866, there was a race on the Union Course, Long Island, between the celebrated mares Lady Thorne and Lady Emma. Judged by the record, there was hardly a choice between them, — if anything, the balance was in favor of Lady Emma; both represented the best blood and the form of the trotter in the highest perfection. The race between them was one which any amateur in horses desirous of seeing a race between equals would have suggested, and the result proved the wisdom and beauty of such races. The first and second heats were won by Lady Thorne; the third and fourth by Lady Emma; and so closely had each heat been contested that the betting in the last heat was even. When this was trotted, so near were they together at the score that it was generally considered a dead heat; but the judges decided Lady Thorne the winner by a head.

The purchase of the beautiful trotting mare Young Pocahontas by Mr. Bonner, for a very large sum, was among the interesting turf items of the year. This mare is a daughter of Ethan Allen and the pacer Pocahontas. She inherited the wonderful symmetry and perfect trotting gait of her sire, and the power and endurance of her dam. The great pacing match, in which Pocahontas distanced Hero, in 2 m. 17½ s. is in the memory of all veterans of the turf. Young Pocahontas was owned for a time in Boston, but caught the attention of Mr. Bonner, who obtained the refusal of her. Nevertheless, she was sold to other parties in New York, from whom Mr. Bonner obtained her by paying over twenty-five thousand dollars.

The trotting season of 1867 is still fresh in the minds of all readers of newspapers. It will be long remembered for its extraordinary number of races and trotting horses, and for the great performances of Dexter, and his retirement from the turf. In the first part of the season he was taken to his early home, and gave an exhibition of his speed at Middletown, beating Lady Abdallah. He returned to distance Lady Thorne in 2 m. 22 s. on the 28th of May. The next day a race took place on the Fashion Course between Ethan Allen and Brown George, both with running mates, in which Ethan Allen astonished the trotting world by making a

heat in 2 m. 19 s. He was forthwith matched to go with a running mate against Dexter. Although a running mate was known to be of very great assistance, yet Ethan Allen, thus assisted, was not generally considered by any means the equal of Dexter. His best performance made in this way was nearly a second slower than Dexter's 2 m. 18½ s., and the latter's power of endurance was acknowledged by all to be superior. The race excited the greatest interest. It took place on the Fashion Course, on the 21st of June, in the presence of many thousands of people. There was the largest amount of speculation, and conning over of the records of the turf, in order to arrive at a more correct approximation of the result; but this was all to no purpose, as the result was entirely unprecedented. Ethan Allen and mate won in three terrific trials, in 2 m. 15 s., 2 m. 16 s., 2 m. 19 s. Dexter's time was 2 m. 17 s., 2 m. 18 s., 2 m. 21 s. Although beaten, Dexter surpassed himself and all his predecessors on the trotting turf. The advantage of a running mate, great as it was known to be, was not until now fully appreciated. Ethan Allen's best time, single, does not approach the time made in this race by Dexter. Notwithstanding this, the sterling qualities of this grand old horse must not be overlooked or depreciated. As the antagonist of Flora Temple and George M. Patchen, as well as of Dexter, he is entitled to rank among the first trotting horses of his time.

Dexter after trotting two two-mile races with Lady Thorne on the Fashion Course, in the first of which he made his best two-mile time, 4 m. 51 s., started on another tour through the country, trotting for purses at the principal cities.

July 4, at Middletown, New Jersey, he encountered Ethan Allen and running mate a second time, and with the same result; the team winning in three successive heats. July 10, he beat Lady Thorne at Trenton, N. J.

It was now established that there was no horse in the country capable of competing with Dexter on equal terms; and his next three races were with Brown George, assisted by a running mate. But the latter thus assisted was not equal to the New England champion; and Dexter beat him in three successive races, winning each race in three successive heats. The time made by Dexter in the last race, which took place at Boston on the 30th of July, shows the terrible demand upon him in these uneven contests. It was 2 m. 21¾ s., 2 m. 19 s., 2 m. 21¼ s.

On the 14th of August he trotted at Buffalo in a race against the time he had just previously made at Boston, 2 m. 19 s. He was allowed three trials, in the second of which he trotted a mile in 2 m. 17¼ s. This was in harness, and was altogether unexpected and unprecedented. After this race it was announced that he had been sold to Mr. Robert Bonner; and that, so soon as his engagements at Chicago were fulfilled, he would pass into that gentleman's hands, and be added to the unequalled collection of famous horses in his private stable.

The withdrawal of this great horse from the turf was universally regarded with regret; as thousands were thereby deprived of an opportunity of seeing him, and witnessing an exhibition of his wonderful powers. This general feeling of regret shows the strength of the interest in the trotting horse throughout the country, as it exists entirely free from the passion for betting, for no one would bet against Dexter. His superiority had made the purses raised from the admission fees to the various race-courses where he trotted the principal source of his profit to his owners. The price paid for him was also an evidence of the high value placed upon the trotting horse for pleasure-driving, and induces the hope, that in the popularity of this pastime the horse and the turf may be relieved of the odium which immoral practices have brought upon both.

During the summer the great fairs held in the interior had attracted most

of the best horses and professional horsemen, and the stables and race-courses of Long Island were deserted; but by the end of September most of them had returned to their old quarters, and were in the best condition for the severe work of the fall season.

On the 30th of September a race took place between Lady Thorne, Lucy, and a new horse, Mountain Boy, bred in Orange County, New York, of the Hambletonian stock, and owned by Commodore Vanderbilt. He had recently risen into high favor, and from certain private trials it was assumed that he was more than a match for Lady Thorne. This assumption, however, proved incorrect, as Lady Thorne won the race in three successive heats, making a record which has been surpassed but a few times in the whole history of trotting.

The second race between Lady Thorne and Mountain Boy came off on the 7th of October, and was won by the latter; but the best time made was slower by one and one half seconds than the time made by Lady Thorne in the previous race. Mountain Boy has since trotted a mile in harness in a public trial, in 2 m. 21¼ s.; but it is still doubtful whether he can draw a wagon, and beat Lady Thorne.

Some letters written by Mr. Bonner and Commodore Vanderbilt have appeared in the newspapers within a few months, in one of which the latter denies a knowledge of the existence of any rivalry between Mr. Bonner and himself, while indorsing a challenge addressed to Mr. Bonner by his trainer, to trot Dexter against Mountain Boy. This denial, after what has transpired in years past, is inexplicable, and is even inconsistent with the matter of the letter containing it. As Mr. Bonner never uses his horses in public races, he took no other notice of the challenge than to call Commodore Vanderbilt's attention, in a note, to Dexter's performances, indicating, at the same time, that when Mountain Boy should equal or surpass them he would willingly acknowledge it. Until then, these pretensions of superiority to Dexter, which have been set up for Mountain Boy, must be regarded as altogether premature and unwarranted.

The races of General Butler, George Wilkes, May Queen, George M. Patchen, Jr., Daisy Burns, Mountain Maid, Ben Franklin, and Empress, which took place in various parts of the country this year, were in the best style of these fine horses.

On the 10th of October a race took place on the Fashion Course, which is noticeable for the great interest with which it was regarded by breeders. It was projected a year before it took place, and was between colts three years of age, and all by Hambletonian. There had been sixteen entries of promising colts scattered all over the country, but on the day of the race only six appeared on the ground. The winner was a full brother of Brunette and Bruno, one of the most promising young horses in the country.

This concludes a survey of trotting in America from its rise to the present time. It will be seen that it is at present stronger in popularity, and in the number and quality of its horses, than ever before in its history. The progress in speed has been gradual, and can be better appreciated by a slight tabular statement of the best performances, commencing with the first public trotting race: —

ONE MILE.

				m.	s.
1818.	Boston Blue,	Boston,	harness,	3	0
1824.	Albany Pony,	Long Island,	saddle,	2	40
1834.	Edwin Forrest,	" "	"	2	31½
1839.	Dutchman,	Beacon Course,	"	2	28
1847.	Highland Maid,	Long Island,	harness,	2	27
1849.	Lady Suffolk,	Cambridge,	saddle,	2	26
1858.	Ethan Allen,	Long Island,	wagon,	2	28

				m.	s.
1859.	Flora Temple,	Kalamazoo,	harness,	2	19¾
1859.	Flora Temple,	Long Island,	wagon,	2	25
1863.	Peerless,	" "	"	2	23¼
1865.	Dexter,	" "	saddle,	2	18⅛
1866.	Dexter,	Buffalo,	"	2	18
1867.	Dexter,	Long Island,	harness,	2	17¼

TWO MILES.

1831.	Top Gallant,	Philadelphia,	saddle,	5	19¾
1847.	Lady Suffolk,	Long Island,	"	5	3
1852.	Tacony,	" "	"	5	2
1858.	Lady Franklin,	" "	wagon,	5	11
1859.	Flora Temple,	" "	harness,	4	50½
1865.	Dexter,	" "	wagon,	4	56¼
1867.	Dexter,	" "	harness,	4	51

THREE MILES.

1827.	Screwdriver,	Philadelphia,	saddle,	8	2
1839.	Dutchman,	Beacon Course,	"	7	32½
1839.	Dutchman,	" "	harness,	7	41
1841.	Lady Suffolk,	Philadelphia,	saddle,	7	40¼
1853.	Pet,	Long Island,	wagon,	8	1
1864.	Stonewall Jackson,	" "	harness,	7	39

ONE MILE BY TEAMS.

1856.	Lantern and Whalebone, both trotting,	2	42
1861.	Ethan Allen and running mate,	2	19¾
1867.	Bruno and Brunette, both trotting,	2	25¼
1867.	Ethan Allen and running mate,	2	15

TWO MILES BY TEAMS.

1842.	Lady Suffolk and Rifle,	5	19
1862.	Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, both trotting,	5	1¼

Trotting horses have increased in value even more rapidly than in numbers or speed. Since 1830 that increase has been about one hundred per cent every ten years. The amount paid by Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, for Flora Temple in 1858, $8,000, represents the value of the best trotting horse bred in the country up to that date. In 1862, Mr. Sprague of Rhode Island paid $11,000 for California Damsel. Mr. Bonner paid $13,500 for The Auburn Horse in 1864; $25,000 for Young Pocahontas in 1866; and $33,000 for Dexter in 1867. The great stock horse of Orange County, Hambletonian, was valued in 1866 at $100,000. It is now no unusual thing for fast trotting horses, and fine stock horses of the best trotting blood, to sell for amounts varying from ten to twenty thousand dollars.

The events which have transpired in the country during the past six years, affecting all values, have had an effect in bringing about the change in the value of horses; but a great deal must also be credited to the legitimate rise caused by increased demand. The increase in the demand becomes apparent when the source from which it now chiefly emanates is considered. The highest prices paid for trotting horses are paid by those who have no intention of placing them upon the turf. They are bought for pleasure-driving. The taste for this pastime has already deprived the turf of its greatest ornaments, and it absorbs nearly all the promising young trotting horses as

soon as they make their appearance. The market thus created by a taste which makes nearly every man a driver and every road a course is infinitely more extensive than that which existed when the only field for the display and enjoyment of speed was the regularly appointed race-courses. The race-course in America is, in fact, gradually becoming merely an exercising ground for developing and training horses previous to their passage into the hands of gentlemen who keep them solely for their own amusement.

In proportion as the cultivation of the trotting horse has been encouraged by the demand for him for driving, the practice of using him on the turf for the purpose of gaming has declined. Gaming is not a practice in harmony with the calculating and careful acquisitive character of the American people. Their native prudence and foresight incline them to shun any mode of investment in which the chances of loss and gain are so nearly equal.

The turf and its gaming accompaniment have been only the nurses of trotting. They have furnished a field where those interested in the horse could gratify their taste, and see the results of their labor and expenditure in breeding and training. But the growth of a more general appreciation of trotting has widened and enlarged the arena for the display of it, and the turf has assumed a secondary place. The decay of betting, its leading feature, is the best evidence of the fact. During the past year a large majority of the races throughout the country were for purses offered by associations formed for the improvement of stock; and in all the exhibitions the excitement and pleasure were principally derived from a genuine interest in the performances of favorite animals.

In conclusion, the peculiar adaptation of driving, as a pastime, to the character and needs of a large portion of the people, affords an assurance of its enduring popularity. The undivided pursuit of wealth has made native-born Americans in the highest degree active, intense, and calculating. The fierce competition resulting from the predominance of the commercial spirit makes the largest demand upon their intellectual and vital energies. The life of the American, especially in towns, is one of unremitting endeavor; and an adequate means of relief and recreation is one of the chief requirements of the time. Driving furnishes the means. The act of driving is an easy and pleasant diversion. It gratifies a natural inclination to control, and affords moderate exercise. The docility, spirit, and power of the horse engages the sympathies; while the trials or brushes on the road, to which emulation on the part of owners of fast horses gives rise, add zest and piquancy.

The change from the town to the open country is gradual. There is a preparation for the effect of the landscape. The influence of nature in restoring mental equilibrium, and counteracting the effect of perplexing and absorbing employment, cannot be overestimated. It furnishes the great corrective of American life, and the eagerness with which it is sought is evidenced in the national art. A fine nervous temperament makes the majority of the population peculiarly open to this influence; and, whether acknowledged or not, the facilities which driving affords for enjoying it constitutes one of the strongest claims of this pastime to popular favor.

ON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

I HAVE a great and growing fondness for attending auctions. I love to examine the hoarded trumpery, the useful and useless lumber, of an old family mansion, and take a melancholy pleasure in seeing the furniture and household utensils of some deceased village magnate or city potentate exposed to public view beneath the baleful banner of the auctioneer.

I come of an auction-loving race. My ancestors for several generations were noted followers of the red flag. My great-grandfather had a Toodles-like propensity for buying all the trash and trumpery that came under the auction hammer, and left at his death (it was about all he did leave) a large, curious, and very remarkable collection of old coffee-mills, worn-out clocks, broken lanterns, rusty tin-kitchens, gap-toothed saws, wheelless wheelbarrows, toothless rakes, superannuated spinning-wheels, and the other nameless and numberless worthless spoils and prizes of half a hundred auctions.

Thackeray — that bitter cynic, that merciless satirist — cried, 't is said, at the sale of Lady Blessington's household effects. And 't is no wonder his eyes were moistened, his heart touched, by fond memories and pleasant associations of dear departed days as he stood there, among the thoughtless, heartless crowd, in the old familiar room, and listened to the "roaring auctioneer." What a subject for satires and sermons is an auction at the late home of a deceased Dives or a bankrupt Timon! But of all the sad sights in this sad world, perhaps the saddest is the vendition of the house and furniture of the last member of an old and once proud and opulent family. When the old chairs in which so many of the old extinct family have sat away so many hours of their earthly lives, — when the old dining-tables, off which so many good dinners have been eaten, — when the old mirrors in whose "gleaming depths" beautiful women have proudly looked, day by day, year by year, till, like their "ghostly sisters" in the glass, they became shadows themselves, — when these things, and others as hallowed by long use and holy associations, are offered to the chattering crowd that follow the auction flag, methinks many an old grassy grave, and many an old moss-covered tomb would be tenantless, and dead and long-forgotten members of the family would come hurrying to the house to lament and condole over the sacrilege of their hearth and home.

At such an auction as the one just described or alluded to I bought a pair of old silver-bowed spectacles. I believe in spectacles, and think the inventor of them deserves the same hearty encomium that honest Sancho Panza bestows upon the man who invented sleep.

Who of all the millions that use spectacles can tell me the story of Spina's life? O ungrateful and ungenerous mortals! You write the biographies and cherish the memories of "the plotters and disturbers of the world," but know nothing of, and care nothing for, the best and truest benefactors of the race.

This Pisan monk — this Alexander de Spina — must have been (I maintain) a loving and lovable person, and a favorite with all in the Abbey, from the mighty abbot to the humble porter. Although he devoutly said his "holy things" each morn and eventide, he evidently believed that the best way to make himself acceptable to the Lord was to do something to benefit his fellow-men. Methinks I behold him painfully and thoughtfully observing the vain and futile attempts a venerable old monk is making to see the letters of THE BOOK.

Is there not, he wonders, something in God's wonderful world which will help the impaired vision or brighten the blurred and misty page? At last, after years of study and prayer and

experiment,—just as his own sight is growing dim and poor,—Spina produces the first pair of spectacles ever seen in this world.

Spina's invention was regarded as a veritable godsend. It was described and commended in the pulpit. At its success Saint Clare hung his head in shame, and from that day to this has had but few worshippers or believers.

The invention of spectacles removed one of the greatest terrors of old age. It opened many a sadly closed book, and set many an idle pen in motion. It put needles into old willing hands, and therewith happiness into old hearts.

It hardly seems possible, and yet it is undoubtedly the fact, that mankind had to do without spectacles till near the end of the thirteenth century. How Paul would have prized a pair of spectacles! How did Methuselah get along without glasses during the last two or three hundred years of his life? Eve herself, in her old age, must have felt the want of spectacles. De Quincey somewhere says that the ancients went to bed early, because their mother earth could not afford to give them candles. I dare say the young folks of antiquity would have appreciated "long sixes." But to the elderly people whose sight was poor they would have been a cruel aggravation. The old gentleman could not have read his book, nor the old lady have plied her needle, by the candle's "mild light." No candles! no novels! no newspapers! no spectacles! Ah, that antique world of which poets fable so finely may have been a glorious world, but

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!"

Spectacles were a new thing in Chaucer's day, and I love to believe that the old poet used them when writing the Canterbury Tales. Shakespeare could have said, with his own Benedick, "I can see yet without spectacles." But if he had lived to a ripe old age, he would probably have written new Hamlets and Macbeths by their help. Good old Bishop Hall wore glasses, and wrote a pious meditation on them. Swift foolishly vowed never to use spectacles. Rough old Johnson, though he did not wear them, mentioned the name of their inventor with reverence as one of the greatest benefactors to society. Burke rarely appeared in public without glasses. In Gillray's caricatures, you see this mighty rhetorician with spectacles on nose, and arms uplifted, hurling a thunderbolt of eloquence at the members of the opposition. If Spina, or somebody else, had not invented spectacles, Disraeli could not have written "The Curiosities of Literature." Wordsworth, in his later years, was greatly beholden to glasses. When Emerson saw him, in 1833, he was disfigured with green goggles. 'T was through a pair of spectacles that Thackeray looked upon life, and saw and noted the sins and sorrows of "Vanity Fair." Franklin's spectacles, as some biographer or other has remarked, were the spectacles of a philosopher. They were not such spectacles as were sold by the opticians of London and Paris, but were made expressly for him, according to a theory of his own. In travelling, he carried two pairs of glasses; "one for reading, the other for surveying distant objects." Franklin could have written eloquently and appreciatively of spectacles. They were the best and most trusted friends of his vigorous and beautiful old age. He evidently took pride in them, and loved to appear in the gay salons of Paris with "the spectacles of wisdom on his nose."

My old silver-bowed spectacles have, I think, a remarkable resemblance to the famous round-eyed "specs" through which Franklin stares at you so archly in the familiar portrait of him at the age of seventy-one. But it was not for that I bought the old glasses and paid an outrageously high price for them. 'T is always my luck. If I buy anything at auction, I have to pay a great deal more for it than it is worth. If Mrs. Gumbleton would stay at home, and attend to her housewifely duties, I might get a good bargain occasionally. But that, I fear, she will never do. O, she is at

home at an auction, and looks as if she were monarch of all she surveys! She is very familiar with the auctioneer, and bids freely and loudly. If you happen to take a fancy for some article or other, Mrs. Gumbleton is sure to fall in love with it too. And she will have it, or make you pay roundly for it. I know. I have had experience.

The glasses had belonged to a dear old lady whom I knew and revered, and I wished to possess them as a memento of her friendship for me. As they were old-fashioned spectacles, such as our grandfathers and grandmothers wore, I expected to get them for a trifle. Surely, thought I, none of the fine and fashionable folk at this auction will want these clumsy old glasses; even Mrs. Gumbleton herself will not dare to bid upon them, for fear they might be knocked down to her. But I was mistaken, as you shall hear. It seems that this woman, this — what shall I call her? — this auction-haunting Mrs. Gumbleton, had tried the spectacles before the sale (she loves to go early to auctions), and, finding that they were "just the right age" for her, looked upon them as her own.

The glasses were "put up." I bid. Mrs. Gumbleton bid. I bid again. She bid again. The crowd smiled; the auctioneer was pleased. We kept on bidding. We grew excited. Still we went on bidding. The crowd laughed; the auctioneer was the very picture of good-nature. But we stopped not in our bidding. We grew angry, but continued to bid. I don't know but that we should have gone on bidding to this day had not Mr. Gumbleton, who had a moment before entered the room, bawled out, "Stop, Jerusha! Don't you bid another cent!" Mrs. Gumbleton was so angry with her husband for his interference that she forgot all about the spectacles, which were knocked down to me for — no matter how much.

I should not like to have seen Madam Beach's old glasses on Mrs. Gumbleton's nose. Madam and Mrs. Gumbleton were not friends. How could they have been? Mrs. Gumbleton is — I hope I do her no injustice — a vain, thoughtless, ignorant old woman, who prides herself on being the greatest gossip and gad-about in Seaport. She is very fond of dress, and, like Goldsmith's old maid, often appears in public "tossed out" in all the gayety of sixteen. 'T was of such a "nugiperous gentle dame" as Mrs. Gumbleton that the "Simple Cobler of Aggawam" thus wrote: "I look at her as the gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing; fitter to be kickt, if she is of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd."

Madam Beach was the very antipodes of Mrs. Gumbleton.

Anthony Stover, Madam Beach's father, was a great merchant in his day. His ships made successful voyages. His merchandise found a ready market. Fortune favored him. Wealth accumulated. He was at one time the richest man in a town full of rich men. He was not satisfied. Avarice cried, "More." Mammon said, "Keep on." So he planned new enterprises, and sent his ships on new voyages. But the tide of his success had turned. One morning he received intelligence that his new ship "Washington" had foundered in the Bay of Biscay. A few days after, in a fierce December storm, his favorite ship, "Dromo," was wrecked, and went to pieces, almost in sight of his counting-house windows. And suddenly, while he was brooding over the loss of these vessels, the commercial skies were darkened, and a great financial panic swept over the land. His huge "mountain pile of wealth" was reduced to a contemptible little hillock. The ruined, broken-down old merchant left the dreary old counting-room in which he had passed the best days of his life in painfully poring over ponderous day-books and ledgers, and spent his few sad remaining years at home. He there passed most of his time at a chamber window, looking out upon the harbor, anxiously watching the outward and inward bound vessels. Sometimes he would walk down upon

the busy wharves (deserted and shipless now), and ask the lumpers if the "Dromo" and the "Washington" had arrived.

One night, after passing the whole long June day at his window, he came in to supper greatly pleased and excited, saying as he sat down to the table, "The 'Dromo' is outside! She 'll be up to the wharf in the morning!" He went to bed that night as happy as a boy on the eve of the Fourth of July. But in the morning he neither asked nor cared whether the "Dromo" had arrived or not.

At the time of her father's misfortune, Madam Beach was a bright and beautiful girl of eighteen, — a Beatrix Esmond with a heart. Old Captain Beach, ex-master of the "Dromo," who had travelled in Europe, and seen "the female women of Paris," swore she was the handsomest girl he ever laid eyes on. "A devilish lucky dog, Jack," said that worthy, when his son informed him of his engagement with rich old Stover's daughter.

The definition of the word "beau," as given in the list of definitions at the end of the old spelling-book out of which Hannah Merrill taught me my letters, is a brief but very accurate description of young Jack Beach, who was in truth "a gay fellow." He was handsome and accomplished, in manners and appearance a perfect gentleman. He had a kind heart, and a generous disposition. But — ah! that terrible "but" — he was too fond of fine clothes and high living, of his wine and his brandy, and was, with all his graces and accomplishments, little better than a scapegrace. Fond mothers of poor unmarried sons of immaculate character sadly shook their heads, and declared 't was a pity Annie Stover should marry such a person as Jack Beach. Perhaps he might love her, they said, but he evidently loved her father's gold better. But do not pretty women generally let your model young men die bachelors, and fall in love with some wild, dashing, whole-souled fellow with a spice of wickedness in him? However that may be, the best and handsomest girl in Seaport had given her heart (a precious boon!) to that madcap, Jack Beach. Somebody told old Captain Beach that the busybodies said Jack would not marry Miss Stover now she was a poor man's daughter.

"If he don't," replied the fiery old man, "I 'll disown him!"

The Captain informed his son of what the gossips were saying about him.

"'T is a lie, sir," said Jack, who had just returned from the Stover mansion, "I 'd marry her to-day, if she would let me. But she won't. She says her father is heart-broken by misfortune, and needs all her care and attention, and she can't think of being married at present: if I can wait. The noble girl! Of course I shall wait till she 's ready to marry me. The girl is pure gold, and worth a thousand fortunes!" He did wait. Soon after the death of Anthony Stover, which occurred in about four years after his failure, Jack and Annie were married. Parson Miltimore said they were the handsomest couple he ever united. In Mrs. Beach, Fuller's character of a "Good Wife" found a living and lovely illustration. In her were exampled the beauty and holiness of marriage. And, during the first few years of his wedded life, Jack Beach was in all and every sense of the words a good husband. He discarded his old pleasure-loving associates, and consorted with none but men of severe morality and unimpeachable character, — long-faced church-members, practical, matter-of-fact men of business, and sober, industrious fathers of families. He went into business with his father, and became a shrewd, brisk, enterprising merchant. His business tact and talent were apparent to all who had dealings with the firm of John Beach and Son, importers of coffee, sugar, and molasses. People said that Jack Beach had sown his wild oats, and settled down into a steady, diligent man of affairs. And so it seemed. But — (there is that fatal "but" again!) —

his follies and vices were not dead: they were only dormant.

'T is sad to think that the first fatal step in Jack Beach's downward course was taken in consequence of that which gave him and his wife so much joy, — the birth of a son. Jack was so elated by the event, that he "got beastly intoxicated" in drinking the child's health. That night's debauch revived his old love of drink, and he could not or did not resist it. He neglected his business. He "whistled back" his jolly companions of former days. And many a game of "High Jinks" did he and they have at that famous rendezvous of bucks and bullies, the "Seaport Inn." Nay, he often invited these "toping Capulets" to his own house, where they caroused till near the peep of day. At these bacchanalian parties Jack was in his glory, and made a merry, mad lord of misrule. Sometimes he would walk right over the supper-table, smashing the plates, glasses, &c. Jack had a glorious voice, and could, 't is said, sing his drunken and noisy company into silence and sobriety. Passers-by, pausing beneath the window to hear his rich, deep, mellow voice, on catching the words of the song, would flee with fear and disgust.

Dreary and ghastly sounded the drunken revelry of her husband's midnight carousals to Mrs. Beach, sitting sad and lonely in her chamber, watching the sweet slumber of her darling babe, and waiting for the dispersion of the crew of inebriates that had turned her quiet and peaceful home into a noisy and turbulent house of riot. Madam Beach often said that, had it not been for the comfort and consolation she found in her baby-boy, her husband's bad conduct would have killed or crazed her. Notwithstanding his wife's prayers and expostulations, notwithstanding his own sworn promises of reformation, Jack Beach was now in the inner circles of the maelstrom of intemperance, and rapidly approaching its fatal vortex. If I were writing the biography of Jack Beach, and not inditing a little essay "On a Pair of Spectacles," I should give a full and circumstantial account of jovial Jack's doleful end. I should have to relate how, after the failure of the firm of John Beach and Son (the elder Beach died a poor man), Jack, — his money all gone, even to the beggarly last doit, and stern necessity compelling him to do something for a livelihood, — remembering that when in Paris he had taken lessons in painting, and used to be considered quite a hand at a likeness, took up the business of portrait-painting.

Portrait-painting, in that prephotograph world in which Jack Beach lived, was a profitable profession. Occasionally a peripatetic Dick Tinto would set up his easel in Seaport, and reap quite a golden harvest with his brush. But after Captain, or Count Kent, as he was generally called, because of his pride, his politeness, and a certain something in his look and manner that suggested the nobleman, hung up in his grand old parlor the beautiful half-length of himself, painted in London by Copley, the beet-red cheeks and fiercely staring eyes of poor Tinto's copies of the "human face divine" were not considered to be quite the thing by the connoisseurs of Seaport. When Jack hung out his sign, the beauty, wealth, and aristocracy of the place flocked to his studio, eager to give him a sitting. "Mr. Beach," said Madam Ellery, the queen of Seaport society, — "Mr. Beach, with all his failings and misfortunes, is a gentleman, and knows what 's what. The travelling fellows will do well enough for the commonalty, but Mr. Beach learnt the art in Paris, and knows how to paint people of gentility. I must give him another sitting to-morrow. If he flatters me with his brush as he does with his tongue, 't will be an admirable likeness."

I have seen two or three of Jack Beach's portraits. They are not, it must be confessed, remarkable specimens of the art. They lack expression. There is no speculation in their eyes. They have no souls. Their merits are

merely mechanical. They may be very good likenesses, — "as like as they can stare," — but they are very poor portraits. It is impossible, however, to convince some of the old people in Seaport, especially those who own one of his pictures, that Jack Beach was not as great a painter as either Copley or Malbone. Jack was evidently thought to be no ordinary artist in his day, and his portraits seem to have pleased those for whom they were painted. Indeed, it got to be the fashion in Seaport to have your portrait painted by Jack Beach. O, but it irked him to paint — for money! What! he, a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, to demean himself by putting on canvas the faces of upstart merchants and shipowners! (Jack, like Sir Jeoffrey Notch, called every thriving man an upstart.) If the painter had been sober and industrious, he would have made a deal of money with his brush. Jack was never actually drunk, only a "little mellow," in the painting-room, but he would only work about three or four hours a day. After the labors of the studio were over, he used to take a midday walk, which generally terminated at the tavern. There half or two thirds of all that he had earned in the morning with his pencil would be spent in drinking the healths of the great personages of the day, and in treating the thirsty souls who cheered the men whom he delighted to honor. Jackson was one of Jack Beach's heroes. At the news of the victory at New Orleans, Jack swore that "Old Hickory" was the greatest general in the world, and affirmed, with a mighty oath, that he could drink the sea dry in his honor. Jack did not quite perform that prodigious bacchanalian feat, but he drank himself into a fatal fever that night, and died on the very day the bells were ringing for peace between England and the United States.

"D—n him!" said fierce old Captain Foster, at Jack's funeral, to a gentleman who was lauding Jackson, — "d—n him! why could n't he have put off the battle of New Orleans for a few weeks? then Jack Beach would have finished my portrait."

At the time of Jack Beach's death, Count Kent was a hale and handsome gentleman of fifty. Though a proud, haughty, heartless aristocrat, he was the most popular man in Seaport, and probably for the same cause that the Duke of Alva was the most popular man in Spain, — he touched his hat to every one in the street. The women, to whom he was as chivalrous as Louis XIV. himself, said he was a dangerously fascinating man. The Count had been a wild fellow in his day, and had heard the chimes at midnight in many a foreign city. He married old, eccentric Dr. Stay's beautiful daughter, Laodice. 'T was a very unhappy match. Mrs. Kent was an angelic devil. Her husband ran away to Europe to get out of the sight of her bright black eyes, and out of the sound of her loud, sharp voice. Madam vowed she would follow him, and she would undoubtedly have gone in the next ship that sailed for England, had her health permitted. She never was well enough to go, and some three or four months after the Count's departure she died in giving birth to a daughter. Upon the reception of the news of his wife's death and his daughter's birth the Count returned home. To his daughter, whom he called, after her mother, Laodice, he became tenderly attached. She was the comfort and solace of his life. She had all of her mother's beauty, but none of her mother's fiery temper. At seventeen she was the belle of the county, and had all the young bachelors in Seaport sighing at her feet. There were I know not how many manly hearts broken, when (a year or two later) she eloped with the dashing Colonel Sever.

It had been generally understood by the match-makers, that Count Kent would remain a widower as long as he had Laodice to do the honors of his house. But now that she had flown, prim, aristocratic old maids, stout, comely widows of wealthy shipowners

and shipmasters, and even pretty young girls, took a strange and remarkable interest in him and his affairs, and bashfully hinted that he had better take a wife. He gave them not the least hope or encouragement. Indeed, the only lady to whom he paid any marked attention was Mrs. Jack Beach. He frequented Jack's studio, and praised Jack's pictures. He petted Jack's little boy, and passed hours in conversing with Jack's lovely and sensible wife. 'T is said that, when told of Jack's death, a gleam of insuppressible delight lit up the Count's large, handsome gray eyes. If there were ever a happy man at a funeral, it was Count Kent at the funeral of Jack Beach.

A few days after the funeral the Count called on Mrs. Beach, and did his best to cure her of her grief for poor Jack's death. He followed Montaigne's method of consolation, and endeavored to lead her from her sorrow by pleasant and diverting conversation. He talked (of pleasing words the Count had store) in his polite, gentlemanly way of this and of that. Of course he spoke of the weather, and praised Mrs. Beach's pretty boy. He related amusing incidents of his European travels, and gave a lively picture of Paris as it was in the winter of 1787. (The Parliament of Paris was then in session. Did the Count, I wonder, look in upon the Notables ?)

With his graphic personal reminiscences of some of the great English actors, — especially with his recollections of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, whom he saw act together in Othello, — Mrs. Beach was, despite her sorrow, greatly diverted. So much so, indeed, that she told the Count that she hoped he would call again, and entertain her with more of his theatrical gossip. He did call again, and pretty often too. In fact, he could not pass the house without going in; and some how or other he had to pass the Stover mansion nearly every day in the week. His housekeeper said that the Widow Beach had bewitched Count Kent. The gossips and busybodies (fie on them! their tongues are always wagging about somebody or other) were sure it would be a match. And so it would have been if Mrs. Beach had only said "yes" on that memorable June afternoon in the year of peace, when the Count (a gallant of the old school) went down on his aristocratic old knees, and offered her his hand and heart.

The Count was greatly surprised and offended at Mrs. Beach's refusal. He bade her a sarcastically polite good-afternoon, and left the house, banging the doors after him as he went. He informed his housekeeper, he informed everybody, that he had offered himself to Jack Beach's penniless widow, and she had dared to refuse him. "Yes, Mrs. Ferson, she refused me, — me a gentleman of wealth and position, — a member of one of the first families in New England! I would have dressed her like a duchess. I would have been a father to her boy. He should have been my pet, — perhaps my heir. She says (how can such a sensible woman talk such nonsense!) that it would be showing disrespect to her late husband's memory to think of marrying so soon after his death. She says she never will marry again. Nonsense! She 'll throw herself away upon some contemptible nobody, some swash-buckler like Jack Beach. She 's a fine woman, Mrs. Ferson, and would make a grand appearance in my parlor. She would be in keeping with my fine old furniture. She 's a fool not to have me. But I will think no more about her, I will forget that there is such a woman in existence as Mistress Beach. She is almost as handsome as that consummate coquette, Madame Récamier (I think that was her name) with whom everybody in Paris was in love when I was there with Laodice, in 1809. — Mrs. Ferson, I contemplate passing the summer in the country; be pleased to make all the necessary preparations for my departure, as soon as possible."

Count Kent did pass the summer in the country, and returned home in the

autumn with a wife, — a fair, frail young thing.

Although poor, and sometimes sorely pinched with poverty, during the first four or five years of her widowhood, Mrs. Beach never for a moment repented having refused to marry Count Kent. By many a shrewd device and cunning expedient she kept the grim wolf at bay. Mrs. Beach had a splendid wardrobe ('t was rich in rare old silks); and whenever she lacked the money to buy the necessaries of life, she employed Nabby Allen to sell one of her fine brocades. This Nabby Allen was a grim and gaunt old woman of sixty, with a sepulchral voice, and small, piercing gray eyes. If you wished to dispose of your beautiful set of china, or your Russia-fur muff, or your mother's grand old India shawl, or your own elegant wedding-dress, she would for a consideration, hawk it round from house to house till she found a purchaser for it. Nabby was as shrewd as a Yankee deacon, and as close as the grave itself. You could neither coax her nor bribe her to give the name of the owner of the article that she was trying to persuade you to purchase. She was missed when she died. She had no successor. She was a better person to have dealings with than your pawnbroker. She was as honest and trustworthy as truth itself.

That was Mrs. Beach's method of raising money. One of the ways she took to save it was — going out to "spend the day." You remember the delightful picture Steele gives in the "Tatler," of a visit he made to an old friend and former schoolfellow, who came to London, with his family, for the winter. Well, just such a hearty welcome as Mr. Bickerstaff received at his friend's house always awaited Mrs. Beach and her boy wherever and whenever they went to pass the day. She brought sunshine with her. Her good-humor and good sense were as oil upon the troubled waters of a large and noisy family. She had stories for the children and stories for the elders. She tended the baby. She dressed the little girls' dolls, and made trainer-caps for the little boys. She sewed for the mother, and played backgammon with the father.

But when Mrs. Beach took Mr. Josey Allman to board, she ceased to gladden her friends with these day-long visits. Allman was a bachelor of five-and-forty, and for the last twenty years of his life had resided with his friend Dr. Coffman, (what a fine wit! what a true gentleman was he!) but at the Doctor's death Mrs. Coffman gave up housekeeping, and Cœlebs was without a home. The world was all before him where to choose a boarding-place; and Providence, in the form of golden-hearted Parson Miltimore, guided him to Mrs. Beach's door. 'T was a lucky day for Mrs. Beach when this kind and generous old bachelor crossed her threshold. He brightened the gloomy old house with his genial wit and joyous laughter. He scattered his gold so freely about (Josey Allman was rich), that poverty and want, and all the many cares, troubles, and vexations which follow in their train, fled the dwelling, and have never been seen there from that day to this. In brief, he treated Mrs. Beach with the kindness and generosity of a father. He caressed and petted her boy as I have seen fond old grandfathers caress and pet their favorite daughter's darling children. Although gratitude is said to be the mother of love, I don't think that Mrs. Beach would have accepted Mr. Allman if he had proposed to her. But he never did propose. He evidently liked her, however, and possibly would have made love to her if he had lived longer; and he would no doubt have lived to a good old age but for the brutality of a fierce political partisan. Political warfare raged furiously in 1824. There were six candidates for the Presidency, among whom were Clay, Jackson, and John Quincy Adams. Mr. Allman advocated the election of Mr. Adams. One day, in the early autumn of 1824, Mr. Allman met Cap-

tain Knipp in one of the principal streets of Seaport, in company with three or four of his political friends. Knipp, who was a loud, brawling, passionate man, and a bitter hater of everybody who opposed the election of General Jackson, gruffly accosted Mr. Allman, and began to abuse Mr. Adams foully. Allman replied by saying that none but a traitor could speak thus of a member of President Madison's Cabinet. "Traitor! No man shall call me traitor and live!" yelled the Captain, springing upon Mr. Allman, and knocking him down, and stamping upon him. Mr. Allman was taken up senseless. He was badly hurt, and died in a few months in consequence of his internal injuries. Captain Knipp was (I have been told) indicted by the grand-jury for manslaughter, but through the influence of powerful political friends he was never brought to trial. When Mr. Allman's will was opened, it was found that he had left most of his property to Mrs. Beach.

All mankind worship thee, O Mammon! and for thy golden favors would sell their very souls, and barter away their heavenly birthright. We not only love money itself, but we humble and humiliate ourselves to obtain the notice of moneyed people. "Riches gather many friends." The very persons that shunned and avoided Mrs. Beach in the days of her poverty and adversity, now that she was in possession of poor Mr. Allman's wealth wearied her with their civilities, and disgusted her with their professions of friendship. In less than six months after Allman's decease, Mrs., or, as she was now called, Madam Beach, received five offers of marriage, and gave five emphatic refusals. She did not wish to marry. She had no love to give a new husband. She lavished it all upon her boy, whom she fairly worshipped.

Master Beach was a favorite of Parson Miltimore, who used to say that he hoped he should live to see the youth a minister of the Gospel. O, my good, simple old parson, did you not observe that the boy was fonder of sailing his boats than of reading his books? By Mr. Miltimore's advice, young Beach was, at the age of fourteen, sent to Dummer Academy. He was undoubtedly a lad of parts, but did not take to his studies with the avidity of one destined to be a shining light in the Calvinistic church. In fact he hated study, and, near the end of his second year at Dummer, ran away to sea. He soon passed from the forecastle to the cabin. At twenty-four he was master of the finest ship that sailed out of Seaport. O, was not Madam Beach proud of the handsome young sailor! She chose the best and prettiest girl in Seaport — Madam Ellery's little black-eyed granddaughter — for his wife. When the Captain was at home the old Stover mansion was a blithe place, — all alive with company, noisy with merriment, gay with youth and beauty. O joyous young bachelors, O bright and blooming maidens, who used to foot it so featly there, where are ye now? And the noble, manly Captain Beach, where, too, is he? His glorious laugh is heard in the old house no more. His stately form is never seen in the Seaport streets. His mother is gone. Parson Miltimore is gone. The Captain is forgotten by all, — all save a sad-faced, black-eyed little old woman who has been faithfully waiting these thirty years for him to come home and marry her. He will never come, O loving and loyal heart! The sea has him: —

"Of his bones are coral made."

I like old houses, and have such a reverence for them that I feel inclined to lift my hat whenever I pass one. To you the venerable Stover mansion would appear but an ordinary, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house. But to me it is an object of great and peculiar interest, and is endeared to me by dear memories and pleasant associations. Among the crowd of shadows that people its silent and deserted rooms is the ghost of my childhood. Ah, how I loved as a child to wander about the melancholy old house and its fine

old garden! I took a fearful pleasure in sitting in one of the grand old uncomfortable chairs, in the grave, dusky old parlor, out-staring the grim old portraits that hung upon the walls; in entering the gloomy and ghostly old chambers; in peeping into dark old closets and mysterious old cupboards; and in exploring that limbo of superannuated furniture and obsolete household implements, — that museum of the relics and remains of bygone years, pleasures, vanities, and fashions, — the dismal old garret.

I liked the meek and motherly old serving-woman, Naomi Miltimore, — Parson Miltimore's eldest daughter, — and loved to sit in the long, large old kitchen, with its huge fireplace, and shelves full of bright pewter dishes, and hear her prattle of the old times and old people commemorated in this paper. Naomi was nearly as old as Madam Beach, and had been in Madam's service ever since Mr. Allman's death. She was a jewel of a servant. She hated dust, dirt, and flies. She showed them no mercy, she gave them no quarter. For neatness and cleanliness the housewives of Broek were but types of her. She was an excellent cook withal. Such bread as she made I never expect to taste again. Her buns were lighter and better than the famous "Hot Cross-buns" of "The Cries of London."

Naomi loved housework, and yearned for the dear old days when the house was full of company, and she was a wonderfully busy and a wonderfully happy woman, and used to sing fragments of old hymns and bits of sweet old songs as she kneaded the bread and rolled out the pie-crust. "I feel like crying," she once said to me, "whenever I go into the 'crockery-room,' and look at the piles and piles of unused dishes. Ah, my dear child, this lonesome old house was a lively place in the poor dear Captain's day!"

Although Madam Beach received the news of her son's loss at sea with great outward composure (evidently believing, with Montaigne, that weeping and lamenting are offensive to the living and vain to the dead), she ever after lived in seclusion and retirement. She gave no parties, and received no company save a few old friends and intimate acquaintances. Pretty, demure, sorrow-stricken Nonie N., (ah, pity her!) poor Captain Beach's betrothed bride, passed the better part of her time with Madam Beach, who called her daughter, and loved her with a mother's love. In comforting and consoling this poor wounded dove, I think that Madam Beach comforted and consoled herself, and was thus enabled to bear her own terrible bereavement so calmly and heroically. Another welcome visitor was the Widow Sever, — Laodice Kent that was. She was again the mistress of her father's house. The Count was as polite and as proud as ever; but his little last wife was dead; she died, poor thing! in the second year of her marriage. You may say what you please of your Kembles and Vandenhoffs, but I don't believe that it is possible for anybody to read Shakespeare better than Laodice Sever did. Many an afternoon in my boyhood have I sat on the little oval cricket before the bright, blazing fire in Madam Beach's cosey and comfortable old sitting-room, and heard with charmed attention Laodice Sever read Lear, and Macbeth, and other of the masterpieces of the immortal playwright.

Madam Beach was a great novel-reader. In her old age she reperused all of Richardson's voluminous works. She admired Miss Austen and Charlotte Smith. (Who reads Miss Austen and Charlotte Smith now?) She appreciated the Waverley Novels, and was excessively fond of the romances of Mr. G. P. R. James. She loved the "Vicar of Wakefield," and was always quoting the sly, shrewd, sensible remarks and observations of the good Dr. Primrose. But she did not like Dickens. She said that the "Pickwick Papers" was a low, silly book!

Madam Beach was also a great talker, and loved to pour into the willing ears of her auditors countless stories and

anecdotes of the old, aristocratic Seaport families. She was loyal to the past, and, like Sir Thomas Overbury's "Olde Man," praised the "good old times" as vehemently as if she would sell them. As she grew older, her wit grew brighter and keener, and I fear that, although her heart was full of kindness and good-humor, she was apt to be rather too sharp and satirical in her remarks upon the persons and characters of her townsmen and townswomen.

But if Madam laughed at the vanities and follies of the grown-up folk, she petted, admired, and loved the children. She read to them beautiful stories from her large-printed old Bible, and told them delightful tales of "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters." Every New Year's morning, for a good many years, a crowd of children of all ages, from the master and miss of twelve down to the chubby rogue of four, would march up to the front door of Madam Beach's house, and give a thundering rap with the big bright brass knocker.

Naomi would answer the knock, and, knowing the object of their call, would conduct the "little women and men" into Madam Beach's sitting-room. As soon as they were fairly in the room, and before the amused and delighted old lady could possibly have time to speak a word, they would all cry out simultaneously, "Wish you a happy New Year, Mrs. Beach!" She used to say a few kind, pleasant words to her well-wishers, and give them each a bright silver quarter of a dollar. The children returned home happy and contented, thinking that Madam Beach was the best and nicest old lady in the world.

I think that as a child I was an especial favorite of Madam Beach, and indeed, during all the long years that she knew me, from the time I made my first visit to her house with my mother (I was a very little boy then) to the end of her life, she always treated me with great courtesy and kindness. I loved her when a child; I admired and respected her when a man, and considered her one of the best and truest friends I ever had in this world. But she is gone, and all I have to remember her by are a few old books and a pair of old silver-bowed spectacles. Ah, the old spectacles are a wonderful remembrancer! All that I have gossiped about so idly in this paper, and much else that I should like to have gossiped about, was suggested by these old glasses. Whenever I take the dear old "specs" out of their old, faded morocco case, I seem to see Madam Beach before me. Sometimes I see her sitting before the fire, — the pleasant, cheerful wood fire, — with Mr. Allman's little brass tongs in her hand, and something that looks like tears in her eyes. (H. R., you know the story of these old tongs, and should tell it in your sweet and subtile verse.) Sometimes I see her standing before the mirror, gazing wistfully at her fine old face, and sighing, perhaps, as she thinks of the brilliant and blooming girl she used to behold in that very glass years ago. And sometimes I see her seated in her capacious old easy-chair, a volume of her great folio Bible open in her lap, reading a favorite chapter in the New Testament.

Think of what these old spectacles must have seen in their day, — of all the sad and all the pleasant scenes they have beheld, — of all the books they have read, — of all the people they have looked in the face!

These glasses saw sad changes in Seaport society. They saw the commerce of the old town dwindle year by year, till the wharves were deserted and the streets grass-grown. They saw the lumbering old stage-coach give place to the rushing locomotive. They saw new faces at the windows of old houses, and new mounds in the old graveyard. They were often moistened by the death and misfortune of friends and acquaintances. They gazed long and sadly, yet hopefully and proudly too, upon young Captain Beach as he bade his friends a merry good by before he went aboard his ship and sailed away to his ocean-grave.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and windflowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

A GENTLEMAN OF AN OLD SCHOOL.

PROBABLY there is not a line of print in the world about Mr. Vance Fosbrooke, probably not a hundred persons outside of the city of Charleston were distinctly aware of his existence; yet in Charleston he was as well known as the chime of St. Michael's Church. He had not acquired his fame by any of the methods whereby an American ordinarily becomes notorious. He was not very rich; he had never done a great business, and never had failed; he was not a politician, nor a soldier, nor a particularly good man, nor, in any legal sense, a bad one.

Vance Fosbrooke had lived himself into social distinction by sheer dint of deportment. If there ever was a cleaner man, — a man with a daintier white neckcloth, — a man more fastidiously shaved and combed and brushed, — a man more elaborately formal in his manners, — a man with a more pungent sense of propriety, — Charleston does not know it. He would have died sooner than have committed what he considered a meanness; and he held himself at all times ready to shed blood, rather than submit to an indecorum. His distaste for whatever was vulgar or uncleanly sometimes led him to a stress of nicety which was unintentionally humorous. If a thumbed or greasy bank-note was tendered him in change across a counter, he would say, "Sir, I am exceedingly scrupulous as to what I carry about my person, and if you could give me something fresher than that, I should be greatly obliged to you." In short, he belonged to a social deposit of which our democratic age will soon know nothing, except through the researches of the curious. The venerable bones which Professor Holmes is now digging up on the banks of the Ashley for phosphates are supposed by some philosophers to be the fossil remains of that old school of gentlemen of which Vance Fosbrooke was one of the last living representatives.

On the whole, Charleston had reason to be proud of its born citizen, Vance Fosbrooke, as a shining example of that neatness of presence and decency of bearing which form no small part of the finish of high civilization. And creditably proud of him it was, although it was, of course, amused by his eccentricities, and called him "a gentleman of the old school," with a smile. But a little before the breaking out of the war he became the hero of an adventure which brought upon him the severities of public opinion, and caused most Charlestonians to look upon him as an unnatural father and a bad citizen. Without venturing to dissent from so respectable a decision, I propose to relate the Vance Fosbrooke side of the story. If I am somewhat dramatic in my mode of rehearsal, it is not because I am dealing with fiction, but to show my man.

One evening in December, 1859, this gentleman of a breed which is now, or soon will be, gathered to the clods, sat in the front lounging-room of the Mills House, conversing with his only intimate friend, James Vane Hightower. These life-long comrades differed greatly in character, manners, and appearance. Fosbrooke was hard, resolute, pugnacious, punctilious, formal in bearing, fastidious in dress, tall and thin in person, with high, marked features. Hightower was a broad, juicy, rosy, genial being, — a man who put you in mind of roast-beef and gravy, of plum-pudding and wine sauce; a sweet and humane soul largely at ease in one of the portliest of bodies, fitting it tenderly like an old slipper. By the way, how many human beings, especially in New England, are feverish, nervous, and snappish, merely because their physical cases are too tight for them!

"What 's the matter with you, Fosbrooke?" inquired Hightower, in a curiously cheery tenor voice, which broke upon a pause in the conversa-

tion like the warbling of a flute. "You look serious."

"My dear sir, I was driven from the tea-table," was the answer, delivered in a measured utterance which ran up and down the gamut after the English style of intonation. "I had a dreadful creature opposite me. Actually, Hightower, there was a person there — from Georgia, I suppose — who ordered boiled eggs, — boiled eggs for tea, Hightower! And, more than that, he ate them out of a wineglass. Why, good Ged, Hightower! if a man should do that in a decent restaurant in Paris, every gentleman present would leave the room."

"Now, really, Fosbrooke, I don't think I should leave the room, — not, at least, till I had had my meal. To be sure, I never did yet see anybody eat boiled eggs for tea; but I do think I could bear the spectacle."

There was now another silence, during which the large man eyed the thin one with a kind of cheerful anxiety. He perceived that there was some unusual weight on his friend's mind, and it was in his nature to desire to dissipate all trouble that fell under his notice. But as no confession came, he concluded to leave the brooding fit to work itself out; and, picking up his hat with a smile, as if he wished to do it a favor, he rose slowly, after the manner of men of his girth.

"Don't go! don't go!" said Fosbrooke, starting from his revery. "Oblige me by sitting a little longer. I have something to say to you, and I may as well say it now."

"Hightower," he resumed, after collecting his thoughts, — "my dear Hightower, this is a dem'd serious business. I am very much troubled about it. I positively must do something for those children — you know — you understand me."

"Yes, yes, I understand," mumbled Hightower, dropping his eyes upon the floor.

It was evidently a delicate subject, if not also a dangerous one. Both gentlemen had glanced about them, and sunk their voices to little more than a whisper, although already aware that they were alone.

"Yes, I must secure them," continued Fosbrooke, with a kind of irritated determination. "These cursed laws of ours will rob them of every penny, if I die; yes, by Jove! Hightower, rob them of themselves, — send them to the sale-block. It 's a beastly shame. It 's horrible."

"Yes, Fosbrooke, it 's horrible," assented Hightower.

Even in the height of Slavery's reign, there were many secret rebels against the tyranny; some impelled to the treason by circumstances, and others by the impulses of nature.

"Alfred is as decent a young fellow as there is in this city," continued Fosbrooke. "There is n't a mean streak in him. I don't believe he ever did a low thing in his life. And as for Flora and Louise and Sophie, if there are better mannered, kinder hearted, purer girls, I don't know them. Dem'd well educated, too! But you know what they are. You have seen their letters, and heard them do opera music. By Jove! my dear sir, if they had a foreign language or so, they would equal any young lady in town for accomplishments."

"You 've taken vast pains with them, Fosbrooke; you 've been generous and just by them; it does you great credit. And they have been worthy of all that you have done. Do you remember Flora writing me a letter when I was at Columbia? I showed that letter to half a dozen gentlemen, and nearly every one said, 'Why, Hightower, that 's an amazingly clever girl! who is she?' And when I told them it was an octoroon, it was, 'Sho, sho, Hightower; don't believe it.' Ah, yes, they are fine children."

"And they have n't a civil right," pursued Fosbrooke, his thin, wrinkled face flushing. "By Jove! Hightower, it 's a dem'd outrage, — one of the dem'dest outrages that I can conceive of. They are my property, — and I don't want to own them. I can't set them free. I

can't leave them a penny. It 's enough, Hightower, to make a man turn Yankee."

Twenty-two years previous to this dialogue, and when Mr. Vance Fosbrooke was thirty-six years old, he had lost his wife. Within what the Charleston Mrs. Grundy deemed a proper time thereafter, and under circumstances which the same great authority admitted to be decently secret, he purchased a handsome quadroon woman, and gave her an "establishment" suited to his moderate means. He placed her in a small house which belonged to him, allowed her to keep all her earnings as a laundress, and taught her to read. In 1856 she died, leaving four children, who, without any miracle in the matter, were octoroons. The boy, Alfred, now twenty years old, was a barber, keeping his own little shop, and devoting his small profits to the support of himself and sisters. Flora, aged seventeen, and Louise, two years younger, were learning millinery; while Sophie, only thirteen, was still at school. There was a patriarchal law against teaching slaves to read, but "sound" Southerners might violate it with impunity, if they would do it quietly; and these children were well educated in the ordinary English branches, drawing, and music. It was of this most illegal family, this family which had been formed and brought to its present condition in spite of commandments and enactments, that the two gentlemen in the front-room of the Mills House were discoursing.

"I shall let Robert know to-morrow that he must divide with them," continued Vance Fosbrooke. "If Robert gets the whole of my property, he will spend it just as certainly as he would spend the half of it. Ged bless my soul, Hightower! I don't see why I should have a gambler for a son!"

Against his only legitimate child Fosbrooke was bitter, and with cause. Robert was like himself, obstinate, dictatorial, and fiery; moreover, he was a spendthrift.

"You and Robert might not get along comfortably over such a subject," suggested Hightower. "I think you had better let me arrange with him."

"Certainly, I will. Why, good Ged, Hightower! you know that I have n't exchanged a word with Robert for eighteen months. I am security for his position in the custom-house; I stand by him as a father must stand by his son. But there 's no talking betwixt us; we should break each other's heads; he 's a devil of a temper."

Vance Fosbrooke was himself notorious, at least with every one but himself, as a devil of a temper. He had fought two duels, and wounded both his men; he had had various rencontres, breaking now a bone and now a cane. Informed once, that a sketch of his peculiarities would be published in a small satirical paper, he called immediately on the editor.

"Sir," said he, with severe courtesy of manner, and an utterance as firm and measured as the tramp of infantry, "I have been told that a delineation of me will appear in your columns. I beg leave to assure you, that, if such a thing happens, I shall hold you responsible. I shall cane you the first time I see you. If you draw a pistol on me, I warn you to aim well; for, if you miss me, I shall take it from you and break your skull. Good morning, sir."

No rencontre took place on this occasion, for no monograph of Vance Fosbrooke came out in the "Satyr."

We return to the interview at the Mills House, but merely to show how this man went home. He ate at the hotel; he lounged, entertained visitors, and received his letters there; but at ten o'clock in the evening he always went home. Taking the quietest side of the street, evading companionship and observation, solicitous to avoid shocking the public proprieties, he sought the house occupied by "those children — you know," let himself in through a side gate and door, and was at home. They waited on him humbly, gratefully, faithfully, and almost tenderly.

The day after the conversation, Mr.

Hightower, armed with full instructions, called on Robert Fosbrooke.

"Well, Robert, I have come to have a little talk with you," he said with an air at once friendly and serious, like that of a genial undertaker.

The young man was in his room, and had been in it all day. An expedition to Sullivan's Island the day previous had ended in a debauch which was too much for his jaded system, and had given him a twenty-four hours' illness. He was better now, and had taken tea and toast with some appetite, by the blessing of an iced cocktail. We must so far do justice to what character he had as to state that he did not account for his sickness on the score of having eaten too many rice-birds, but frankly declared that he had been drunk, and was getting over it.

"Robert, I 'm sorry to hear that you have had another spree," said Hightower, smiling, but honestly regretful. "You have too many sprees; you are looking the worse for them. I really wish you would not get drunk quite so often. I 've seen a great many young men go on in your way — till they stopped going. I 'm a pretty good judge, Robert, of how long a fellow can last. Depend upon it, you have n't five years ahead unless you pull up a little."

Hightower exaggerated as little in his evil auguries as in his demand for reformation. Robert was even thinner than his father, and had a sodden complexion instead of the frost-bitten freshness of Vance Fosbrooke, while his eyes were watery, and their lids reddened. Moreover, his drinking, his gaming, his many debaucheries, had given him that unpleasant expression of an unhealthy soul which is usually described as "a dissipated look." Instead of a handsome youth, which was what nature meant him to be, he was little less than repulsive. His dress alone was entirely attractive, being even now neat and tasteful and quiet, as became the attire of a Fosbrooke. His manners were self-possessed, and would have been exceedingly agreeable but that they were impregnated by that pungent odor of dissipation. It was a good thing in him that he took no angry exceptions to the plain-dealing of his visitor. But then it is not remembered of any human being, or even of any member of the brute creation, that he or she ever flew into a rage at James Vane Hightower.

"Ah, old fellow, you are down upon us youth!" laughed Robert. "You have got by your time for sitting up late, and you want us to go to bed. But you are not a perfect model. I don't believe, for instance, that you ever go to church."

"O yes, I do, Robert," smiled Hightower. "I always go on Christmas, and some other of the great occasions. And every Sunday afternoon I remember that I ought to set a good example, and I dress up nice, and, when people are returning from church, I go out and mingle with them. Why, Robert, there 's such a virtue as appearing decent."

"By George! you are a most enticing sinner," said the young man, shouting outright. "You are a great deal more dangerous than I am, don't you know?"

"Well, Robert, let us talk about business a little," answered Hightower, while a graver expression stole across his cheerful face, like the shadow of a cloud dancing over fields of golden corn. "I have come to you with a message from your father about those — those children, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Robert, scowling. "What has the old man got in his head now?"

"He says that he 's afraid he sha'n't live long, and that he wants to assure them a decent future before he dies."

"They would be all right in my hands. He knows that I would n't sell them; you know it, Mr. Hightower; you know that I 'm not one of that sort. Sell my own brothers and sisters? I 'm not responsible for the relationship, but hanged if I 'll go back on it!"

"I don't suppose you would, Robert, — not so long as you are the man you are at this moment. But some day you

may not be just the same man; you may be in debt, or you may be out of temper, or out of your head. I don't mean to offend you, but I must treat the future fairly."

"Well — of course — a fellow may get rum-crazy — may change somehow. But what does the old man want? Come, I 'll compromise with him. I don't object to his freeing them."

"Of course he must set them up. He can't simply turn them loose on the world. Just think what might become of the girls."

"O the devil! Well, give them a thousand apiece; yes, give the lot five thousand. That ought to do them."

"Robert, as things go here that would be handsome; but it 's a great ways below your father's mark. He proposes to leave them — and that you shall guarantee them — twenty thousand."

"The old maniac!" exclaimed Robert, and followed up the epithet with divers execrations, not so unnatural, perhaps, as deplorable. "Why, good Lord, Mr. Hightower! that 's half his property. Does he suppose that his only white child, his only legitimate child, his only legal heir, will submit to that? I won't do it. I 'll go ten thousand, for the sake of peace, but not a dollar more."

"It won't satisfy him. Your father is a very determined man, and he has given twenty thousand as his ultimatum."

"Tell him that I defy him. He can't do it. By the laws of our State, he can't leave them a penny, can't even free them."

"All that can be evaded. Now do be rational, Robert, rather than lose every penny."

"I won't do it, Mr. Hightower. I tell you, once for all, that I won't be plundered in this style."

"I 'm very sorry, Robert. Well, I must tell you fully, then, what your father's terms are. If, within a year from to-day, you have not agreed to this settlement, he will proceed to free them, and make them heirs to all his property, which is not necessary to guarantee your position in the custom-house. That is, he will give them about thirty thousand dollars, and you ten thousand. That is what the old gentleman says, and I have no doubt that he will keep his word."

Passing his hand through his hair, the young man reflected gravely before he answered.

"Pshaw!" he broke out. "It 's all a bluff-game. I know the old man as well as you do. He 's obstinate, but he 's a Fosbrooke. He never will leave the representative of his name with a beggarly ten thousand. I 'll stand my chances. Why, Hightower, it 's such an infernal outrage! O, I 'm not blowing at you, understand; nobody blows at you. Well, never mind. Just tell my father, simply, that I refuse."

"I 'm sorry for it. It is n't the best way, Robert. But good evening. I hope to see you out sound and hearty in the morning."

The year passed by without further communication between father and son. At the end of the year Vance Fosbrooke, who had a hospitable way of doing business, invited Hightower to dine with him at the Mills House, and reopened the subject of the property settlement. He was, as usual, miraculously shaved; his clothes were so conspicuously neat that you might almost speak of them as shining raiment; his linen, and especially his high white cravat, were the *ne plus ultra* of starching and ironing; even his manners had the air of being starched and ironed. It was remarkable that he should make an intimate friend of a man who was on ordinary days a little careless in his costume. But Fosbrooke had his reasons for putting up with Hightower.

"Hightower, you see, is a large man," he would say, in his mincing English utterance. "In fact, Hightower is a protuberant man. Now a person of that build cannot keep himself so carefully as a person of my build. Gravy *will* fall on him. Besides, there is so much surface every way! However, I do wish Hightower was a little more given to the clothes-brush."

Secession was in full blast then, and Anderson had just made his famous change of base, and everybody at the *table d'hôte* was talking about it. Vance Fosbrooke had not considered it good style to take much interest in politics since the Rutledges, Pinckneys, Hugers, &c., had been superseded in the public councils by such *parvenus* as the Rhetts, Cobbs, and Aikens; but, just to pass the time and divert himself from the subject which weighed upon his mind, he did, during the dessert, permit himself to utter a few remarks concerning the seizure of Fort Sumter.

"Why, good Ged, sir!" he remarked to General Marion Waddy of the militia, — "why, good Ged, sir! it 's the most unconstitutional act in our history. It's a direct and audacious blow, sir, at the sovereignty of the State."

"It is the deed of a tyrant and coward," returned the General, agitated all through his lean frame by something like a colic of indignation. "If Buchanan does not disavow and revoke it, he ought to be impeached. I should like to cane him."

The conversation continued in this style for some minutes. The only "transient" near the speakers was a young man who apparently paid no attention to what was said, and occupied himself with penciling in a notebook, from which it was inferred that he was a clerk on a collecting tour. After *café noir* had been served, Fosbrooke and Hightower repaired to a quiet corner of the reading-room.

"Has Robert sent any word to you concerning my proposition?" inquired the former.

"I have n't heard from him. Have you?"

"Not a syllable. Confound the puppy! What does he want to drive me to the wall in this style for? Well, Hightower," he added presently, with a sigh, "I must do as I said. My plan is this. I shall withdraw the ten thousand dollars' worth of stock which stands as security for Robert, and shall put in its place my house, which is worth about the same sum. I shall then invest everything in railroad bonds, and two weeks from to-day I shall take those children North. On that day I shall bid my State and you good by for years, perhaps forever."

His eyebrows quivered a little, and his voice was almost tearful. Hightower had never before seen nor heard of such emotion in Vance Fosbrooke; and, being a tender-hearted, sympathetic man, he found himself unable to reply for a moment.

"Well, Fosbrooke," he said at last, in his silvery tenor, "here is your friend! — grieved to part with you, but pledged to help you!"

"Why, good Ged, Hightower! don't let us be babies. But I sha'n't have an intimate comrade left in the world. You know I don't take to strangers. I 've no relish for new acquaintance. I am just going to sacrifice myself for the sake of these poor children, for whom I am responsible. It is outrageous, perfectly outrageous, in Robert and our State laws to drive me to it. Hightower, I ought not to be obliged to sacrifice myself."

"On the 2d of next month, then?" said Hightower.

"Yes, if that is steamer day; I believe it is."

"Well, Fosbrooke, just to bid you good by, and to disarm suspicion, I 'll give you a dinner at my rooms on the 1st. I owe for a number of things of that sort, and I 'll have in half a dozen of our friends; say a party of eight."

James Hightower had a weakness for roast pig, the head being his favorite part. Accordingly he applied to ex-Senator Hathaway, one of the most august citizens of Charleston, and also one of the wealthiest of Low Country planters, for a suckling of a certain noted breed, which flourished on the Hathaway estate.

"I am going to give a bachelor dinner, and I want to be sure of one good dish," he explained.

Hathaway, a man of marvellous social education and experience, was so amused at Hightower's rustic taste,

that he confidentially repeated the tale to Fosbrooke. But that model of deportment could not see the matter in a jocose light. He was profoundly shocked and agitated.

"Why, good Ged!" he exclaimed, "roast pig at a dinner of ceremony! Ged bless my soul! Ged *bless* my soul! For Heaven's sake, Hathaway, don't let him do it! don't let him have his beast. Do tell him, as kindly and delicately as you can, that such a thing would never answer. And — and — don't let him know that I spoke of it, or that you mentioned it to any one. He will be overwhelmed with mortification when he realizes his mistake."

Hathaway repeated these observations to Hightower, and the latter, with a hearty laugh, gave up his porker. Moreover, when Fosbrooke appeared at his lodgings on the day set for the festivity, he hastened to relieve him of all fear of seeing the unfashionable luxury.

"I did think of having roast pig, Fosbrooke," said he, "but Hathaway advised a haunch of venison instead of it."

"A very proper substitution," responded the gentleman of the old school, immensely gratified, but politely struggling to conceal his satisfaction.

"By the way, Fosbrooke, here is something that will amuse you," added Hightower, not averse to a good-natured revenge. So saying he produced a copy of the "New York Times," containing a letter from "our Charleston correspondent" in which was reported the dialogue of a fortnight previous, concerning the unconstitutional seizure of Fort Sumter. In this piece of impudence, lean General Waddy figured as "The Spectre," stout James Hightower as "The Solid Man," and Vance Fosbrooke as "White Choker." Mr. Fosbrooke put on his spectacles, read a few lines, and looked up with a frown.

"Why, this is myself!" he said, in calm indignation. "The sneaking scoundrel! He has violated the sanctity of the private conversation of gentlemen. Hightower, if I ever catch that scoundrel, I 'll cane him. If you learn that he is still in the city, do me the favor to let me know it."

"But you won't be here, Fosbrooke," said Hightower, smiling at this outburst of the old sensitive pugnacity.

"O, exactly! Well, let us talk that matter over; I came early, on purpose. You promised to smooth the way for my departure; and I should like to know, if you think proper, what you propose."

"I propose to have you make a comfortable dinner, and pass a quiet night. Just go aboard in the morning, and take a state-room for yourself, and don't forget your little box of bonds."

"Will *they* certainly be there?" demanded Vance Fosbrooke, his withered face flushing with eagerness.

"My dear sir, you won't see Cato waiting on us at dinner. Cato will be in better business. Cato has a carriage, and is driving some friends around. If anybody asks for Cato, I shall slander him; I shall say that he is an irregular sort of boy, and that I have had to hire somebody to fill his place."

"And he knows what to do?" insisted Fosbrooke, still unsatisfied, so anxious was he.

"Bless you! Cato is acquainted with the steward of the boat, and can manage a trip North for a few friends as easy as whistle."

"Hightower, give this twenty-dollar gold-piece to Cato, and tell him that I am his friend for life. I shall remember him in my will."

We will not go into the particulars of the dinner. That night Vance Fosbrooke had a room at the Mills House, and at seven in the morning he was on the deck of the New York steamer. Although neatly dressed, as usual, he looked ghastly with want of sleep and anxiety, and his face was stubbly with a white beard, which contrasted strongly with the dyed black of his hair. The mulatto steward greeted him with a bow of unusual consideration, and whispered, "It 's all right, Colonel.

As soon as we git outside the bar, you take a look down the forrard cabin."

Mr. Fosbrooke made no answer, except to slip a ready gold-piece from his vest pocket into the steward's hand. Then, until the vessel was over the bar, and the pilot had left her, he paced the deck, anxious, eager, grim, and with a pugnacious grip on his loaded cane. There was quite a sublime light on his hard, thin, grizzled face as he made his way to the forward cabin, gently opened a door which was pointed out to him by the steward, looked into the anxious eyes of a young man and three girls, drew a long breath, and said, "Well, you are free."

"God bless you, master!" was the reply, almost inaudible for tears. They did not call him father, and had never so called him in their lives, and had no thought of ever so calling him. There were no words of relationship in this family; there were no endearments, either in manner or speech; but there was strong affection and confidence.

These contrabands who had not waited for Butler, these freedmen who had not needed the Bureau, were handsome. There was something prettily French in the low, broad forehead, glossily waving black hair, sparkling eyes, small nose, small chin, arch glance and ready smile of the eldest girl, Flora. The two other girls and Alfred were of the Antinous type, half Greek and half Egyptian, classic outline, softly tumid lips, and calm expression.

And now we must take a long jump; we must leap four years monstrous with war. During this period Robert Fosbrooke had fallen gallantly in battle; the Confederate government had sought to confiscate Vance Fosbrooke's house as the property of a refugee, and had been foiled by the adroit management of James Hightower; then bombardment had wrought destruction where rebellion could not effect robbery.

In May, 1865, Hightower visited New York as an agent to raise capital for certain Southern contractors. Standing on the steps of the St. Nicholas, he saw a haggard, stooping, feeble, and somewhat threadbare gentleman, well brushed, however, cleanly shaved, and with a spotless white cravat, whom he recognized as Vance Fosbrooke. During the first moments of greeting these two could not keep their faces from quivering.

"I came down town in hope of meeting some old friend," said Fosbrooke; "but I did not expect this great pleasure. You are in homespun, I see," he added presently. "I suppose that every one is poor there now."

"Ah, yes; it 's an immense almshouse; you never saw such destitution."

"And the war has ruined me also. You know that I put everything into the Cumberland River Railroad. Well, I have n't a dollar; I am a recipient of charity."

"Come in and dine with me," said Hightower. "I owe you many hours of hospitality."

As they sat after the meal, talking of matters in the South, an Irish waiter, possibly a Copperhead, whispered, "Be careful; there 's a 'Herald' reporter back on ye, and he 's a taken ye down."

Vance Fosbrooke turned slowly in his neckcloth, stared with a threatening eye at the delinquent, and said in a distinct voice, "The scoundrel!"

Then, as the newsmonger departed, he added, "Hightower, do you remember the scandalous publication of our conversation in the Mills House? I never have been able to meet that fellow. If I had, I would have broken every bone in his skin."

They were by this time sufficiently alone to speak of affairs personal to each other.

"I am glad to know that Robert died like a gentleman," said Fosbrooke in a firm voice. "If he must die before me, it was necessary that he should die like a gentleman, or I should have blown my brains out. We were not much to each other, but we were as much as that."

"Ah — I did not know that you

were aware — " muttered Hightower, relieved to find that he had not that tidings to communicate.

" Yes, I learned about Robert from a prisoner. In the same way I heard of the destruction of my house, — my last tatter of property. Good Ged, Hightower! I am a tree without a leaf. I am stripped bare."

Hightower was still anxious about one thing; what had become of " those children — you know " ? Had fate been so terrible that they were all dead? Or was it possible that they had been ungrateful enough to desert this old man in his extremity? Remembering the pride, the sensitiveness, the reserve of his friend, and checked by his own tenderness of heart, he dared not ask.

" Hightower, it is near nightfall," said Fosbrooke, rousing himself from one of those reveries into which the old and feeble so often fall. " You must go home with me. You must see how I live."

Partly in the omnibus and partly on foot they made their way two miles up town, and into a quiet quarter of small houses and cheap shops in the western part of the city. The walking was slow work; for Hightower had much to carry under his homespun waistcoat, while Fosbrooke's step was so feeble that he frequently staggered; so that it was after dark when they stopped at the side-door of a little two-story building, the front of which was occupied by a barber and a milliner. Entering by the aid of a night-key, they ascended a dark staircase, at the top of which Fosbrooke opened a door, and gently pushed his comrade into a plainly furnished sitting-room. There, waiting around a still unserved dinner-table, were all " those children — you know."

" Why, it 's Master James Hightower!" cried Louise, in that scream of joy which is so pleasant from a woman's lips. And then they all had him by hand, one after the other, or rather two at a time, laughing in their gladness like children.

" Why, Louise! why, Flora! why, Sophie! Why, God bless you! how handsome you all are! and how glad I am to see you!" was the honest, though confused, utterance of James Hightower's head and heart, both speaking at once. " And Alfred! Why, Alfred, God bless you! And now, Flora, let me shake hands with you again. How amazingly well you look? Your husband? Bless my body, a husband! Mr. Foster, I am very happy to make your acquaintance."

Yes, Flora was married; and there was her husband in costume evidently clerical, his mulatto face marked by education, respectability, and self-respect.

Although trembling with fatigue and emotion, Vance Fosbrooke remained standing until his guest was seated. Then, still leaning on his cane, with his battered but well-brushed hat in his hand, he looked slowly from face to face, and said, " James Hightower, these are my friends and benefactors. I am living on their bounty."

Unmanned by the confession, the proud old — noble, shall we call him? — dropped into a chair, covered his face with his hat, and sobbed aloud. It was too pathetic a moment for any one to speak, even in protestation. Hightower felt a tear upon his wrist, and was just able to see out of his dimmed eyes that Flora was bending her head over his hand as it lay upon the table, her face covered with her interlaced fingers. He did not move that hand; it seemed to him much blessed and honored; he put the other to his wet eyelashes.

" He *will* sometimes talk that way, — when we owe him everything," whispered Flora, presently.

" Really, I don't know why I should cry over you, Fosbrooke," said Hightower, recovering his smile. " I 've seen people in much worse trouble. Why, when I left Charleston, old Mrs. Hathaway was going to the Yankee quartermaster for her rations regularly."

" If I had not brought *them* North, we should have been doing the same,"

answered Fosbrooke, uncovering his face. "I did not altogether fail."

"You altogether succeeded, sir," said the clergyman. "If you have lost your substance, you have done justice. You are like this nation."

But the eulogy, magnificent as it was, did not entirely please the old Southerner, and his thoughts took a turn towards bitterness.

"These are all my acquaintance," he resumed. "Hightower, I am not on speaking terms with a white person in this city. There is not an Abolitionist of them all who would call on me here, or receive me at his house. They are too good for me, because I have sought to rectify the mistake of a lifetime. They are too good for *them*, — too good for Flora there. Good Ged, Hightower! look at her. Good Ged! to think that in Charleston that woman had not a civil right, and here has not a social right! Hightower, you and I, old South-Carolinians, we are not ashamed of them."

"God bless them!" said James Hightower. "Proud of them!"

Then the conversation drooped to a more commonplace tone.

"Will you dine, Hightower?" inquired Fosbrooke. "Well, I suppose not. Have up your dinner, children. I am sorry I made you wait; but I was with our old friend. Hightower, this is our sitting-room, and in this house we all live, except Flora. Alfred has the barber's shop below; Louise and Sophie the milliner's shop. We are not suffering; we are not drawing rations. Ged have mercy upon my old friends down there! I am able to pity them."

He was cheerful now; but it was evident that he was very tired, and it was not long before he sank into a state of half-slumber. When his friend departed, he hardly revived from it enough to murmur in a broken voice, "Come and see us often, my dear fellow."

On the afternoon of the next day, Alfred called at the St. Nicholas for Mr. Hightower.

"I wish very much that you would come up and see the master," he said abruptly, and in a tone which betrayed emotion. "He was quite poorly when he woke this morning, and he has been growing steadily worse all day. We are very anxious about him. He asked for you an hour or so ago."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Hightower. "An old friend and the talk of old times has been too much for him. I 'll go immediately, Alfred. Let us hope that it is n't as bad as you fear."

At the door of the little sitting-room Flora met them, weeping.

"I 'm afraid he is dying," she said. "My husband has been reading the Bible to him; but he does n't seem to hear."

There was a murmur of solemn tones in the sick-room as they approached it, and they were not surprised, as they entered, to see the mulatto clergyman rise from his knees. He glanced at Hightower, shook his head sorrowfully, put his arm around his wife's waist, and whispered to her some unavailing word of comfort. Louise and Sophie, tears running down their cheeks, looked fixedly at the visitor, as if for hope.

Hope of life there evidently was none. Vance Fosbrooke's face was dusky, his forehead beaded, his features pinched, his cheeks sunken, his eyes glassy.

"Ah, my dear old friend!" said Hightower. "What can I do for you?"

Although the parted lips moved, they uttered no sound; but the eyes awakened, and glanced significantly from the friend to the offspring.

"I won't forget them, Fosbrooke," promised Hightower; and he thought that a feeble pressure of the fingers thanked him.

"And is death a gain?" whispered the clergyman, bending low for an answer which could not be uttered.

Espérons!

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BRETHREN.

SECOND PAPER.

ARE we all going to be Roman Catholics, then, about the year 1945?

So we are assured by some of our more sanguine Roman Catholic brethren. And, really, the ancient church, not in this young country only, but in Europe too, and especially in France, Germany, and England, appears to be renewing its youth, and pressing forward most vigorously to occupy and reoccupy. It is regaining its audacity. It is beginning again to take the initiative. It hits back once more. It even succeeds in turning the laugh against us sometimes, which is a great point gained. It has taken the church eighty years to recover from the mockery of one man, and it is now using his terrible weapon against its own enemies. Few better burlesques have ever been written than the one recently published in England, and republished in New York, entitled "The Comedy of Convocation in the English Church," in which the one great excellence of that church is ridiculed in the most delicious manner. The point of superiority of the Church of England over some others is, or was, that it allowed a wide latitude of opinion, and did not set up to be an infallible teacher. This is the point ridiculed; but the novelty of the burlesque is, that it is so exquisitely and good-naturedly done. *The new blood is beginning to tell.* There is one extractible passage of this masterpiece of fun, which may serve to illustrate the new spirit of which I speak. "Archdeacon Jolly," one of the speakers at the imaginary convocation, explains the operation of a new society, which, he said, was called "The Society for considering the best Means of keeping alive the Corruptions of Popery in the interests of Gospel Truth."

"It was, of course," the jolly Archdeacon continued, "a strictly secret organization; but he had been favored, he knew not why, with a copy of the prospectus, and as he had no intention of becoming a member, he would communicate it to the house. It appeared from this document, and could be confirmed from other sources, that a deputation was sent last year to Rome to obtain a private interview with the Pope, in order to entreat his Holiness *not* to reform a single Popish corruption. A handsome present was intrusted to the deputation, and a liberal contribution to the Peter's Pence Fund. The motives set forth in the preamble of the address presented to his Holiness were, in substance, of the following nature: They urged that a very large body of most respectable clergymen, who had no personal ill-will toward the present occupant of the Holy See, had maintained themselves and their families in comfort for many years exclusively by the abuse of popery; and, if popery were taken away, they could not but contemplate the probable results with uneasiness and alarm. Moreover, many eminent members of the profession had gained a reputation for evangelical wit, learning, and piety, as well as high dignities in the Church of England, by setting forth in their sermons, and at public meetings, with all their harrowing details, the astounding abominations of the Church of Rome. The petitioners implored his Holiness not to be indifferent to the position of these gentlemen. Many of their number had privately requested the deputation to plead their cause with the amiable and benevolent Pius IX. Thus the great and good Dr. M'Nickel represented respectfully that he had filled his church, and let all his pews, during three-and-twenty years, by elegantly slandering priests and nuns, and powerfully illustrating Romish superstitions. A clergyman of noble birth had attained to the honors of

the episcopate by handling alternately the same subjects, and a particularly pleasing doctrine of the Millennium, and had thus been enabled to confer a valuable living on his daughter's husband, who otherwise could not have hoped to obtain one. An eminent canon of an old Roman Catholic abbey owed his distinguished position, which he hoped to be allowed to retain, to the fact of his having proved so clearly that the Pope was Antichrist; and earnestly entreated his Holiness to do nothing to forfeit that character. A well-known doctor of Anglican divinity was on the point of quitting the country in despair of gaining a livelihood, when the idea of preaching against popery was suggested to him, and he had now reason to rejoice that he had abandoned the foolish scheme of emigration. . . . . Finally, a young clergyman, who had not hitherto much distinguished himself, having often but vainly solicited a member of his congregation to favor his evangelical attachment, at length hit upon a new expedient, and preached so ravishing a discourse on the matrimonial prohibitions of the Romish Church, and drew so appalling a picture of the domestic infelicities of the Romish priesthood, that on the following Monday morning the young lady made him an offer of her hand and fortune."

Nothing could be better for its purpose than this, and the whole pamphlet of one hundred and thirty-eight pages is executed quite as well. The surprising feature of the performance is, that the author never lapses for a single instant into ill-temper, — such is the strength of his talent, and the entireness of his faith. In conversing with Catholic priests, I have been repeatedly struck with the same imperturbable good-humor, the same *absolute* confidence in the impregnability of their position.

Another fruit of the church's recovered audacity lies before me, in the Abbé Maynard's new "Life of Voltaire," called forth, apparently, by the great stir in France resulting from the proposal to erect a national monument to Voltaire in Paris. "You are a humbug," said Voltaire to the Church, in ninety-seven volumes duodecimo. "You 're another," replies Abbé Maynard, in two volumes octavo. This indefatigable Abbé has gone over the thousand volumes or so which contain the yet unwritten story of Voltaire's life, and has gathered from them every incident and every sentence the cold relation or quotation of which would make against his subject. The result is, that his work is, at once, the truest and the falsest upon Voltaire ever written; most of the facts which he chooses to give are stated with a certain exactness, but most of that in Voltaire's career which made it worth while to relate those facts at all, is not mentioned. It is evident, nevertheless, that the Abbé is as honest as he is patient; he merely cannot *see* anything in Voltaire except his poor, human foibles. His work is chiefly interesting as another evidence that our Roman Catholic brethren are becoming militant again, and do not mean to be hit without striking out from the shoulder at their assailant.

By a curious chance, it happened that the same steamer which brought these two thick volumes from France brought also *Le Vrai Voltaire*, of M. Pompery, also published in 1867, in which two things are asserted of the great master of mockery: 1. That he was the most extraordinary of men; and, 2. That he was *the consummate Christian of all times!* Both of these works came to me in the same brown-paper parcel. Both were published in the same Paris, in the same year; both were written by Frenchmen for Frenchmen. Such a creature is man when he shuts up in party that mind of his which was meant to range free over the whole! Of these two works, that of the Abbé is by far the most able and thorough; and he does not fail to urge home to the Paris of this moment that the virtuous people of France are still those who go to mass and confess their sins. Ah! *that* is the difficult argument to answer! As

the authoritative expounder of the universe, the mission of the Church may, indeed, be nearly accomplished; but as an organization for the inculcation of virtue, the best part of its career is only just now beginning.

Persons who are so unfortunate as to be obliged to travel much in the public vehicles and vessels of the city of New York frequently have religious tracts offered them by a fellow-sufferer, who draws a bundle of them from his pocket, and hands them around. It has, perhaps, occurred to others besides myself, what a powerful means of doing good this might be if the tracts were written in just the right way, on just the right subjects, by truly enlightened and sympathetic men; and perhaps others have wondered, besides myself, that such an obvious and easy way of spreading abroad good knowledge, good principles, and good feeling should be so long neglected by persons capable of using it with effect. I hope yet to see our omnibuses littered with tracts written by such persons as Mr. Emerson, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Norton, Mr. Curtis, Dr. Bellows, Horace Greeley, Dr. Chapin, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, Mr. Beecher, Goldwin Smith, Charles Dickens, and all the other good fellows of either sex who love their species, and have a wise or friendly word to say to them. It will only be necessary for them to write a great deal better than they ever did before.

Our Roman Catholic brethren have at length awoke to the power of the four-paged tract, and they are using it with increasing frequency and skill. This movement mitigates the horrors of city travel; for the Catholic tracts, besides containing much information little known to us Protestants, are written in a lively strain, often in the form of dialogue. It is not a bad thing, about half-way down town, to have politely put into your hands a sprightly little piece, upon "What my Uncle said about the Pope."

"One day, in the Central Park, we sat down on a nice shady seat, and Uncle George took out a newspaper to read. As his eye glanced down the columns he suddenly gave a grunt, and hit the ground very sharply with his cane.

"'Got the gout, Uncle?' said I.

"'No, my dear, it 's nothing but the old Pope again.'

"'Who is he, Uncle?' I inquired.

"'I am sorry to say he 's a bad man, my dear,' replied Uncle George, looking at me over his spectacles, 'and always was.'

"'Why don't the police take him up, then, and try him?' I asked.

"'Because there are so many people who believe him to be a good man,' answered my uncle; 'and as for *trying* him, Fred, there 's been plenty of that, if you only understood it; but the oftener he is brought into court, the fewer witnesses you can get to appear against him, and he always manages to come off "not guilty."'

"'How many people believe he is a good man, Uncle?' I inquired. 'A dozen now, I should n't wonder?'

"'A dozen!' exclaimed the old gentleman; 'see here'; and he commenced drawing figures on the gravelled walk with his cane. 'There,' said he, pointing to the sum he had marked on the ground, 'what do you make of that?'

"'There 's a 2,' said I, 'and a naught, and an 8, and six more naughts. Why, Uncle, that 's *two hundred and eight millions!*'

"'That 's about it, my dear.'"

It is much more amusing to read such a sprightly performance as this than to sit opposite six pairs of eyes, occupied only in the embarrassing task of not "catching" any of them. Useful knowledge, too, is acquired. It is agreeable to know the exact figures about anything. There is a tract upon "Article II. of the Popular Creed," which is, "All men cannot believe alike." There is also one upon Article I. of the same creed: "It is a matter of no importance what a man believes, if he be only sincere." There is another entitled "What shall I do

to be saved?" This is a dialogue, and the main question is thus answered: —

"*Earnest Inquirer.* Will you be kind enough to tell me what practical answer is given in the Catholic Church to Catholics themselves who ask the question, 'What shall I do to be saved?'

"*Catholic.* A Catholic is usually baptized in infancy, and is thereby invested with all the privileges of a Christian. As he grows older, he is taught the principles of his religion. If he lives up to them, and obeys God's commandments, he is always the friend of God, and does not need to ask the question at all, just as a native-born citizen who has never forfeited his citizenship needs not to inquire how he shall become a citizen. But if he turns away from God by sin, then . . . . the short practical answer to his question is, Prepare yourself, and come and make an humble and contrite confession of your sins."

Most of the thirty tracts already issued are evidently designed to be read by Protestants, and aim to give correct statements of certain Catholic doctrines which Catholics claim are habitually misstated by Protestants. In the publication of these and other cheap works a Catholic Publication Society has been formed, precisely similar in design to the "Methodist Book Concern." In short, our Roman Catholic brethren are adopting, one after another, all our Protestant plans and expedients; they are turning our own artillery against us. As usual with them, it is one man who is working this new and most effective idea; but, as usual with them also, this one man is working by, with, and through an *organization* which multiplies his force one hundred times, and constitutes him a person of national importance. Readers who take note of the really important things transpiring around them will know at once that the individual referred to is Father Hecker, Superior of the Community of the Paulists, in New York, editor of the "Catholic World," and director of the Catholic Publication Society. It is he who is putting American machinery into the ancient ark, and getting ready to run her by steam. Here, for once, is a happy man, — happy in his faith and in his work, — *sure* that in spreading abroad a knowledge of the true Catholic doctrine he is doing the best thing possible for his native land. A tall, healthy-looking, robust, handsome, cheerful gentleman of forty-five, endowed with a particular talent for winning confidence and regard, which talent has been improved by many years of active exercise. It is a particular pleasure to meet with any one, at such a time as this, whose work perfectly satisfies his conscience, his benevolence, and his pride, and who is doing that work in the most favorable circumstances, and with the best co-operation. Imagine a benevolent physician in a populous hospital, who has in his office the medicine which he is *perfectly certain* will cure or mitigate every case, provided only he can get it taken, and who is surrounded with a corps of able and zealous assistants to aid him in persuading the patients to take it!

This excellent and gifted man is a native of the city of New York, where his two brothers are well known as controlling the business of supplying the city with every description of flour and meal; their establishment being among the most extensive of the kind in the world. The father of these three boys was a Presbyterian, the mother a Methodist; but neither of them was a severe or exacting sectarian, and the boys were allowed the usual free range among all the churches of the town. It was an affectionate, entirely virtuous, and estimable family, of German origin, with a decided bias among the younger members toward spiritual inquiries and subjects. The three boys, in particular, had the true German fondness for one another, and, in due time, went into business together, — that very business which has since grown to such wonderful proportions. They began, however, as bakers and dealers in flour in a small way; all three, I believe, working at the kneading-trough and at the oven's fiery mouth. Their business prospered;

it soon became evident that a great success was within their reach, to attain which they had nothing to do but go on in the way they were going. But this assurance of success having been reached, one of the brothers ceased to find the business interesting. He was young, vigorous, athletic, full of life and cheerfulness, and he said to himself: "A man requires but a few cents a day (this was nearly thirty years ago) for his sustenance; why take all this trouble to get those few cents? Is there nothing better or other for a man to do in his short life than earn his living? Must I expend my whole revenue of strength in merely getting the very trifling supplies needed to keep the bodily machine going? — must I really?" Revolving such thoughts in his anxious mind, he continued faithfully to knead the dough and draw the loaves. Always an eager reader, he now became a student. He used to be up at four in the morning studying Kant and the other metaphysicians; and, as kneading does not engross the mind, he nailed his algebra to the wall before his trough, that he might use the unemployed portion of his intellect while at his work. But, whatever he studied, the questions ever present with him were, What is man? whence came he? why is he here? whither is he going? what does it become him to do? — questions which no creature worthy of the name of man ever escaped, or ceased to ask, until he had either found answers, or ascertained them to be unanswerable.

In quest of light upon these problems, he went the round of the sects, attending the services, reading the books, and conversing with the leaders of each. What he longed for was a life of self-renunciation, — a life wholly devoted to worthy objects external to himself. He used to ask Protestants, how he, I. T. Hecker, baker, of the city of New York, could fulfil such injunctions as, "Sell *all* and follow me," and, "Forsake father and mother for my sake." They answered that these were figurative expressions, or, if not figurative, yet not applicable to the case of a young gentleman of good business prospects, residing on the populous island of Manhattan in the nineteenth century. "It was going too far; it was mere youthful enthusiasm; it was not suited to the nineteenth century; there was no occasion for anything of that kind in modern times." These remarks silenced him for a while, but did not satisfy him; he was still seeking his religion, and with a deeper longing than before. He resolved to make it the business of his whole existence, if necessary, to find the solution of his difficulty. "It is a necessity," he said to himself, "to find a religion coinciding with the dictates of reason, and commensurate with the wants of our whole nature, or else to wait for its revelation. If I find no such religion, and God deigns not to reveal it, then on my tomb shall be written: 'Here lies one who asked with sincerity for truth, and it was not given. He knocked earnestly at the door of truth, and it was not opened. He sought faithfully after truth, and he found nothing.'" He now avoided female society, because he was determined, until the great question was settled, to keep his destiny in his own hands, and not complicate the difficulty by blending with his own the fate of another. He withdrew from business also; gave up those brilliant prospects opening before the house of Hecker Brothers, and set out on a journey in search of wisdom. The world has but one way of judging a case of this nature: "Poor Hecker is crazy"; and perhaps the world is not wholly in the wrong.

Every reader of the Atlantic Monthly has heard of Brook Farm in Massachusetts, where Hawthorne, Ripley, C. A. Dana, G. W. Curtis, and many other young philosophers, took up their abode twenty-five or thirty years ago, and sought to realize in their daily life all that this young New-Yorker was meditating. They, too, had indulged the fond delusion of increasing the happiness by lessening the difficulties of life, and

of arranging their lives upon a better system than the natural order. To Brook Farm the youthful seeker after wisdom directed his steps, and cast in his lot with the noble band. It naturally fell to his share to make the bread for the household, which he did on the true Hecker principle. No one found at Brook Farm what he sought there. After nine months' residence Mr. Hecker left that unpeaceful abode no wiser than he came, and went off with Thoreau to one of that philosopher's extremely inexpensive places of residence. They experimented together upon the necessary cost of maintaining human life, and upon this point they actually arrived at a result. They discovered that they could live well enough upon nine cents a day each, — an island of certainty in a sea of doubt, but not large enough for a dwelling-place for two souls. Thoreau found it sufficient for himself for a while, and wrote a highly entertaining book relating his residence thereon.

Meanwhile, the brothers and friends of Mr. Hecker were pressing him to return and resume his place in the ever-expanding business. After much reflection, it occurred to him that a man having many other men in his employment might perhaps find a sphere for all his nobler aims in promoting *their* welfare. He may have been reading Carlyle's fantastical Toryism in Past and Present, where this particular kind of impertinence is highly extolled. However that may be, he consented, about the time of his coming of age, to return to the ordinary life of men, and to take his proper place in the business, on two conditions: 1. That the three brothers should possess all things in common, have no separate purse; and, 2. That he should have control of all the men employed. His brothers gladly consenting, he returned. He now tried in all ways known to him to benefit the workmen. He fitted up a nice room, and stored it well with books, periodicals, and games, in which he invited them to pass their leisure hours. He endeavored to give them good advice, as well as to comfort and encourage them. But it would not do. The attempt to teach others only brought home the more painfully to his mind how sorely he needed instruction himself. He was trying to feed other men, while himself was starving. Groping in the dark, blind, blind, blind, he was presuming to guide the steps of his fellows. If he asserted something respecting their duty, and they questioned it, he knew of no infallible standard to which he could appeal. He could not tell them what man's duty really was, for he knew not why man was placed here, nor what placed him, nor whither he was bound, nor whether he was bound anywhither. He did not quite like to confess this to the men he was trying to help; but if they pressed him close, he stammered and hesitated, and, if they pressed him closer, he was dumb. He persevered, however, for a year. Then he gave it up, and resumed his studies and wanderings. He was fully determined not to expend the whole of his energies, and most of his time, in earning that ridiculous sum of nine cents a day needed for keeping the bodily apparatus going. And as for guiding the men engaged in helping him get those nine cents, it would be time for him to teach them when he himself had found out something.

Fourierism came up about this time. Mr. Brisbane, a young man of fortune, returned from Europe full of the dreams and theories of Fourier; which he proceeded to expound to the public in the young Tribune; and highly creditable it was, both to the man and to the newspaper, to do and risk so much in the discussion of such a subject. To err in the service of man is nobler than to be wise for one's self. Mr. Hecker became acquainted with Mr. Brisbane, discussed Fourierism with him, and, without being able yet to point out the fatal defect in the system, felt that it would not work.

Up to this period — about the twenty-second year of his age — he had never so much as thought of looking into the

Roman Catholic doctrine or practice. It had not crossed his mind that there *could* be anything worth considering in a creed only known to him as the one held by Irish laborers and servants, whom he had seen kneeling before the church doors on Sunday mornings. He was led to think of the Catholic Church through one of its fiercest enemies. About twenty-five years ago there was a preacher in New York named Brownlow or Brownlee, who conceived the brilliant and original scheme of gaining distinction in his profession by calling his Roman Catholic brethren hard names, and holding them up to the execration of mankind. New York was a very provincial place then, and there were still a considerable number of persons living there who could be taken in by charlatanry of that nature. So Brownlow, D. D., flourished for a while. He denounced the Catholic Church most fluently in the old Chatham Street chapel, and by and by set up a weekly paper called "The Downfall of Babylon," in which he continued the work. In this amusing periodical he inserted a good many extracts from Catholic works, from the decisions of councils held in the Middle Ages, and, especially, from those of the more recent Council of Trent. I can myself remember an interesting list of "anathemas" in "The Downfall of Babylon," which led me to expend a small sum at a book-stall, in the days of my youth, in the purchase of the volume containing the complete catalogue of the same, as pronounced by the council just named. It is really remarkable how uniformly denunciation and persecution help their objects. Almost any Catholic priest you meet can name "converts" who were made such by people of the Brownlow species, and by such events as the Philadelphia riots of 1844, in which one or two Catholic churches were burned. Such things excite *inquiry*, and when once a person has reached the point of suspecting that Catholic priests are not the designing and insidious monsters which the Brownlows say they are, a reaction is apt to set in, which is often strong enough to carry him into the ancient fold.

No one will be made a Catholic by reading such discourses as that which now has the honor to engage the reader's attention, although it is written in a spirit of sincere respect for the most venerable and the most indispensable of existing institutions. If you wish to make converts, you must adopt the Scarlet Woman style, and set on a mob to burn churches.

Mr. Hecker was an occasional hearer of the infuriate Brownlow, and an occasional reader of his "Downfall." He read with particular interest, and with nascent approval, some of the decisions of the Council of Trent, especially the one that repudiates Luther's doctrine called "justification by faith alone," which had long appeared to him questionable, if not absurd and injurious. It seemed to him, or began to do so, that it was more congenial to human nature, and more reasonable, for man to work out his salvation, and to be able to merit something of his Creator. Even so recently as twenty-five years ago, many people still attached importance to these theological niceties, which now few unprofessional persons regard or know anything about. So long as all are agreed that good works are to be done, — as many of them as possible, — and bad works are to be left undone, — the modernized mind cares little for the precise theological process by which these duties are established. It was also pleasing to this young Protestant to know, that the Catholic Church, as a church, had uniformly opposed the doctrines named after Calvin, who burned his brother at the stake because that brother indulged in some vagaries of opinion upon subjects about which no man's opinion has any value, since it cannot be founded upon knowledge.

But it was not these things that made this young inquirer after truth a Roman Catholic. The great conversions are not effected through the understanding. What he wanted was, to *devote* himself to something high and good; and he

soon discovered that the strength of the Catholic Church lies in the very fact that it furnishes opportunities for every kind and every degree of self-sacrifice. Those dreams of "selling all that he had," of "forsaking father and mother, brother and sister," of dedicating his entire existence to noble labors, which his Protestant friends had pitied, derided, and disapproved, he found that the Catholic Church recognized, understood, welcomed, blessed, and employed. If a compassionate girl had a genius for nursing the sick; if a gifted woman felt herself impelled to instruct the ignorant; if a man had within him an undeveloped power to rouse the torpid consciences of vicious men; if another thought he could serve his fellows best by a life of contemplation; if another would go to the ends of the earth to civilize the savage; if an heiress aspired to a nobler fate than such a marriage as an heiress usually incurs; if a man of fortune desired to employ himself and his wealth in noble uses; yes, and if a poor, deceived woman, placed in relations to the world inextricably false, longed to atone for the error of an hour by a lifetime of devotion, and to consecrate her very contrition to the service of her kind,—this ancient Church, he was assured, opened her bosom to all and each of these, and gave them the opportunity they craved. It was *this* that won the heart of the anxious wanderer, tired by his six years of perplexity and unrest. He was living with Thoreau in Massachusetts, in their usual abstemious manner, when the grand decision was made, and to Thoreau it was first communicated. The convert was then twenty-three years of age; and, now that he is forty-seven, he still looks back to that moment as the most fortunate of his life; for he has found in the service of the Church the complete realization of his early dreams.

He soon felt what our Roman Catholic brethren call a "vocation" to the priesthood, which was recognized as genuine, and he went to a convent in Germany to complete his preparation for the office. After his ordination he returned to his native land, and joined one of the numerous orders which play into and co-operate with the general work of the Church.

I have alluded to the fact that last November the largest Catholic church in New York was filled to repletion every morning at five o'clock. There was a "mission" then going on in that church. We Protestants should call it a "revival," or a "protracted meeting." Whatever our Roman Catholic brethren do, as I have before observed, they do by means of an organization; and that organization is made, by discipline and subordination, to work with the singleness of aim and the efficient force of one man. These Catholic revivals, or "missions," are conducted by orders of priests, specially endowed, trained, and organized for the purpose. Men gifted with a particular talent for holding attentive large congregations, and for recalling attention to neglected obligations, find their place and work in such orders as these. At the appointed time, the priests of the church in which a mission is to be held are reinforced by a delegation from one of these orders, and the great work of reviving religious feeling begins. The first mass is celebrated at five in the morning, for the convenience of the mighty host of laboring men and women; and a moving sermon is preached to them before the kitchen fires are lighted, before the hodman's breakfast is ready. This first vast audience is dismissed about a quarter past six, and at seven another assembles; at nine, another; and, in some cases, yet another at half past ten. In the afternoon confessions are heard, and every confessional is occupied; for there are relays of priests for every part of the work. In the afternoon, too, classes of Protestants sometimes meet for the purpose of receiving special instruction in the faith and practice of the Church from one of the priests who, being himself a convert, is better able than his brethren to anticipate and answer their in-

quiries. In the evening, still the work goes on until ten; vespers, confessions, exhortations, fill up the evening hours, and fan the rising flame. The conscience-stricken Catholic is not tortured with doubts either as to what he ought to do or as to whether he has done it. The injunction of the Church is perfectly simple: If you are truly sorry for your sins, and mean to forsake them, confess to a priest, comply with his direction, joyfully accept absolution, and keep your resolve to lead a new life. As the "mission" continues, the feeling spreads and deepens, the confessionals are more and more beset, until all but the hopeless reprobates of the parish are partakers of the influence. The mission may last ten days, two weeks, or a month, according to the size and circumstances of the parish; and when it is over the mission priests retire to their own abode, to refresh themselves by rest, study, and contemplation for another mission in a remote part of the diocese. Thus no one is fatigued, no one need lapse into formality and coldness.

It was in one of these orders that Father Hecker first exercised his vocation in his native land, and he labored in it in various parts of the country. But this mission work brought him into contact chiefly with Catholics, and he felt a particular yearning to bring into the fold of the Ancient Church such persons as he had known at Brook Farm, and in the intellectual circles of Massachusetts and New York, who, he felt, could alone attain peace in the Catholic Church, and only there find a way of bringing their high moral feeling to bear upon masses of their countrymen. He remembered, also, how completely and how long he had misunderstood the Church, and that, but for the accident of his falling in with the absurd "Downfall of Babylon," he might have lived and died in ignorance of its true character. He felt that there was need of a special organization for spreading abroad in the United States correct information respecting Catholic doctrine and practice. Convinced, too, that the day was near at hand when his Church was to be dominant in the United States, he desired to do something toward aiding Catholics themselves to rise to the height of their "vocation," so that they might use in the noblest way the power which was about to fall into their hands. He had a conviction, and still has it, that there is something peculiarly congenial to Republican America in the stately decorums of his Church, — its gentle doctrine, its severe exactions, its brotherly equalities, and in the grand assemblage of all the fine arts in the Supreme Act, in which man pays homage to the divinity by exhibiting his own. In church, he remembered, Protestants say, "*Man is totally depraved.*" At the political meeting the same Protestants assert, "*Man is capable of self-government.*" There is no such contradiction, he maintains, in the Catholic mind. What the Catholic believes as a Catholic he can also believe as a citizen. "It is only since I have been a Catholic," says Father Hecker, "that I have been a consistent and intelligent citizen of a republic."

A new order then, he believed, was called for in the New World, and the scheme was approved by his ecclesiastical superiors. When our Roman Catholic brethren have resolved upon a project of this nature, they proceed to execute it in the most sensible and business-like manner. If the world is to be moved, the first requisite is to get a fulcrum for the lever; for there is no use in having a lever unless there is a fulcrum on which to rest it. When a new order is to be founded, the first thing is to secure a small piece of the earth's surface, which it can possess in fee simple, upon which its home and working-place can be permanently built. Now, observe how all the parts of this astonishing organization work together! Father Hecker, provided with the due authorization,

goes forth to raise the money needed to make the first payment upon a piece of ground. His previous missionary labors had brought him into favorable relations with a great number of parishes, and those labors he continued while begging the money for the new enterprise. From Quebec to New Orleans he went, rousing Catholics to confess and forsake their sins, *and* asking contributions to his scheme.

It is surprising what a talent our Roman Catholic brethren have for raising money. The Superior of the Dominican Community, which is now building a convent in New York, raised in the city alone, in two weeks, forty thousand dollars toward paying for the edifice. "One man's money is as good as another's," appears to be a familiar principle with our Roman Catholic brethren; and, accordingly, some of our New York city office-holders are frequently called upon to disgorge a trifling portion of their booty, — a check for five hundred dollars, or some small matter of that kind. It has been discovered, also, that *candidates* for city offices have a tenderness for the orphan, a pride in the new cathedral, an interest in the publication of Catholic works, and a desire for the conversion of heretics, which causes them to adorn many subscription papers with their signatures. What an advantage over *us* our Roman Catholic brethren have in being able to tax sinners for the suppression of sin, and to use stolen money in inculcating honesty! We poor Protestants never think of asking a gambler, a city politician, or a thief to subscribe money for the promulgation of principles which, if universally accepted, would ruin his trade. *We* place nearly the whole burden of sustaining virtue upon the virtuous!

Father Hecker raised the requisite sum, and reported himself and it to the Archbishop of New York. Immediately his special enterprise was made to co-operate with the general work of the diocese in such a way that each should aid the other directly, powerfully, constantly, and forever. On the outskirts of the city, between the ground now occupied by the Central Park and the Hudson River, a region then dotted with shanties and enlivened by goats, the Archbishop laid out a new parish, and appointed Father Hecker pastor of it; who forthwith bought the best block of ground in the neighborhood for the site of the church and for the home of the new community. All gathers round a church — parochial school, parsonage, convent, college, seminary — in the Catholic world; this alliance, therefore, was nothing new, but in strict accordance with the system. Thus, a movement designed to convert Mr. Emerson and his friends, and the educated people of America, was made, *first of all*, to minister to the spiritual wants of the poorest and most ignorant people living in the Northern States!

It is *this* exquisite feature of the system, — this care for the very poorest and forlornest of human kind, — this caring for them *first*, just as we help children first at the table because they are the hungriest and least patient, — this sweet blending of the two extremes of human nature in the same project, — it is *this* that melts the heart and gives pause to the mind. If it were possible for me to be a Catholic, — which I think it is not, — it is this that would bring me to it. If, in this city of New York, there is any such thing as realized, working Christianity, it may be seen in one of its poor, densely peopled Catholic parishes, where all is dreary, dismal desolation, excepting alone in the sacred enclosure around the church, where a bright interior cheers the leisure hours; where pictures, music, and stately ceremonial exalt the poor above their lot; and where a friend and father can ever be found. And observe: these blessings are not doled out to them as charity; these poor people have the privilege of paying for them and sustaining them. The church is their own; the spacious and elegant

school-house is their own; the priest is supported and the whole expense of every part of the parish system is borne by them. And nothing else in the parish works well or economically but the church. The landlord gives them bad lodgings for high rents; the city officials leave mountains of filth before their doors; the water will not flow in the upper stories; the grocery store is on so small a scale that its profits must be exorbitant. All in their lot, all in their surroundings, is mean, nasty, inefficient, forbidding, — except their church.

Ten years have passed. Upon the ground bought by Father Hecker we now see a large and handsome church, adorned with pictures much superior to those usually found in Catholic churches here. The fashionable quarter of the city has been drawing nearer to it, so that now the congregation is composed of those who live in brown-stone houses, as well as of those who assist in building them; and the service is performed with an elegance and finish seldom seen in the United States. Adjoining the church is a spacious and commodious house for the Fathers and students belonging to the new community, who are called Paulists. The community now consists of six priests, twelve students, and four servants, — all but one or two of whom are "converts," i. e. Catholics who were once Protestants. The special work of this community is, to bring the steam printing-press to bear upon the spread of the Catholic religion in the United States. The matter published by the Catholic Publication Society, the new tracts, the articles of the monthly magazine called "The Catholic World," and the smaller volumes designed for Sunday-school libraries, are chiefly written or edited by the Paulist Fathers. Every Catholic church has connected with it several voluntary societies; such as the Altar Society, of ladies, who take care of the decoration and purification of the altar; the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, for the relief of the poor; the Society of the Holy Rosary, for simultaneous devotion; the Society of the Holy Infancy, for the promotion of missions in heathen lands; the Father Mathew Society, for mutual protection against the poor man's worst enemy; the Sunday-school Society, of teachers, — all these Societies are so many organizations, ready-made, for the distribution of the tracts and volumes prepared by the Paulist Fathers in their pleasant retreat near the Hudson River.

This community, in one important particular, differs from other Catholic orders, — it exacts no special vows of its members. Father Hecker is an American, a patriotic American, an American who believes in American principles, — in short, he is what we used to call a good Jeffersonian Democrat. Being that in politics, he desires to be it also in religion; for he is of opinion that a proposition which is true at the polls cannot be false before the altar. Jefferson says, All men are equals. True, says this American priest, because they are all brothers. Jefferson says, Man is capable of self-government. True, adds Father Hecker, for man is made in the image of his Creator. This Paulist Community, therefore, is conducted on American principles: "the door opens both ways"; no man remains a moment longer than he chooses; and every inmate is as free in all his works and ways as a son is in the well-ordered house of a wise father.

What a powerful engine is this! Suppose the six ablest and highest Americans were living thus, freed from all worldly cares, in an agreeable, secluded abode, yet near the centre of things, with twelve zealous, gifted young men to help and cheer them, a thousand organizations in the country to aid in distributing their writings, and in every town a spacious edifice and an eager audience to hang upon their lips. What could they *not* effect in a lifetime of well-directed work? Father Hecker lives so remote from the worldly anxieties, that he did not

know the amount of his own salary until I told him. That is not in his department. He has nothing to think of but his work.

Father Hecker and his colleagues propose to convert us by convincing our reason. There is nothing which they deny with so much emphasis and vehemence as the common assertion, that the Roman Catholic Church demands of man the submission or abdication of his reason. Father Hecker, in his spirited and eloquent little book entitled "The Aspirations of Nature," is particularly strong upon this point. "Man has no right to surrender his judgment," he tells us, "Endowed with free-will, man has no right to yield up his liberty. Reason and free-will constitute man a responsible being, and he has no right to abdicate his independence. Judgment, Liberty, Independence, these are divine and inalienable gifts; and man cannot renounce them if he would." Again he says: "Religion is a question between God and the soul. No human authority, therefore, has any right to enter its sacred sphere. *Every man was made by his Creator to do his own thinking.*" And again: "There is no degradation so abject as the submission of the eternal interests of the soul to the private authority or dictation of any man, or body of men, whatever may be their titles." And again: "Reasonable religious belief does not supplant Reason, nor diminish its exercise, but presupposes its activity, extends its boundaries, elevates and ennobles it by applying its powers to the highest order of truth." And once more: "There are several primary, independent, and authoritative sources of truth. Among others, and *the first*, is Reason." These passages are in curious contrast to the wild denunciations of human Reason in which Luther indulges, and which Father Hecker quotes only to condemn: "Reason, you are a silly blind fool"; "Reason is the Devil's bride, a pretty strumpet," etc.

Our Paulist friends, too, are the furthest possible from being alarmed at the discoveries of science; for they do not insist on the literal infallibility of the books composing the Bible. They would not feel that either the Church or the public morals were in danger if a bishop on the other side of the globe should catch Moses tripping in his arithmetic. With them, it is the CHURCH that is infallible, i. e. the collected, deliberately uttered moral sense of mankind, enlightened by the Author of it, and which is therefore for individuals the supreme, unerring conscience. Galileo would be in no danger now-a-days if his discoveries should appear to cast a reflection upon the statement that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him. "The geologist," observes Father Hecker in one of his most eloquent passages, "may dig deep down into the bowels of the earth till he reaches the intensest heats; the naturalist may decompose matter, examine with the microscope what escapes our unaided observation, and unveil to our astonished gaze the secrets of nature; the astronomer may multiply his lenses till his ken reaches the empyrean heights of heaven; the historian may consult the annals of nations, and unriddle the hieroglyphics of the monuments of bygone ages; the moralist may expose the most delicate folds of the human heart, and probe it to its very core; the philosopher may, with his critical faculty, observe and define the laws which govern man's sovereign reason, — and Catholicity is not alarmed! Catholicity invokes, encourages, solicits your boldest efforts; for at the end of all your earnest researches you will find that the fruit of your labors confirm her teachings, and that your genuine discoveries add new gems to the crown of truth which encircles her heaven-inspired brow."

How interesting to observe the noble heart endowing with its own nobleness whatever it loves! How resistless the influence of this large and free America, which transfigures all things and persons into a likeness to itself!

The question now recurs: Will the Paulist Fathers succeed in their darling

object of bringing over a majority of the people of the United States to the ancient faith? I can state some of the grounds of their own unbounded confidence in the coming supremacy of their church. First, its past progress has been startlingly rapid. In the year 1800 there were in the United States one Roman Catholic bishop, fifty-three priests, and about 90,000 members. There are now seven archbishops, forty bishops, three mitred abbots, about 3,100 priests, sixty-five Catholic colleges, fifty-six convents of men, one hundred and eighty-nine convents of women, and (according to Catholic calculation) 4,800,000 Catholic population. In other words, in 1800 the Catholics were something like one seventieth of the whole population of the United States; they are now about one sixth! They have also increased faster than the general population of the country. Thus, between 1840 and 1850 the general increase was thirty-six per cent; the Catholic increase, one hundred and twenty-five per cent. Judging from the past, our Roman Catholic brethren conclude that in the year 1900 they will form one third of the population of the country, and perhaps a majority in the controlling cities and States of it. The property of the Church increases at a rate still more rapid; since, in addition to the new purchases, the Church shares largely in the constant increase in the value of real estate. The only class of laborers in the country who always earn much more money than they need are domestic female servants; and they spend most of their surplus either in direct contributions to the Church, or in bringing across the ocean new members. As a rule, a female servant can appropriate one half her wages to these objects if she chooses. How many of them choose to do so is known to housekeepers, and, still better, to bankers who sell small drafts on Ireland and Germany.

Then, again (as Father Hecker fails not to notice in his recent contribution to the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, upon *La Situation Religieuse des États Unis*), our Roman Catholic brethren claim to be better propagators than we can boast of being. It is obvious, they say, that Catholic families are more numerous than Protestant. This august and holy mystery of generation the ancient Church invests with sacramental dignity, and makes the marriage tie indissoluble. Father Hecker is wrong in attaching importance to the hateful thing called free-love, and to the kindred abomination that took to itself the name of Bohemianism. Nothing ever excited a deeper or a more general loathing among Protestants than these things did. They had but few adherents, and were of no account. Mormonism, also, which he mentions in this connection, is an exceptional and transient triumph of one vigorous Saxon who was resolved to have a harem without taking the trouble of turning Turk. But the great number of divorces, the very frequent revolt of parents against the sublime duties of their lot, the murder of unborn offspring, the dying out of the old New England families, their ancient farms occupied by healthier Europeans, mostly Catholics, — these things, Father Hecker thinks, prove "the complete impotence of Protestantism to impose and make respected the rein which public morality demands," and announce the coming supremacy of a Church powerful enough to guard the issues of life. Now, the best man is he who can rear the best child; the best woman is she who can rear the best child. The whole virtue of the race — physical, moral, mental — comes into play in this most sweet, most arduous, most pleasing, most difficult of all the work done by mortals in this world. If, therefore, it is true that Catholics do this work so much better than Protestants, the case is closed; we must all turn Catholics, or make up our minds to see the race continue to dwindle. This is, of course, too vast and awful a subject to be treated here. I will venture merely to express the conviction, that the first people to discover and successfully practise the art of rearing children in the new condi-

tions of modern life will be persons who will seek for the requisite knowledge where alone it is to be found, — in science. These will communicate it to others, and then, perhaps, the various churches will adopt, hallow, and impart it.

Our Roman Catholic brethren dwell much upon the enormous expense of the Protestant system, as well as upon its signal inefficiency. Upon this point we may profitably consider what they say. Take the case of any of our vigorous country towns in the Northern States, and what do we find there? Generally, *six* churches struggling to maintain themselves; *six* clergymen, all in the false position of having to instruct people upon whom their children's bread depends; *six* clergymen's families, in the equally false position of being nominally at the head of society upon a thousand dollars a year and a donation-party; *six* organizations attempting, with anxious feebleness, to do the work of one. And no Catholic can discern any great difference between them. He cannot see, for example, why the Methodists and the Episcopalians would not both gain enormously by *re*-uniting. One would gain the power and vitality of numbers, the other would gain in decorum and dignity. The Episcopal Church would no longer rest under the blighting stigma of being the rich people's church, and the Methodists would be restrained from the spiritual riot of the camp-meeting. Then there are the Unitarians and the Jews, why should not they come together with the same mutual advantage? The Jews would only have to give up one or two usages, the relics of a barbarous age; the Unitarians would merely be required to make their sermons shorter and simpler, and adopt part of an ancient ritual. The Calvinistic sects, too, why should they keep apart? It looks to a reflective Catholic priest as though one grain of common sense would suffice to reduce the churches in all our villages one half in the next six months.

Our Roman Catholic brethren count upon important accessions through their convent schools, conducted by Sisters of Charity and by other orders, male and female. These schools are numerous, important, and increasing; and I think that one fourth, perhaps one third, of all the pupils in them are children of Protestant parents. Few persons are competent to judge of an institution who have never been inmates of it, because nothing is easier than to deceive completely all but the acutest visitors. Still, these Catholic schools have some advantages over most of ours, which catch the eye and captivate the imagination. *We* are apt to undervalue decorum, etiquette, manner, demeanor, and all the minor details of discipline and subordination. We are apt to forget that children were not included in the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence. We trust them too much in some particulars, and too little in others. The teachers of Protestant private schools have seldom any vantage-ground of rank of a nature to aid them in securing respect and obedience. The principal is often an anxious and dependent man; often he is grossly ignorant and vulgar; while the subordinate teachers are poor and overworked, and without the means of gaining a proper ascendency over their pupils. Many of them, in these commercial cities, where nothing is sincerely honored except the bank account, come out of garrets every morning, to teach boys and girls who live in mock-palaces, and who have no conception of anything higher or more desirable than to live in a mock-palace. Have not I myself seen the insolent unlicked cubs of the Fifth Avenue and streets adjacent making the lives of gentlemen of learning and eminent worth bitter to them by their riotous contempt of authority and decency, and no teacher connected with the school in a position which justified his felling the young savages to the floor? Have I not seen the principal of a boarding-school running an annual "revival" as a good business operation, and forbidding the poor dyspeptics un-

der his charge to receive the visits of their parents on Sunday afternoons?

Certainly, these convent schools, which are now so popular, are free from some of the objections and difficulties that lessen the usefulness of many of our fashionable private academies. Among the "traditions" of the Catholic Church, there is one to the effect that children are children, and have a right to be kept from doing themselves irreparable harm, — peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must. The teachers of the convent schools — all the resident teachers — are sufficiently independent of the good-will of the pupils, without being too much so for their own good. The convent possesses property, guards and maintains its inmates in their own home, and yet in a great degree it depends upon the income derived from the school. The garb of the nun, of the Christian Brother, of the Sister of Charity, as well as the serenity and dignity of their demeanor, hold impudence in check, and teach the young victims of successful speculation that there *are* distinctions other than those indicated by marble fronts and rosewood stairs. There is a certain civilizing influence, too, which comes of compelling the minute observance of the etiquette of each apartment and each situation.

I was present once when the young ladies attending the principal convent school upon the island of Manhattan entered their chapel, on Sunday afternoon, to see four or five of their number, who had become "converts" at the convent, baptized. It was a truly exquisite scene. No manager of a theatre ever arranged anything more effective for the stage; and yet it was well adapted at once to impress the minds and tame the bodies of the three hundred romping girls who took part in it. Perhaps in no other way can I better show the reader what our Roman Catholic brethren and sisters are doing to attract the children of wealthy Protestants into their schools, than by briefly describing what I saw on that pleasant Sunday afternoon in May.

On the summit of a gentle slope, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, in a part of the island where the ancient, renowned loveliness of Manhattan has not been obliterated, and commanding a view of the Hudson, the Harlem, and the Sound, — the Palisades bounding the view on the west, the arches of the High Bridge visible in the north, the Sound stretching away to the northeast, and the city of New York spreading over all the southern half of the island, — stands the group of solid, but not uninviting, structures which form the establishment, chief among them the chapel. On this warm spring day all the doors stood open; and it was evident, as soon as we alighted under the covered entrance, that something joyful was going forward. The parlors were full of happy parents, conversing with happy daughters, and a joyous hum pervaded all the rooms. The chapel is spacious, elegant, and very lofty; and it is adorned with the usual large altar-piece, as well as with many smaller pictures. Nearly the whole space upon the floor is covered with plain black-walnut pews, without doors or cushions. These are for the young ladies; visitors sit near the entrance, in pews raised a little from the floor; the nuns have raised seats along the sides of the chapel, — each sister having a little pew to herself, and sitting with her face to the altar. At the appointed moment the pupils began to enter in procession, by the middle aisle, two by two, walking almost as slowly as it is possible to walk, — just moving, no more, and doing so in absolute stillness. Not an audible tread; not a whisper; not an eye upraised. All were dressed alike in pink summer dresses, with a white veil over their heads. They seemed to be softly floating in, and winding round into the black-walnut seats, like the tinted clouds of sunset. First came the little girls, who, upon reaching the middle aisle, bent one knee to the ground, and then glided slowly to the slow, soft music of the organ all down the aisle to the altar, where they divided, — one line moving to the right, the other to the left, and so curled round into the first pews, which they entered

at the end nearest the wall. Thus the pleasing pageant was *prolonged.* As the procession continued, its interest both changed and increased, because the little girls were followed by larger, until we had the pleasure of looking upon young ladies in the bright lustre of their maturing charms. In every particular, this procession was arranged just as a Kemble or a Wallack would have arranged it. The same devices were employed, both to prolong and increase the pleasure of the spectator, which are employed upon a well-conducted stage. Especially were the most impressive objects of all reserved for the last. Finally came the young ladies who were about to be baptized, all clad in white dresses, and covered with a long white veil, *each of them resting an arm upon the shoulder of a sister attired in black,* — the venerable Superior of the Convent being one. Nothing was ever seen more picturesque or more affecting, nor anything more legitimate and proper. When all the pupils were standing in their pews, and the candidates for baptism had placed themselves before the altar, a sister who was in one of the side niches made a slight, scarcely audible click with a small instrument concealed in her hand. Instantly the whole pink cloud of girls softly knelt, and remained kneeling till another click was heard, when they nestled back to their seats. The black line of kneeling nuns along the sides of the chapel, the parterre of young loveliness on the floor, the altar blazing with lighted candles, made up a spectacle as pleasing as it was impressive. At the conclusion of the service the girls glided out in the same silence and slowness; and the newly baptized closed the train, leaning, as before, upon the shoulders of the sisters.

Ten minutes after, the whole three hundred pupils, except those who rejoined their parents in the parlors, were on the full romp in their large sitting-room, running, shouting, in unrestrained hilarity! No Sunday gloom! No goody, nauseous books! No forced seriousness of demeanor!

The arrangements of the school seemed excellent. The best school-room I ever saw in a private school, the loftiest, airiest, most spacious and elegant, is the one belonging to this establishment. In one wing of the building are thirty music-rooms, so constructed that a girl may be practising in every one of them without disturbing or being disturbed. The sleeping-rooms are a happy compromise between the injurious privacy of a separate apartment and the injurious publicity of a common room; and the means of ventilation appeared to be sufficient. Despite these excellent features and arrangements, the school may be a very bad one; the minds of the pupils may neither be profitably exercised nor suitably fed; yet every reader can see how such schools as this are calculated to captivate parents and allure children. Probably seven of their Protestant pupils out of ten become Catholics sooner or later.

Conversions to the Catholic faith, it seems, have been more numerous since the war than before. During the "mission" recently held at St. Stephen's, in New York, the number of converts was eighty. This is nothing to boast of, considering the extent of the parish and the duration of the "mission"; nor, indeed, have converts ever yet come in with any great rapidity. It is the quality of the converts, not their numbers, of which we hear so much; the expected rush has not yet begun. I am informed that a few educated persons in most city parishes are inquiring, with more or less earnestness, into the Catholic faith, and I am further assured that these inquiries generally end in conversion. Among the most frequent causes assigned by inquirers for dissatisfaction with their hereditary belief are the following: The difficulty of believing in the literal infallibility of the whole Bible; the gloom of the Sabbatarian Sunday; the ban placed by many sectarians upon innocent pleasures, such as dancing and the drama, which tends to drive young people into guilty pleasures; the frenzies

of the camp-meeting, more revolting, in some parts of the country, than the howlings and whirlings of the Dervishes of Turkey; the painful uncertainty which many persons feel, all their lives, whether their souls are "saved" or not; the dulness and barrenness of the public service, in which a duty is assigned to *every* clergyman which only one in a thousand can discharge, namely, the production of two powerful and entertaining sermons every seven days. The effect of the war in multiplying conversions is explained thus: The Catholic Church alone escaped division; since the Catholic Church alone kept itself always and entirely aloof from the political questions involved. The spectacle of this unity in the midst of such contention and severance has proved captivating, I am told, to several educated minds. I have been assured by a distinguished Protestant general, who served in important commands during the whole war, that the only chaplains who, *as a class*, were of much utility in the field were Roman Catholic chaplains; which he attributes to the fact, that they alone were accountable to ecclesiastical superiors. It may be that the exploits of some of our Protestant chaplains in the way of "living on the country" contrasted with the strict observance, by Catholic chaplains, both of military and ecclesiastical rule, had some effect upon observant Protestant minds.

Such are some of the reasons assigned for the unbounded confidence with which our Roman Catholic brethren count upon being the final and eternal Church of the United States. These reasons the reader is competent to estimate.

For fifteen centuries the Christian Church has undertaken to perform for all the inhabitants of Christendom two offices having no necessary connection, and therefore capable of being separated. One of these offices I have styled in a previous page, expounding the universe; or, in other words, assuming to declare with authority what people must think concerning the origin of things, the destiny of man, the nature of the Supreme Being, and the general government of the world. During the past three centuries or more a conviction has been gaining ground, that no man or body of men is competent to do this. On such subjects it is now agreed among the intelligent part of mankind, that one man's theory or conjecture, however interesting or consolatory it may be, cannot be binding on any other man. It is now agreed, among those whose thoughts finally become the thoughts of mankind, that on such subjects as these *there can be no such thing as a guilty opinion.* This part, therefore, of the Church's service to Christendom is now nearly accomplished. It will be quite accomplished when the greater part of the inhabitants of Christian countries are made partakers of modern knowledge. During former ages, the Church did a kind and needed service, perhaps, in concealing from man his own ignorance. He now knows his ignorance; he also knows the only method which can ever exist of lessening it; and he knows, consequently, that in this matter priests cannot aid him.

But the other duty of the Church remains, — that of inculcating virtue, assisting regeneration, guiding, cheering, ennobling human life. This remains. This will never be needless as long as man is weak, virtue difficult, and vice alluring. Human reason is not equal to the task of forming an adequate theory of the universe; but it is equal to the task of discovering how men ought to feel, and how men ought to act. No body of men can ever have the right to say what we ought to think concerning the "Unknowable"; but any man, by a life of fidelity and charity, can acquire absolute certainty respecting the duties we owe to ourselves and one another.

The churches will be slow to assent to these truths, — familiar as they are to men of the world; but the indifference of the public to everything "doctrinal," and its eager interest in everything "practical," will continue to have

its effect. Do we not see the Pope, who began his reign by establishing a new doctrine, end it by regulating the dress of women? Do we not see a grand council of bishops rising superior to theological subleties, to consider the pernicious consequences of keeping up balls after midnight? Have we not seen the leading Calvinistic clergyman of New York soaring above all Calvin's gloomy crudities, and addressing himself to the nobler, higher, and more difficult work of throwing light upon the duties of employers to employed? Poor work he made of it; but everything must be pardoned in a beginner. It is easy to make a passable sermon upon points of "doctrine"; but the moment you tackle such subjects as *that*, you have arrived at the hill Difficulty, and must prepare for a tough climb. All history, all political economy, all morals, are involved in that servant-girl question.

In every community are produced a few persons who are endowed with a special aptitude for discerning what is right and becoming. The problem is, By what means shall these be discovered, trained, and afforded an opportunity to act upon the general conscience? For many centuries this was done by the Roman Catholic Church, and done, too, with a considerable degree of efficiency. It employed women in this vocation as well as men, children as well as the mature. It was, so to speak, a complete moral and religious apparatus. If the same office is still to be performed for mankind, I think the organization that performs it will have to study deeply and long the Roman Catholic Church, and borrow from it nearly every leading device of its system, especially these three, — celibacy, consecration for life, and special orders for special work.

Celibacy was a most masterly device; its inventor should be trebly canonized; it is the great secret of the efficiency of the Roman Catholic Church. An idea of such power and value will never be lost. I do not doubt that, in the future as in the past, men and women who fall in love with their species will often find it best to remain unmarried, since the proper rearing of a family is itself a career, and demands most of a life. Political economy has taken up this subject. The remarks upon it of Mr. John Stuart Mill* should be attentively considered by humane persons. "Little improvement," he says, "can be expected in morality until the producing large families" (in densely peopled countries) "is regarded with the same feelings as drunkenness or any other physical excess. But while the aristocracy and clergy are foremost to set the example of this kind of incontinence, what can be expected from the poor?" In Mr. Mill's system, celibacy and married continence play a part of the first importance.

Destruction has gone far enough. The time is at hand when we can begin to think of reconstruction.

"Faith," says Sainte-Beuve, "has disappeared. Science, let people say what they please, has destroyed it. It is absolutely impossible for vigorous, sensible minds, conversant with history, armed with criticism, studious of the natural sciences, any longer to believe in old stories and old Bibles. In this crisis there is only one thing to do in order to avoid languishing and stagnating in a decline, namely, to move rapidly and to march firmly on toward an order of reasonable, probable, corrected ideas, which beget conviction instead of belief, and which, while leaving to the vestiges of neighboring creeds all liberty and security, prepares in all new and robust minds a support for the future."

This may apply to a few individuals in a few countries. If it were true of all men of all countries, not the less would it be difficult to live purely, honorably, and wisely; not the less would it be necessary for each child to begin at the rudiments and acquire the art of living, almost as though it were the first creature whom temptation ever allured; not the less would self-

* Principles of Political Economy, Vol. I. p, 458, American edition.

control be painful and long to learn. Who does not need help in this great matter of proper and happy living?

Suppose, then, that all the churches are about silently and insensibly to abandon the attempt to regulate opinion. Suppose the word "orthodoxy" abolished. Instantly the long quarrel between the Heart and the Head of Christendom ceases; Sainte-Beuve takes a Sunday-school class; Mr. Emerson writes tracts. All that is efficient in the Catholic system will be preserved, and all that is good in the Protestant will be joined to it; and no one will care to inquire in 1945, whether it is this all-conquering America which has become Catholicized, or the ancient Church which has become Americanized. Whatever there is of good and suitable in this Church, whatever there is of good and suitable in the universe, America will assuredly appropriate.

LAGOS BAR.

PART II.

A DAY or two afterwards Langlands noticed that there was something wrong, for she did n't speak to me in the old way, but very cold and civil, as if I was a gentleman. So he asked me what it was, and I told him. With that he laughed and said, "O, I 'll soon put that right"; and was going below, when I ran after him and said, "But, Captain Langlands," I said, "I would n't let on, if I were you; it don't matter her flaring up at me a bit, but it 'd be a pity if she was to be put out with you, you know." "O," said he, laughing, and tossing his head, "no fear of that."

Mrs. Langlands did n't say a word afterwards about the matter, but her voice changed to me, and I thought it seemed even sweeter than afore. But it was n't often she spoke, and when she did I could see that it was done out of kind-heartedness, to wipe away the cross words she said that night. She was a changed woman, now. She seemed altogether under a cloud. She 'd sit alone for hours and hours, her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the sea. She 'd burst into fits of crying. Sometimes she 'd say, "O my poor mother!" All that her husband could say or do was of no use; and I will say this for him, that no one could have been more patient with her than he was at the first start of it. I always will say that in excuse of him; and there 's no doubt, sir, that it is a trying thing to be with any one who is fretted by her inward thoughts; the more he tried to please her, and amuse her, and comfort her, the more forlorn she was. If he asked her why she was unhappy, she said she did n't know. Did she want anything? No, she wanted nothing. He 'd fondle her, and her eyes would look another way; he 'd jest with her, and they would fill with tears. What was the meaning of all this? Well, sir, it was *fright.*

She 'd been talking to the sailors about the fever, and they, knowing no better, had told her the worst stories they could think on, — for sailors are rare ones to croak; that, with what she 'd heard King George say, fastened on her mind. It was no use for us to say anything to her now. We had deceived her once, and she thought that she 'd been deceived a hundred times worse than she really had. "Ah, sir, depend upon it, you should always tell women the truth; they may n't be over-truthful themselves in little things, but for all that there 's nothing they

look for so much in a man: tell 'em the whole truth, and they will go through danger or hardship or pain as well as we can; but leave a part of it covered up, and their minds, which ain't like ours, will make ghosts out of it to haunt 'em day and night."

Langlands's patience did n't last very long, — men's don't. He was all smiles and softness to her still, but I could see that it was only surface-deep. One day after dinner, when the meal had passed without a word being said, I heard him mutter to himself, "I 'm tired of this"; and once or twice I noticed, when his wife cried, that he 'd give a kind of angry hoist to his shoulders, and turn away.

On the 1st of December, having made a good passage, we anchored off Lagos, about a mile outside the bar. In the distance we could see the green wall of the trees, and the masts of the vessels laying off the town. Between us and them was a long streak of white water, which tossed and sparkled in the sun, and gave up a low-drawn soughing sound. This was the terrible Lagos Bar, which that day was nothing at all to cross, for the sea was like glass. But, even as it was, the boat gave some tidy bumps going over, so that I had a notion of what it must be in coarse weather.

Lagos town is pretty much like Bathurst, Cape Coast, and Accra. Streets of yellow, burning, glistening sand; white houses blazing in the sun like mountain snow; deep, dark, cool-looking stores like caves; court-yards with fowls and goats, and naked boys pounding Indian-corn; natives galloping past on gray nags; grave-looking Arabs with long, white beards, walking slowly along with Korans in their hands; wattle and dab huts; stalls for palm-wine, and fruit at street-corners, with drunken sailors and dancing blacks; traders hurrying by with business faces under broad straw hats, and dressed all in glossy white; a wild lot of savages with spears and tangled hair, gaping at the white men, and the big houses, and the other sights, like country folks in London; a turkey-buzzard flying slowly through the air, and a merchant-bird squatting by the wayside, — that 's the kind o' panorama as you can see in any town on the West Coast in the middle of the day.

They seemed amazing glad to see Langlands at the factory. We went up to the sitting-room, which in Africa is always on the first floor, the store being underneath. A black servant, without any orders, brought in a decanter of brandy and half a dozen soda-water bottles. "Help yourselves, gentlemen," said the agent, doing that for himself.

"When we are in Rome, Mr. Andrews," said Langlands, though what he meant by that I did n't understand, we being at Lagos then. But I saw that when he laid hold of the decanter (he 'd never touched spirits aboard) his fingers gave a kind of a greedy twist, and, after he had emptied his glass, he looked into it. I understood what *that* meant well enough.

"One more?" said the agent. "No more for me, sir," said I, "thank *you*." "Just a little one?" said he.

"Come, John," said Langlands, "it don't do to shirk your drink in the little town of Lagos O! This is about the worst of the lot, — is n't it Smith?"

"Yes," said Smith, smacking his lips as if it was something to be proud on, "I suppose that Lagos beats them all; it 's a lovely spot for coffin-makers. Talk about Sierra Leone, indeed! But come now, Mr. Andrews, you must have one more, — just a speck, — come now, do."

But I would n't, and lucky it was; for Langlands took me into at least half a dozen other factories after we had done our business with Smith, the agent. In every house it was the same, except that in one it would be champagne, and in another there was some fine old Jamaica rum, and in a Yankee house it was Bourbon whiskey. It is pretty hard to refuse, you see, because the master of the house always mixes for himself first, Coast fashion, and passes it on; and if you don't drink, they think

it unfriendly of you. And it 's no good telling 'em you 're afraid of your health; they think it 's necessary to keep up life. "Keep a bottle of brandy ahead of the fever," that 's their maxim, and well they stick to it; though the fever generally catches 'em up at last.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we had done our calls, and were walking down to the boat. All of a sudden a shrill voice behind us cried out, "Heigh, heigh! Lally! Lally!" and a native girl overtook us, and seized hold of Langlands's hand. She might have been sixteen years old, and I think she was the most lovely creature I ever saw. Her skin was of a warm, reddish-brown color, as glossy as silk, and her figure was like the statues in the picture-galleries. Her hair was made up into thin plaits, and shone with Accra gold; in her ears, instead of rings, were two little blue flowers; and she wore a sight of coral and gold about her arms and ankles, and neck. Round her waist were several folds of blue satin cloth, which trailed behind her as she walked. She was scented with some powder from the bush. I think it 's made from the bark of a tree, — very nice to smell, only strong enough to make one sneeze.

What gestures she made as she talked to "Lally," as she called him. She was n't like a woman, more like some beautiful animal which does everything graceful of its own accord. They talked together in the Lagos language, which I did n't understand; but I could see that she was asking something which he refused, and then he said something which made her pout her lips. But at last she seemed to get the better of him, for she clapped her hands above her head so that all her ornaments tinkled, and out came from her throat a laugh like the cry of a wild bird in the bush.

"Mr. Andrews," said he, "I fear I must detain you for a little while. This girl is the 'country-wife' of a friend of mine, Owen Macgregor, who 's in Liverpool now; and she 's just had a letter from him which she wants me to go to her house and read to her, because, of course, she can't make it out for herself. Will you meet me here in half an hour?"

I was n't sorry for this, for Lagos-town is quite hemmed in by woods, and I remembered what Mrs. Langlands had said about flowers, when we were at Cape Palmas. We had left her that morning in good spirits. I went up to her after we 'd anchored, and said: "We 're not going in any nearer shore than this, ma'am; and you may believe me or not as you please, but the land can no more hurt you here, than if you were in the middle of the broad Atlantic," — which is true; the poison, I 've heard a doctor say, never travels more than three miles from land, and only that with an off-shore wind. Well, she was in good spirits, and so was her husband, for he was itching to get ashore, and at breakfast it was quite like former days.

When I 'd got outside the town, among the trees, I soon made up a nosegay of rare-colored flowers to look at, and such a size! but with rather a nasty carrion smell. Langlands kept me waiting a long time, and when we got aboard it was an hour late, and the officers had dined. But Mary had kept our dinners for us, and he just saying, in a careless kind of way, that we had been detained by business, we sat down. She sat with us, asking her husband no end of questions, to which he gave back short answers, and as soon as he had done eating laid down to go to sleep, a thing I 'd never known him do afore. She went on deck, where I followed her soon after. I took the flowers up to her, and found her crying. She had smelt the brandy, it seems, when she went to kiss him. Well, she was in a dreadful way. I told her she need n't be afraid; I was a temperate man, but I 'd had some brandy too, — a good reason for why, I could n't help myself; no more could he. But she only shook her head, and said, "O Mr. Andrews, why will you try to deceive me?"

Not well knowing what to say, I offered her the nosegay.

"O, they *are* beautiful," she said; "and so you have been in the country, — no wonder you were late."

Then she paused, and a gleam came across her face.

"But James told me he had n't been out of the town. So you went by yourself. Of course *he* would n't trouble to pick flowers for me. Where was he when you went after these flowers?"

I became red in the face, and could n't meet her eyes.

"He was doing his business," I said, stammering a good deal; "and I had nothing particular to do, so I went into the country for a walk."

"But he said this morning, when he asked you to go with him, that he wanted you particularly to go with him to the agent's, so that you might all talk over the business together."

"Yes," said I, getting more and more confused; "but he had other business of a private kind, at least — "

"What private business? What kind of business was it? What kind of business could it be?"

"He did n't tell me exactly what kind," said I.

"Ha!" said she. "He told you that he had some private business, and sent you out of the way; for how long? Let me see: long enough for you to go into the country, and pick these flowers. Lagos is a large town; and here are a great number of different flowers."

And she fell into a brown study, and did not lift up her eyes or say a word for some time. Then she turned to me and said very gently, but yet I thought there was something forced and put on in her voice, —

"But I have not thanked you, Mr. Andrews, for taking the trouble to bring me all these beautiful flowers. Do they smell nice? Oh, oh! *They smell like a corpse!*"

And she let them drop upon the deck, and started back from them, her hands clasped upon her heart, her eyes starting from her head.

Poor thing: poor thing! She had no call to fret over fancies, and make herself ill with empty fears. She had real troubles and sorrows to fight with now. The next month was fine, calm weather, and her husband went ashore every day. He would get up at daybreak, drink a cup of coffee, order his boat, and not come back till nearly dark, his eyes shining with drink. In that month she had wasted away nearly to a skeleton; her lips turned gray; dark lines came under her eyes, and wrinkles on her forehead, which had been so pure and smooth. Her beauty vanished, as it might be, in a night; and nothing was left but a poor worn creature, carrying in her a heart which had lost its mate.

If she had been fretsome and unreasoning at one time, she made up for it all now. She never chided or complained. She got up in the morning when it was still dark, and went out into the caboose, and made his coffee for him herself. When he came aboard at night she used to kiss him tenderly, and whisper to him, and coax him, and try to draw out a smile. But I don't know what had come over him; he treated her like a dog; the better she behaved to him, the worse he behaved to her. It seemed to me as if he wanted to quarrel with her, whether she would or no.

He never asked me to go ashore with him now, which I was glad of, too. Thirty long days I spent with Mary, — thirty days for me of pleasure and pain. Hours and hours we used to sit together, hand in hand, beneath the awning on the deck. Sometimes she talked about her mother, and the school she used to go to, and the visit she had made to London to see her aunt. But nearly always her talk it was of James. She told me over and over again about the boy he had saved from drowning in the Mersey; and how, when he was very poor himself, he had given all his savings to a shipmate in the hospital; and how he 'd thrashed Blacksmith Bennett for ill-using his apprentice, and he a noted

bruiser too. She told me all about their courtship; how he had seen her walking in the streets with her mother, and followed them home, and came in the next day with an old sea-captain, a friend of theirs, who introduced him, and the long walks they used to take together, and the pretty things he said to her; and she would take from her bosom a little case, and inside there was a withered flower, — he had given her that, she said, the day he asked her to marry him. Then she told me how her mother refused to let her marry him, and how she pretended to be calm and cold to him, but cried all night long, and used to go into her mother's room at night, and kneel by her bedside, and pray her to relent. And after telling me all these things she 'd smile, and say, "But mind, you must n't tell a word of this to James, because that would make him so conceited, you know."

At other times she would be peevish and cry, and say that he did n't care for her because she had lost her good looks, and was glad to get on shore from her; all of which was true enough, but if I said a word to that effect she would turn round upon me, and make out that he was the best husband that ever lived.

And at other times she would fall into a dark, stupefied kind of state, and would stand hours and hours bending over the taffrail, and looking at the loathsome sharks which swam round and round the vessel with long, swinging strokes of their brown tails, and turning up to us their bloodthirsty, cunning eyes.

And the same it was with the flowers it was with all. She found an ill omen in every sight that came to her eyes, in every sound that came to her ears. Once we was a-sitting together, looking at the setting sun. It was like a globe of gold, for there was n't a cloud in the sky. She laid her cheek in her poor thin hand, and looked at it with lingering eyes. She said naught, but I knew that she was feeling happy thoughts. But just as the sun touched the water there came a speck upon it like a stain of blood, and it trickled over the whole ball, till in a moment it was one mass of ghastly crimson red. I dare say she had seen it change like that afore; it often does; but now it had such an effect on her that she almost swownded away.

One evening Langlands said to her, in a cold, civil kind of way, —

"Mary, it is usual for the captain of a vessel to invite the agent of the firm to dinner, once at all events. If it will not put you to inconvenience, I should like to invite Mr. Smith to dinner for Thursday."

The next day, which was Wednesday, he brought back the boat loaded with a hamper of wine, papaws, and oranges, some partridges, and a gazelle; ducks and fowls and kids we had plenty of on board. So there was preparations made for a grand dinner. Thinks I to myself, "It will be a sad one, with that poor ghost to do the honors."

But lo and behold! when Langlands came aboard with the agent, up came Mary from below, in a beautiful silk dress, and jewels in her hair, and welcomed him like a little queen. All through dinner she was as gay as could be.

"Don't you find it rather dull here, ma'am?" said the agent.

"O no, not at all," said she. "I have plenty of books; and then, you know, I have my house to look after. This is my dining-room and parlor, and the deck is my drawing-room; and then I go to the kitchen and scold the cook, — don't I, Sambo?"

"Ah, missee, you no lib kitchen now! Sit all day long on deck and — "

Here I dropped a plate, which broke all to pieces, and stopped Sambo in what he was going to say. Langlands went on eating, with his eyes fixed on his plate. After dinner, Mary said, "Now let us go to the drawing-room." So we went up on deck, and drank our coffee under the awning. Just then a canoe came alongside with a message from some other vessel. Langlands

walked to the gangway, leaving us three together.

"Do you know, Mr. Smith," said Mary, laughing a great deal as she spoke, "that I ought to consider you my mortal enemy?"

"I hope not, ma'am, I 'm sure," said he. "Why so?"

"Because you make my husband work so hard."

"I make him work, ma'am?"

"Yes, to be sure you do," she said, tossing her head, and pouting her lips; "you keep him in your factory from morning to night like a slave."

"Why, lor, Mrs. Langlands, how can you? I don't set eyes on him perhaps for three days at a time."

She dropped her handkerchief when he said this, and was rather slow picking it up, I thought. Then looking out on the sea, she said, "Here is another canoe coming."

"That 's for me, I expect," said Smith, pulling an opera-glass out of his pocket, and looking through it. "Yes, that 's it right enough."

"What a beautiful glass!" said Mary, when he handed it to her to use, "and — why, I declare there 's a cage with a parrot in it there!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Smith, "I made bold to have it brought for you, if you will accept of it?"

"O yes, thank you very much. I am so fond of parrots. Does it talk?"

"I don't think it does, ma'am. At least, I have n't heard it. I have only had it since yesterday. It belonged to poor Lieutenant Davis, who has just died of —"

"Consumption, was n't it?" said I, giving him a look.

"I think it *was* consumption," said he; "something the matter with his lungs, anyhow."

"There 's a good deal of consumption here, — is n't there?" said I.

"Yes," said he, with a wink at the brandy bottle; "letting alone that, it 's a nice climate enough."

Just then the canoe came alongside, and the cage was passed up.

"Pretty Poll!" said Smith, "Pretty Poll! You 're going to belong to a lady; what d' ye think of that? Why are n't you able to talk, Polly? Did n't master teach you?"

"Never mind, Mr. Smith; that is all the better; I can have the pleasure of teaching him myself." She held out her finger. "Come to me, Polly, come to me." The bird hopped on to her finger, and twisted his head, and looked at her out of his yellow eye.

"That was Davis's parrot, — was n't it?" said Langlands, coming up. "Ah, the fever made short work of him, poor fellow!"

Mrs. Langlands glanced at me. "Poor Poll!" said she, "Poor Poll! has its master died then?"

Directly she said "Poor Poll!" the bird twisted its head, and opened its beak and screamed out, *Poor Poll! Poor Poll! I 'm going to die — sure to die — sure to die!*

"You ugly owl!" cried Smith, jumping up, "I 'll wring your gallus neck! You never spoke a word afore."

But Mrs. Langlands stopped his hand. "It is not the bird's fault," she said; "I will not have it touched."

She grew to be very fond of it, and had it always with her; and all day long it would cry out these words, as had been taught it by its dying master, till the sailors, too, got frightened, and would have poisoned it if it had been any one's but hers.

A few days afterwards the sea-breezes blew so strong that the Bar began to roar, and grew to be so high that the captain could not go ashore. Mary clapped her hands with joy, when I told her that; but she had little to be glad of, poor thing! All day long Langlands strode up and down the deck swearing to himself, or went forrard and got rid of his ill-temper on the Kroomen, cutting into 'em right and left with a rope's end. If Mary spoke to him, he 'd give her short words, or sometimes none at all; and there she sat on her camp-stool on the deck, watching him with her anxious eyes, as he walked to and fro, grinding his teeth and digging his nails into his

hands, and throwing ugly looks at the foaming Bar.

"What infernal nonsense this is, Andrews," said he, "my lying outside the Bar. How the devil are we to get the cargo-boats across if we were to have a spell of this weather for a month or two? A nice thing to lie off this rotten place, and the vessel eating money every day. Why don't I take her in? Why, because I am a fool. I gave my word of honor that I would not take my wife across the Bar, and I can't break that. By God, I wish I could! Here we must lie till all damnation, I suppose, unless — yes — hem — that might be done too." And he walked off muttering to himself.

I supposed it was the drink.

The next day he was able to cross the Bar, but came back quite early in the afternoon. Instead of going down to his berth to take a snooze, as he generally did, he sat down at his wife's feet, and played with her parrot, which was crawling about the deck, and patted her little feet, and took her hands in his, and began to talk to her about her health. He had the softest, mellowest voice I ever heard, as he sat there looking up into her face with beaming eyes, and the words falling like honey from his mouth. I could understand how it was that he held her in his chains so fast. He said that she was looking very ill, and asked her if he might fetch a doctor for her from the shore, but she refused. Then he tried to persuade her to go home by the mail, which calls at Lagos once a month. She shook her head. He used every argument that he could think of; he implored her to go for her mother's sake, for his sake, if not for her own; but she said that if he fell ill he would want her then, though he might not want her now. With that he pressed her more and more, becoming almost violent, till at last she said, "How long God may spare me, dearest James, I do not know, but be assured that I will never leave you while I live." She passed her arms round his neck, and laid his head upon her lap. I caught sight of his face just then, and was horrified to see the expression which passed across it. It showed me that his affectionate manner had all been put on, and that he had a reason of his own for wanting her to go.

"Why, James," she said suddenly, what a strange smell there is! Does it come from your hair?" He tried to rise. Her arm tightened round his neck, and her hand passed like lightning through his hair. "Why, you have been powdering it with something! What is this? What is this?"

"It 's a country perfume," he said, jumping up, and speaking rather sulkily; "they threw some over my head in the factory for fun."

"Will you let me take it out, James?"

"No," said he, in the same sullen manner, "let it stay," and, going below, he turned in. She sat for a little while with her hands on her knees in a brooding kind of way, and then followed him without saying a word.

About midnight, being on deck, I heard something rattling in the cabin, and peeped down through the skylight. There stood Mrs. Langlands, in her night-dress, with a collection of curiosities, which I had bought ashore and given her, laid out afore her. She turned over article after article, idols and pipes and leather ornaments and skins, till she came to a little paper packet. It was the powdered bark of a tree which I had told her the Lagos women used for their hair. She compared it with something she had in her hand, and then her face turned blue, and her lower jaw dropped, and I got frightened, and turned away. When I looked in agen, she was sitting over the table with her face in her hands. Ten minutes afterwards I looked in agen. This time the curiosities were all cleared away, and she was gone.

I could n't understand it a bit, not then; but afterwards, when I thought on 't, it all came out to me as clear as day. After that night there was something changed in Mary. She had used

to read the Bible a good part of the day, and take it forward, too, among the sailors, and lecture 'em out of it with her sweet voice. But she never read it now. She would walk up and down the deck for hours at a time, with long, heavy strides like a man. She 'd take up the parrot, and make it say its ugly words, and then break out in a bitter, scornful laugh. When her husband came aboard at dusk, she would go and kiss him as afore, but not in the same way. While he was on board, she never left him : she used to prowl round him like a cat, softly on tiptoe, her head crouched between her shoulders, her eyes bent on him, searching him through and through.

One afternoon she was sitting as usual on the deck watching the shore with the big telescope, when a kind of tremble went over her, and she turned to me and said, "He is not in the boat." She got up, and walked backwards and forwards very fast, although the air was so hot and suffocating that I could hardly breathe. When the boat had come alongside, the cockswain came aft, touched his cap, and handed her a letter. She tore it open, read it with a look, and handed it to me. It was — I remember every word of it — as follows : —

"My dear Love : — They give the annual dinner at the factory to-day, and I can scarcely absent myself without offending them. It is not a matter of pleasure, but of politeness. Pray, excuse me, then, to-night, and please tell Mr. Andrews to send the long-boat for me to-morrow at daybreak, if the weather holds up, but it is so close that I almost expect a tornado ; and believe me

"Your most affectionate

"James."

"Very tender, — is it not ?" she said, with a sneer.

Just then I heard one of the sailors in the boat below burst out a-laughing, and I caught the captain's name. She heard it too, for I saw her start ; and just as I was going to give orders for the boat to be hoisted up she turned to me and said, "John, run down to James's berth, and bring me up a little book called "Family Devotions." If it is not on the chest of drawers, it is somewhere inside."

She had not called me John, or asked me to do anything for her, for a long time. I went down quite pleased, and was beginning to ransack at the drawers, when, the boat lying just under the port-hole, I could hear every word that the sailors said. They were saying what it was that really kept the captain ashore. I was taken all aback, and could hardly believe that it was true. I stood there stupid-like a-listening, when all of a sudden I thought of Mary. *Had she heard it ?* I ran up on deck just as she sprang into the boat. "Push off, my lads !" she cried, and one of the sailors pushed off from force of habit, without well knowing what he was about. "Give way, there !" she cried. "I must go on shore at once. My husband wants me." And she twisted her pocket-handkerchief round her head.

But the bow-oar, who was an old man, sixty years and gone, stood up in the boat, and took off his cap, and smoothed down his straggly gray hairs. "Ma'am," said he, "look over the land there. Do you see that brown cloud above the trees ? That 's a tornado coming up, and afore half an hour's out the Bar will be mountains high. I would n't risk my poor useless life to row for shore now, not if I had a thousand dollars down ; and I won't help to risk yourn, my sweet lady, which is worth all of ourn put together."

"What he says is right enough, ma'am," said the stroke-oar, likewise taking off his cap. "There 's nobody will face Lagos Bar in a tornado."

"But it 's not come yet," she shrieked. "Row hard, and you will do it. I will give you ten pounds apiece, twenty pounds apiece, what you like, — go !"

"Your money won't buy from us what you can't," said the bow-oar agen.

"Mr. Andrews," she cried, turning up to me, "make your men go. Order them to go. O John, — John, — I must go on shore ! *I know all.*"

Then the rough sailors hung their heads upon their breasts, and did n't dare to look in one another's eyes; and in the midst of that awful silence we heard a song, and a large canoe paddled by Kroomen came round the vessel's stem, and was passing near the boat. Mary saw it, beckoned to it, and showed some money she had with her. The parrot flew down from the yard-arm, and perched upon her shoulder. The canoe whirled round and shot by: a Krooman, bending over, caught her in his gigantic arms, and in a moment she was gone.

"Give way," I cried, — "give way for Heaven's sake, and bring her back!"

The men gave way and bawled after the Kroomen to stop; but one of 'em looked over his shoulder, and pointed with his paddle to the cloud which was fast spreading up'ards in the air.

I thought, at first, that our men gained on 'em; but what could four men do agen twelve? They had to come back, the boat was hoisted up, and the crew clustered on the cross-trees to watch the canoe. The air was deathly still, so that we could hear the song of the Kroomen, and the splash of their paddles, and the shrieking of the parrot, when they were more than half a mile away.

The sky was now quite covered with clouds; the sea looked like steel; the air grew dark. The second mate stood beside me holding the telescope, for I trembled too much to hold it myself. I could see the canoe dashing swiftly along in a little furrow of foam, the paddles flashing in and out of the water like rays of light. I heard a whisper of voices from above me, "*Here it comes!*" and I saw inside the bar a long sheet of white water which was growing larger and plainer every moment. Now it was close to the Bar, and so was the canoe; it was a race between the two for poor Mary's life. The canoe rushed into the white water, and for a moment I lost sight of it. "She 's safe! she 's safe!" I cried. But above my voice there rose a mighty roar. The tornado had caught the breakers, and tossed them to the clouds. On the top of one great wave I saw the swamped canoe. Black heads appeared, and went under every moment. "*The sharks are at them!*" said the second mate.

For a moment we saw her plainly. She was riding on a wave, supported by her clothes. Suddenly she threw her arms up, — a shark had caught her underneath; and then from the sailors in the shrouds came a wail like that of dying men, and something blazed through my head, and I remembered no more for many a long day.

[The old sailor rose and walked slowly back towards the town, his head bowed upon his breast. He remained silent for some time; then he turned to me and said: —]

When I came to myself, I could tell by the swing of the vessel that we were laded, and out at sea. It was a good hour afore I could find the heart to speak. I felt at first as if I wanted to lie there always, and never speak to nobody no more. But the second mate he came down to me, and looked at me, O so kind! and took my hand in his. Ho, ho, ho! [he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his coat] ho, ho, ho! it makes me laugh now. "Be this my hand?" said I. (You see, sir, it was all so thin and white it did n't seem to belong to me.) "Be this my hand?" said I. "Why, it 's more like a lady's," .... and then I thought of her hand..... "Where 's *he?*" I cried, starting up. And, God forgive me! a bad thought passed through me then.

"*No one knows,*" said the second mate. I sank back in the bed, and shut my eyes, and I heard him say how Smith had seen .... that .... from his piazza, with the very opera-glass she had held, ... and after a while he sent one of his clerks who knew where to go to find *him*. But somebody had been afore him, for, as he went down the street, there rushed past him one as wore Langlands's clothes, but his face it was like no mortal man's, ... and he ran after him, but he could n't overtake him. And then he went to the hut, and at the door sat a girl naked, and smeared

with ashes, singing the song of death. And to all the questions he asked, she only wailed and sang, and nobody ever saw Langlands or heard of him agen.

Mary's poor mother did n't outlive her long, — not long; a matter of six months after I got back. She sent a stone out to Smith, the agent, to be put up in the Lagos churchyard. "To Mary the loving wife of James Langlands," — that was all. We thought that she would like them words. A twelvemonth afterwards I went to Lagos just to read 'em once agen. But the heavy rains had washed 'em all away — all away.

THE EUROPEAN HOUSE-SPARROW.

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the wingéd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
. . . . .
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

LONGFELLOW'S *Birds of Killingworth.*

SOME twelve months since, at a social assembly of literary and scientific gentlemen in Boston, mention was made of the experiment tried in New York of introducing and naturalizing among us the common and familiar house-sparrow of Europe. The experiment, it was stated, had been, so far, signally successful. The birds had thriven, increased in numbers, and were fully accomplishing all that had been anticipated from them, in warring upon the insects so injurious to the foliage of the shade-trees of that city. At the same meeting one of our distinguished *savans* expressed grave apprehensions — founded upon the alleged destructive habits of these birds, especially that of preying upon the ripening grain — lest their general introduction into the United States might be followed by calamitous results. Subsequently, at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, the same gentleman read a communication characterized by his usual research, in which he presented a very dark picture of the moral character of our *protégés*, citing voluminous authorities as to their destructiveness among the grain-fields of Europe.

We are free to confess that his very serious charges against these attractive little favorites of Young New York filled our minds with uneasiness, and even excited painful apprehensions. Yet we were loath to accept his conclusions as final. At least we would not give up their case as hopeless without looking a little further into it and judging for ourselves. We are therefore happy in being able to say, that, after diligent and careful research, we find the most conclusive evidence that there is a very bright side to the question, tending to reconcile us to whatever there may also be of a darker shading. We find that this very "devil" incarnate, as our scientific friend tells us the sparrow was called by men in olden time, has been painted a good deal blacker than his natural color. Certainly his is not a case of total depravity. The sparrow is not all evil. That he does a great deal of good is now universally admitted. The good already accomplished by the few of his race domiciled among us is indisputable and of the first importance.

Does the mischief the sparrows do exceed the good they may accomplish, or the reverse? Should their importation into this country, and their naturalization among us, be stopped, or should it be encouraged? Must the

streets of our cities be again made disagreeable throughout the earlier summer, the shade-trees swept of their leaves, and the parks and gardens disfigured, through the ravages of countless hosts of measure-worms? Must we give up, too, all hopes of being able to rear among us, in these birds, an effectual check and safeguard against those pests of our orchards, the canker-worm, the caterpillar, and the curculio? These were the questions we asked of ourselves, with inward misgivings, when we heard of our learned friend's bill of indictment against the sparrow. These questions we are now able to answer to our entire satisfaction, after a full examination into all the facts of the case.

We find that if, at certain times, the sparrows do inflict some harm, the good they also do at all times far exceeds their mischief. We find, too, that if, at different periods, various people and countries, in short-sighted anger at the depredations of the sparrow, and unmindful of the benefits it was constantly conferring in its destruction of injurious insects, have waged war upon it, they have bitterly atoned in after years for their fatal mistake in thus exterminating their real friends. Hungary, Baden, Prussia, and different districts of France, have each in their turn learned, by a dear-bought experience, that they could not do without the sparrow.

We find that the English ornithological writers are either silent as to the mischievous character of the sparrow, or, if they refer to it, declare that the benefits it confers more than compensate for the grain it devours. To these writers we shall refer again.

Again we find that the French government have made very thorough and careful investigations into the whole subject of birds useful to agriculture; and the report from their commission is most conclusive, and in favor of our friend the sparrow, who is now protected from molestation in France by stringent laws.

We find, in the next place, that, in several well-recorded instances, the wholesale destruction of these birds has been immediately followed by calamitous consequences to agriculturists. Noxious insects, the rapid reproduction and increase of which man was totally unable to prevent, and against which he was powerless, but which the sparrow had kept in check, multiplied to a frightful extent, and swept before them the vegetables of the garden, the grass, grain, fruit-trees, and vineyards. Wherever this has happened, men have been at last only too glad to reintroduce the sparrow; content to put up with the liberties he took in their gardens and wheat-fields for the sake of the greater good he alone could do them in the destruction of their insect pests.

In the last place, we find that, brief as has been the experiment of their naturalization in this country, it has yet been long enough to give promise of one important result, which could be obtained, so far as we know, in no other way, namely, the extermination of the measure-worm, which has been so destructive to the foliage of the shade-trees, especially the maple, in our larger cities.

The English ornithologists who are most decisively favorable to the sparrow are Bewick, Mudie, Selby, Yarrell, Thompson, and Macgillivray. They are each and all of the very best authority, careful, well-informed, and thorough masters of the science. We cannot, in the narrow limits of our article, quote from them at any length, and can only here refer, in passing, to other British ornithologists like White of Selbourne, Montagu, and many others whose silence as to any misdeeds of the sparrow is conclusive proof that they either did not admit their existence or did not attach to them any importance. Bewick, than whom no better authority can be cited, informs us that a single pair of sparrows, during the time they were rearing their young, had been known to destroy four thousand caterpillars weekly; not to mention butterflies and other winged insects.

Mudie tells us that sparrows are indefatigable destroyers of the house-flies, and that but for them these insects would, in certain situations, multiply to such an extent as to be intolerable. He further states that, were not sparrows so incessant in the destruction of the cabbage-butterflies, not a cabbage could be reared in all the market-gardens of Great Britain; and he adds that these birds are also eminently useful to the farmer in consuming the seeds of the more troublesome weeds, which but for them would overrun the country beyond the preventive power of human art.

Mr. Selby, one of the most careful and thorough of English naturalists, says, unhesitatingly, that in the vast numbers of larvæ, moths, and butterflies which they destroy, and with which their young are almost exclusively fed, the sparrows make the most ample compensation for the havoc they commit in the ripening fields of corn.

Yarrell, another authority hardly less unquestionable, bears very similar testimony; and Thompson, author of the Natural History of Ireland, tells us that he was himself an eyewitness to the truth of one of the many well-attested accounts that have been published of the destruction of crops by insects in consequence of the war made upon sparrows for their supposed pilfering propensities. He was in France in 1841, and was made acquainted with a recent instance of the kind. In the fine rich district of Burgundy, he states, lying to the south of Auxerre, and chiefly covered with vineyards, these birds had been, some time before, killed in great numbers. An extraordinary increase of caterpillars and other insects soon became apparent, and occasioned such immense damage to the crops that a law was passed prohibitory of the future killing of small birds, especially sparrows.

Mr. Macgillivray, who gives a very full and interesting sketch of the character and habits of the sparrows, corroborates all that is said by the above writers, both as to its destruction of injurious insects and its consumption of the seeds of noxious weeds. He closes his sketch with the following significant sentence: "A village without sparrows has as desolate an aspect as a house without children; but, fortunately for the world, the one is nearly as rare as the other."

In the *Bulletin Mensuel de la Société Protectrice des Animaux* for July, 1861, may be found a copy of the report made in the Senate of the French Empire, on the 27th of June, 1861, by the committee of that body to whose consideration had been referred certain memorials praying for laws to protect birds that destroy injurious insects. After giving a very interesting account of the thorough and satisfactory examinations of the stomachs of different birds, and the demonstration thus obtained of the valuable services rendered to agriculture by a large variety of them, the report goes on to vindicate the house-sparrow in a manner perfectly conclusive. We transcribe in English this portion of the report: "The most ill-famed of this class of doubtful reputation (*granivores*) is, without question, the common sparrow, so often denounced as an impudent thief. Yet, if the facts presented in the documents before us may be trusted, in spite of the unjust prejudices of many, this bird is a far better friend to us than he is generally supposed. In fact, it is there shown, that once, when a price had been set upon its head in Hungary, and, at another time, when the same was done in Baden, this intelligent victim of unjust proscription was completely driven, for a while, from both countries. But soon the inhabitants found, to their cost, that the sparrows alone had been able to wage a successful war against the cockchafer and thousands of others of the winged insects that infest the low lands. The very men who had so inconsiderately offered premiums for their destruction were induced to take the most energetic measures for their restoration to these countries. The double expense to which they were thus subjected was a suit-

able punishment for their hasty measures."

Frederick the Great of Prussia, as is shown in these same documents, also waged war in his day against the sparrow, because he did not respect his favorite fruit, the cherry. The sparrow, of course, yielded to the conqueror of Austria, and disappeared from Prussia. But, at the end of two years, not only were there no cherries in all Prussia, but also hardly any other kind of fruit. The caterpillars destroyed all. And this great king, conqueror in so many battle-fields, was glad to sign an humble treaty of peace, and to surrender up a fair proportion of his cherries to the sparrow, once more restored to the country and to royal favor.

More than this, it is fully shown from the investigations of M. Florent-Prevost, that, according to circumstances, insects form from at the least one half to by far the largest proportion of the daily food of the sparrow. It is exclusively with insects that it nourishes its greedy brood, and this witness cites one very remarkable proof of the fact. In Paris, where the abundance of the waste food of man is so great that the sparrows need hardly seek any other food, a pair of these birds having built their nest on a terrace in the Rue Vivienne, the wing-coverts of May-beetles which had been rejected from the nest were collected, and found to number fourteen hundred, showing that at least seven hundred of these destructive insects had been consumed by one family in raising a single brood.

Thus it appears that the concurrent testimony of English naturalists, as well as of French *savans* who have carefully examined the subject, is conclusive in favor of the sparrows, demonstrating by indisputable evidence that the benefits they confer far more than compensate for the harm they may do.

That the sparrow is very fond of the ripening grain, and that, in the vicinity of large towns, it is occasionally destructive of that, as well as of seeds and small fruit, cannot be denied. But its depredations are limited both as to time and place, and are neither so extensive nor so wide-spread as many suppose. Sparrows chiefly frequent cities and large towns, and are comparatively rare in rural districts where grain is principally raised, and where the mischief they may do can bear no proportion to that which they prevent. Of this the best evidence we could seek is found in the simple fact already cited, that in France, as well as in other countries, after full investigations into its merits and its alleged demerits, the sparrow is no longer persecuted and sought out for destruction as a worthless marauder, but is protected by stringent laws as a public benefactor.

In this country the sparrow has been so recently introduced that it may seem premature to speak with positive certainty as to what its future here may develop of good or ill. But any one who knows the condition to which the trees in the public squares and parks of New York and more southern cities were reduced each successive summer by the measure-worms, must admit that the sparrows brought into our commercial emporium by a few public-spirited gentlemen have already done wonders. Only a few years since, all the trees in these parks, except the ailantus, became early in summer an unsightly collection of desolated branches, made yet more disgusting by the repulsive-looking worms that dangled from them, and caught upon the clothes of the incautious. Children could not sport with comfort under the trees, and the passer-by avoided them. Many cut down the shade-trees near their dwellings as the only means of escaping from these pests. The evil seemed not only incurable, but to be on the increase in all our maritime cities, from Boston to Washington. The introduction of the house-sparrow has already completely arrested this plague in New York and the neighboring cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Elizabeth, and Newark. Never was any mission more promptly or more thoroughly fulfilled. The sparrows at once encountered the enemy, and in two

seasons they have completely exterminated them. In the summer of 1866 the more central parks of New York were swept completely clean of these worms. The last season witnessed their entire disappearance from that place, as well as from the surrounding cities. An accomplished ornithologist, and an enthusiastic friend of the sparrow, George N. Lawrence, Esq., informs us that, so far as he could ascertain, not a single tree in all New York lost its foliage, during the last season, through the measure-worms. The sparrows were promptly on hand everywhere, the worms were eaten, and the trees saved from pillage.

That the sparrow will, in like manner, attack and destroy the common canker-worm and the caterpillars of our gardens, when it comes in contact with them, there can be no reasonable doubt. If it will also war upon the curculio, which makes the raising of plums so nearly impossible, the measure of its usefulness will indeed be full.

What harm sparrows may do to our wheat-fields, should they become abundant, can now only be conjectured. That they will ever be seriously injurious, or an unmixed evil, we do not apprehend. One thing is at least certain, that, should the painful necessity ever arise, their numbers may at any time be lessened, both with ease and certainty, by the use of strychnine.

To our winter scenery the sparrows add not a little interest. They are lively and entertaining birds. Without having any very positive song, their notes are pleasant and cheerful. They are very hardy, and do not appear in the least to heed our severest weather. In the last December, on a cold and bitter day, following a severe snow-storm, while the snow was still blowing in blinding showers, and the thermometer hardly ranged above zero, — when no one could keep abroad without great personal discomfort, — the writer found, in the church-green on the corner of Fourteenth Street, New York, a merry flock of these birds. They had collected together under a snow-covered Norway spruce, and seemed to be having the jolliest time possible, utterly unmindful of the biting wind that was howling around them. Half frozen himself, their admirer could not resist the temptation to stop a few moments and enjoy the scene; and as he at last turned away he thought within himself, that, even if the worst anticipations of his scientific friend should be realized in regard to the destructiveness of the sparrows, yet, for the sake of their bright and cheerful companionship in the dreary desolation of our winter, he would still most cheerfully pay his proportion of loss in an extra price for his flour, if need be.

In New York the sparrows have enthusiastic and ardent friends, who have provided them with commodious and attractive winter dwellings, with bright thatched roofs and projecting eaves. In some of the parks they are regularly fed. Although very tame, they are wary in regard to any real danger, and are on their guard against cats. Before their present homes were prepared for them, they roosted in the ivy, and built spherical nests among the leaves. Now they build open nests in their new homes, which they occupy throughout the year. They are very frolicsome and entertaining, especially after having been fed, and are a great source of amusement to the children, a favorite sport with whom is to throw up a feather in the air, in order to see the sparrows pursue it, and strive together which shall catch it and carry it off to his nest.

In a word, the more we have studied the history and the evidences, touching the European sparrow, the better satisfied have we been that a wise and beneficial movement has been made in their introduction into the country; and we sincerely hope in time to find them completely naturalized and contentedly domiciled among us.

We believe the first place to make the experiment of introducing the sparrow was Portland; where three pairs were set at liberty, in the summer of 1852, in a garden in the heart of the city. That they have increased

and multiplied to a very considerable extent is satisfactory evidence that they are capable of enduring our rigorous climate. The committee on public squares of the city government of Boston have just made arrangements to introduce them into the Public Garden and the Common. Other cities have joined in the same movement, and we cannot doubt that the house-sparrow will erelong become one of our most common and familiar favorites.

A MODERN LETTRE DE CACHET.

ONE of our earliest recollections connected with the City of Brotherly Love is that of a visit made in school-days to Penn's famous Treaty Elm, in the old ship-building district of Shakamaxon. History had excited our youthful enthusiasm and curiosity sufficiently to induce us to walk from one end of the city to the other to view with our mortal eyes the ground whereon the old English Quaker had consummated that rather sharp financial operation with the Indians, by virtue of which there was ceded to him the territory now known as Pennsylvania and Delaware, in return for glass beads of many colors, cloths of dazzling dyes, hatchets, rings, and blankets. Arriving at the spot, we found the elm gone; and in its place stood a four-sided, tapering shaft of stone, duly recording, in not choice orthography, the legend of the Treaty; but as it looked much like many another stone that we had seen in churchyard rambles, our curiosity sought other objects for its gratification, and the first that presented itself was something directly opposite to the site of the old tree, and quite within its shadow, if that terrible 3d of March wind, Anno Domini, 1810, had not blown it down, so that the friendly shadow had ceased to fall for many a year. There, in the fierce glare and heat of the noonday sun, we saw the figure of a young man chained to a stake, in the yard of a not altogether unpretentious mansion. A picket fence, three or four feet high, enclosed the grounds in which this strangely clad and moaning figure walked to and fro to the extent that his chain would permit.

We were then scarcely higher than the fence, and, going close up to it, we looked through the palings at the uneasy figure of the prisoner. Seeing his face plainly, we knew, young as we were, that the object of our curiosity was an imbecile. Inquiry elicited that he was not violent or vicious, but simply insane. Further inquiry assured us that it was not considered a cruel thing to chain the lunatic to a post, to expose him to the jeers and jibes and curious stare of the thousands who daily thronged that particular street, to expose him to the burning rays of the sun, to compel him to bear the burden of a stake and chain, — not cruel or inhuman, although his family were, if not wealthy, citizens of good estate.

What intelligent progress has been made in the treatment of the insane since that day, when such an exhibition of shameless wrong was not only tolerated, but uncensured, in the great city of Penn! Humanity and a nobler civilization have erected many and generously appointed asylums for them, wherein, if they cannot be restored to reason, these poor unfortunates can find a shelter from the noonday sun and the unpitying stare of the multitude.

Science and humanity have gone hand in hand, taking gigantic strides in this direction; but while they have advanced upon their certain way to the rescue of those who have "first died atop," rearing homes, asylums, and hospitals for their use in every State and

in almost every county of the Union, which have been endowed by commonwealths, communities, and individuals, our statutory laws regulating these institutions, and the forms of consignment to them, have remained precisely as they were fifty years ago.

It is the pride, the loud and often-repeated boast, of our people, that the vilest vagabond who walks our streets, that the shameless woman whose trade poisons the city's life, that the thief who courts the darkness and shuns the public way, — that the foulest wretch of them all, upon whose soul rests the guilt of murder done, cannot be committed to prison without a sufficient warrant, issued in due form of law by a properly authorized magistrate, — without a subsequent hearing, whereat he may publicly maintain his own defence, and where his innocence is presupposed, and his guilt must be fully established in the opinion of the magistrate. Yet there is not a man among us, however pure, wise, or influential, who may not be, upon the certificate of a single physician, committed to the cell of a lunatic asylum, the walls of which are as high and strong, the keepers as vigilant and morose, the code of laws as absolute, the windows and doors as difficult to escape from, as those of any prison in the land.

Of all our sacred rights and privileges, that of personal liberty is the dearest, the most sacred. But the liberty of any man in the Commonwealth is at the mercy of an enemy, the cupidity of relatives, the treachery or ignorance of a physician. No matter how unknown, how criminal, how ignorant or besotted, how old or how young, the physician may be, if he is armed with that mighty weapon, the diploma of a medical school, he holds us at his mercy. Conspirators against our estate or our happiness need only by specious lies, perverted facts, or bribes induce him to sign the fatal certificate, and an instrument potential as a *Lettre de Cachet* removes us from the wholesome air of the outer world, from the refined intercourse of society, from our dreams of art, from our scheme of benevolence, or from our professional pursuits, to the lonely cell, or the ward of an asylum densely peopled with the insane.

The strongest jail doors are not sufficiently strong to hold a prisoner against the assaults of that sturdy giant, the writ of *habeas corpus*, for they cannot shut him in silently, by stealth, or by night. They must close upon him in the broad light of day, with such clamor and *éclat* as a public hearing gives; and, as they are swung to upon their victim, the fact is caught up and echoed from every daily journal, and long before it has reached so far it has been thundered into the ear of the prisoner's counsel, who, actuated by love of justice or by love of fee, as you may please to think, summons to his aid the mighty writ, to set his client free. But let your enemies, or your heirs, and their physician go quietly about their work; let them arrest you in the night, carry you to the asylum, and suggest to the governor of the institution that only they are to communicate with you in person or by letter, and no writ of *habeas corpus* can draw you from your living grave into the freedom of a citizen, for none knows where they have hidden you. Thenceforth you are dead to the world until your estate is put beyond your control or divided, or an accident discovers your retreat, or an earthquake topples down your prison walls, — dead, astute law-makers; dead, honorable judges of the Common Pleas; dead, vain boasters of a freedom which is a lie while the liberty of our best and wisest citizen depends upon a thing like this! Read it, — and how many will read it for the first time! — and learn by how slight a tenure you hold your boasted freedom: —

"CERTIFICATE.

"HAVING on the day of , 18—, examined of aged years, I hereby certify, from my own knowledge, that is in a state of insanity,

and proper to be received into a house provided for the relief of persons of that description. I further certify, that the answers annexed to the following questions are correct, as far as I can judge.*

"———, *Physician.*"

There it stands in all its monstrous proportions, the foulest blot upon a nation's statute-books. Add to it a physician's signature, and the thing springs into vitality with all the strength of that old *lettre* of France which, with like silence and secrecy, consigned its victim to the Bastile. This is all that is necessary to insure your incarceration in almost any public or private mad-house in the States. No, we mistake. Sometimes more is required of your enemies, your heirs; they must execute a bond binding themselves to pay to the asylum, in consideration of your restraint, "from nine to thirty dollars per week, for not less than thirteen weeks." The bond is a short one; read it, and learn that even these charitable asylums may have an interest in your living death.

"BOND.

"APPLICATION is hereby made for the admission of as a patient into the asylum for the relief of persons deprived of the use of their reason; upon whose admission, we jointly and severally engage to provide a sufficiency of suitable clothing for use whilst there; to pay quarterly in advance to , superintendent of said institution, or to his assign or successor in office, dollars per week for board; not less than four weeks' board to be paid under any circumstances; the said charge for board to be continued until shall be regularly discharged; (and to make compensation for all damages done by to the glass, bedding, or furniture;) but if taken away *uncured*, against the advice and consent of the superintendent before the expiration of three calendar months, to pay board for thirteen weeks.

"Witness our hands and seals this day of A. D. 186 .

"[L. S.]
[L. S.]"

Thus is written the law upon this matter, borrowed scores and scores of years ago from England, but written there to-day in a more enlightened spirit, altered to suit the world's advance, and containing fuller assurances for the freedom of her Majesty's subjects. Yet here upon our statute-books it stands as it was recorded on the day of its adoption, yielding in its monstrous wrong not a jot to the nobler, wiser civilization of this better time, in which the advancing nation, through its Congress, solemnly declares that there shall be no more involuntary servitude within its limits, except upon a due conviction of crime. Writing as we do in Pennsylvania, we do not write for this old Commonwealth alone; for that which prevails as good law here in this respect is equally good law in nearly every State of the Union.

While it must be admitted that physicians are clothed with these extraordinary privileges affecting our personal liberty, it may be questioned if they would ever use them improperly. It is asked, Is there any danger that a perfectly sane man may be consigned to a mad-house? Why, the natural consequences of granting physicians such immense powers are flung into the faces of our legislators, judges, and jurors with "damnable iteration"; the law-books are full of such cases, and so well known have they become, that writers of fiction have found in them

* The questions indicated merely refer to the patient's age, health, and probable cause of his derangement of mind, "*which*," said the late superintendent of the asylum from which this certificate was obtained, in the case of Hinchman *v.* Richie, "*need not be answered.*" The simplicity of the following certificate, clipped from Dr. Kirkbride's Report, must at once strike the reader, who will see that it is not hampered by any impertinent inquiries:—

"CERTIFICATE.

"I HAVE seen and examined John Doe, of California, and believe him to be insane.

"———, M. D."

material for their work, such as their wildest imaginations would fail to suggest. So notorious were abuses in England, where the certificate must be signed by two physicians, and sworn to before a magistrate, that it was recently found necessary to direct, under the authority of Parliament, an investigation into the character and treatment of the patients confined in the mad-houses of the United Kingdom. The official reports of these investigations are tales of wrong, cruelty, and oppression, at which the heart sickens; in some instances showing mothers and fathers incarcerating their children to be rid of their care, showing sons incarcerating their fathers that their estates might come down to them unimpaired. Who would care to face the horrors that such an inquisition, if ordered here, would produce? Sometimes an accident drags individual cases into public view, exciting a three-days' wonder and criticism; but legislators, judges, and jurors listen serenely to the recital of such wrongs committed upon isolated individuals, — wrongs which, if perpetrated by one nation upon the humblest citizen of another, would be, if not fully and promptly redressed, found ample provocation for a war; — or, if a case more flagrant in its hardship than another cause them for a moment to wince at the existence of a law which permits such oppression, they do no more than regret, with becoming judicial mildness, that it is not expunged from our statute-books, and go comfortably home to dine, not disturbed by the thought that an enemy or their heir lieth in wait for them, armed with a physician's certificate. Yet so it may be, for no man among us all can say when it will not be his turn.

It is not our intention to undervalue the usefulness of the many admirably conducted public institutions for the treatment of the insane which are so numerous in the country, which are doing noble service in the cause of humanity, and many of which, we know, were conceived in, and are governed by, the sincerest and most elevated spirit of charity and good-will to men; still less do we propose to impugn the characters of their benevolent founders, or the skilful physicians who control them, though we cannot doubt that it is the well-founded conviction of every intelligent inquirer into the subject, that those directing this matter have made the idea of an insane asylum too much that of a prison, not only as to outward appearances, but in much of its internal management. And when Dr. Kirkbride says, in writing of the government of "The Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane," the oldest, if not the ablest and most useful of its class, that to him alone "is confided the general superintendence of the establishment, — the *sole* direction of the medical, moral, and dietic treatment of the patients, and *the selection of all persons employed in their care*," — we cannot fail to see the capacity for evil with which he is clothed, since every officer of the institution, from the physician to the scullery-maid, depends upon his favor to maintain position under him. While objections such as these will properly lie against even so well conducted an asylum as Dr. Kirkbride's, how much more strongly will they bear against those private mad-houses whose name is legion, and whose doors are forever closed against the general public? In proposing to place a patient under the charge of the asylum at Frankford, we suggested that it would not be agreeable to have the patient seen by visitors to the institution; whereon the manager assured us that, "if it was the desire of his friends, and they were willing to pay for a private room, *he need never be seen by any one but the physician and his private attendant.*" This estimable gentleman did not mean that the institution would hide the patient from anything more than the stares of the curious or impertinent. He only meant that the institution would protect him that far. But his answer showed how easily malice or greed could bury a man in that asylum until accident or death

came to his rescue. The rules of all these institutions, whether public or private, are mostly excellent in their design and in theory; but if they should depend for their execution upon either a wicked, weak, or indolent superintendent, they would, instead of being a safeguard, become a pregnant means of wrong, for their existence only being known, would simply serve to allay suspicion of mismanagement and cruelty, and give more certain opportunity to oppression and evil practices. Rules, however well considered, cannot execute themselves. There must be excellence as much in execution as in conception.

When there is a clearly defined case of insanity, when demoniacal fury has secured its victim, then the insane asylum becomes a "strong refuge," where, removed from the exciting causes of mental malady, and watched over with eminent skill and thoughtful care, such as long experience teaches is wise and good, the mind may be gradually brought into its normal condition, and the patient restored to life and friends. But while these institutions are asylums, in the highest sense, for the truly insane, they become torture-houses, breeders of insanity, for those who may, by cruel chance, be brought improperly under their peculiar influences.

A distinguished member of the Philadelphia bar lately referred to six cases in which he had been engaged during the last year, where there had been imprisonment for alleged insanity, and release effected only after long confinement and tedious efforts; and if we could but examine the dockets of every practising lawyer in the United States, we should find multitudes of entries telling the same story.

A few years ago the community of Philadelphia were excited to an unwonted degree by the case of Morgan Hinchman, a member of the Society of Friends. It is a case that has become famous in the annals of the jurisprudence of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hinchman was a young farmer, living in one of the eastern counties of the State; he had some years before married a lady whose fortune of ten or twelve thousand dollars, about equal to his own, he caused to be settled upon herself; the deed of settlement, however, contained a power of revocation. Subsequently, on finding what he conceived to be an opportunity for a judicious use of his wife's estate, he obtained from her an annulment of the settlement by which she transferred her property, consisting principally of State stocks, to her husband. Shortly after this assignment had taken place, and when its existence had become known to some relatives, an estrangement arising out of it grew up between him and his wife, instigated, it was alleged, by her family. While on his way to the city of Philadelphia to attend to some business he was, at the instance of his connections, forcibly arrested, thrust into a close carriage and taken to the Frankford Lunatic Asylum, to one of the managers of which institution we desire to express our indebtedness for the certificate heretofore given, as well as for some valuable information contained in this paper.

For six long and dreadful months was this gentleman kept a close prisoner, denied the usual privileges of the establishment, encompassed by gibbering idiots and raving maniacs, surrounded by the wrecks of immortal minds, deprived of all intercourse with the outer world save those of his enemies who had placed him there. He was denied the privilege of seeing even an old servant, who, being a necessary instrument to his enemies, and under a pledge of secrecy was made acquainted with his master's prison, went thither and begged to see him. But let us hear this honest old fellow tell his own story as he once told it under his solemn affirmation. "I asked one of the keepers to get in. He said I could not get in. I said I would like to see Morgan. He said I could not, because he would have his head shaved. I was looking at the house, and I saw Morgan at an upper window. There were iron sashes at the windows. The tears

came to my eyes. I said I would give ten dollars, poor as I am, to see Morgan for one instant." The keeper was faithful, and the old servant's bribe did not affect him; he was not permitted "to see Morgan for one instant." The prisoner was not allowed to write a letter to his friends, — no, we are wrong, he did write to them, and his letter was put into his keeper's pocket, or the fire. But to one of those who had been active in his incarceration he wrote, and his letter was sent. It was in these words the young Quaker wrote to his *brother* of the Meeting: —

"BROTHER EDWARD RICHIE: — I am very desirous of having an interview with thee; and think (after what has occurred), if thou wouldst but endeavor to put thy soul in my soul's place, thou wouldst not refuse this request; whatsoever views may be taken of the past, or whatsoever the future may bring forth, which no human being can foresee, I think, upon dispassionate reflection, thou canst hardly deny me this; but thy granting the interview may hereafter be a satisfaction to thee, as it is the very earnest request of

"MORGAN HINCHMAN.

"Recollect, I am a close prisoner, and cannot come to thee, and that time to us all is uncertain."

Put your soul into the place of this man's soul, could you have written such a letter? Why, its very tenderness of fear lest his enemy may not do some little act of reparation before it is too late, lest one or the other may die before the wrong is repented of, has for us an awful pathos, — a sublimer charity than the world has often seen.

But that letter was written in vain; and there, within the strong walls of a mad-house, forbidden to communicate with those who would have rescued him, was kept Morgan Hinchman, "because," testified the superintendent, — "because *such were the orders of his friends*." Kept there a close prisoner, though in his far-away home, and unknown to him, his eldest child lay dying, — a day later lay dead!

"I remember when he went away," gravely affirmed the old servant. "I was the last man he talked to there. He said, 'Take care of the *creatures*, and I will be back as soon as I can. Farewell.' He left his wife and children there."

He was kept a close prisoner while the spring grasses grew rank above the grave of his dead child, kept prisoner while his property was sold away from him under the auctioneer's hammer, his books, his furniture, his very garments, divided among "*his friends*," who had given the orders by which he was buried alive!

All this upon a physician's certificate? Yes, we know how like a romance it all reads, but we are telling you the history of a living man, taken from the records of the trial.

When the chief of the conspirators was asked by the old servant, "Where is Morgan?" he received for answer, "Down below." If he meant by that to express, in hell, he was not far wrong; but he added, "that he was to be considered as though his horses had run away with him and killed him."

They had consigned him to a living death; nobody came to his rescue, nobody knew of the place of his incarceration, — nobody, relative or true friend, alien or neighbor. No human being was called, or allowed to interpose for his liberation. So he remained there, and after this manner the conspirators spoke together concerning him. One asked, "Suppose he gets out and sues us?" And the answer was, "When the poor wretch comes out of the asylum, he will not find anything in his pockets by which he will be able to sue."

And when, after lingering months had passed, and he was still a prisoner, his uncle learned of Morgan's incarceration, and went in his wrath to those who had placed him there, who had sold his property and divided his rai-

ment among them, he was told "that he had better not attempt reclaiming his nephew's property, but leave it with them, because they would either prove him insane or so blacken his character that he could not walk the streets." Or again, said the chief conspirator to his victim, "Make a deed of trust. If you do that, you may come out a sane man." Another witness testified that the superintendent of the asylum said: "It is a mere family quarrel; if he would arrange his property, there would be an end of it."

At the expiration of that half-year of association with the wrecks of mind that surrounded him he escaped from the asylum through his uncle's aid, and then began on his part a suit for damages against his enemies; but even then they held on to their plunder, taking his money to pay counsel fees to keep him out of his property. The conspirators had paid all their victim's expenses in the asylum out of the same fund, and from the same free source flowed the generous fees of lawyers retained to keep him there.

One of the curious features of this case, when it came to trial, was the evasive character of the whole defence, and in this wrong some of the officers and managers of the asylum shared; "signatures were denied, orders repudiated, minutes kept back, records vitiated and altered," letters were burned which would have proved the plaintiff's sanity and the entire scheme of the conspiracy, — burned during the very progress of the trial, by the conspirators, lest they should be brought up in evidence against them.

A manager of the asylum testified "that the superintendent could not look beyond the papers of admission supplied by the patient's friends; that the superintendent had *no power to discharge an inmate, no matter how long his cure had been established, without the consent of the friends who had placed him there.*"

Another manager said, on his affirmation, in answer to a direct question from Mr. Justice Burnside, "that on the mere certificate of any doctor whatever, no matter how obtained, he would consign any one of the hundreds then in that court-room to incarceration in the Frankford Asylum." When we recollect that there were then present at least one judge of the Supreme Court and many of the most distinguished lawyers and citizens of Philadelphia, it must be acknowledged that the witness flung fairly into their faces the operations of a law which their acquiescence had helped to maintain and make absolute.

The physician who signed the certificate, and who was made a defendant in the above suit, had never been Morgan Hinchman's physician, had not seen him for a single moment for four months previous to issuing it. But he was held to be outside of the reach of the law, and acquitted. Judge Burnside, in his wise and temperate charge to the jury, said: "When a physician gives a certificate honestly, he ought not to be subject to damages."

In conclusion, the learned judge said: "If the man was a sane man, and you so find, and they knew he was sane, and concocted this scheme for the purpose of obtaining his property, it is an aggravating case."

The jury so found, as to certain of the defendants, and assessed the damages against them at ten thousand dollars.

The victim of this oppression, by which he suffered in body, reputation, and estate, has, since the time of that trial, been actively engaged in business in Philadelphia as a conveyancer, — a profession requiring not only sound, unclouded intellect, but especial talents of a high order. In and out of his vocation, he is justly esteemed as well for his culture and refined intelligence as his moral worth.

Another case which occurred but a few months ago before the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of Philadelphia will also serve to illustrate the fruitful wrongs of the present practice of imprisonment on the mere certificate of a physician. A gentleman of

advanced age, whose gray hairs alone should have saved him from the indignities to which he was subject, on leaving his home one evening was seized in the street by an officer of the police, taken forcibly to the Spring Garden Station-House, and thrust into a cell such as is daily and nightly occupied by the lowest class of criminals. There, with the drunken vagabonds, thieves, and prostitutes gathered in by the police during the night, he was kept until morning, then placed in a closed carriage, and driven rapidly to the outskirts of the city. In reply to his repeated inquiries as to his destination, and wherefore he had been arrested, the only information he could obtain was that he was going before a magistrate to answer to a criminal charge. The carriage was driven into handsome grounds, surrounded by high granite walls, not to be scaled or assailed, and stopped before a frowning stone edifice, having cast-iron sashes to its windows, and "*ornamental* cast-iron screens" on the outside of them. The officer and his prisoner entered "The Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane." The old man was a bachelor; his relatives had placed him there, — or rather *their*, not his, physician had supplied them with the fatal certificate which transformed this wealthy and respectable citizen into a something which, if not upon a level with the commonest felon, was yet regarded by the law, and treated by its duly empowered officer in precisely the same manner as any criminal coming under its notice would have been. It only required that certificate to reduce an honest gentleman to a level with night-prowling thieves and vagrants.

His relatives had placed him in the asylum, they afterwards testified, because he was dissipating his fortune, spending it for furniture, books, and pictures, filling his house with them. They were uneducated, simple people, who had grown rich in trade, not suddenly, but slowly, laboriously; yet their wealth suggested to none of them but this victim of their oppression any more gracious or bountiful life than they had known in their earlier days of abject poverty of body and mind; and that one of their own dull, lethargic German blood could spend his money in pictures and the like could only be explained on the ground of insanity, and only prevented by the aid of the physician's certificate.

A lady visiting the institution, and, having a casual acquaintance with him, saw him there, and was requested to send a lawyer to his aid. She did so, and the legality of his imprisonment was tested by a writ of *habeas corpus*. In this case the gentleman who issued the certificate swore positively to his belief in the prisoner's insanity, although he had not seen him for seven weeks before he signed the certificate, and then had only seen him on the street. One of the physicians of the hospital — not Dr. Kirkbride — also swore that he believed the prisoner to be insane, yet every fact upon which these witnesses based their opinions was entirely consistent with the theory of sanity. It is worth while to consider the hospital physician's reasons for declaring his prisoner of unsound mind. "From the moment he was brought there," testified this gentleman, "his conduct betokened insanity. He was violent to the officers, talked loudly, and protested wildly against being deprived of his liberty, at first; then he became moody and silent, watched the door, or went off by himself to distant parts of the building. And (which was to me conclusive evidence of his aberration of mind) he did not sleep, and paced his room at night."

A learned judge gravely sat and listened to this evidence, and indeed looked as if he drank in wisdom from it, — learning, as it were, how next to know a madman when he met one.

Consider this evidence, you who are to-day enjoying the freedom of your sanity, — consider it well, and then pause before you order home new furniture, or an Arctic dream of Church's, or a painted poem by Hamilton, or fill your library shelves with old and rare

editions; for you know not what to-morrow may bring forth: your heir may fancy that you are squandering your fair estate, that he sees in your extravagance the wreck and crash of that Pleasure House which he was rearing in Xanadu, and that his soul will never take its ease there if your waste is longer permitted. Should to-morrow find you an inmate of a mad-house, and you vainly beat against the iron bars of your cage, that will be seized upon as evidence of your insanity, though the instincts of freedom which animate the bird and man are identical. If, finding escape cut off, you abandon the company of your morose keepers and retire to a corner, out of hearing of the giggle of the idiot or the howls of the maniac, to brood over your wrongs, that is another proof against you. Be loud of voice or silent, laugh or weep, it is the same, — all insanity. Nay, more; if, in the night, thoughts of your old free life come back to plague you out of sleep, or the demoniac wailings reach you from the cells below, rousing you from your slumbers, and you rise and pace uneasily your barred room, that is certain indication of insanity, — madmen are often sleepless. If you upbraid your sullen keepers with your detention, it is said you talk wildly about your liberty; or if you watch the door to find at last a face you know, — the face of some one who will carry tidings to your counsel, — that is sworn against you as another evidence of your insanity.

Such was the proof relied upon by the prisoner's relatives to prevent his release. On the other hand, a dozen of this man's friends and neighbors, all of whom were unprejudiced witnesses, and many of whom had known him for many years, meeting him constantly on business, on the street, in their houses, testified that they had never entertained the slightest suspicion against his absolute soundness of mind. For his continued incarceration there was not a single unprejudiced witness, not one who was not liable to be a defendant in an action for damages, not one who had not an especial interest in his prolonged imprisonment; and yet, curious as it may seem, monstrous as it appeared to us in its wrong, — showing how much imprisonment for ever so short a time in an insane asylum taints a man's life, rendering him an object of fear and suspicion, — revealing, too, the immense influence wielded by the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, which, lifting up its heavy granite front to intimidate legislator, judge, and citizen alike, sternly questions if anything so solid, so eminently respectable as it is, can be suspected of wrong, ignorance, or lack of care, — yes, monstrous as it seemed, the learned judge remanded the prisoner to the custody of his keeper for two weeks, to enable his relatives to take out an Inquisition of Lunacy against him. But they, knowing they had no case from the beginning, did not further attempt to make one; and at the expiration of the two weeks he was again brought before the court, and discharged.

During his incarceration his relatives had sold his property at auction, and deposited the proceeds of the sale in bank, credited to their own personal accounts.

And now comes the remarkable feature of this case. A few weeks later this same gentleman was chosen and acted as a juror in that very court; and, as the learned judge did not object to having him act in that capacity, we are bound to believe that during the several weeks he served as a juror he performed his responsible duties to the entire satisfaction of the presiding justice, although he had furnished his Honor with no additional proofs of his sanity than were already in the possession of the court when he was remanded to the custody of the keepers of a mad-house. In that very court in which he had stood up awhile before, a suppliant for his liberty, and fighting against great odds to secure his release from his jailers, he was commanded by the law to become its executive, and to decide upon cases involving some of the most

important questions of life, and, among them, that of alleged insanity!

And still another instance, occurring within the last few months, and showing the fatal facility with which the liberty of an individual may be signed away by a mere stroke of the pen, attracted the attention of the same tribunal. An affectionate husband, holding an enviable position in the social and mercantile world, resorted to the all-powerful certificate of a physician to dispose of a wife for whose company he no longer had any desire. It was not that he loved his neighbor's wife better than his own, but because he did not love his own at all; a divorce would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain without some tangible reason, — and that he had not, — and would involve a public trial and an uncoveted notoriety. Incarceration in a mad-house for a certain period would give him grounds for a libel of divorce, if it must come to that to get rid of her, and in the mean time it was so easy a matter, involving no public criticism or scandal. So a physician's certificate was obtained, and *presto!* from her own luxurious home to an insane asylum was the affair of an hour. There she might have remained still, if the superintendent, Dr. Kirkbride, a gentleman noble and good as he is wise, had not become especially interested in her. He watched her assiduously, examined into the facts of her case, taking a great deal of trouble in the matter, satisfied himself of her sanity, brought the attention of the court to the subject, and procured her discharge.

We have not cited these cases at such length because they are rare ones, but because, more than any others, each in itself especially discloses the peculiar operation of the present law, which makes the occurrence of such wrongs possible and frequent. We have used them, too, because they emanated from two of the most respectable and most admirably governed asylums in the country, whose administration is as perfect, apparently, as human wisdom could make it.

But against our argument it will be urged that legal redress is always at hand; that in the just mind of the law there is no wrong without its remedy; that Justice is vigilant, her doors are always open to those who seek her protection. This is only partially true, and the difficulties of obtaining a release from medical custody are very great. Justice has her courts, and no longer, as in the days of the good Haroun Alraschid, goes she out into the highways and by-ways seeking her votaries, listening to their complaints; if they need her aid, they must seek her where she has builded her a temple, and even there they may find her eyes too closely veiled to note their wrongs. Prisoners in these palace-like Bastiles are not permitted to send a written line without their walls until it has had the supervision of the superintendent, and not then if those who placed them there object to their communicating with the outer world. By the same orders they may be entirely excluded from the too curious eyes of visitors.

David Paul Brown, one of the ablest and most distinguished of American lawyers, relates that he was waited upon by a gentleman recently released from an insane asylum, who requested that suit might be brought against his relatives for false imprisonment. Mr. Brown declined to commence proceedings, giving, as a reason for doing so, a certain letter which the gentleman had written to him during his incarceration in the asylum. Said Mr. Brown, "No sane man would have written such a letter." "True," replied the would-be client; "but do you not know, that, if I had written you a sane letter, it could not have passed the walls?" He who had spent months there knew of the tender mercies of the institution, and of its stricter than prison rules, better than the wise lawyer.

But admitting that at last the writ of *habeas corpus* finds the alleged lunatic and brings him before the court, unless his friends are powerful and zealous he can have but little chance of release. Upon a hearing on a *habeas corpus*

everything is against him. Even the law recognizes this; for whilst in general the presumption is in favor of sanity, if a person has ever been in confinement on a charge of lunacy the burden of proof of soundness of mind rests upon the prisoner, the fact of his incarceration in an asylum being regarded as almost *prima facie* against him. He comes into court feverish and excited. His wrongs, his sufferings, his associations in the asylum, have wrought their worst upon him. Many of those upon whom he relies to testify in his behalf have failed to appear; for his star is in the descendent, and the taint of the prison is on him. On the other side are arrayed the counsel whom his persecutors and the institution have been able to fee. There, too, is the great weight of the institution itself, with its Board of Directors composed of influential citizens, eager to resent any imputation upon its character that would indirectly affect their own; and there, too, is its medical staff of eminent men, already biased against any one who has come under their care through the certificate of a professional brother; they are there not only to maintain the dignity of the profession to its remotest collateral representative, they are there to protect it from reproach, whether aimed against its honesty or its wisdom; there is the crowd of spectators, who glare at the prisoner as if he were a wild beast; there is his keeper, ever by his side, to remind him of his ignominious captivity; and there is the judge, whose face betokens no interest in him, but is lighted up with cordial recognition of each of the eminent medical jailers as they enter. They have sworn away so many men's liberties — properly often enough, and honestly, as they believed, always — before his Honor, that they and the court are quite old friends. The prisoner sees this, and, feeling the immense pressure thus brought to bear against him, he knows that he is facing a forlorn hope; and if, with such odds bearing down upon him, he can undergo an examination with perfect calmness; if, forgetting his cruel wrongs, he rises superior to the depressing influences which have surrounded him by day in the vagaries of confirmed madmen, and their howls by night; if he can so put the past away from him, with all its attendant horrors, if he can steady his brain and nerve to the perfect equilibrium of sanity,—he may have some chance, yet even then it is a desperate one.

These difficulties, which are formidable in the case of a man under such constraint, become almost insurmountable when a woman is brought into court to confront them. Imagine the effect likely to be produced upon a delicate, nervous woman, ignorant of the world and of all manner of business, thrust suddenly and without warning into an insane-ward of a hospital. If she looks from her cell, it is through iron bars; and through them she sees, not the beautiful world her life has known, but stern high walls, beyond which she may never go. She, a sane woman, is forced to contemplate, each moment of her existence, every gradation of reason's eclipse in those who are about her; she is not permitted to stir beyond the sight of her keeper; she is shut off from human affections, from human hopes, feeling daily that the potent contagion of insanity is stealing over her own mind, feeling erelong that she is fast becoming fit companion for those about her, — fit for her prison by being kept a prisoner. Let the tardy law discover her at last, command her body to be brought before the veiled goddess, and let it work its utmost in her behalf. What hope is there for her in that rapidly whirling court-room? what chance for succor or redress? "Many of the depots for the captivity of intellectual invalids," says Mr. Sheldford, the leading English writer on the jurisprudence of insanity, "may be regarded only as nurseries for and manufactories of madness, — magazines or reservoirs of lunacy, from which is issued, from time to time, a sufficient supply for perpetuating and extending this formidable disease."

We have thus far considered only imprisonment in those institutions where

the expenses for restraint must be borne by the alleged lunatic's friends; and these expenses are never so low as not to return a large income to the asylum, which goes to pay the officers' large salaries, so that they become not impartial witnesses in a case of alleged lunacy. In Pennsylvania, and in nearly all the States, a party in interest may not testify in his own behalf; nay, any person interested in the pecuniary results of a suit at law, even though his interest be not more than one penny, is an incompetent witness, whose evidence will not be received. Yet the evidence upon which the alleged lunatic's persecutors principally depend to sustain their charge against him is that of these pecuniarily interested witnesses, — the officers of the institution, whose salary his restraint assists in paying, and to whose patronage they are partly indebted for their positions.

Now let us turn to those asylums where nothing is required by their officers but the simple certificate, who make no loud pretence to a noble charity, and demand no bond of your enemy or heir. This is all they ask: —

"To the Steward of the Almshouse and House of Employment: —

Philadelphia, 186 .

"I have seen and examined residing at No. Street, and believe to be insane, and a proper subject for the Insane Department of the Almshouse.

"———, M. D.

"No. Street."

Strike from it the word "Philadelphia," and it will do service in nine out of every ten States of the Union. If the patient is a squanderer of fair fortunes, his heirs will probably choose the one with the bond; but if he has no fortune to spend, if he is only a tippling brother, lazy and shiftless, or if it is the old man lingering too long by the hearth, grown rheumatic and fretful, absorbing too much of the heat from the scanty fire, eating too heartily of the frugal, hard-earned meal, — if it is this old man whose years of toil and exposure for his children have led him to think their home should be his home, they can disappoint him in it, rid themselves of his expense, his growls and presence, and bury him out of sight and hearing, until the real and kindlier death sets him free, merely by filling with his name the second blank there, and obtaining a physician's signature at the end.

We have purposely said nothing of the alleged abuses existing in these asylums, though they are flagrant enough, if the veracity of those who have escaped from them can be relied upon. But we are willing to admit that their laws are perfection, and their treatment of patients tender and thoughtful as it should be, that their principles are the highest results of refined and cultured minds, and generous, sympathetic hearts. Yet even while we write there come to us from the State Asylum of Illinois tales of such malign cruelty and wrong, of such ghastly deeds done to the insane, — done, too, in the name of Christ's love and charity, — that our hearts sicken as we read. But not alone from Illinois comes up the harrowing cry of the lunatic: Pennsylvania, through her State Medical Association and through a Special Commission appointed by her Governor, reveals to the public scrutiny pictures of most wanton neglect and infamous treatment of the insane on the part of their keepers.

The "Pennsylvania Medical Association Report" says the insane are in some instances confined "in rooms small and close, with no means of admitting a proper supply of fresh air, either summer or winter, and, *being in the basement*, are often extremely cold in winter; others in small rooms, built especially for them, where they remain constantly, — their food being passed in to them through a small opening left for the purpose." Some are kept "with a chain on the ankle, and fastened to a staple in the floor, allowing only a few feet of motion around a fixed point"; "males and females are found in adjoining, and often in opposite rooms,

even in that state of excitement when they will wear no clothing."

The Report of the Special Commissioner says: "I conversed with a patient *who was said to be deranged;* he was chained to a sixty-five pound weight, which he was obliged to carry about with him wherever he moved."

"In a building known as the Insane Hospital, in a row of badly constructed and worse ventilated cells, divided by thin board partitions, I found insane men and women, some of them confined to the floor by chains worn bright by constant use through many long years of confinement in this dreary abode, — *treatment that would drive a sane man mad.* Some of these poor wretches had been confined in this place for more than twenty years. There was no record of them, *their history seems to be traditional only.* No one knew or cared for them. One patient, over eighty years of age, had been chained for twenty years." "I am compelled to believe," says the Commissioner, now speaking of another institution, "that the patients confined in the wards appropriated to the imbecile and insane are most shamefully neglected, especially female patients, who, from the carelessness of those having charge of them, have had improper intercourse with men."

Not alone in England, then, are lunatic asylums "breeders of insanity"; not there even was it alleged that they were breeding-houses of insane offspring. Let us hope that to none but the State of the old Quaker Penn is due this infamy.

Pennsylvania and Illinois have not alone uttered their bitter cries for reform; Massachusetts joins them in it by her record of the recent death, in one of her almshouses, of an insane pauper, the son of an eminent clergyman, himself educated for the ministry, who had been manacled with heavy chains for sixty years, and who had lived, during that period, in squalid filth, and for a portion of that time was confined in a cage not high enough to permit him to stand erect.

Is the land all fair between Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, or between Pennsylvania and Illinois?

But it is often the very excellence of these institutions that makes them so dangerous for evil, when the alleged lunatic is not of unsound mind, and therefore improperly subject to their restraint, and — in his case — unwholesome influence. The mere *ipse dixit* of their officers is considered an irrefragable proof of mental disease, and this is rendered more powerful by their undoubted sincerity. Our profound respect for the medical profession as a body precludes the idea that many of them would be guilty of signing a certificate falsely, and it is not easy to believe that the officers of our best regulated houses for the treatment of the insane would for an instant restrain the liberty of an inmate after they had satisfied themselves of his sanity. But those who have witnessed the pertinacity with which they contest every suit at law brought to recover the liberty of one of their prisoners cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that these officers grow insensibly to believe in the insanity of every one brought under their care. A very curious case, strikingly illustrative of this, is given at great length in "Wharton and Stille's Medical Jurisprudence." Briefly, it was the old story of an officer carrying his prisoner to the insane asylum. They arrived too late in the night to obtain admittance, and were obliged to go to an inn. In the morning the insane man got up quietly, searched the officer's pockets, and found a certificate authorizing his own incarceration. Armed with that he paid an early visit to the asylum, saw the superintendent, and told him he would presently bring him a patient who was a queer fellow, and would probably try to make the superintendent believe that he, the speaker, was the crazy one. When he got back to the inn the officer proposed a walk, the prisoner acquiesced, and as soon as they reached the asylum the insane man handed over the officer to the keeper, giving him the certificate.

Having accomplished this feat, he took the return train home, and when questioned as to the whereabouts of the officer, replied that he was in the insane asylum, and was no doubt in a strait-waistcoat, and had his head shaved. His friends went at once to the poor fellow's rescue, but too late to prevent either the strait-jacket or the loss of his hair. They found him in a close cell, strongly guarded, with his head shaved clean. The whole medical staff of the institution thought the poor victim of this trick not only insane, but looked upon him as one of their most dangerous patients.

In that case, as in almost every other, the physicians of the asylum relied entirely upon the certificate of the examining doctor. In Hinchman *v.* Richie it will be remembered that the manager, on his affirmation, said that "the superintendent could not go outside of the certificate." The person who signs it is supposed to have an accurate knowledge of the patient's history, and the peculiar form of his malady, and to have fully understood and weighed the responsibility of the step he has taken, and therefore, with very apparent reason, great weight is attached to the certificate. But a case referred to by Dr. Bucknill, and cited in Millar's "Hints on Insanity," shows exactly how little a physician may appreciate the responsibility of depriving a human being of his liberty. In that instance, one of the medical men certifying to the insanity of the prisoner stated as facts, *observed by himself*, that the patient's habits were intemperate, and that he had squandered his property in mining speculations. But on his cross-examination in the Queen's Bench he was obliged to confess, though he had sworn to the certificate, that the only act of intemperance he had really seen was the patient's drinking one glass of beer; and that the squandering of property was the loss of what was a mere trifle to him in a mining speculation, which eventually turned out to be a very good one.

Doubtless, in many cases, the certificate is a lie,—a bought and paid-for lie, or, not unfrequently, a forgery altogether. It must be borne in mind, that the private institutions of each particular State throw open their doors to the admission of citizens of any and every other State in the Union. Should the certificate that accompanies and consigns the patient from Oregon to a Pennsylvania asylum be a forgery, how is the fact to be established? No proof of the genuineness of the signature is demanded; the superintendent cannot go outside of the certificate supplied by the patient's friends! What hope, then, for the citizen of Oregon, buried in the underground vaults of a Pennsylvania madhouse? But while the country abounds with quacks of every sort and degree, who for a filthy bribe would be only too ready to render the service, a forged certificate seems almost unnecessary, the genuine one can be had so easily.

Even where the signer of the certificate is entirely honest and honorable, as we would like to believe every member of the noble art of healing, how are his opinions to be relied upon in cases of alleged insanity? how often do any two physicians agree as to the particular character or treatment of that or of any other malady? The difficulty of deciding in this matter is expressed in a leader in the "London Times," and cited in Dr. Bucknill's "Prize Essay on Criminal Lunacy": "Nothing can be more slightly defined than the line of demarcation between sanity and insanity. Physicians and lawyers have vexed themselves with attempts at definition in a case *where definition is impossible*. Make it too narrow, it becomes meaningless; make it too wide, the whole human race are involved in the drag-net. In strictness, we are all mad when we give way to passion, to prejudice, to vice, to vanity; but if all the passionate, prejudiced, vicious, and vain people in the world are to be locked up as lunatics, who is to keep the key of the asylum?"

In a case which occurred in Scot-

land, counsel for the asylum asked the alleged lunatic, who said he had £1,200 in bank, and received £20 for interest, How much was that per cent? He said he could not tell, he was no good hand at arithmetic. The counsel for the prisoner afterwards put the same question to one of the medical witnesses who had signed the certificate; and this witness, an educated man, confessed himself quite unable to answer it, though he had signed the certificate on the strength of the other's ignorance.

In the case of Mrs. Cumming ("Journal of Psychological Medicine") the conflict of medical testimony was even greater than is usual in such cases, — a cloud of medical experts swearing to their opinions in the most positive terms, one half for her sanity and the other moiety against it.

Among cases well calculated to show the conflict of medical evidence is that of the late Mr. W. F. Windham, cited in "Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence." The trial lasted thirty-three days, during which time one hundred and forty physicians were examined, — ninety in favor of the gentleman's sanity, and fifty against it. At the conclusion of this case, it was gravely proposed to exclude medical testimony altogether in cases of alleged insanity, except in so far as it was based on *facts* within the personal knowledge of the witnesses.

And it should be remembered, — though physicians seldom or never do remember it, or else they are altogether ignorant of the fact, in signing these certificates, which consign their victims to charnel-houses of the mind, — that any degree of vice or folly is perfectly consistent with sanity, in the legal sense. A man may, through ignorance or viciousness, do many grossly foolish things; but he is permitted a liberty of choice and freedom of action in them, until his folly leads him to infringe the law, in which case he may not plead insanity, but is held sternly responsible for his actions.

In conversation with medical men on the subject of insanity, they will often admit, as to a particular case coming under their observation, that there are no illusions in the patient's mind, that his memory is unimpaired, that he talks clearly and sensibly on ordinary topics, that there are no indications of violence, that his general health is excellent; but when it is indignantly demanded, What is the type of his insanity? the reply is likely to be, that "it would be difficult to give an exact definition, but it may be termed *emotional insanity*." By such subtleties as these the liberty of any citizen may be frittered away.

That the wise, honorable, and virtuous physician will not abuse the power this monstrous law gives him is no reason why he should ever have it; nor is it any reason why the ignorant, dishonest, and wicked quack, endowed by the same college with the same diploma as his more honest brother, should be clothed with such power.

The whole subject is worthy of official notice and reform; for, while the law remains unchanged, every man should "take a bond of fate" against his physician, not knowing but that to-morrow some enemy or some heir, covetous of his generous estate, may summon the doctor to consign him to a madhouse. There should be some statutory regulation as to the degree of aberration of mind justifying detention, and provision made for a hearing before a board of magistrates, and a sworn jury of twelve, composed of men of strong and sterling sense; for, as it is, the liberties of the sons of a Mexican Republic stand upon an immortal foundation compared with the vaunted freedom of our most eminent citizen. It is time that our legislators threw around him this additional security, and not until it is done shall we have reached that point of personal safety demanded by the spirit and enlightenment of the age.

DID HE TAKE THE PRINCE TO RIDE?

HOW should I know? The Prince never told me anything about it. I never saw the Prince but twice, — once was out by the old Francis House, in Brookline, where I rode into a pasture that 'Zyness might pass by with his suite, — and once was as he came in from Cambridge on the old Concord Turnpike, when I and my wife sat in the buggy and joined in general enthusiasm. There is a photograph of him in the tray there; but he never told me, nor did the photograph, whether Haliburton took him to ride. Don't ask me.

Haliburton does not know himself. He thought he took him to ride; and he came to our house, and told me and my wife he had done so. But when he read the "Advertiser" the next day, the "Advertiser" said the Prince went with the City Government to see the House of Correction, the Insane Hospital, the Mount Hope Cemetery, or some of the other cheerful entertainments which are specially provided for distinguished strangers. So Haliburton was a little dashed, thought perhaps he had been sold; and to this hour, when we want to stir him up a little, we ask him, "Did he take the Prince to ride?"

This is the story: —

The afternoon of the day when his Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Grand Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Count of Chester, Count of Carrick and Dublin, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, visited the University at Cambridge in New England, left his autograph in the library, and inspected a room or two in Holworthy, — of the day when, as above, I backed the buggy into a corner for 'Zyness to pass, and attempted vainly to entice the burghers of Cambridgeport into a unanimous cheer, — this day, I say, he visited, with a few friends, the beautiful library of the Historical Society in Tremont Street; the most attractive public book-room, let me say, in New England, and therefore the best public lion in Boston. There he saw the Dowse Library, the pen that signed the Articles of Confederation, the Manchester velvet small-clothes of Franklin, and the curious swords from Prescott's library. These are the swords of the English Captain Linzee, who first opened fire on Bunker Hill, — and of the Yankee Colonel Prescott, who had thrown up its fortification. Prescott's grandson, the historian, married Linzee's granddaughter; and so, in that household, the two swords worn that day by the two chiefs came lovingly together. Blessed be the omen! These curiosities, and others, the Prince saw; he expressed a kind interest in them; asked for an autograph of Washington for his brother Alfred, which some gentleman gave him, and went away.

Haliburton happened to be there, — or says he was there, — and it is there that the story begins. How Haliburton came to be there I am sure I do not know. He is not a member of the society, and probably never will be. We tell him he smuggled himself in from the street, and was mistaken by his hosts for one of the delegation from Prince Edward's Island. But being there, — if he were there, — and talking with one of those thoroughly intelligent gentlemen of the Prince's suite, who have left behind them such pleasant memories here, — Haliburton said that it was a pity the Prince should see only those things in which America could not, from the nature of the case, rival other countries, and in which, of course, she had least that was individual or of special interest. "History," said Haliburton, must, of course, "be the element of least interest of all in the country whose past is the shortest of any." And so he went on to say, that, almost from the nature of the case, the Prince, like all other travellers, was

seeing just those things in which nations most resemble each other, and was seeing least of the peculiarities of domestic life which make nations what they are, and different from each other.

This gentleman, whose name Haliburton never told me, if he knew, — and if he had, I would not tell you, — said this was true enough; but he did not see how the matter could be mended. Only the Calif Alraschid could get into the private life of his people; and it might be doubted whether the Vizier Jaffir had not sold the Calif in each of the celebrated visits of inspection. As Haliburton had said, private life, because it was private, could not be seen in a public visit of ceremony.

As to this, Haliburton said, where there was a will there was a way. If the Prince, or any gentleman of his suite, wanted to see private life in Boston, almost any man of sense in Boston could show it to him. Whether that was what the *cortége* was here for Haliburton did not know. He had sometimes doubted whether princes saw much of domestic life outside of palaces at home, — or if they wanted to.

His friend laughed, and said he could not say. But he did think that, abroad, a traveller, as keen as his Royal Highness, wanted to see what there was; and he ventured to say that he would be very much obliged to any American gentleman who could put him in the way of seeing how people lived. And so their talk ran on, rather more into detail; and it ended in Haliburton's promising to call in his buggy at the side-door of the Revere House at ten o'clock the next day, and see if there was anybody who cared to drive round Boston with him. Not a word was said to the Prince, or the Duke of Newcastle, nor to General Bruce. The visit to the Library was ended, and they all went home.

The next morning Haliburton had Peg harnessed, and, at the stroke of ten, drove up at the Bulfinch Street door. Then, he says, as sure as Peg is a living horse, at the moment, before he had time to get out of the carriage, the door of the hotel opened, and a slight young man, of fresh, ruddy face, with a very shiny hat, looking as if it had been bought that morning, stepped quickly down, looked up brightly in his face, asked if it were Mr. Haliburton, and stepped in, — Haliburton making room for him, but actually not leaving his seat. If he had said, "Are you the Prince of Wales?" there could be no question now like that at the head of this article. But he did not say anything of the kind. Either he was dashed by the presence of royalty *in posse*, or he felt too certain of his passenger to ask, or he felt modest and thought it would be impertinent. The young gentleman took the left side of the seat. Haliburton lifted the reins. Peg started, and they drove through Bowdoin Square into Green Street, and the expedition had began.

After a word or two of mutual civility, Haliburton asked his friend how much time he could give him. He said it was arranged that they were all to lunch together at three, and that till that time he would be at Haliburton's service. Haliburton then said that he had undertaken to show him how people lived, — that, if he might direct the morning, he would try to bring into it as much variety as possible. He would show his friend how an Irish emigrant lived in the first month after his landing. He would show him how another Irish emigrant lived after he had been here five years. He would show him how a Vermont mechanic lived, who had moved here from the country, and was at work on wages. He would show him how the same man's cousin lived, who had been twenty years in active life, and had made his fortune. He would show him as well how another emigrant family lived when the father took to drink and went to the dogs. And he would show him how the staid old Bostonian lived, who had Copley's pictures of his great-grandfathers hanging in the hall and in the dining-room, — who had other grandfathers who sold stay-laces in Pudding Lane, — but who, for all that, descended from high-

er families, who came over in Winthrop's fleet. "This is a small town," said Haliburton, "and I think we can do this, though not in this order perhaps, before the time you name."

I asked Haliburton once how he called his incog. companion, — whether he said "Uryness" to him, or "Prince," or assumed the familiar "Albert." But Haliburton said, "Do I call you 'Ingham' all the time, or 'Colonel,' or 'Parson,' or 'Fred,' or do I say 'you'? I said 'you' to the young man, whoever he was, and he said 'you' to me."

I may not get the order of their morning calls rightly. I ought to say, to Haliburton's credit, that, whenever I have heard him tell the story, he has told it at very great length, and with much detail. I hope this is not important; for what with not listening always, and with forgetting, I am not very strong on the details. But I am sure as to the general drift of the expedition.

They brought up first, say in Seneca Street, or one of the parallels, at a three-story tenement house. Haliburton jumped out, fastened the horse by his iron weight, which he wound around the lamp-post, and which was a novelty to his companion, who inspected the simple machinery, and asked about it with interest. Haliburton bade him follow, opened the front door without knocking, and pushed up two flights of stairs. The passage was dark, and had that odious man-smell which most school-houses and prisons have, some hospitals even, and the halls of all tenement-houses which are not kept under very strict *régime*. A few of the banisters were knocked out from the balustrade.

Arrived at the third story back, Haliburton knocked. "Come in!" And they went in. A room twelve by fourteen. The floor white with sand and elbow-grease, and a six-foot-square bit of worn carpet in the middle. A Banner stove, size No. 3½, well cleaned with black lead, without fire, in front. On the mantel, a china image of St. Joseph with the infant Saviour; a canary-bird, in wax, fastened on some green leaves; a large shell from the West Indies; a kerosene lamp; three leather-covered books without titles on their backs; a paper of friction matches; and a small flower-pot with a bit of ivy in it, — placed in the order I name, going from right to left. On the wall behind, a colored lithograph of Our Mother of the Bleeding Heart, — her bosom anatomically laid open that the heart might be seen, — and the color represented accurately by the artist; another colored lithograph of Father Mathew; and a Connecticut clock, with the fight of the Constitution and Guerriere. Between the windows another colored lithograph, "Kathleen Mavourneen"; table under it; a rocking-chair; four wooden chairs; another table between the doors; small bedstead in one corner. All this I can describe so accurately because I was often there, and recollect the room as well as this I am in.

Mrs. Rooney rises, as they enter, from a settee on rockers, across two thirds of the front of which is a rail, — convenient cradle and rocking-chair joined, — puts by Rooney *fils* in the cradle part, and steps forward cheerfully, neat as wax, trig and bright.

"How d' ye do, Mrs. Rooney?"

"Very well, Mr. Haliburton; and welcome to you. Won't you gentlemen take seats?"

"This is my friend Mr. Edward; Mrs. Rooney; he is riding with me to-day."

Mrs. Rooney quickly, a little clumsily, takes the shiny hat, with Haliburton's felt, puts them both on the table, quite unconscious that she is serving the son of her sovereign (if, indeed, that day Haliburton *did* take the Prince to ride). That was the first and last that passed between her and him during the call. He kept his eyes open; beckoned to little Phil Rooney, who stood in the corner with his thumb in his mouth, but the boy would not come. Not that he knew a Saxon from a Kelt. Duke of Saxony was all one to him with Brian Boroghue; he would have come to neither. The Prince (if it was the

Prince) had no pence or lozenges, or did not know enough to produce them. The conversation was all between Haliburton and Mrs. Rooney.

"Children well?"

Yes, pretty well; Phil there cutting some back teeth; Terence, a bad cold, but wanted to go to school again; and Miss Cutter had been round, and wanted him to go, and so he had gone.

"All three at school now?"

"Yes, Delia — Bridget, that is, but she likes us to call her Delia — is at school still. If I found a good place at service, I would take her away. But she is particular, and so am I. Terry, he would be glad enough to be out; but his father says, 'No; if there 's a chance for learning, the boy must have it.' And the boy, if he is my boy, is a good boy to mind; and, if he is fond of play, he does well at school too. Yonder is his last certificate, and there is the other which he had in Miss Young's room."

Delia, it seems, or Bridget, has three certificates; but her father has sent them all to Borriscarra, County Mayo, province of Connaught. Terry's are framed in mahogany, and hang above the Prince's head (if indeed it were H. R. H.).

"And how did the children stand the summer?" They had not stood it too well. Dreadfully close some of those hot nights! Delia made a visit of a week at Malden, and Terry made friends with a boy whose father sailed from Beverly for mackerel, so that he was away all the vacations; but for Mrs. Rooney and the little children it was hard. Indeed, Mrs. Rooney often thought of the bit cottage, a mile outside Borriscarra, as you go to Ballintubber, and could not but wish that her children had the chance to run outdoors that she had there. On this, H. R. H. (if it were he) showed signs of curiosity, and Haliburton, having waited in vain for him to ask the question he wanted to, put it himself.

"And would not you like to go back again, Mrs. Rooney, and show them the children, and live in the old cottage again?"

"Indade, no, your honors. Dick has just sent out fifty-five dollars for the old people, and we expect them before Christmas here. What should we do at Borriscarra? The times are harder there than iver. Nothing has gone well with them since the Queen took the spinning-wheels away!"

(Expression of surprise on the younger man's face. But he says nothing.)

"Then why does not Dick go up country, take a bit land there and a horse, and let the children play about as you and he did?" persisted the persevering Haliburton. And for an answer he was told that indeed Dick would be glad to do so, and that he had had a good deal of talk with a man they dealt with at the yard, who owned a marble-quarry near Rutland. But Bridget must be at service soon. She could not yet find a good place for her; and they were very well off as they were, and so on and so on, and so forth and so forth. Haliburton knew too much to make a fuss with his advice, seized his felt, gave his companion his stove-pipe, and they retired.

"What did she mean about the spinning-wheels?" said the Englishman, as they started again. And Haliburton told him that there was a popular superstition among five or six millions of her Majesty's subjects, to the effect that the decline of house-spinning was due to an edict of the Queen, that spinning should be done in factories rather than at firesides. And as they talked thus, they came into Osborn Place, — and Haliburton took his friend into an up-stairs parlor of one of the pretty suites of a "model lodging-house."

It is very odd how this word "model" is changing its meaning, when you apply it to such places. Often and often it is given to some wretched huddle of crowded rooms, which never should be model or pattern for anything. I am not sure but its technical use in connection with lodging-houses is due to some model houses of Prince Albert's,

this boy's own father. However this may be, the houses in Osborn Place are models which I wish the cities of the world would largely follow. Up stairs and up stairs, a good many flights, they ran, Haliburton leading. He rang at the door-bell when they reached the right landing, and pretty Caroline Freeman opened to them, and ushered them in.

"I beg your pardon," said the voluble Haliburton, "for calling before hours, but you and I are not formal, you know. My friend was shy of coming up, but I said you would not mind. Mr. Edward, Miss Freeman," — and she offered them chairs, in her pretty parlor, and they sat down. A bright view — I know not how many miles — through the vines and other greenery of her windows; a cheerful glow from the bright carpet; a good water-color by her brother, — scene in the harbor of Shanghae, or Bussora, or somewhere outlandish, no matter; and a good chromolith. But, to my mind, always the prettiest ornament was Caroline herself, and I believe her visitors thought so then.

Haliburton's real object was accomplished when they had sat long enough to give his companion a chance to see the room, but he had to make an excuse for coming at all. He was going down to Buzzard's Bay for some shooting. Could not Fred come with him? Say start on Thursday and be back Tuesday?

Caroline would ask Fred, but doubted. Wished Fred would go, for Fred was low-spirited and blue. He had been disappointed about the opening at Naguadavick; they had determined, after all, not to start their steam-mill this winter. Fred had had full promise of the charge of the engine-room there, as Haliburton knew; but this threw him out again, — and times were dull everywhere, and he said he was fated to get nothing. He had been talking with the chief at the navy-yard, who was an old friend of his; but there was no chance there, and no chance that there would be a chance. She would rather Fred should go to sea again; he was always better at sea.

"And how is your mother?" — at which moment that lady appeared.

I never can describe people, but you all of you know just one nice person, who, at forty, looks for sweetness as if she were seventeen, and for serenity as if she were seventy. Well, Mrs. Freeman, Caroline's mother, is the one I know. She would not own she was ill, though she was; she said she was a great deal better than she had been, and would be a great deal better the next day, — for all which it was clear enough that both of them were delicate. A pity they should have to rough it through here in this *vilain* winter. But she parried all talk about herself, and in a moment was making "Mr. Edward" talk; had he been travelling far? was it his first visit West? was he fond of sporting? were the Western grouse like the Scotch? and, before he knew it, the young Englishman was talking rapidly; Haliburton chuckling, and withdrawing with Caroline into an aside, showing her a memorandum he had in his note-book. This done, the other two were not done. So Haliburton and she kept on; — her maiden article in "Merry's Museum"; Ingham's (that 's my) sermon of Sunday at the chapel; the Philharmonic programme for the winter; Lucy Coleman's new piano, which Lucy said should be at Caroline's use for the winter while Lucy was in Cuba, and so on, and so on. At last, Haliburton looked at his watch, and told the young gentleman they must go; and so tore him away while he was telling how they ran the rapids at the mouth of the Ottawa.

"Those are nice people," said he; "what class of society are they of?"

"'Umph," mused Haliburton aloud. "Classes do not divide themselves quite so distinctly with us as with you. That is the class of widows in delicate health; who live in an upper story of a model lodging-house, supported by the earnings of a son and daughter, neither of whom is of age. That girl will to-

night be at an evening music party of fifty of the nicest people in Boston, and to-morrow morning she will be in the basement of the first house we went to, teaching her scales on the piano to the daughter of a well-to-do Irish stone-mason, who wants his girl to learn to play, at fifty cents a lesson. "I never thought," added Haliburton, laughing, "that Caroline Freeman would make a good duchess; she has not weight of guns enough, *aplomb*, or self-assertion for a duchess; but, say for a viscountess, she would do nicely, or for a schoolmistress in Dubuque, Iowa. I am not sure which class in society she belongs to."

They both laughed, and Haliburton, following his hand, rather than the plan which he had laid out in the morning, crossed the town, passing the Common, and called on Lucy Coleman, to see what she could tell him about Mrs. Freeman's cough. It is a way Haliburton has of doing one thing at once, — he calls it making one hand wash another; he says he learned it from John Jacob Astor, who told him, the only time Haliburton ever saw him on business (Haliburton's father had a lot of otter-skins) that he should like to settle the matter there and then, that he never might have to think of it again, or see Haliburton himself more. So, I say, Haliburton, forgetting his plan, drove through Charles Street, between the Public Garden and the Common, and called on Lucy Coleman.

"I had not meant to come here," said he to the Prince (if it w. t. P.), as they left the carriage, "but it is as well as if we had gone to see the Copleys. If there are no Copleys here, — and by the way there are, — there are others as good, — Allstons and Champneys."

"You forget that I do not know what Copleys and Allstons and Champneys are. What are they? — people, or things to eat, or fashions of clothes?"

"Oh! I forgot; they are pictures. Copley was a bright boy here, — went to the Latin School, where you were Tuesday, and painted first-rate portraits a hundred years ago; then went to England, and died there twenty years before you were born; left a son you have seen, your old Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst. Allston was a Carolinian, who lived and died with us, painted such landscapes, and such lovely faces. Look there! — " and his friend was by this time absorbed in the exquisite dream of beauty before him.

Miss Lucy came running down stairs. "I saw your carriage, and I would not keep you waiting," she said, and then paused, seeing the stranger, welcomed him, and made no further apology. It was still long before calling-hours, but she had bravely run down in her exquisite morning cashmere. Haliburton was, I think, rather glad that he had been moved to come round here. He had meant fairly to show the Prince what should make a fair average of life, and to put no best foot foremost. He knew, however, that he had lapsed from grace in going up to the Freemans' rooms, — that there were ten people in Osborn Place, not near so pretty as Caroline, where he had an equal right to call. But here he had called fairly. And if the parlors were perfectly furnished and hung, if the half-dozen pictures, all on the line of the eye, were of the choicest, yes, in the world; if the little low book-cases were tempting in what they revealed, and tempting in what they concealed; if the two or three pamphlets and the three or four books that lay loose were of just the latest freshness, and most appetizing qualities; if the cannel coal had just crusted over so that the room was not a bit heated by it, yet so that one dig from the steel poker would wake it to a frenzy of light and life, — was this any fault of his? Had he chosen to come here? or was there not an irresistible destiny which compelled him? Once more he intimated that he brought his friend up, rather than leave him in the carriage; the young man sank in an easy-chair, with a volume of Darley's prints, and Haliburton and Miss Lucy fell to talk about the Freemans.

Had he heard? Did she know? Yes, he knew this, and she knew that, and

both knew this and that, and she had not heard thus, and he did not understand the other, and so on. What had made Haliburton forget the Prince's ride, was his uneasiness about Caroline's flushed face, — which had made her look so pretty, by the way, — and his determination to see whether something could not be done about that and her mother's cough. So in that wild, impulsive way of his, instead of writing a note to Lucy Coleman, he had slammed right over there, before she had even got her morning-dress off, to consult with her.

But nothing could be done about it. Lucy had been more eager than he; Lucy had been begging Caroline to go with her to Charleston, and so to Cuba, and then to Santa Lucia and St. Thomas. Mr. Coleman himself had been interested about it, — knew how much pleasure it would give Lucy, and had been down to call on Mrs. Freeman. But they said they could not break up their establishment. Fred must not be left adrift so little while after he had come home; Fred had himself tried to persuade them, but they would not think of it. As to the cough, Mrs. Freeman was sure it would be better the next week; and, as for the flush, Caroline would not have it talked of at all. So Haliburton had had his ride for his pains. "I wish you could manage it," said the bright young lady, "for I shall lose my journey if something does not come to pass. Papa is discouraged already, and would give it all up in two seconds, if anything else happened amiss. And yet he will not go unless there is somebody I like who will go with me. As if I could not take care of myself! True enough, I dread the idea," she said rather sadly, and Haliburton knew she was thinking of her last journey.

And this was all their *tête-à-tête*. She laughed at him because he never called unless he had an axe to grind, said he had not heard her new piano, and never came to her little musical parties. He said he never was asked; and she said he never came when he was, but had a general invitation. He said there was no time like the present, and went to the piano, and opened it. She readily enough consented to play, asked what she should play, and they both turned to their silent companion, who had put down his "Margaret," and crossed the room.

Then it is that the first bit of evidence as to the question you have asked me comes into the story. For when the young man was asked what Miss Lucy should play, he stammered and blushed, and ha-haed, and bothered generally, and finally screwed himself up to saying that there were some very nice waltzes by Strauss.

Lucy Coleman did n't even let her eyes twinkle. She took care not to look at Haliburton, said "O yes," very sweetly, and blazed away, — two, three, four good brilliant Strauss waltzes. Then the gentlemen thanked her, she rewarded Haliburton by a little scrap of Mozart; he said they must not stay, and tore himself and his young friend away. But when, afterwards, she was told that this young man was the Prince, she said "No." And, to this moment, red-hot pincers would not persuade her that the Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert, would ask her to play one of Strauss's waltzes. It is in vain that we tell her of the glories of Strauss's own orchestra; it is in vain that we dwell on a young boy's early enthusiasm for the Coldstream Guards and their band; in vain that we hint at a fondness for dancing. "Never," she cries; "the blood-royal never asked me for Strauss." I even sent her a stray programme of a concert given at Windsor, when Saxe-Meiningen came on a visit, in which was a selection of these waltzes played for his delectation. She will not be persuaded, nor will my wife, nor will Annie. So much for the high classical!

They went away from Lucy's, crossed the town again, where was a corduroy-road two hundred years ago, and, by way of contrast, they went into one of those man-stys that there used to be in Orange Lane, running back to the

railroad. Thank God, that nuisance is abated now! there are wild beasts hard by, but no wild men there; and I will not tell you what they saw. John Gough would tell such a story better than I should. The man had not been three weeks over from Ireland. He had been drinking the spirits of the new country as he drank the beer of the old, and was wallowing there on the pile of straw on one of those dark back-bins, without a window, dead asleep, if you call that sort of thing "sleep," after last night's "spree." And his wife was in the dirty ten-foot room front, that did have one window, offered her only chair to the son of her Queen (if it were he), and apologized that it had no back, cuffed the child with the dirtiest face, and laid the baby on the straw by its father, that she might render the hospitalities that the position permitted. Ask Mr. Gough for the detail.

Haliburton forgot what sent him there, as he saw the wretchedness. She looked wholly broken down; and he, of course, had no word of reproach for her. But she said she could not keep things nicer, and nobody who saw him would let him have any better room, — how could she leave the children? and what could she do, indeed, but die? What indeed? I do not think Haliburton knew. The younger man wanted to give her money, but Haliburton would not let him. "If you like," said he, "we will send them some meal and potatoes; but money is the most dangerous of drugs, as it is the cheapest, for the relief of suffering. I had no idea things would be so bad, or I should not have brought you here. This place, you see, is a little neater, and this and this quite nice in comparison," as they passed one and another of the open doors of that old rookery.

"Now let us get a little air at the least"; and they drove across the Dover Street Bridge, and came out to my house. I was then living in D Street, over in South Boston. Unfortunately, I was out, and so was Polly. We, as I have said, had seen the Prince in Cambridgeport; so, if we had been in, we could have answered the question. But I was at a meeting of the Board for providing Occupation for the Higher Classes (*mem.* "Boards are made of wood, — they are long and narrow"); and Polly was — I know not where. Haliburton ran in without ringing, upset Agnes and Bertha, found we were out, opened the cake-box himself, and got out doughnuts, and gave an orange also to his companion, besides taking one for himself. Thus refreshed, they started again, — this time, I believe, to hunt up his Vermont mechanic who had lived here twenty years. But, just as they left the house, Wingate Paine came running by; and Haliburton stopped him, and introduced him to Mr. Edward. Mr. Edward was studying tenement-houses, he said. Could Paine take him in the buggy over to Washington Village, and show him how some of their operatives lived there?

Certainly, Wingate could and would, if Mr. Edward would stop a moment at the works. He was already late with his errand there, — but the horse and buggy would correct all that. So they both got into the carriage. Haliburton told Paine to keep it as long as he chose, and betook himself to playing with Agnes and Bertha, and cutting pussy-cats out of paper for Clara and the babies. The clock struck one as these delights engrossed him, — struck two, indeed, before the fifty-second cat had been added to the long procession, and before the rattle of wheels announced the young men's return.

"We took you at your word," said Paine. "I have shown your friend the tenement-houses and half the rest of the town." Haliburton said he was satisfied, if they were, — that there was still full time to meet the latter end of their appointment. Paine bade good by, and Haliburton resumed the reins. His companion told him that, when they came to the iron-works, he had been interested by the processes he saw there, which were, strange to say, new to him; that Mr. Paine offered at once to show him the varieties of South Bos-

ton iron-work. They had been in at Alger's to see cannon cast; they had seen wire drawn at another mill, and, I believe, rails. "Oddly enough," he said, — "though the world is very small, after all, — we met Mr. Coleman at their first establishment, the father of your pretty friend. I think, indeed, Mr. Paine said he was President of their Company." Haliburton said "Yes." "He talked to Mr. Paine about his proposed journey," said the other; "he seemed a little annoyed at the delay; said to Mr. Paine that, if he could get off, he should want to place him in the counting-room in town, and send some one else out to the works; hoped he would like that, for he should be much more at ease if the correspondence were in Paine's hands. Then he was very civil to me, though he did not know me from Adam. He took us across to the Cronstadt Works, and was at the pains to stop one of the rollers for me, that I might see how the power was applied. So I took my first apprenticeship in iron-work. George! it does one good to see those brave fellows handle those hot blooms, push them up so relentlessly to the rolls, and compel the rolls to bite them, whether they will or no! I should have got mad with the machines, but the men seemed to have gained the imperturbability of the great engine itself. And then, when the bloom is once between the rolls, there is nothing more for it but to succumb.

'Fine by degrees and beautifully less,'

with a vengeance; for, before you are done with it, you see the great stupid block transformed into a spinning, spitfire serpent, hundreds of yards long, writhing all over the floor."

This was the longest speech which anything drew from this young gentleman. After following through the various iron-works, giving up Loring's iron ship-yard for lack of time, they had gone to the new tenement-houses, and so back to D Street. As Haliburton crossed the bridge again, his friend reminded him of the meal and potatoes; they stopped at a shop, and ordered these to be delivered to Michael Fogarty, and drove on, with Haliburton's last call in view, when —

Ge-thump; ge-thump again; once more, ge-thump; a sharp strain on the reins, pulling Haliburton over the dasher; dasher, Haliburton, and friend then all rapidly descend into the street, — horse, reins, front-axle, and wheels depart at the rate of 5.20, hind wheels, gentlemen, and buggy-top picking themselves up as they could. There had been something amiss in the paving, the king-bolt had parted, and the buggy had broken in two.

"What I thought of," said Haliburton, "was this, What is the name of this man's oldest brother? For, if I have broken his neck, I have broken the succession. But I had not broken his neck at all. He was up on the other side as soon as I was. His nose was bleeding, but he was laughing. I made a thousand apologies, led him out of the crowd upon the sidewalk, terrified lest we should be recognized; saw to my joy that we were on Adoniram Newton's door-step; rang, and after waiting two or three minutes we were let in."

Curious feature that of half the door-steps in New England! South of Mason and Dixon's line, the instinct of curiosity sends the black servant to the door in two seconds, when the bell rings, to know what has turned up. But with us, Bridget, hard worked, not looking very trig, loiters and loiters, — hopes, indeed, that something may turn up. Carter has a clean little sketch-book, of street incidents, which he has drawn while waiting on door-steps. He keeps it in his ticket-pocket outside. Indeed, it was always said that Wetherell and his wife made each other's acquaintance, and were engaged, on Boston door-steps. Some malicious gossip had started the story that they were engaged, when they did not know each other by sight. They went round to contradict it. The town was smaller than it is now; and they

spent so much time on different door-steps, that, before the report was contradicted, he had offered himself to her, and it was true!

At last Haliburton and friend got into the hall at Adoniram's. Then, with great difficulty, Bridget got the parlor door *unlocked!* It was dark, and had the smell of seven years before on it, as if it had not been opened since Thanksgiving of 1852. Haliburton bade Bridget call her mistress, pulled up the green shades and the other shades with unnecessary indignation, thrust open one set of blinds, and revealed a magnificent velvet carpet of very positive colors, and very large figures. Upon the walls, covering their part of the gilded paper-hangings, were two immense mirrors and four prints, selected for their size, so that they might conceal as much as possible. Two china dancing-girls and an Odd Fellows' Annual made up the ornament of the room. Here again they soon completed their survey of the ornaments; Haliburton stood at the window watching the policemen who watched the wreck of his carriage, chafing as he waited for Mrs. Adoniram; his companion's handkerchief grew redder and redder, and at last she came, radiant in wine-colored moire-antique, gold chain, eye-glass tucked in her belt, showy cap, and so on.

Haliburton made "short explanations," as Neptune said on an occasion not dissimilar. He begged for a basin of water; and so at the very moment when Mrs. Newton was internally fretting because the school committee men for their ward had refused her a ticket to the Music Hall, so that she could not hear the thousand children sing "God Save the Queen" to the Prince, — at that moment, I say, had she but known it, her hands were occupied in unbuttoning his wristbands for him, and in holding the towel, as he chilled the wounded blood-vessels, and stopped the blood of Egbert as, after a thousand years, it dropped from his nose; for that this was the blood of Egbert is certain, whether this were the Prince or no! "Whoever you are, reader," says Dr. Palfrey, wisely, "whose eye lights upon these lines, if you be of Anglo-Saxon lineage, it is certain that the blood of King Egbert runs in your veins! It is as certain that it meets there with the blood of Egbert's meanest thrall!" Haliburton saw the bathing process well started, and then rushed out, to find officer No. 67 leading back Peg after her run, the wheels still whole. The box under the seat furnished a new king-bolt, a New Worcester wrench fitted the new nut, and by the time the Egbert blood was stopped, and the hands were washed, the renovated carriage was at the door. I would give sixpence to know what Mr. Edward had said to Mrs. Adoniram meanwhile, and what she had said to him. Whether he found out how people live in those desolate bowling-alley parlors, or whether he found that they never live there, I do not know. I do not believe that centre-table was ever put to half such useful service before.

"We must give up our last calls," said Haliburton, after he had apologized once more for the accident, and holding Peg in hand a little more carefully; "I had other varieties of home to show you."

"Of course," replied the other, "no two homes are alike, — but, really, what we have seen has interested me immensely. I was thinking," he added in a moment, "that the young man we did not see holds the key of the position."

Haliburton did not understand, and had the sense to say so.

"Why, don't you see, if this young Mr. Freeman, — Fred, his sister called him, — should get a position at sea again, his mother would go to Rehoboth to her sister's, and Miss Caroline could join the Cuba party."

"Of course," said Haliburton.

"If Miss Caroline would say she would go, that impetuous Mr. Coleman and your bright Miss Lucy would sail next week for Charleston."

"I know they would," said Haliburton.

"In that event, Mr. Paine, here, would be promoted into the city counting-room, and his salary would be raised. He would be married, I know; for, though he said no word of it, I could see that he is engaged to somebody."

"It is to Sybil Throop, over in the Arbella School," said Haliburton.

"I think," continued the other, "that such a couple as that, moving into the Freeman's suite of rooms, would like to take Delia Rooney to service, and, if it were my business, I should advise Mrs. Rooney to place her there."

Haliburton stared aghast at these words of wisdom from lips so young.

"Then the Rooneys could go up to the stone-quarry, as she evidently wanted to; and I should think you might arrange that that drunken beast and his wife might be transferred from their den one peg up to the other's better quarters. If I have read to-day's lesson well, it is the lesson of keeping open the lines of promotion. That, Mr. Haliburton, is the duty of a free country!"

And here they came to the private entrance of the Revere again. Haliburton had no moment to answer this address, or even to comment on it. His companion asked him to come in. He declined, and the clock struck three.

Haliburton drove slowly home, meditating on the plan of promotion which the youngster had blocked out for him. He was himself not then married. He was in a Life Office, I think, and had begged a holiday for the day, borrowing Danforth's horse and carriage for this expedition, — as we all did, whenever Danforth was stationed here. He came over at once to our house, and astonished us by telling us, "How he took the Prince to ride!"

But the next morning, as I said, when we read the "Advertiser," it taught us how a guard of police had marched the Prince to the City Hall, and how he and the mayor and aldermen had spent the day in visiting penitentiaries and hospitals.

How could this be?

I do not know. Haliburton does not know. If you write to England they will say General Bruce is dead, and that they do not know themselves. Only the Prince knows, and it is not proper to write to him. Polly and I, who had seen the real Prince, quizzed Haliburton unmercifully. We said he had spent the whole morning with a Canadian dry-goods clerk from Toronto, who had come East, for the first time, to buy an assorted stock of winter goods, and mistook Haliburton for a drummer whom he had met in the hotel reading-room the night before, — and I believe myself it was so.

But the next Tuesday Haliburton had the laugh on us. The Prince bade good by to Boston, went to Portland, and embarked. And the evening of the day he got to Portland Haliburton received from Portland an immense envelope, with an immense seal. Opened, it proved to contain a warrant: —

"For Mr. Frederic Freeman of Boston, appointing him first assistant engineer on her Majesty's steamer Stromboli, with instructions to report at Halifax."

Fred reported at Halifax, and is in the Queen's service to this hour.

Mrs. Freeman broke up housekeeping, and went to Rehoboth or Swansea, and Caroline went to Cuba with the Colemans.

Wingate Paine was promoted to a salary of two thousand dollars, and married Sybil Throop, and went to live in the Freemans' rooms in Osborn Place. They took Delia Rooney for their maid of all work.

The Rooneys went to Chittenden, above Rutland. He owns a marble-quarry in that region now, and gratefully sent Haliburton a present of two gravestones last week.

Haliburton got Mr. Way to let the Rooneys' two rooms to the Fogartys; made Fogarty take the pledge in compensation. He took the place below

Rooney in the stone-yard; and, really, the last time I was there, they were all so decent that I called the oldest girl Delia instead of Margaret, as if she were a Rooney, forgetting that nine years had gone by.

The only person whose condition could not be improved, of all they saw that morning, was Mrs. Adoniram Newton. For she lived in a palace already.

All this I know. But, as I said, I cannot answer, when you ask me, "Did Haliburton take the Prince to ride?"

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE.

THE KYFFHÄUSER AND ITS LEGENDS.

THÜRINGIA, "The Heart of Germany," has for many a century ceased to be a political designation, yet it still lives in the mouths and the songs of the people as the well-beloved name for all that middle region lying between the Hartz on the north and the mountain-chain stretching from the Main to the Elbe on the south. A few points, such as Eisenach, Weimar, and Jena, are known to the tourist; the greater part, although the stage whereon many of the most important events in early and mediæval German history were enacted, has not yet felt the footstep of the curious stranger. From the overthrow of its native monarchy by the Franks, in the sixth century, to the close of the Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth, the fortunes of this land symbolized, in a great measure, those of the Teutonic race. Behind battle and crime and knightly deed sprang up those flowers of legend whose mature seed is Poetry. In no part of Europe do they blossom so thickly as here.

I had already stood in the hall of the Minnesingers on the Wartburg; had crept into the cave of Venus, on the mountain of Tannhäuser; had walked through the Valley of Joy, where the two wives of the Count of Gleichen first met face to face; and had stood on the spot where Winfried, the English apostle, cut down the Druid oaks, and set up in their stead the first altar to Christ. But on the northern border of Thüringia, where its last mountains look across the Golden Mead towards the dark summits of the Hartz, there stands a castle, in whose ruins sleeps the favorite tradition of Germany,—a legend which, changing with the ages, became the embodiment of an idea, and now represents the national unity, strength, and freedom. This is the Kyffhäuser; and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa sleeps under it, in a crypt of the mountain, waiting for the day when the whole land, from the Baltic to the Alps, shall be ready to receive a single ruler. Then he will come forth, and the lost Empire will be restored.

Many a time, looking towards the far-away Brocken from the heights of the Thüringian Forest, had I seen the tower of the Kyffhäuser like a speck on the horizon, and as often had resolved to cross the twenty intervening leagues. The day was appointed and postponed—for years, as it happened; but a desire which is never given up works out its own fulfilment in the course of time, and so it was with mine. It is not always best to track a legend too closely. The airy brow of Tannhäuser's Mountain proved to be very ugly rock and very tenacious clay, when I had climbed it; and I came forth from the narrow slit of a cavern torn, squeezed out of breath, and spotted with tallow. Something of the purple atmosphere of the mountain and the mystery of its beautiful story has vanished since then. But

the day of my departure for the Kyffhäuser was meant for an excursion into dream-land. When the Summer, departing, stands with reluctant feet; when the Autumn looks upon the land, yet has not taken up her fixed abode; when the freshness of Spring is revived in every cloudless morning, and the afternoons melt slowly into smoke and golden vapor, — then comes, for a short space, the season of illusion, of credulity, of winsome superstition.

On such a day I went northward from Gotha into a boundless, undulating region of tawny harvest and stubble fields. The plain behind me, stretching to the foot of the Thüringian Forest, was covered with a silvery shimmering atmosphere, on which the scattered villages, the orchards, and the poplar-bordered highways were dimly blotted, like the first timid sketch of a picture, which shall grow into clear, confident color. Far and wide, over the fields, the peasants worked silently and steadily among their flax, oats, and potatoes, — perhaps rejoicing in the bounty of the sunshine, but too much in earnest to think of singing. Only the harvest of the vine is gathered to music. The old swallows collected their flocks of young on the ploughed land, and drilled them for the homeward flight. The sheep, kept together in a dense gray mass, nibbled diligently among the stubble, guarded only by a restless dog. At a corner of the field the box-house of the shepherd rested on its wheels, and he was probably asleep within it. Wains, laden with sheaves, rumbled slowly along the road towards the village barns. Only the ravens wheeled and croaked uneasily, as if they had a great deal of work to do, and could n't decide what to undertake first.

I stretched myself out luxuriously in the carriage, and basked in the tempered sunshine. I had nothing to do but to watch the mellow colors of the broadening landscape, as we climbed the long waves of earth, stretching eastward and westward out of sight. Those mixed, yet perfect moods, which come equally from the delight of the senses and the release of the imagination, seem to be the very essence of poetry, yet how rarely do they become poetry! The subtile spirit of song cannot often hang poised in thin air; it must needs rest on a basis, however slender, of feeling or reflection. Eichendorff is the only poet to whom completely belongs the narrow border-land of moods and sensations. Yet the key-note of the landscape around me was struck by Tennyson in a single fortunate word, — "In looking on the *happy* Autumn-fields." The earth had finished its summer work for Man, and now breathed of rest and peace from tree, and bush, and shorn stubble, and reviving grass. It was still the repose of lusty life; the beginning of death, the sadness of the autumn, was to come.

In crossing the last hill, before descending to the city of Langensalza, I saw one of the many reverse sides of this fair picture of life. A peasant girl, ragged, dusty, and tired, with a young child in her lap, sat on a stone seat by the wayside. She had no beauty; her face was brown and hard, her hair tangled, her figure rude and strong, and she held the child with a mechanical clasp, in which there was instinct, but not tenderness. Yet it needed but a single glance to read a story of poverty, and of shame and desertion ignorantly encountered and helplessly endured. Here was no acute sense of degradation; only a blind, brutish wretchedness. It seemed to me, as I saw her, looking stolidly into the sunny air, that she was repeating the questions, over and over, without hope of answer: "Why am I in the world? What is to become of me?"

At Langensalza I took a lighter carriage, drawn by a single horse, which was harnessed loosely on the left side of a long pole. Unfortunately I had a garrulous old driver, who had seen something of last year's battle, and supposed that nothing could interest me more than to know precisely where certain Prussian regiments were posted. Before I had divined his intention, he

left the highway, and carried me across the fields to the top of the Jews' Hill, which was occupied at the commencement of the battle by the Prussian artillery. The turf is still marked with the ragged holes of the cannon-balls. In the plain below, many trees are slowly dying from an overdose of lead. In the fields which the farmers were ploughing one sees here and there a headstone of granite or an iron crucifix; but all other traces of the struggle have disappeared. The little mill, which was the central point of the fight, has been well repaired; only some cannon-balls, grim souvenirs, are left sticking in the gable-wall. A mile farther, across the Unstrut, at the commencement of the rising country, is the village of Merxleben, where the Hanoverians were posted. Its streets are as dull and sleepy as ever before. Looking at the places where the plaster has been knocked off the houses, one would not guess the instruments by which it was done.

Some distance farther, at a safe height, my old man halted beside two poplars. "Here," he said, "the King of Hanover stood." Did he keep up the mimicry of sight, I wonder, while the tragedy was going on? This blind sovereign represents the spirit of monarchy in its purest essence. Though totally blind, from a boy, he pretends to see, because — the people must perceive no defect in a king. When he rides out, the adjutants on both sides are attached to his arms by fine threads; and he is thus guided, while appearing to guide himself. He visits picture-galleries, admires landscapes, and makes remarks upon the good or ill appearance of his courtiers. After the battle of Langensalza, which he pretended to direct, he sent his uniform to the museum at Hanover, with some straws and wheat-blades from the field where he stood sewed upon it in various places! Other monarchs of Europe have carried the tattered trappings of absolutism into a constitutional form of government, but none of them has been so exquisitely consistent as this man.

We plodded forward over vast tawny waves of landscape, as regular as the swells of the sea. All this territory, once so rich and populous, was reduced to a desert during the Thirty Years' War, and two centuries have barely sufficed to reclaim it. After that war, Germany possessed only twenty-five per cent of the men, the cattle, and the dwellings which she owned when it began, and this was the least of the evil. The new generation had grown up in insecurity, in idleness, immorality, and crime; the spirit of the race was broken, its blood was tainted, and it has ever since then been obliged to struggle from decadence into new power. We must never lose sight of these facts when we speak of the Germany of the present day. Well for us that we have felt only the shock and struggle, the first awakening of the manly element, not the later poison of war!

After more than two hours on the silent, lonely heights, — scarcely a man being here at work in the fields or abroad on the road, — I approached a little town called Ebeleben, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen. The driver insisted on baiting his horse at the "municipal tavern," as it was called; and I remembered that in the place lived a gentleman whom I had met nine years before. Everybody knew the Amtsrath; he was at home; it was the large house beside the castle. Ebeleben was a former residence of the princes; but now its wonderful rococo gardens have run wild, the fountains and waterfalls are dry, the stone statues have lost their noses and arms, and the wooden sentries posted at all the gates have rotted to pieces. The remains are very funny. Not a particle of melancholy can be attached to the decayed grotesque.

I went into the court-yard of the house to which I had been directed. A huge parallelogram of stone and steep roofs enclosed it; there were thirteen ploughs in a row on one side, and three mountains of manure on the other. As no person was to be seen, I mounted the first flight of steps, and found my-

self in a vast, antiquated kitchen. A servant, thrusting her head from behind a door, told me to go forward. Pantries and store-rooms followed, passages filled with antique household gear, and many a queer nook and corner; but I at last reached the front part of the building, and found its owner. His memory was better than I had ventured to hope; I was made welcome so cordially, that only the sad news that the mistress of the house lay at the point of death made my visit brief. The Amtsrath, who farms a thousand acres, led me back to the tavern through his garden, saying, "We must try and bear all that comes to us," as I took leave.

A few years ago there was a wild, heathery moorland, the haunt of gypsies and vagabonds, beyond Ebeleben. Now it is all pasture and grain-field, of thin and barren aspect, but steadily growing better. The dark-blue line I had seen to the north, during the day, now took the shape of hills covered with forest, and the road passed between them into the head of a winding valley. The green of Thüringian meadows, the rich masses of beech and oak, again refreshed my eyes. The valley broadened as it fell, and the castle and spires of Sondershausen came into view. An equipage, drawn by four horses, came dashing up from a side-road. There were three persons in it; the short, plain-faced man in a felt hat was the reigning prince, Günther von Schwarzburg. There was not much of his illustrious namesake, the Emperor, in his appearance; but he had an honest, manly countenance, and I thought it no harm to exchange greetings.

I think Sondershausen must be the quietest capital in Europe. It is said to have six thousand inhabitants, about two hundred of whom I saw. Four were walking in a pleasant, willow-shaded path beside the mills; ten were wandering in the castle-park; and most of the remainder, being children, were playing in the streets. When I left, next morning, by post for the nearest railway station, beyond the Golden Mead, I was the only passenger. But the place is well built, and has an air of contentment and comfort.

I was here on the southern side of the mountain ridge which is crowned by the Kyffhäuser, and determined to cross to Kelbra, in the Golden Mead, at its northern base. The valley was draped in the silver mists of the morning as I set out; and through them rose the spire of Jechaburg, still bearing the name of the Druid divinity there overthrown by the apostle Winfried. But there was another point in the landscape where my fancy settled, — the Trauenberg, at the foot of which was fought the first great *Hunnenschlacht* (Battle of the Huns). When that gallant Emperor, Henry the Bird-Snarer, sent a mangy dog to Hungary, instead of the usual tribute, he knew and prepared for the consequences of his act. The Huns burst into Germany; he met and defeated them, first here, and then near Merseburg (A. D. 933), so utterly that they never again attempted invasion. Kaulbach's finest cartoon represents one or the other of these battles. Those fierce groups of warriors, struggling in a weird atmosphere, made the airy picture which I saw. One involuntarily tries to vivify history, and the imagination holds fast to any help.

After an hour and a half among the hills, I saw the Golden Mead, — so bright, so beautiful, that I comprehended the love which the German emperors, for centuries, manifested for it. I looked across a level valley, five or six miles wide, meadows green as May interrupting the bands of autumnal gold, groves and winding lines of trees marking the watercourses, stately towns planted at intervals, broad, ascending slopes of forest beyond, and the summit of the Brocken crowning all. East and west, the Mead faded out of sight in shining haze. It is a favored region. Its bounteous soil lies low and warm, sheltered by the Hartz; it has an earlier spring and a later summer than any other part of Northern Germany. This I knew, but I was

not prepared to find it, also, a delight to the eye. Towards Nordhausen the green was dazzling, and there was a blaze of sunshine upon it which recalled the plain of Damascus.

At Kelbra, I looked in vain for the Kyffhäuser, though so near it; an intervening summit hides the tower. On the nearest headland of the range, however, there is a ruined castle called the Rothenburg, which has no history worth repeating, but is always visited by the few who find their way hither. I procured a small boy as guide, and commenced my proper pilgrimage on foot. An avenue of cherry-trees gave but scanty shade from the fierce sun, while crossing the level of the Golden Mead; but, on reaching the mountain, I found a path buried in forests. It was steep, and hard to climb; and I soon found reason for congratulation in the fact that the summit has an altitude of only fifteen hundred feet. It was attained at last; the woods, which had been nearly impenetrable, ceased, and I found myself in front of a curious cottage, with a thatched roof, built against the foot of a tall round tower of other days. There were benches and tables under the adjoining trees; and a solid figure, with a great white beard, was moving about in a semi-subterranean apartment, inserted among the foundations of the castle.

Had it been the Kyffhäuser, I should have taken him for Barbarossa. The face reminded me of Walt Whitman, and, verily, the man proved to be a poet. I soon discovered the fact; and when he had given us bread and beer, he brought forth, for my purchase, the third edition of "Poems by the Hermit of the Rothenburg," published by Brockhaus, Leipzig. His name is Friedrich Beyer. His parents kept an inn on ground which became the battle-field of Jena, three or four years after he was born. His first recollection is of cannon, fire, and pillage. This is all that I learned of his history; his face suggests a great deal more. The traces of old passions, ambitions, struggles, and disappointments have grown faint from the exercise of a cheerful philosophy. He is proud to be called a poet, yet serves refreshments with as much alacrity as any ordinary *kellner*.

After a time he brought an album, saying: "I keep this for such poets as happen to come, but there are only two names, perhaps, that you have ever heard,—Ludwig Storch and Müller von der Werra. Uhland was once in the Hartz, but he never came here. Rückert and a great many others have written about the Kyffhäuser and Barbarossa; but the poets, you know, depend on their fancies, rather than on what they see. I can't go about and visit them, so I can only become acquainted with the few who travel this way."

He then took an immense tin speaking-trumpet, stationed himself on a rock, pointed the trumpet at an opposite ridge of the mountain, and bellowed forth four notes which sounded like the voice of a dying bull. But, after a pause of silence, angels replied. Tones of supernatural sweetness filled the distant air, fading slowly upwards, until the blue, which seemed to vibrate like a string that has been struck, trembled into quiet again. It was wonderful! I have heard many echoes, but no other which so marvellously translates the sounds of earth into the language of heaven. "Do you notice," said the poet, "how one tone grows out of the others, and silences them? Whatever sound I make, that same tone is produced, — not at first, but it comes presently from somewhere else, and makes itself heard. I call it *reconciliation*, — atonement; the principle in which all human experience must terminate. You will find a poem about it in my book."

The Rothenburg has been a ruin for about three hundred years. It was a small castle, but of much more elegant and symmetrical architecture than most of its crumbling brethren. The trees which have grown up in court-yard and hall have here and there overthrown portions of the walls, but a number of handsome Gothic portals and windows remain. The round tower appears to have belonged to a much earlier struc-

ture. The present picturesque beauty of the place compensates for the lack of history and tradition. Its position is such that it overlooks nearly the whole extent of the Golden Mead and the southern slope of the Hartz, — a hemisphere of gold and azure at the time of my visit. It was a day which had strayed into September out of midsummer. Intense, breathless heat filled the earth and sky, and there was scarcely a wave of air, even upon that summit.

The Kyffhäuser is two or three miles farther eastward, upon the last headland of the range, in that direction. The road connecting the two castles runs along the crest, through forests of the German oak, as is most fit. Taking leave of the poet, and with his volume in my pack, I plodded forward in the shade, attended by "spirits twain," invisible to my young guide. Poetry walked on my right hand, Tradition on my left. History respectfully declined to join the party; the dim, vapory, dreamful atmosphere did not suit her. Besides, in regard to the two points concerning which I desired to be enlightened she could have given me little assistance. Why was the dead Barbarossa supposed to be enchanted in a vault under the Kyffhäuser, a castle which he had never made his residence? Fifteen years ago, at the foot of the Taurus, in Asia Minor, I had stood on the banks of the river in which he was drowned; and in Tyre I saw the chapel in which, according to such history as we possess, his body was laid. Then, why should he, of all the German emperors, be chosen as the symbol of a political resurrection? He defied the power of the popes, and was placed under the ban of the Church; he gained some battles, and lost others; he commenced a crusade, but never returned from it; he did something towards the creation of a middle class, but in advance of the time when such a work could have been appreciated. He was evidently a man of genius and energy, of a noble personal presence, and probably possessed that individual magnetism, the effect of which survives so long among the people; yet all these things did not seem to constitute a sufficient explanation.

The popularity of the Barbarossa legend, however, is not to be ascribed to anything in the Emperor's history. In whatever way it may have been created, it soon became the most picturesque expression of the dream of German unity, — a dream to which the people held fast, while the princes were doing their best to make its fulfilment impossible. Barbarossa was not the first, nor the last, nor the best of the great Emperors; but the legend, ever wilful in its nature, fastened upon him, and Art and Literature are forced to accept what they find already accepted by the people. This seemed to me, then, to be the natural explanation, and I am glad to find it confirmed in the main points by one of the best living writers of Germany. The substance of the popular tradition is embodied in this little song of Rückert: —

"The ancient Barbarossa,
Friedrich, the Kaiser great,
Within the castle-cavern
Sits in enchanted state.

"He did not die; but ever
Waits in the chamber deep,
Where, hidden under the castle,
He sat himself, to sleep.

"The splendor of the Empire
He took with him away,
And back to earth will bring it
When dawns the chosen day.

"The chair is ivory purest
Whereof he makes his bed;
The table is of marble
Whereon he props his head.

"His beard, not flax, but burning
With fierce and fiery glow,
Right through the marble table
Beneath his chin doth grow.

"He nods in dreams, and winketh
With dull, half-open eye,
And, once an age, he beckons
A page that standeth by.

"He bids the boy in slumber:
'O dwarf, go up this hour,
And see if still the ravens
Are flying round the tower.

"'And if the ancient ravens
Still wheel above me here,
Then must I sleep enchanted
For many a hundred year.'"

Half-way from the Rothenburg, after passing a curious pyramid of petrified wood, I caught sight of the tower of the Kyffhäuser, a square, dark-red mass, towering over the oak woods. The path dwindled to a rude forest road, and the crest of the mountain, on the left, hid from view the glimmering level of the Golden Mead. I saw nothing but the wooded heights on the right, until, after climbing a space, I found myself suddenly in the midst of angular mounds of buried masonry. The "Kaiser Friedrich's tower," eighty feet high and about thirty feet square, appeared to be all that remained of the castle. But the extensive mounds over which I stumbled were evidently formed from the *débris* of roofs and walls, and something in their arrangement suggested the existence of vaults under them. The summit of the mountain, four or five hundred feet in length, is entirely covered with the ruins. A cottage in the midst, occupied by three wild women, is built over an ancient gateway, the level of which is considerably below the mounds; and I felt sure, although the women denied it, that there must be subterranean chambers. They permitted me, in consideration of the payment of three cents, to look through a glass in the wall, and behold a hideous picture of the sleeping Emperor. Like Macbeth's witches, they cried in chorus: —

"Show! show!
Show his eyes and grieve his heart;
Take his money, and let him depart!"

That, and a bottle of bad beer, which my small boy drank with extraordinary facility, was all the service they were willing to render me. But the storied peak was deserted; the vast ring of landscape basked in the splendid day; the ravens were flying around the tower; and there were seats at various points where I could rest at will and undisturbed. The Kyffhäuser was so lonely that its gnomes might have allowed the wonder-flower to grow for me, and have opened their vaults without the chance of a profane foot following. I first sketched the tower, to satisfy Duty; and then gave myself up to the guidance of Fancy, whose face, on this occasion, was not to be distinguished from that of Indolence. There was not a great deal to see, and no discoveries to make; but the position of the castle was so lordly, the view of the Golden Mead so broad and beautiful, that I could have asked nothing more. I remembered, as I looked down, the meadows of Tarsus, and pictured to myself, in the haze beyond the Brocken, the snow summits of the Taurus. "What avails the truth of history?" I reflected; "I know that Barbarossa never lived here, yet I cannot banish his shadowy figure from my thoughts. Nay, I find myself on the point of believing the legend."

The word "Kyffhäuser" means, simply, "houses on the peak" (*kippe* or *kuppe*). The people, however, have a derivation of their own. They say that, after Julius Cæsar had conquered the Thüringian land, he built a castle for his prætor on this mountain, and called it *Confusio*, to signify the state to which he had reduced the ancient monarchy. Long afterwards, they add, a stag was found in the forest, with a golden collar around its neck, on which were the words: "Let no one hurt me; Julius gave me my liberty." The date of the foundation of the castle cannot be determined. It was probably a residence, alternately, of the Thüringians and Franks, in the early Christian centuries; the German emperors afterwards occasionally inhabited it; but it was ruined in the year 1189, just before the departure of Barbarossa for the Orient. Afterwards rebuilt, it appears to have been finally overthrown and deserted in the fourteenth century. It is a very slender history which I have to relate; but, as I said before, History did not accompany me on the pilgrimage.

The Saga, however, — whose word is often as good as the written record, — had a great deal to say. She told me, first, that the images and ideas of a religion live among the people for ages after the creed is overthrown;

that the half of a faith is simply *transferred*, not changed. Here is the thread by which the legend of the Kyffhäuser may be unravelled. The gods of the old Scandinavian and Teutonic mythology retreated into the heart of certain sacred mountains during the winter, and there remained until the leaves began to put forth in the forests, when the people celebrated their reappearance by a spring festival, the Druid Pentecost. When Christianity was forced upon the land, and the names of the gods were prohibited, the prominent chiefs and rulers took their place. Charlemagne sat with his paladins in the Untersberg, near Salzburg, under the fortress of Nuremberg, and in various other mountains. Two centuries later, Otto the Great was, in like manner, invested with a subterranean court; then, after an equal space of time, came Barbarossa's turn. Gustav Freytag,* to whom I am indebted for some interesting information on this point, read to me, from a Latin chronicle of the year 1050, the following passage: "This year there was great excitement among the people, from the report that a ruler would come forth and lead them to war. Many believed that it would be Charlemagne; but many also believed that it would be another, whose name cannot be mentioned." This other was Wuotan (Odin), whose name the people whispered three centuries after they had renounced his worship.

This explanation fits every particular of the legend. The Teutonic tribes always commenced their wars in the spring, after the return of the gods to the surface of the earth. The ravens flying around the tower are the well-known birds of Odin. When Barbarossa comes forth, he will first hang his shield on the barren tree, which will then burst into leaf. The mediæval legend sprang naturally from the grave of the dead religion. Afterwards, — probably during the terrible depression which followed the Thirty Years' War, — another transfer took place. The gods were at last forgotten; but the aspirations of the people, connecting Past and Future, found a new meaning in the story, which the poets, giving it back to them in a glorified form, fixed forever.

We have only two things to assume, and they will give us little trouble. The Kyffhäuser must have been one of those sacred mountains of the Teutons in which the gods took up their winter habitation. Its character corresponds with that of other mountains which were thus selected. It is a projecting headland, partly isolated from the rest of the range, — like Tabor, "a mountain apart." This would account for the location of the legend. The choice of Barbarossa may be explained partly by the impression which his personal presence and character made upon the people (an effect totally independent of his place in history), and partly from the circumstance, mysterious to them, that he went to the Holy Land, and never returned. Although they called him the "Heretic Emperor," on account of his quarrel with the Pope, this does not appear to have diminished the power of his name among them. The first form of the legend, as we find it in a fragment of poetry from the fourteenth century, says that he disappeared, but is not dead; that hunters or peasants sometimes meet him as a pilgrim, whereupon he discovers himself to them, saying that he will yet punish the priests, and restore the Holy Roman Empire. A history, published in the year 1519, says: "He was a man of great deeds, marvellously courageous, lovable, severe, and with the gift of speech, — renowned in many things as was no one before him save Carolus the Great, — and is at last lost, so that no man knows what is become of him."

I know not where to look for another tradition made up of such picturesque elements. Although it may be told in a few words, it contains the quintessence of the history of two thousand years. Based on the grand

* The well-known author of "Debit and Credit" and "Pictures of the German Past."

Northern mythology, we read in it the foundation of Christianity, the Crusades, that hatred of priestcraft which made the Reformation possible, the crumbling to pieces of the old German Empire, and finally that passionate longing of the race which is now conducting it to a new national unity and power. For twenty years the Germans have been collecting funds to raise a monument to Herrmann, the Cheruskian chief, the destroyer of Varus and his legions in the Teutoburger Forest; yet Germany, after all, grew great from subjection to the laws and learning of Rome. The Kyffhäuser better deserves a monument, not specially to Barbarossa, but to that story which for centuries symbolized the political faith of the people.

The local traditions which have grown up around the national one are very numerous. Some have been transplanted hither from other places — as, for instance, that of the key-flower, — but others, very naïve and original, belong exclusively here. It is very possible, however, that they may also be found in other lands; the recent researches in fairy lore teach us that scarcely anything of what we possess is new. Here is one which suggests some passages in Wieland's "Oberon."

In Tilleda, a village at the foot of the Kyffhäuser, some lads and lasses were met, one evening, for social diversion. Among them was a girl whom they were accustomed to make the butt of their fun, — whom none of them liked, although she was honest and industrious. By a secret understanding, a play of pawns was proposed; and when this girl's turn came to redeem hers, she was ordered to go up to the castle and bring back three hairs from the sleeping Emperor's beard. She set out on the instant, while the others made themselves merry over her simplicity. To their great surprise, however, she returned in an hour, bringing with her three hairs, fiery-red in color and of astonishing length. She related that, having entered the subterranean chambers, she was conducted by a dwarf to the Emperor's presence, where, after having drained a goblet of wine to his health, and that of the Frau Empress, she received permission to pluck three hairs from the imperial beard, on condition that she would neither give them away nor destroy them. She faithfully kept the promise. The hairs were laid away among her trinkets; and a year afterwards she found them changed into rods of gold, an inch in diameter. Of course the former Cinderella then became the queen.

There are several stories, somewhat similar in character, of which musicians or piping herdsmen are the heroes. Now it is a company of singers or performers, who, passing the Kyffhäuser late at night, give the sleeping Emperor a serenade; now it is a shepherd, who, saying to himself, "This is for the Kaiser Friedrich," plays a simple melody upon his flute. In each case an entrance opens into the mountain. Either a princess comes forth with wine, or a page conducts the musicians into the Emperor's presence. Sometimes they each receive a green bough in payment, sometimes a horse's head, a stick, or a bunch of flax. All are either dissatisfied with their presents, or grow tired of carrying them, and throw them away, — except one (generally the poorest and silliest of the company), who takes his home with him as a souvenir of the adventure, or as an ironical present to his wife, and finds it, next morning, changed into solid gold. How faithful are all these legends to the idea of compensation! It is always the poor, the simple, the persecuted to whom luck comes.

I have two more stories, of a different character, to repeat. A poor laborer in Tilleda had an only daughter, who was betrothed to a young man equally poor, but good and honest. It was the evening before the wedding-day; the guests were already invited, and the father suddenly remembered with dismay that there was only one pot, one dish, and two plates in the house. "What shall we do?" he

cried. "You must go up to the Kyffhäuser, and ask the Princess to lend us some dishes." Hand in hand the lovers climbed the mountain, and at the door of the cavern found the Princess, who smiled upon them as they came. They made their request timidly and with fear; but she bade them take heart, gave them to eat and drink, and filled a large basket with dishes, spoons, and everything necessary for a wedding feast. When they returned to the village with their burden, it was day. All things were strange; they recognized neither house nor garden: the people were unknown to them, and wore a costume they had never before seen. Full of distress and anxiety, they sought the priest, who, after hearing their story turned over the church-books, and found that they had been absent just two hundred years.

The other legend is that of Peter Klaus, the source from which Irving drew his Rip Van Winkle. I had read it before (as have, no doubt, many of my readers), but was not acquainted with its local habitation until my visit to the Kyffhäuser. It was first printed, so far as I can learn, in a collection made by Otmar, and published in Bremen in the year 1800. Given in the briefest outline, it is as follows: Peter Klaus, a shepherd of Sittendorf, pastured his herd on the Kyffhäuser, and was in the habit of collecting the animals at the foot of an old ruined wall. He noticed that one of his goats regularly disappeared for some hours every day; and, finding that she went into an opening between two of the stones, he followed her. She led him into a vault, where she began eating grains of oats which fell from the ceiling. Over his head he heard the stamping and neighing of horses. Presently a squire in ancient armor appeared, and beckoned to him without speaking. He was led up stairs, across a court-yard, and into an open space in the mountain, sunken deep between rocky walls, where a company of knights, stern and silent, were playing at bowls. Peter Klaus was directed by gestures to set up the pins, which he did in mortal fear, until the quality of a can of wine, placed at his elbow, stimulated his courage. Finally, after long service and many deep potations, he slept. When he awoke, he found himself lying among tall weeds, at the foot of the ruined wall. Herd and dog had disappeared; his clothes were in tatters, and a long beard hung upon his breast. He wandered back to the village, seeking his goats, and marvelling that he saw none but strange faces. The people gathered around him, and answered his questions, but each name he named was that upon a stone in the church-yard. Finally, a woman who seemed to be his wife pressed through the crowd, leading a wild-looking boy, and with a baby in her arms. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Maria."

"And your father?"

"He was Peter Klaus, God rest his soul! who went up the Kyffhäuser with his herd, twenty years ago, and has never been seen since."

Irving has taken almost every feature of his story from this legend; but his happy translation of it to the Catskills, and the grace and humor which he has added to it, have made it a new creation. Peter Klaus is simply a puppet of the people's fancy, but Rip Van Winkle has an immortal vitality of his own. Few, however, who look into the wild little glen, on climbing to the Catskill Mountain House, suspect from what a distance was wafted the thistle-down which there dropped and grew into a new plant, with the richest flavor and color of the soil. Here, on the Kyffhäuser, I find the stalk whence it was blown by some fortunate wind.

No doubt some interesting discoveries might be made, if the ruins were cleared and explored. At the eastern end of the crest are the remains of another tower, from which I detected masses of masonry rising through the oaks, on a lower platform of the mountain. The three wild women informed me that there was a chapel down there;

but my small boy had never heard of it, and did n't know the way.

"Where do you come from, boy?" the women asked.

"From Kelbra."

"Oh! ah! To be sure you don't know! The Kelbra people are blockheads and asses, every one of 'em. They think their Rothenburg is everything, when the good Lord knows that the Kaiser Red-beard never lived there a day of his life. From Kelbra, indeed! It 's the Tilleda people that know how to guide strangers; you 've made a nice mess of it, Herr, taking a Kelbra boy!"

Perhaps I had; but it was n't pleasant to be told of it in that way. So I took my boy, said farewell to Barbarossa's tower, and climbed down the steep of slippery grass and stones to the ruins of the lower castle. The scrubby oaks and alder thickets were almost impenetrable; a single path wound among them, leading me through three ancient gateways, but avoiding several chambers, the walls of which are still partially standing. However, I finally reached the chapel, — a structure more Byzantine than Gothic, about fifty feet in length. It stands alone, at the end of a court-yard, and is less ruined than any other part of the castle. The windows remain, and a great part of the semicircular chancel, but I could find no traces of sculpture. The floor had been dug up in search of buried treasure. Looking through an aperture in the wall, I saw another enclosure of ruins on a platform farther below. The castle of Kyffhäuser, then, embraced three separate stages of buildings, all connected, and forming a pile nearly a quarter of a mile in length. Before its fall it must have been one of the stateliest fortresses in Germany.

I descended the mountain in the fierce, silent heat which made it seem so lonely, so far removed from the bright world of the Golden Mead. There were no flocks on the dry pasture-slopes, no farmers in the stubble-fields under them; and the village of Tilleda, lying under my eyes, bared its deserted streets to the sun. There, nevertheless, I found rest and refreshment in a decent inn. My destination was the town of Artern, on the Unstrut, at the eastern extremity of the Golden Mead; and I had counted on finding a horse and hay-cart, at least, to carry me over the intervening nine or ten miles. But no; nothing of the kind was to be had in Tilleda, — even a man to shoulder my pack was an unusual fortune, for which I must be grateful. "Wait till evening," said the landlady, after describing to me the death of her husband, and her business troubles, "and then Hans Meyer will go with you."

The story being that the family of Goethe originally came from Artern, and that some of its members were still living in the neighborhood, I commenced my inquiries at Tilleda.

"Is there anybody of the name of Goethe in the village?" I asked the landlady.

"Yes," said she, "there 's the blacksmith Goethe, but I believe he 's the only one."

The poet's great-grandfather having been a blacksmith, and the practice of a certain trade or profession being so frequently hereditary among the Germans, I did not doubt but that this was a genuine branch of the family. All that the landlady could say of the man, in reply to my questions, was, "He 's only a blacksmith."

The sun had nearly touched the tower on the Kyffhäuser when Hans Meyer and I set out for Artern; but the fields still glowed with heat, and the far blue hills, which I must reach, seemed to grow no nearer, as I plodded painfully along the field-roads. The man was talkative enough, and his singular dialect was not difficult to understand. He knew no tradition which had not already been gathered, but, like a genuine farmer, entertained me with stories of hail-storms, early and late frosts, and inundations. He was inveterately wedded to old fashions, and things of the past, had served

against the Republicans in 1849, and not a glimmering idea of the present national movement had ever entered his mind. I had heard that this region was the home of conservative land-owners, and ignorant peasants who believe in them, but I am not willing to take Hans Meyer as a fair specimen of the people.

It is wearisome to tell of a weary journey. The richest fields may be monotonous, and the sweetest pastoral scenery become tame, without change. I looked over the floor of the Golden Mead, with ardent longing towards the spire of Artern in the east, and with a faint interest towards the castle of Sachsenberg, in the south, perched above a gorge through which the Unstrut breaks its way. The sun went down in a splendor of color, the moon came up like a bronze shield, grain-wagons rolled homewards, men and women flocked into the villages, with rakes and forks on their shoulders, and a cool dusk slowly settled over the great plain. Hans Meyer was silent at last, and I was in that condition of tense endurance when an unnecessary remark is almost as bad as an insult; and so we went over the remaining miles, entering the gates of Artern by moonlight.

The first thing I did, in the morning, was to recommence my inquiries in regard to Goethe. "Yes," said the landlord, "his *stammhaus* (ancestral house) is here, but the family don't live in it any longer. If you want to see it, one of the boys shall go with you. There was formerly a smithy in it; but the smiths of the family left, and then it was changed."

I followed the boy through the long, roughly paved main street, until we had nearly reached the western end of the town, when he stopped before an old yellow house, two stories high, with a steep tiled roof. Its age, I should guess, was between two and three hundred years. The street-front, above the ground floor, — which, having an arched entrance and only one small window, must have been the former smithy, — showed its framework of timber, as one sees in all old German houses. Before the closely ranged windows of the second story, there were shelves with pots of gilliflowers and carnations in blossom. It was a genuine mechanic's house, with no peculiar feature to distinguish it particularly from the others in the street. A thin-faced man, with sharp black mustache, looked out of one of the windows, and spoke to the boy, who asked whether I wished to enter. But as there was really nothing to be seen, I declined.

According to the chronicles of Artern, the great-grandfather Goethe, the blacksmith, had a son who was apprenticed to a tailor, and who, during his *wanderschaft*, sojourned awhile in Frankfort-on-the-Main. He there captivated the fancy of a rich widow, the proprietress of the Willow-Bush Hotel (the present "Hotel Union"), and married her, — or she married him, — a fact which presupposes good looks, or talents, or both, on his part. His son, properly educated, became in time the Councillor Goethe, who begat the poet. The latter, it is said, denied that the tailor was his *grandfather*, whence it is probable that an additional generation must be interpolated; but the original blacksmith has been accepted, I believe, by the most of Goethe's biographers. A generation, more or less, makes no difference. Goethe's ancestry, like that of Shakespeare, lay in the ranks of the people, and their strong blood ran in the veins of both.

No author ever studied himself with such a serene, objective coolness as Goethe; but when he speaks to the world, one always feels that there is a slight flavor of *dichtung* infused into his *wahrheit*. Or perhaps, with the arrogance natural to every great intellect, he reasoned outward, and assumed material from spiritual facts. Fiction being only Truth seen through a different medium, the poet who can withdraw far enough from his own nature to contemplate it as an artistic study, works under a different law from that of the autobiographer. So when Goethe illus-

trates himself, we must not always look closely for facts. The only instance, which I can recall at this moment, wherein he speaks of his ancestors, is the poetical fragment: —

"Stature from father, and the mood
Stern views of life compelling;
From mother I take the joyous heart,
And the love of story-telling;
Great-grandsire's passion was the fair —
What if I still reveal it?
Great-grandam's was pomp, and gold, and show,
And in my bones I feel it."

It is quite as possible, here, that Goethe deduced the character of his ancestors from his own, as that he sought an explanation of the latter in their peculiarities. The great-grandsire may have been Textor, of his mother's line; it is not likely that he knew much of his father's family-tree. The burghers of Frankfurt were as proud, in their day, as the nobility of other lands; and Goethe, at least in his tastes and habits, was a natural aristocrat. It is not known that he ever visited Artern.

Concerning the other members of the original family, the landlord said: "Not one of them lives here now. The last Goethe in the neighborhood was a farmer, who had a lease of the *scharfrichterei*" (an isolated property, set apart for the use of the government executioner), "but he left here some six or eight years ago, and emigrated to America." "Was he the executioner?" I asked. "O, by no means!" the landlord answered; "he only leased the farm; but it was not a comfortable place to live upon, and, besides, he did n't succeed very well." So the blacksmith in Tilleda and the American Goethe are the only representatives left. What if a great poet for our hemisphere should, in time, spring from the loins of the latter?

I ordered a horse and carriage with no compunctions of conscience, for I was really unable to make a second day's journey on foot. The golden weather had lasted just long enough to complete my legendary pilgrimage. The morning at Artern came on with cloud and distant gray sweeps of rain, which soon blotted out the dim headland of the Kyffhäuser. I followed the course of the Unstrut, which here reaches the northern limit of his wanderings, and winds southward to seek the Saale. The valley of the river is as beautiful as it is secluded, and every hour brings a fresh historical field to the traveller. No highway enters it; only rude country roads lead from village to village, and rude inns supply plain cheer. Tourists are here an unknown variety of the human race.

I passed the ruins of Castle Wendelstein, battered during the Thirty Years' War, — a manufactory of beet-sugar now peacefully smokes in the midst of its gray vaults and buttresses, — and then Memleben, where Henry the Bird-Snarer lived when he was elected Emperor, and Otto II. founded a grand monastery. Other ruins and ancient battle-fields followed, and finally Nebra, where, in 531, the Thüringians fought with the Franks three days, and lost their kingdom. On entering Nebra, I passed an inn with the curious sign of "Care" (*Sorge*),— represented by a man with a most dismal face, and his head resting hopelessly upon his hand. An inn of evilest omen; and, assuredly, I did not stop there.

Farther down the valley, green vineyards took the place of the oak forests, and the landscapes resembled those of the Main and the Neckar. There were still towns, and ruined castles, and battle-fields, but I will not ask the reader to explore the labyrinthine paths of German history. The atmosphere of the legend had faded, and I looked with an indifferent eye on the storied scenes which the windings of the river unfolded. At sunset, I saw it pour its waters into those of the Saale, not far from the railway station of Naumburg, where I came back to the highways of travel.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

YES, Faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart
In bluff broad-shouldered calm.

And when, over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its beauty of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it;
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret, —
Immortal away from me!

There 's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race;
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearily true,
But the earth that stops my darling's ears
Makes mine insensate too.

Console, if you will; I can bear it;
'T is a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,—
Its motionless hollow confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

WE shall not claim greater honor than prophets commonly receive in their own country when the vote of the nation confirms the impression we feel that General Grant is to be the next President, though there are some things which make us aware of risk in the prediction. It is not long since General Grant was formally named for the Presidency by a class of persons in several of our large cities who conceived themselves singularly qualified to choose the head of a free people, because they had hitherto had little or nothing to do with politics, and were, as a class, less self-governed than any other part of our population. They proposed to take politics out of the hands of politicians, and to elect a President by the force of wealth and respectability; and, besides the dangerous favor of these down-trodden and quite helpless merchant-princes, General Grant has had the disadvantage of a literary father celebrating his boyhood in the "New York Ledger." But, on the other hand, there are Vicksburg and Richmond, and the great fact that General Grant has said nothing to injure himself, however mischievous his friendships and relationships may be. We take courage from what he has done and has not done, and find his surviving popularity an assurance of his success, at least before the Republican Convention appointed for an early day at Chicago.

It seems quite possible now that no one will appear there to dispute the nomination with him. The question has, up to this time, been solely between him and Chief Justice Chase; no other has had the slightest reason to hope for the nomination; and now the Chief Justice's influence with the party throughout the country seems fairly and finally tested by the action of the party in his own State, where there is scarcely a doubt that its whole strength will be given for Grant.

What manner of man this is who is to be our next President is plain enough. As we all know, he has of his own motion said little about it, yet he has done a vast deal about it; and, though a silent man, he has shown himself a very frank one. If we sketched him according to the popular ideal of a year ago (for the most part evolved, as we think, from the inner consciousness of the reporters and correspondents), he would appear as a smallish military gentleman, not too scrupulous in dress, who is in the pretty constant receipt of calls from eminent politicians anxious to sound him upon this and upon that, and who baffles all these wily intriguers by smoking speechlessly, with a scarcely perceptible quivering of the left eyelid, or else, with an impenetrable astuteness,

by turning the discourse upon horses. Several events have occurred within the past year to modify this ideal; and, as matters now stand, we do not see how the mind of General Grant could be better declared than it is upon whatever politicians would like to know. As rapidly as practical questions have arisen, he has answered for himself in word and act; and, since the removal of General Sheridan, nobody has been more satisfactory in the expression of his opinions than the taciturn soldier reputed never to open his lips. No one, it is true, has used him; and no one, we suspect, has attempted to do so, except Mr. Johnson; but Mr. Johnson is a pure empiric in politics: he even tried to make use of General Custer, and in like manner would probably have resorted to Mr. Train as a specific for the Presidential complaint, had he happened to call to mind a gentleman who, in view of his public character and last arrest, we may describe as our National Debtor.

There is no longer a doubt of General Grant's convictions upon the great question which unites the whole Republican party, or which divides us from the Democratic party; and if we asked him at this moment for a declaration of his opinions, beyond the question of reconstruction, he might reasonably retort upon us with a like demand. For some time our bow of Republican promise has been much like the ordinary rainbow, of which there is supposed to be a separate one for the gratification of each beholder. We share with our opponents a general desire for lighter taxes and a lower tariff; but we have been somewhat uncertain about the currency, and we are not agreed upon any form of repudiation, or upon repudiation at all. We no longer desire to hang Jefferson Davis, or even John Surratt; and though the impeachment of Mr. Johnson commands the approval of the party as a serio-comic necessity, it must be owned that the impeachment of Presidents is hardly an "issue" to inspire enthusiasm in their election.

In fine, but for reconstruction it would not be easy to say what Republicanism is, beyond the assurance each Republican feels that his party will do justice as occasion arrives. He knows that his party embraces all that is best in the national life, — intellect, education, public spirit, private worth and weight in such degree that it cannot go wrong without destroying itself. It is essentially the party which saved the government from rebellion, and it seeks to restore prosperity in States which, till its triumph, had never known freedom. It is not, in broad terms, the party which sends prize-fighters to Congress; it can even boast of having been beaten when it named a 'cute showman for a seat in the national legislature. It embodies the American idea, with some of its defects and errors, but with all its strength and honesty, its steadfastness and generosity. It can have no being but in progress and good-faith. It may be divided and beaten, but in the end it must be the triumphing majority, for it is the reason and the heart of the people.

General Grant could give no better proof of his sympathy with this party, besides his avowed adherence to its main purpose, than the respect he has uniformly shown for the national sense of honor and justice, and the recognition which his acts have given of the supremacy of public opinion. Explicitly or tacitly, our government is based upon the idea that the people can do no wrong; and, consciously or unconsciously, the office of the Chief Magistrate among us has been simplified to intelligence and obedience, — the ability to understand the popular mind, and the will to rule by it. We want no leader in the White House, but we nevertheless want a great man there, for it is only a great man who can comply with these conditions. Mr. Johnson early showed himself helpless to discern and to acquiesce, blinded as he was with original conceit, and narrowed by the provincial life of a minor Slave State. He conceived of us from the first as a nation of emancipated tai-

lors, and he never could see that the eagle differed essentially from the goose. It required a sagacious humility, which he never possessed, to act upon public feeling, to keep even with it, to confess practically, that, unless our democracy is feigned and our existence a sham, we can scarcely be worse misgoverned than when we are forced aright by an executive. "I don't believe," says Mr. Wade, in a recent conversation attributed to him, "that a President ought to be setting himself up as a policy-maker. When I am asked what my policy will be in case I have to discharge the Presidential duties, I generally answer that I won't have any policy. It 's the duty of Congress to adopt a policy, and the duty of the President to execute it. We 've had trouble enough from the efforts of Presidents to set up a policy for themselves, and force Congress into its adoption by the use of the government patronage, and otherwise." To some such clear idea of the business of Presidency General Grant has shown himself to have attained; and whether he has reached it through the experience of a lifetime, or through the events of the two instructive years of Mr. Johnson's administration, we need not very diligently inquire.

It is certain that Grant's whole life has been one to teach him America, if not Americanism; and he has had even wider opportunities to know his countrymen than that great President who understood them better than any other, and with whom he had in common a backwoods origin and a youth of hard work. In order to believe that these opportunities were not lost to a man of his shrewd and independent temper, we need not be at the trouble to suppose that he made an ambitious study of the people with whom he was brought so variously acquainted, or that he was not always chiefly interested in advancing his fortunes by the paths plainest before him. The destiny which took him from his rude early life, and placed him in contact with discipline, science, and culture at West Point, was not of a kind to inspire trust in its infallibility, since it concerned itself so little with Grant personally that it even blundered in his name, and put fame and the family Bible forever at variance about him; nor is it probable that he was led in any very confident or prophetic spirit from West Point to active service in Mexico, and thence to garrison-life in New York and on the Canadian frontier, and, yet later, on military duty to California and Oregon, with their gold-mining tumults and Indian wars. Nevertheless, he thus came to know Americans of every class and section; and when, having married, he resigned his place in the army, and tried farming, and, in a small way, slaveholding, in Missouri, and still later devoted himself to the leather business at Galena, he completed his own experience of all the prominent phases of American life, — the backwoods, the school, arms, agriculture, and commerce. When the war overtook him with the rest of us, in 1861, he was still selling leather in Galena. We dare say he did not then, in his thirty-ninth year, regard himself as a very successful man, and no effort of the imagination could depict him as a great one. He was a widely experienced, undiscouraged American, who was doing the work that lay next his hand, with no reason to exult in his past, nor any disposition to make less of himself in the future. He must have seemed to everybody a plain man of average ability; but his taciturn habit no doubt did him injustice, and made him pass for a man of less weight than he really was. Considering his whole character and career, it is probable that he valued his neighbors more justly than they valued him; and it is pretty certain that since that time he has had the advantage of his countrymen in approaching the reciprocal understanding which has been finally reached.

We are all Abolitionists since the emancipation of the slaves; and if we find it hard to forgive Grant, that, up to the beginning of the war, he had failed to

sympathize with the popular resolution to limit and annul the political influence of slavery, we can remember it merely as we recall the political history of, say, General Butler up to about the same period. Grant's thorough knowledge of Americans as men was the foundation on which he built the victories of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Richmond, and in the mean time his political education has proceeded with the greatest rapidity. At the outset he saw that the end of slavery had come, and the "three likely negroes" whom his wife owned in Missouri were then freed by private proclamation; nor did he ever propose to subdue the Rebels with one hand and crush the slaves with the other, upon the plan of our more imaginative generals. He felt that the work before him was more serious than this, and that the people behind him were earnest to extremity. He put his silent faith in their resolution, and beat out the Rebellion with their inexorable numbers, which he knew could not fail him so long as there was need of them; but, the work done, he respected their supremacy, as if he had been the least of his victorious soldiers, and had never had power over one American citizen.

Yet how thoroughly events had educated him in our political character and the most advanced ideas of self-government few of us understood till, two years later, we read those words in protest against the removal of General Sheridan: "I earnestly urge, in the name of a patriotic people, who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of loyal lives, and thousands of millions of treasure, to preserve the integrity and union of this country, that this order be not insisted on. It is, unmistakably, the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his command. This is a Republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard. General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unconstructed element in the South — those who did all they could to break up this government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order — as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them."

Neither for the great exigency of reconstruction, which makes us all Republicans, whatever our opinions of tariffs or debts or taxes, nor for the imperishable principles of justice and freedom upon which our national existence rests, could there have been any franker expression than this. Here is a man who interprets the Presidential duty as respect for the public will, and the Presidential policy as a plain obedience to the laws of Congress. Reading this passage over again in the light of Mr. Wade's attributive theory of the Presidential office, we cannot find how it differs from the ideal of the most radical among us. If there *is* stuff to make a broader or sounder reconstruction clause for the Republican creed, we shall be glad to have it used at Chicago. Grant's acts since the war, and particularly during the last six months, if they could somehow be formulated, might serve the occasion.

No doubt General Grant will pledge himself to as great truth in the future as he has shown in the past; and we say again, if there is any form of promise by which he can be most clearly and distinctly bound to the purposes and destiny of the party, we owe it to ourselves and to the country to exact it. The one great duty before us is the reconstruction of the Southern States upon the basis of equal rights for every race and color. This is the first thing; but another duty associates itself with it, in all just men's minds.

The party ought to declare unmistakably against every form of repudiation, lest thereby we who urged on the war at every cost incur a double guilt, such

as never could attach to the opponents of the war if they favored national bad faith. Honesty is the best principle as well as the best policy, and we must secure the national creditors, because, as men of honor, we do not betray the friends who trust us, or forget the claims of those who succor our necessities. The right is plain, and there is no expediency that holds as argument against it. Our bond to our creditors ought to be as good as our word to the liberated slaves.

We think that the Chicago Convention should also give some distinct hope of relief to the tax-payers; and we would have something said in recognition of the justice and reason of free-trade, even if no pledge for the immediate reduction of imposts can be made. We might, for example, have a plank in the platform on which, instead of slavery, lately deceased, the protective tariff and Mormon polygamy should figure as "the twin relics of barbarism." However, we do not insist upon this. It can scarcely be necessary to urge upon the Convention the nomination of a thoroughly tried and upright man for the Vice-Presidency or to dwell on the error of trusting anything to disease or assassination in the secondary choice of an Executive. We must ourselves provide for a chance which is so possible as the accession of the Vice-President to the Chief-magistracy, and see to it that no form of Tyler or Johnson succeeds General Grant, — a man indeed given us by the war that saved us, but also a man who has done everything since the war to keep our honor and gratitude, — a man who, from his own varied life, can judge aright nearly every phase of our national life, — a man who is in practical sympathy with American ideas of self-government, and whose words and deeds promise for the future a President without a policy and a people without a master.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L. In Four Volumes. Vols. III. and IV. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PHILIP II.'s invasion of France, and the war of the Huguenot Prince of Béarn against the Leaguers for the French sovereignty, with the famous battle of Ivry and siege of Paris, ending in Henry of Navarre's conversion to the Catholic faith and accession to the throne, and thereafter his long life of good-humored treacheries, intrigues, coarse pleasures, and perils from Spanish armies and assassins, — form but one of the strands of narrative woven into this complex web of history, in which the texture of all interests and aspirations of the time appears. The history of English policy is wrought into it, from the time when Elizabeth smiled on the cause of the Netherlands till James turned his back upon the Commonwealth's uncertain fortune to betroth his children to those of the Spanish king (whose agents were in the mean time charged to take off the Scotchman by poison or dagger), and did not heartily recollect the ancient friendship of England and Holland till he had occasion to advise the States-General against the toleration of Catholic worship. Here is also sketched the life of the Spanish nation, from the hour when Philip and his Inquisition extinguished the last vestiges of ancient liberty, till wealth, power, industry, all failed during the Duke of Lerma's reign in the name of Philip's imbecile son. Here, above all, is the celebration of the heroic struggle of the Dutch people, from the period when Maurice of Nassau — deeply learned in war, and with a greater genius for arms than any other captain of the age — took command of the Republican forces, and fought the battles of religious freedom and civil rights,

till the truce of 1609, when the Netherlands remained victors at every contested point.

The dispute between the Dutchmen and Spaniards was a simple one enough in itself, being merely a question whether men should be saved by the Inquisition or by their own good works and the merits of Christ; whether a people should rule themselves, or be trampled upon by an alien despot. But into the settlement of this question entered all the ambitions of the epoch; and the interests of not only every prince in Europe, but of every isle and coast accessible to navigation, were involved in results which took the dominion of the seas from Spain and Portugal and gave it to Holland and England, — took it from rapacity and gave it to commerce. Yet for all this vast complexity of motive and purpose among the many peoples and princes who took part on one side or the other, the reader of this history comes to respect at last only the Spaniard and the Dutchman, between whom his admiration is pretty equally divided as between foes each thoroughly convinced of his right and thoroughly self-devoted and sincere. The share of Elizabeth in the struggle was as little honorable and generous as that of Henry, and the business of the rest of Europe was chiefly to contribute mercenaries for consumption in battle. As to the sympathy of the reader, that is, like the sympathy of the historian, always and only with the people, who not merely freed themselves from a foreign tyrant, but broke forever the yet crueller yoke of religious oppression. Persecution continued long after the triumph of the United Netherlands, but their success marked the beginning of a new era, in which men, casting off their allegiance to ecclesiastical authority, have found it possible to suffer every form of belief and worship, and to respect doubt as the beginning of the only faith worth having. This fight of the Dutchman and Spaniard was a pitched battle between men's passions and superstitions and their reason; and, when the Spaniard succumbed, it was fair proof, that, even in arms, the right had grown the stronger in the world.

The moral of the contest so forces itself upon the mind of the annalist at every point, that it tempts him to preach a little more than is needful; and the field of events is so vast that his reader is somewhat confused in following him. These are all but inevitable results, and the floridity of diction noticeable in some passages of the work does not generally affect the pleasant quality of the style. In fact, we remember with very slight discomfort the homilies and the eloquence, and even the highly spiced description of the early commerce in cloves is not so hot in the mouth but we may own lasting indebtedness to Mr. Motley for a rapid and most picturesque and delightful art of narration, a graphic and agreeable touch in personal characterization, a peculiar skilfulness in all that pertains to the *mise en scène* of any event. We confess, too, a solid pleasure and pride in his truth to all the ideas of democracy and self-government, and in the contrast which his work offers to that of the greatest of the living English historians, in the homage paid to popular virtue.

Among princes of that time, indeed, we think it would go hard with any but Mr. Carlyle to find grandeur or generosity, and Mr. Motley does not teach us to look for it. Philip II. was alone and almost respectable in his earnest cruelty; but we cannot heartily admire the bigotry of a narrow-minded man which condemned a whole nation to death for heresy, and which impoverished an empire and warred half a century in the attempt to execute the sentence. It had not remained for Mr. Motley to tell us how this sincere Catholic sent assassins to take the lives of the French king and the English queen; how intrigue, falsehood, and violence of every kind were accepted by his piety as just means for the maintenance and propagation of the true faith; and how, in order to place himself on the French throne, and rescue France from heretical rule, he was ready to add incest to these means, and to continue a line of Catholic princes by marriage with his own daughter. There is greater freshness and originality (if we may apply this term to a new conception of historical facts) in the portrait of Henry of Navarre, but the picture is hardly more engaging. The white plume of the hero of Ivry does not dazzle us so much when we see Henry with his casque off, and kneeling before the Archbishop of Bourges to receive instruction in the Romish faith, that he may renounce his Huguenot error, and enter into the possession of the French crown. The historian paints him as a man of cynical good-nature, not despising resentment more than gratitude, nor honoring one form of sincerity less than another, but loving women and wars with equal ardor. He never was so little at peace with Spain as immediately upon the conclusion of some solemn treaty of

peace, never so little a friend of the Netherlands as when making them some formal promise of assistance. Nevertheless, he was good enough king for the French nobles, who had sold themselves repeatedly to him and to Philip, and among whom every man but the Huguenots had his price.

"The king did his best by intrigue, by calumny, by tale-bearing, by inventions, to set the Huguenots against each other, and to excite the mutual jealousy of all his most trusted adherents, whether Protestant or Catholic. The most good-humored, the least vindictive, the most ungrateful, the falsest of mankind, he made it his policy, as well as his pastime, to repeat, with any amount of embroidery that his most florid fancy could devise, every idle story or calumny that could possibly create bitter feeling and make mischief among those who surrounded him. Being aware that this propensity was thoroughly understood, he only multiplied fictions, so cunningly mingled with truths, as to leave his hearers quite unable to know what to believe and what to doubt. By such arts, force being impossible, he hoped one day to sever the band which held the conventicles together, and to reduce Protestantism to insignificance. He would have cut off the head of D'Aubigné or Duplessis Mornay to gain an object, and have not only pardoned but caressed and rewarded Biron when reeking from the conspiracy against his own life and crown, had he been willing to confess and ask pardon for his stupendous crime. He hated vindictive men almost as much as he despised those who were grateful."

Such a prince as this was not loved by the French Protestants, yet he was in his pleasant indifference to all religion at least their shield from the pitiless piety of Spain. In fact, his conversion does not seem to have afflicted them so much as it did the pedantic and self-willed old *galante* on the English throne, who thereupon frankly scolded him, and thereafter had nothing but treaties of alliance for him, and very sincere and practical indifference. We do not quite see the ugliness of Henry's act, until the historian comes to contrast it with that of a poor serving-woman in Antwerp, who, a few years later, also received instruction in the Romish faith. It seems to us it is in his best manner that Mr. Motley, reminding us of a lull in the persecutions, and their revival by the Jesuits in 1597, goes on to tell of the martyrdom of Anna van den Hove.

"Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp. They had formerly professed the Protestant religion, and had been thrown into prison for that crime; but the fear of further persecution, human weakness, or perhaps sincere conviction, had caused them to renounce the error of their ways, and they now went to mass. But they had a maid-servant, forty years of age, Anna van den Hove by name, who was stanch in that reformed faith in which she had been born and bred. The Jesuits denounced this maid-servant to the civil authority, and claimed her condemnation and execution under the edicts of 1540,—decrees which every one had supposed as obsolete as the statutes of Draco, which they had so entirely put to shame.

"The sentence having been obtained from the docile and priest-ridden magistrates, Anna van den Hove was brought to Brussels, and informed that she was at once to be buried alive. At the same time, the Jesuits told her, that, by converting herself to the Church, she might escape punishment.

"When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith, of which he was the political embodiment and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour undid the work of half a lifetime. Thus expeditiously could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she too talked of a crown, and saw it descending from Heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the pope or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interfered with no one who thought differently; she quarrelled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him, if she were in error, and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death.

So Anna van den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers. Those holy men goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's carrion, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, and thus save her life, and escape eternal damnation beside. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field, they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.

"Of all the religious murders done in that hideous sixteenth century in the Netherlands, the burial of the Antwerp servant-maid was the last and the worst. The worst, because it was a cynical and deliberate attempt to revive the demon whose thirst for blood had been at last allayed, and who had sunk into repose. And it was a spasmodic revival only; for, in the provinces at least, that demon had finished his work."

Of Elizabeth of England Mr. Motley does not teach us to think better than of Henry. To his selfishness and looseness she added inordinate vanity, and diplomacy between them was a kind of flirtation by proxy, which is only not in the last degree amusing, because it is a little sad to remember that the happiness and prosperity of many millions of people rested in the caprice of these elderly coquettes, who were really England and France, and who believed, with whatever truth was in them, that nations were made to be ruled by such as they. Let us see with what dignity and seriousness affairs of state could be conducted by princes when governments were untainted by the interference of the mob. Henry and Elizabeth were meditating a closer alliance against Spain, and "Sir Harry Umton, ambassador from her Majesty, was accordingly provided with especial letters on the subject from the queen's own hand, and presented them early in the year at Coucy (Feb. 13, 1596). No man in the world knew better the tone to adopt in his communications with Elizabeth than did the chivalrous king. No man knew better than he how impossible it was to invent terms of adulation too gross for her to accept as spontaneous and natural effusions of the heart. He received the letters from the hands of Sir Henry, read them with rapture, heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed: 'Ah, Mr. Ambassador! what shall I say to you? This letter of the queen, my sister, is full of sweetness and affection. I see that she loves me, while that I love her is not to be doubted. Yet your commission shows me the contrary, and this proceeds from her ministers. How else can these obliquities stand with her professions of love? I am forced, as a king, to take a course which, as Henry, her loving brother, I could never adopt.'

"They then walked out into the park, and the king fell into frivolous discourse, on purpose to keep the envoy from the important subject which had been discussed in the cabinet. . . . . They then met Madame de Monceaux, the beautiful Gabrielle, who was invited to join in the walk; the king saying that she was no meddler in politics, but of a tractable spirit. . . . . At last a shower forced the lady into the house, and the king soon afterwards took the ambassador to his cabinet. 'He asked me how I liked his mistress,' wrote Sir Henry to Burghley, 'and I answered sparingly in her praise, and told him that, if without offence I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress [Elizabeth], and yet did her picture come far from the perfection of her beauty.

"'As you love me,' cried the king, 'show it me, if you have it about you!'

"'I made some difficulty,' continued Sir Henry, 'yet upon his importunity I offered it to his view very secretly, still holding it in my hand. He beheld it with passion and admiration, saying that I was in the right.' 'I give in,' said the king, 'Je me rends.'

"Then, protesting that he had never seen such beauty all his life, he kissed it reverently twice or thrice, Sir Henry still holding the miniature firmly in his hand.

"The king then insisted upon seizing the picture, and there was a charming struggle between the two, ending in his Majesty's triumph. He then told Sir Henry that he might take his leave of the portrait, for he would never give it up again for any treasure, and that to possess the favor of the original he would forsake all the world. He fell into many more such passionate and

incoherent expressions of rhapsody, as of one suddenly smitten and spell-bound with hapless love, bitterly reproaching the ambassador for never having brought him any answers to the many affectionate letters which he had written to the queen, whose silence had made him so wretched. Sir Henry, perhaps somewhat confounded at being beaten at his own fantastic game, answered as well as he could; 'But I found,' said he, 'that the dumb picture did draw on more speech and affection from him than all my best arguments and eloquence. This was the effect of our conference, and if infiniteness of vows and outward professions be a strong argument of inward affection, there is good likelihood of the king's continuance of amity with her Majesty; only I fear lest his necessities may inconsiderately draw him into some hazardous treaty with Spain, which I hope confidently it is yet in the power of her Majesty to prevent.'

"The king, while performing these apish tricks about the picture of a lady with beady black eyes, a hooked nose, black teeth, and a red wig, who was now in the sixty-fourth year of her age, knew very well that the whole scene would be at once repeated to the fair object of his passion by her faithful envoy."

The impersonal States had no flatteries to offer Elizabeth; she gave them a grudging and insolent help, because they were her chief stay against Spain; but there was no time when she would not have abandoned their cause, could her own safety have been assured otherwise. A few thousand Englishmen fought on the side of the Netherlanders, but, after all, their victory was mainly won by themselves; and among them only did the virtue of leaders and rulers seem equal to that of the people. The Dutch nobles had a due pride of caste, and the Commonwealth was no democracy; but its ruling oligarchs were burghers aggrandized by industry and commerce, and the great spirit of the time was John of Olden-Barneveld, a burgher. Trade was necessarily honored in a country which would have been a morass without it, and the diligent people felt that their interests were secure in the hands of merchants and manufacturers risen from among them by their own harder work, and bound to them by the ties of a dear-bought common faith, and the presence of a common danger. Olden-Barneveld guided the foreign policy of the Republic with a purity of purpose and a singleness of dealing equalled only by the science and humanity with which Maurice of Nassau fought her battles, in an age when the maxims of Machiavelli were the highest political wisdom, and numbers and massacre were among the first arts of war. Next to Maurice, the most respectable figure in the contest is that of Spinola, the military genius who sprang from the money-making aristocracy of Genoa, and to whom the Archdukes of Flanders owed the ruins of Ostend after a siege of nearly three years, and Europe at length owed peace, because he saw that it was useless for Spain to continue the war.

We have sketched with very hasty strokes some of the men and events no doubt already vividly impressed upon the minds of many of our readers by the historian himself, and have but hinted the greatness of the subject and the number of figures portrayed. We cannot hope to indicate the quality of that chapter in which the author sums up all the results of Philip's reign, and presents the nature of the man and his work in the condition to which he had reduced his miserable Spain; or to do justice to the pendant of this picture, formed by the concluding chapter of the history, in which the grand results of the war are presented and the well-earned prosperity of the Dutch people is celebrated; still less are we able to assemble all the incidental touches from which Alexander Farnese, Maurice of Nassau, Olden-Barneveld, the Archdukes, Jeannin (the persecuting old Leaguer who spoke at last such brave words for toleration), Sully, Cecil, and a multitude of minor figures, receive a new life.

Mr. Motley is pre-eminently artistic in the treatment of his subject, and, fortunately for his genius, it is one in which the intrigues of diplomacy and the operations of statesmanship are almost as picturesque as the battles and sieges; the motive of the whole is dramatic, and the tragedy is full of effective situations, among which it is hard to choose any as the most skilfully employed. If we name the siege of Ostend as very conspicuous, it is not because we remember others less distinctly, — in some respects it scarcely equals the description of the great battle of Nieuport. It is a story to which the reader clings with as feverish an interest as if it concerned imaginary events, and not merely those which involved the life and death of many thousands of men of flesh and blood. With excellent art, only the important incidents are given,

while all the bloody and wasting toil and fray of the three years' siege is suggested in such sort that the reader does not once forget it. He lives for the time with the English and Dutch of the garrison, and the Spaniards of the beleaguering camps; and when the garrison marches out at last with the honors of war, and the small fragment of Ostend which has not been actually devoured in the siege is delivered up to the victors, it is hard for him to believe that he does not actually look upon the scene which the Archdukes behold.

"The Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella entered the place in triumph, if triumph it could be called. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate scene. The artillery of the first years of the seventeenth century was not the terrible enginery of destruction that it has become in the last third of the nineteenth; but a cannonade, continued so steadily and so long, had done its work. There were no churches, no houses, no redoubts, no bastions, no walls, nothing but a vague and confused mass of ruin. Spinola conducted his imperial guests along the edge of extinct volcanoes, amid upturned cemeteries, through quagmires which once were moats, over huge mounds of sand, and vast, shapeless masses of bricks and masonry which had been forts. He endeavored to point out places where mines had been exploded, where ravelins had been stormed, where the assailants had been successful and where they had been bloodily repulsed. But it was all loathsome, hideous rubbish. There were no human habitations, no hovels, no casemates. The inhabitants had burrowed at last in the earth, like the dumb creatures of the swamps and forests. In every direction the dikes had burst; and the sullen wash of the liberated waves, bearing hither and thither the floating wreck of fascines and machinery, of planks and building materials, sounded far and wide over what should have been dry land. The great ship-channel, with the unconquered Half-moon upon one side and the incomplete batteries and platforms of Bucquoy on the other, still defiantly opened its passage to the sea, and the retiring fleets of the garrison were white in the offing. All around was the gray expanse of stormy ocean, without a cape or a headland to break its monotony, as the surges rolled mournfully in upon a desolation more dreary than their own. The atmosphere was murky and surcharged with rain, for the wild equinoctial storm which had held Maurice spell-bound had been raging over land and sea for many days. At every step the unburied skulls of brave soldiers who had died in the cause of freedom grinned their welcome to the conquerors. Isabella wept at the sight. She had cause to weep. Upon that miserable sandbank more than a hundred thousand men had laid down their lives by her decree, in order that she and her husband might at last take possession of a most barren prize. This insignificant fragment of a sovereignty which her wicked old father had presented to her on his death-bed — a sovereignty which he had no more moral right or actual power to confer than if it had been in the planet Saturn — had at last been appropriated, at the cost of all this misery. It was of no great value, although its acquisition had caused the expenditure of at least eight millions of florins, divided in nearly equal proportions between the two belligerents. It was in vain that great immunities were offered to those who would remain, or who would consent to settle in the foul Golgotha. The original population left the place in mass. No human creatures were left save the wife of a freebooter and her paramour, a journeyman blacksmith. This unsavory couple, to whom entrance into the purer atmosphere of Zeeland was denied, thenceforth shared with the carrion crows the amenities of Ostend."

The destruction of the Spanish fleet off Gibraltar by Heemskerk is one of the finest of the fine battle-pieces in which these volumes abound; and it has this advantage of a battle-piece on canvas or in romance, that it can rejoice the reader's heart as well as kindle his fancy. Heemskerk's victory overthrew the naval supremacy of Spain, and freed the seas from a rule that was more terrible than even English and Barbary piracies. Most other effective scenes in the history have some such superior pleasure in their gift; and we know not how any reader, jaded with the *fade* invention of this novel-making age, could better refresh himself than by turning to Mr. Motley's vivid page for the splendid deeds of which we are every day reaping the benefit in political and religious freedom; for the Pilgrim fathers sailed from Holland to our shores; and the liberty that dwelt in the English cities was but a surly and grumbling sort of slavery compared with her whose home was among the dikes, and wherever the flag of the United Netherlands was carried.

The history of these states was a very great and noble theme; and Mr. Motley has done it justice in the volumes which come to an end only too soon, because the war for the Dutch independence lasted no longer than a poor fifty years. Happily for the reader, there followed the twelve years' truce which closed it a Thirty Years' War, and upon the history of this Mr. Motley is now engaged. Let us own to a secret hope that he will give us a volume for every year of it.

The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of EMMA SEILER, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS is a book which all persons interested in vocal culture, either for themselves or others, should welcome. The tribute paid to Madam Seiler by two such eminent men of science as Helmholz and Du Bois-Reymond is in itself a guaranty of the scientific value of her work, and we trust will secure her a wide hearing and a willing discipleship for truths which, taken simply on their own merits, might in too many cases be doubted or undervalued. That the art of singing is now in a state of decline, if not altogether decayed, all competent critics admit. To believe this, it is only necessary to compare, as Madam Seiler does in her first chapter, the achievements of the great artists of a century ago with the possibilities of our petted favorites of to-day. But a still more striking proof of the fact that modern singing-teachers do not know how to teach singing, appears in the "lost voices" that we hear bemoaned on every side, both by professionals and amateurs. Madam Seiler herself was a victim to one of the most eminent of these vocal quacks; and, her voice having been entirely ruined while under his instruction, she resolved to try and rediscover the secrets of the old masters of the art, and, if possible, to establish scientifically what they had only practised empirically. An investigation of the larynx in the act of singing had already been begun by Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master now living, who studied the interior of the throat by the aid of the laryngoscope. He was able to assert by seeing what a trained and critical ear might infer from hearing, — that the vocal organ is not a fixed tube which acts in the same manner throughout its whole compass, but that at several points in the scale its adjustments suddenly shift, and the next series of tones is produced in a different manner, and possesses a different quality, from any of those preceding. Evidently, then, every tone has its own adjustment, or "register," as it is called in singing, in which it can best and easiest be sung, and in which only it ought to be exercised and developed; and though the adjustment belonging to a lower set of tones may, by overstraining, be applied to a higher, yet this violation of the intention of nature is productive only of evil. The tones so forced are of hard and impure quality, flexibility is impaired, sweetness, compass, and expression are lost, and the voice itself is at length spoiled or broken up. All this vocal ruin and destruction are now going on under the complete ignorance or indifference of the modern singing-teacher to this great fundamental fact of the natural separation of the registers. Garcia's experiments, though they attracted great attention from scientific men, and inaugurated a new era in vocal culture, received little notice from his own profession. In this country he has one close follower, Carlo Bassini of New York, an Italian, whose Methods for the Soprano, Baritone, and Young Voice respectively are among the best we have, and may be well taken up with the schools of Panseron, Concone, and Zollner. But neither Garcia nor Bassini has thus far attempted more than an elementary theory of the registers of the voice; and it remained for Madam Seiler, by experiments with the laryngoscope, much longer continued and more successfully performed, to fix more accurately, and it seems to us finally, the limits and characters of the different registers of the voice. Instead of two or three, she makes five different actions of the vocal organ. Her theory of the head register in particular is entirely original, and that of the upper falsetto register is a greater satisfaction to us than almost any part of the book, as experience had convinced us that the falsetto in the woman's voice did not end and the head tones begin where Garcia and Bassini had supposed.

The subject of the registers occupies the whole of the second chapter of the book. The third treats of the "Formation of Sound by the Vocal Organ"; showing, first, what are the properties of tone, as established by scientific investigation. Madam Seiler derives from this what constitutes a

good singing tone, and what should be the disposition of the breath and the choice of vowels and syllables in vocalization in order to obtain it. Flexibility, purity, pronunciation, and many other topics, are also discussed. All of this chapter is valuable, and much of it is new, since few have any idea how opposed to modern custom in all these particulars was the long and careful and gradual drill of the old masters of song. The fourth chapter is devoted to the æsthetic view of the art of singing, and is as thoughtful, judicious, and penetrating as the others. Some of the strong and novel points of the book may be summed up as follows: —

1st. The voice has five independent modes of action for singing, as the hand has five fingers for playing; and each is to be cultivated by and for itself, until the tones produced by each mode equal, or nearly equal, in strength and fulness, the pure tones of all the other modes. 2d. The man's voice is best trained by a man, and the woman's by a woman; and no voice is to be intrusted to any but a thorough singing-teacher. A mere instrumentalist or "natural singer" is not competent to teach this art. 3d. That, instead of beginning practice with inflated chest and a loud tone, at first and for a long time no more breath than is used in speech should be employed; and the tone should be soft, quiet, and entirely without effort. 4th. That the intelligent training of the voice may be, and best is, begun at five or ten years of age, as the growing organ is more susceptible of culture than the adult, and also because it takes years, instead of months, to make a singer. 5th. That singers should not be trained with a tempered instrument like the piano. 6th. That indiscriminate chorus-singing spoils the voice and the ear; and that singing should not, therefore, be taught in our public schools by persons who know of music nothing except the simple reading at sight, and of singing *nothing at all;* but that there should be vocal schools, where children could be trained to read music and to sing without danger of injuring their voices before they have fairly possessed them. No one who has not taught our public-school children to sing knows anything about the beautiful voices and sensitive musical organizations which abound among our little Americans. As the translator of the work says that Madam Seiler is now in this country, would that the educational powers thereof could give her at once a hundred young girls to be trained as teachers for the benefit of just such vocal schools here as she herself would like to see in Germany!

Men of the Time; a Dictionary of Contemporaries, containing Biographical Notices of Eminent Characters of both Sexes. Seventh edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time. London and New York: George Routledge and Sons.

THE men of our time, or the eminent characters of both sexes who happened to be born in the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, enjoy very important privileges in this book, which is wrong in nothing so much as in being too generously named. For example, we infer from it that, while Mr. Leighton is a man of our time, M. Couture has not the advantage of being a contemporary; Miss Catharine Marsh, who wrote "English Hearts and English Hands," is an eminent living character, but Mr. George P. Marsh is not; Westmacott is a distinguished sculptor, but Mr. William Story has not yet come to the editor's notice; the editor knows all about that eminent literary man, Mr. Shirley Brooks, but he has never heard of Mr. James Parton.

Omissions like these, however, though very noticeable, are not characteristic of the book, which is one of the most difficult to make, and the most vulnerable to the fault-finder. It will serve a very good use, which it might serve better; but, remembering that it is intended for another public than ours, and a public peculiarly incurious concerning any greatness but its own, perhaps we ought rather to compliment the editor upon his success in discovering so many Continental and American celebrities among Men of the Time, than blame him for not knowing them all.

Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne. Twenty-five Letters to a Workingman of Sunderland on the Laws of Work. By JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D. New York: John Wiley and Son.

WHAT "Mr. Thomas Dixon, a working cork-cutter of Sunderland," understands to be his duty, from the letters here addressed to him, or understands to be the

duty of anybody, is not clear from such of his replies as are printed in the Appendix; nor are we sure that the reader will be much the wiser as to what Mr. Ruskin expects than, for example, Mr. Ruskin himself. The general desire of this dreamer, whose words are still eloquent, though his mind is sorely be-Carlyled, is to a fairy despotism, which shall sustain itself in the affections and consciences of its subjects by every kind of sumptuary law, and by statutes aiming to repress all the vices and encourage all the virtues. In this state every one is to remain as nearly as can be in the rank to which he was born; there is to be slavery, but not slave-trade, and the slaves are to understand that their work, being manual, is base and degrading; there are to be nobles dwelling on vast estates, — but deriving no income from the lands, which shall neither be sold nor hired, — and salaried by the government, in order that they may keep bright the image of hereditary aristocracy; there is not to be co-operation, for that tends to prevent the accumulation of private wealth by commerce, and to keep people in the station out of which they ought not to rise; marriage is to be permitted by the state as a special reward of merit, and the wicked are to go unwed; there are to be priests and bishops to inquire diligently into the affairs of every family that will stand it, and to write the biographies of their parishioners for public inspection, — to be Scribes, in effect, rather than Pharisees; there shall be soldiers to act as a police in repressing crime and protecting the poor, after the manner of those obeying Governor Eyre in Jamaica (to whose defence fund Mr. Ruskin proclaims that he gave a hundred pounds), and not after the manner of those commanded by General Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah. Mr. Ruskin says nothing directly to this effect, but we suspect, from the general tenor of his reasoning, that he intends Mr. Johnson to be King of his Bezonians.

There is not wanting much beauty of thought, real aspiration, and downright good sense amidst all this rubbish, and the reader has to struggle against an absurd tenderness for the nonsense, because it is taught by one who is thoroughly earnest and philanthropic in it. But at last he has to regret that Mr. Ruskin turned aside from painting buds and leaves, in order to write these letters, and to wish that he had gone to Switzerland to look after his health and "the junctions of the molasse sandstones and nagelfluh," and had not deprived himself of the means to make the journey by subscribing one hundred pounds to the Eyre defence fund. We own, though, that we would not like to have lost, even for the sake of Mr. Ruskin's general reputation hurt by this book, one of his notions in political economy, namely, that civilization advances by the extinction of wants, and not by the creation of them; and we are very thankful for the severity with which both the success and failure of Doré are treated. Also, what is said of the degraded ugliness and vileness of modern theatrical spectacles and public entertainments could ill be spared in this country, where nothing succeeds like the success of the Japanese jugglers, and undrapery, and the *cancan*, at all the chief playhouses.

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BEAUTY OF TREES.

THE word "beauty" is generally used to denote any quality in an object that produces agreeable sensations through the medium of sight; and, if we carefully analyze our ideas of this quality, we shall find them very obscure and indefinite. The beauty of a tree, for example, is of a very complex character, and almost entirely subjective. Trees, for the most part, are wanting in that kind of beauty which we admire in a flower, — their attractiveness being derived chiefly from their influence on the imagination, like that of the ruder works of architecture. A tree with wide-spreading branches and a dense mass of foliage, elevated but moderately above the ground, however crooked, knotted, and gnarled its branches, and however wanting in general comeliness of form, must always awaken those complex emotions that produce a sensation of beauty. Our mental pleasure, in this case, springs chiefly from its evident adaptedness to the purposes of cool shade in summer. It is moral beauty derived from the suggestion of physical comfort. A wood, indeed, is haunted with all imaginable ideas of comfort, refreshment, recreation, and seclusion at all seasons. We think of the delightful scenes and objects encompassed within it, of the flowers it has borne or protected in the spring, of the fruits it has showered into our paths in harvest-time, and of all the pleasant advantages it affords. There is also an endless variety in the forms and foliage of trees, and these differences have been at all times a favorite study for the painter and the naturalist.

There are trees possessing little or none of this fitness for purposes of comfort, that become agreeable objects by awaking pleasant emotions of an intellectual sort. Such are many of the slender Willows, Poplars, and Birches, that suggest the qualities of grace and refinement, and are typical of some virtue or affection of the mind. These trees have a sort of poetic beauty in our sight, being the material image of some agreeable metaphor. Thus Coleridge personifies the White Birch in one of his poems, pronouncing it the

> "Most beautiful
> Of forest-trees, — the Lady of the woods."

Thus the Weeping Willow is emble-

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matical of sorrow, the Yew and Cypress of melancholy, the Oak of fortitude, the Plane of grandeur; while the Cedar of Lebanon, rendered sacred by the peculiar mention of it in Holy Writ, is invested with a romantic interest which adds effect to the nobleness of its dimensions and stature. All this is moral beauty derived from the suggestion of poetic images.

It is with certain pleasing scenes in the romance of travel that we associate the Palms of the tropics; and they have acquired singular attractions by appearing frequently in paintings and engravings that represent the life and manners of the simple inhabitants of warm climates. We see them, in pictures, bending their fan-like heads majestically over the humble hut of the negro, supplying him at once with milk, bread, and fruit, and affording him the luxury of their shade. They are typical of the beneficence of Nature, in whose hands they are the instruments by which she supplies the wants of man before he has learned from reason and experience the arts of civilized life.

The beauty of a tree, therefore, is chiefly independent of anything in its form and colors which we should call intrinsically beautiful. Though it sometimes partakes largely of this character when it is symmetrical in its form, or when it is covered with flowers, in other cases its beauty is of a moral or relative sort. The Oak, one of the most attractive of all trees, is, in an important sense, almost ugly, — being full of irregularities and contortions, and without symmetry or grace. It is allied in our ideas with strength and fortitude, and it is associated with a thousand images of rural life and pastoral scenery. Indeed, if we could always reason correctly from our experience, we should discover that a very small part of that complex quality which we denominate beauty yields any organic pleasure to the sight. It affects the mind as a sort of talisman, that calls up hosts of delightful fantasies and associations, and agreeably exercises our intellectual and moral faculties.

Ruskin has ingeniously explained these effects. "Suppose," he remarks, "that three or four persons come in sight of a group of Pine-trees, not having seen Pines for some time. One, perhaps an engineer, is struck by the manner in which their roots hold the ground, and sets himself to examine their fibres, in a few minutes retaining little more consciousness of the beauty of trees than if he were a rope-maker untwisting the strands of a cable; to another, the sight of the trees calls up some happy association, and presently he forgets them, and pursues the memories they summoned; a third is struck by certain groupings of their colors, useful to him as an artist, which he proceeds immediately to note for future use with as little feeling as a cook setting down the constituents of a newly discovered dish; and a fourth, impressed by the wild coiling of boughs and roots, will begin to change them in fancy into dragons and monsters, and lose his grasp of the scene in fantastic metamorphosis; while, in the mind of the man who has the most power of contemplating the thing itself, all these perceptions and trains of idea are partially present, not distinctly, but in a mingled and perfect harmony. He will not see the colors of the tree as well as the artist, nor its fibres as well as the engineer; he will not altogether share the emotion of the sentimentalist, nor the trance of the idealist; but fancy and feeling and perception and imagination will all obscurely meet and balance themselves in him."

The one last mentioned represents the greater number of persons of sensitive minds; for these emotions and fancies are not confined to those who are usually denominated "men of genius." This supposed element of genius, which causes one to see a thousand charms in many a homely object of nature, is far from being the exclusive gift of a few; I hardly ever knew a cultivated female mind that was not possessed of it.

Nature, who is a wise economist in the midst of all her profusion, is never lavish of the ingredients that excite

physical pleasure. She has distributed the beauty of colors and forms very sparingly among her works, but still in sufficient proportions to render them agreeable. In like manner she has mingled the ingredients of sweetness and acidity in the fruits of her fields, to tempt and satisfy, without cloying, the appetite. A larger proportion of sweetness in the fruits, or a larger proportion of beauty in the general scenery of the earth, would cloy the palate in the one case and pall the sight in the other. The greater part of what we call the beauty of the material world is charming only to the mind or the imagination. Hence the remarkable fact, that uncultivated persons, except those few who are endowed with a poetic temperament, are almost blind to it.

Yet, while contending that the beauty of trees is chiefly of a relative character, serving, like a talisman, to call up before the mind delightful themes or images, in some cases picturesque, in other cases historical or romantic, or interesting the affections by awakening the remembrances of other years, — it will still be admitted that trees, besides all this, possess a due proportion of visual beauty. Some species are remarkable for the regularity and elegance of the forms and arrangement of their branches; some are luminous, at certain seasons, with a gorgeous drapery of flowers; some are invested with perennial verdure; others change it in the autumn for a wreath of all imaginable hues, or become jewelled with fruits of purple, crimson, and gold, and illustrate, in their living charms, the poetic fable of the Hesperides.

Though it is not my intention to speak of trees as subjects of scientific research, they cannot be treated perspicuously without some reference to systematic classification. We must observe them in groups, and study these as represented by individuals. As a group, the deciduous trees are the most beautiful and the most valuable; and, in the northern forest, all the hard-wooded trees and all the trees of the orchard are of this description. The northern evergreens are chiefly "conifers," which, as we advance southward, become less conspicuous; giving place to the Holly, the Magnolia, and the Evergreen Oak.

In the shape of the coniferous evergreens in general, as distinguished from the deciduous trees, there is one remarkable difference. The former invariably send up a perpendicular shaft, and, except the Cypress family, produce their branches somewhat horizontally and in whorls, rising by regular stagings one above another. It is the gradually decreasing lengths of the branches in this series of whorls that causes the pyramidal shape of the tree, — the branches becoming shorter and less horizontal as they approach the summit. The formality and firmness in the shape of this class of trees causes them to be irreparably disfigured by the loss of any of their important branches.

The deciduous trees, on the other hand, produce their branches, which are in some cases mere subdivisions of the trunk, not in whorls, but irregularly, and at different distances above the roots. This is observable in the Oak; for, though it sends up a single shaft to its summit, its lateral branches are inserted at all points, so that its central trunk can hardly be distinguished. This manner of growth is the cause of that want of formality in the outlines and shapes of the deciduous trees which is the crowning excellence of their forms. If they lose one of their important branches when in full vigor, they fill up the vacancy with a new growth, either by the extension of the adjoining branches, or by putting forth a new one, — having the power, to a certain extent, of healing their wounds and supplying their losses. Besides all this, as a compensation for their general want of symmetrical beauty, they admit of many imperfections of shape without losing their attractions.

Writers on landscape-gardening — whose imaginations seldom stray beyond the dressed grounds of a nobleman's estate, and whose "Nature" is a sort of queen-like personage, arrayed

in Eastern splendor and magnificence — declare that trees of a certain form only will harmonize with certain styles of architecture; that round-headed trees, for example, are more proper for Gothic forms of architecture, and pyramidal trees for Grecian forms. I shall not enumerate the reasons given for this opinion, nor attempt to controvert it. Suffice it to say, that Accident — who is the best artist in real landscape, and who can exhibit among her works more beautiful pictures than Art ever yet executed or imagined — pays no regard to any such rules. With the untutored rustic for her foreman, who hews and slashes without reference to any principle but convenience, — who preserves those trees that afford the best shelter to his flocks and cattle, that skirt his fences and rude cart-paths, give firmness to a slope on a river-bank, and consistence to the soil in wet places, — she has gradually created those delightful pictures which are the charm of a great part of New England scenery.

Nature has provided against the unpleasing effects that would result from the dismemberment of trees, by giving to those which are the most common a great variety of outline, admitting of irregularity and disproportion without deformity. Symmetry in the forms of natural objects becomes in a great measure painful by making too great a demand upon the attention required for observing the order and relations of the different parts. All this is unfavorable to repose. If the objects in the landscape be irregular, both in their forms and their distribution, we make no effort to attend to the relations of parts to the whole, because no such harmony is intimated by their character. Hence the scene has the charm of repose. The opposite effect is observed in the works of architecture. Irregularity, by puzzling the mind to discover the mutual relations of parts, is unfavorable to repose, disturbing the thoughts and disappointing the curiosity. The charm of art is variety with uniformity; the charm of nature is variety without uniformity. Nature speaks to us in prose, art in verse.

Though we commonly admire a perfectly symmetrical Oak or Elm, because such perfection is rare, it will be admitted that the irregular forms of trees are more favorable to the production of agreeable impressions on the mind than unfailing symmetry or perfection would be. It is the non-fulfilment of some expectation, or the apparently imperfect supply of some important want, that offends the sight, — as when a disagreeable gap occurs in a finely proportioned tree. The fantastic shapes assumed by the Elm, the Swamp Oak, the Tupelo, and less frequently by the Beech and the Hickory, constitute one of the principal charms of a half-wooded landscape, and never affect the mind with those disagreeable sensations which are produced by a disfigured Fir-tree; because, in the former case, the irregularities coincide with our ideas of the character of the tree, while in the latter case, by destroying its characteristic symmetry, they suggest the disagreeable idea of deformity.

Trees may be observed from still another important point of view. Some, denominated amentaceous by botanists, bear their flowers in catkins, or tassels, which are imperfect flowers, without a corolla, and comparatively wanting in beauty. Others, like the trees of our orchards, produce perfect flowers. This difference constitutes an important distinction when they are regarded as picturesque objects, since the attractions of many species depend chiefly on their flowers. Conspicuous among the latter is the Horse-Chestnut, one of the most attractive of our exotic shade-trees, distinguished by the complete subdivision of its trunk into equal branches, by its umbrageous shade, its singular palmate leaves, and, above all, by its upright racemes of beautiful flowers. The Horse-Chestnut has been very aptly compared to a chandelier containing a multitude of girandoles, — the flowers representing the different clusters of compound lights. There are but few trees which have a more artificial look

when in flower, — yet there is no disagreeable primness in its shape or outlines.

Though Nature infinitely exceeds art in beauty and variety, she sometimes derives a fanciful charm from a similitude of her productions to those of art, — as art, on the other hand, derives incomparable attractions from an apparently true representation of nature. Many of the flowering trees and shrubs have this fancied resemblance to art in their inflorescence.

There are other trees that bear their flowers in pendulous racemes, hanging like jewels from their boughs. Such are the Acacias of the West Indies and the Locust-tree of North America. Few trees exceed the last in that sort of beauty which arises from the combination of two opposite qualities, — in this instance, of rudeness and elegance. Its soft pinnate leaves, harmonizing with the character of its flowers, that droop in pendent clusters from the branches, oppose their graceful beauty to the rough irregularity of the limbs and general uncouth form of the tree, diffusing throughout the atmosphere a fragrance that breathes only of health and enjoyment. I am not acquainted with any tree that surpasses the Locust in that visual quality which produces a charming sensation of nature combined with art in its simplicity. This is partly due to the plain hues of its flowers, and more still, perhaps, to the imperfect shape of the tree, which is never formal or symmetrical. Some trees, by constant association with highly dressed grounds, have lost their power to yield that peculiar delight which we derive from the fresh beauty of nature. In dressed grounds we look for precision and formality: nature is always treated with irreverence, and wealth only with respect. But Pride never yet placed her footprints upon the earth without spoiling the whole landscape upon which they were visible. The trees in highly decorated grounds are commonly perfect in their shape, and the manner in which they are irregularly distributed does not save them from the curse of formality. The prudery of taste cannot be concealed by any such artifice, and trees which are rude and inelegant in their forms offend the humor of such a landscape. The Locust, therefore, is always rejected by the gardener for those very qualities which render it a delightful object to the votary of nature.

In trees with rosaceous flowers, nature exhibits some of the fairest ornaments of northern climes; and these are the only northern trees that produce a pulpy fruit. Such are all the trees of our orchards, — the Cherry, the Peach, the Apple, and the Pear, also the Mountain Ash and its allied species, down to the Mespilus and the Hawthorn. These trees are suggestive rather of the farm and its pleasant appurtenances than of rude nature; but so closely allied to nature is the farm, when under the direction of its unsophisticated owner, and unbedizened by taste, that its accompaniments seem to be a rightful part of Nature's domain. The simplicity of the rustic farm coincides with the fresh-glowing charms of nature; and a row of Apple-trees, overshadowing the wayside, forms an arbor in which the rural deities might revel as in their own sylvan solitudes; and Nature herself wears a more charming appearance when to her own rude costume she adds a wreath twined by the rosy fingers of Pomona.

The blossoms of the rosaceous trees are invariably white, or crimson, or the different shades of these two colors combined. Those of the Cherry and the Plum are constantly white; those of the Peach and the Almond, crimson; those of the Pear and the Mountain Ash are also white; and those of the Apple, when half expanded, are crimson, changing to white or blush-color as they expand. The colors of the Hawthorns vary with their species, which are numerous. As I have already intimated, Nature is not lavish of those forms and hues which are the ingredients of pure visual or objective beauty. She displays them very sparingly

under ordinary circumstances, that we may not be wearied by their stimulating influence, and thereby lose our susceptibility to the impressions of homely objects. But at certain times, and during very short periods, she seems to exert all her powers to fascinate the senses. It is in these moods that she wreathes the trees with flowers for a short time in the spring, and, just before the dusky shades of autumn have settled upon the earth, illuminates the forests with colors as beautiful as they are evanescent.

Another group of flowering trees — found rarely in northern climes — is represented by the Magnolia and the Tulip-tree. These trees have obtained a great deal of celebrity, on account of their blossoms, which are chiefly remarkable for their extraordinary size and their powerful fragrance. The Magnolia, with its dark evergreen foliage, is a valuable gift of nature to the inhabitants of the arid plains and valleys of the South; and its flowers make a magnificent appearance at certain seasons. The Tulip-tree has many of the same characteristics; it attains in favorable situations an extraordinary size, and is an admirable ornament for dressed grounds, where its lofty stature, its symmetrical form, its smooth branches, and its polished foliage, are in "excellent keeping" with the graded lawn, the fanciful flower-beds, the serpentine walks, and other pseudo-natural affectations.

The most noble trees in existence are of the amentaceous group, — bearing imperfect flowers in the form of aments, or catkins. To this class belong the Oak, the Plane, the Chestnut, the Hickory, the Beech, the Pines, and, indeed, the greater part of the northern forest-trees. It includes almost all the nut-bearers, from the Walnut down to the diminutive Hazel. These trees are not remarkable for the beauty of their flowers, which are without a corolla; but in many of them the aments constitute a flowing drapery that rivals the grace and elegance of the more splendid flowering trees. The aments of the Chestnut resemble silken tassels, glistening like golden fringe amidst the darker masses of foliage; those of the Oak exhibit a greater variety of hues, and their drooping character forms a beautiful contrast with the sturdy bearing of the tree, while their brown and purple tints harmonize with the less decided hues of the half-expanded foliage. The Willows and Poplars derive a considerable share of their vernal attractions from this silken drapery, — adorned in some of the species with a great variety of colors.

Besides the many different forms which we observe in trees, nature causes the most of them to change their appearance many times during the year; and in this mutability we note one of the superior advantages of the deciduous trees. The evergreens, if they were universal, would be apt to weary the sight by presenting at all seasons the same monotonous vestiture of dark, sombre green; for the changes that happen to them are hardly sufficient to be readily observed. Yet it is to the evergreens we owe some of the most important features of winter scenery. They present, in their perennial verdure, a lively opposition to the whiteness of the snow and the general brown of vegetation, and fill the mind with pleasant images of the protection they afford from the severity of the clime. Besides the cheerful feature they add to winter scenery, by relieving its expression of harshness, they serve in the autumn to publish the beauty of the tinted groups, to which their sombre groundwork of verdure gives a more prominent relief.

The deciduous trees, though of less value to us in winter, possess more various attractions, — fading and brightening, dying, as it were, and then reviving, and passing with every successive season through a series of transformations which are ever new and striking. The Cherry-tree of our gardens, being a familiar object, may be instanced to exemplify these changes. In the winter we perceive only the network formed by its branches; we see their whorls,

one above another, in stages somewhat similar to those of a Fir-tree. In May it puts forth its light-green plaited leaves; and, before these are entirely unfolded, its white flowers, like miniature roses, appear in a sudden glow of splendor. The flowers are succeeded by drupes of berries, distinguished among the leaves by their lighter shades of green, passing through a gradation of tints, from a light yellow and blush-color to orange, crimson, and purple. Finally, just before the fall of the leaf, appear those indescribable tints which are emblematic of autumn, and which are as conspicuous in the Cherry-tree as in the trees of our indigenous forest.

While Nature, in the forms and colors of the foliage of trees, and the arrangement of their branches, causing a great variety of outline, has provided a constant entertainment for the sight, and a pleasing exercise for the mind and imagination, she has also increased their attractions by endowing them with a different susceptibility to motion from the action of the winds. Some species, like the Balsam Fir, having stiff branches and foliage, are merely rocked backwards and forwards by the wind, without any separate motion of their leaves. This inflexibility renders the Firs and some of their allied species less expressive than many other trees of those agreeable qualities that suggest the ideas of grace and liveliness. Others have stiff branches with flexible leaves, so that, while they do not bend to a moderate breeze, they exhibit animation by the movements of their foliage. This quality is observed in the Oak, the Ash, and the Locust, and in all those deciduous trees that have a somewhat pendulous foliage, and are wanting in a flexible spray.

This trembling habit of the foliage is most remarkable in the Poplar tribe, and is proverbial in the Aspen. It is also conspicuous in the common Pear-tree, and in the little White Birch. All tremulous leaves are somewhat heart-shaped, having a long footstalk more or less flattened; and on this flatness their flexibility chiefly depends. This tremulousness, under certain conditions of the weather, is very affecting, and has given rise to many poetical images and fables in the literature of all civilized nations.

Other trees, like the American Elm, when swayed by the wind exhibit a graceful waving of their branches, with but little apparent motion of their leaves. We observe the same motions in the Weeping Willow, and in other trees with a drooping spray, in which the flexibility of the branches is more apparent than that of the foliage. Here it may be remarked that the lines described by the motions of trees with upright branches differ essentially from those of the drooping trees. The motions of hanging branches are particularly pleasing, because they are associated with ideas of facility and repose. They please still more, perhaps, by their resemblance to certain living forms, which are allied with the feminine graces. I believe there is not a single motion of a tree, or of any other plant, that does not in part derive its power to please from its suggestion of some agreeable image of our own life.

An exceedingly beautiful waving of the branches is noticeable in a grove of Hemlocks, when they are densely assembled without being crowded; and it is remarkable that one of the most graceful of trees should belong to a family which is distinguished by its stiffness, formality, and want of grace. The Hemlock, unlike other Firs and Spruces, has a very flexible spray; and its foliage is constantly showing its under silvery surface when moved by the wind. If we look from an opposite point upon the outside of a grove of Hemlocks, when they are exposed to a brisk but moderate current of wind, we may observe a peculiar undulating movement of their foliage and branches, made more apparent by the glitter of the leaves, that resemble a collection of minute spangles, with one dark and one glittering surface. Nature presents to us, in all the infinitely various motions of her vegetable forms, nothing so

beautiful as these undulations in a grove of Hemlocks.

While the Hemlocks, by their motions, represent the undulations of the sea, when it is considerably agitated without any broken lines on its surface, other species of Fir exhibit in their motions harsher angles. If we look upon a grove of Balsam Firs or Pitch Pines, we shall see that the tops of these trees, and the extremities of their branches, swaying backward and forward, form a surface like that of the ocean, when it is broken by tumultuous waves of a moderate height. The undulations of the Hemlocks present an appearance of curve-lines, flashing with the silvery lustre of their foliage ; those of the Firs are more angular, with broken lines. Hence the one suggests the ideas of tumult, contention, and the dangers of the waves ; the other, that of life and motion, combined with serenity and peace.

In a strong current of wind, individual trees, when they are tall and slender, awaken our interest by bending over uniformly, like a plume. This habit is particularly noticeable in the small White Birch, and in the young trees of some other species. All objects that bend to the breeze, in consequence of their apparent flexibility, are interesting, inasmuch as they are typical of resignation and humility, qualities which always excite our sympathy. Hence the drooping forms of vegetation are highly poetical, as we observe of lilies, which, with less positive beauty, are more interesting than tulips. But we will pass from this consideration of the motions of trees to treat of another quality no less intimately associated with their beauty.

When the branches of trees are swayed by the wind, and their leaves are glancing in the light of the sun, their motions are accompanied by various sounds which are an important part of the music of nature. Indeed, the motions of terrestrial objects seem never to be attended with silence. The poetic notion of the music of the spheres may be an erroneous conceit of the imagination, or but the metaphorical expression of the harmony of their movements. But whether the heavenly bodies pass through their sublime evolutions without producing sounds consequent on their march, or whether the different stages of their progress may be accompanied by sounds which are the source of ineffable delight to those immortal beings capable of perceiving them, it must be allowed that analogy is in favor of this poetical affirmation. For over all this earth motion is accompanied by sound ; and the more rapid motions of the planetary bodies through the more attenuate celestial atmosphere may produce similar effects, transcending all melodies which can be perceived by mortal ears. Imagination often suggests a truth that lies beyond the ken of our understanding, which was given us for judgment, not for discovery ; and the music of the spheres may be something more than a metaphor.

But the sounds from terrestrial objects alone are sufficient to inspire the mind with exalted thoughts. How often have I sat delighted under the branches of a Pine grove, and listened to the fancied roaring of the distant waves of the sea, as the wind passed through the foliage! As the breeze commences, we seem to hear the first soft rippling of the waves ; when it increases, succeeding waves of fuller swell flow tremulously in a delightful *crescendo* upon the strand, and, after the wind is lulled, sink into silence as they recede from the shore. In a grove of Birches, the sounds are suggestive of more lively images. It seems as if a host of Zephyrs, with their invisible wings, were holding a revel among the branches, — rising now, and then alighting, as in the movement of some elfin dance, and pursuing one another through all the intricate mazes of the foliage, — sped by æolian melodies that convey the sweetest delight to the ears of mortals.

And we need not marvel, when we listen to these sounds, that an imaginative and superstitious race should have lent ear to them as to voices from heaven, — that they should have peopled the

groves with deities possessing the most lovely attributes, who gave tongues to the winds, and tuned the leaves of trees so that every motion should make them vibrate with music.

Whether we ourselves are adjusted to Nature, or Nature has accommodated her gifts to our wants and sensibilities, her beneficence is in nothing more apparent than in her adaptation of the sounds of the inanimate world to the chords within our own hearts. If we are afflicted with grief, or weary of society, we flee to the groves, to be soothed by the quiet of their solitudes, and by the harmonies from their branches, which are tuned to every mood of the mind. Among the thousand strings that are swept by the winds, there is always a chord in unison with our own feelings; and while, at lulling intervals, each strain comes to the ear with its accordant vibration, the mind is healed of its disquietude, and soothed by the melodious symphonies that seem like direct messages of peace from the guardian deities of the wood.

The tremulous habit of the Aspen has always been proverbial, and it is a quality of all the Poplars. When a strong wind prevails, the leaves of other trees are put into motion, and their tumult is universal. But when one is sitting at a window, on a still summer day, or sauntering in the wood, or musing in the shade of a quiet nook, — when the wind is so calm that the hum of the invisible insect swarms hovering in the atmosphere is plainly audible, — then is the trembling motion of the Aspen-leaves peculiarly significant of the serenity of the elements. It is, therefore, a highly tranquillizing sound, associated with rest in the languor of noon, or with watching in the still hours of a warm night.

When the quiet of the atmosphere is beginning to yield to the movement of a rising tempest, the Aspen, by its excessive agitation, gives us a prophetic warning of its approach. Often on a summer afternoon, the first notice I have received of a rising thunder-storm came from the increased trepidation of the leaves of a Poplar that grew before my study window. Thus, while the rustling of the Aspen-leaf speaks of the delightful tranquillity of summer weather, there is likewise a tender expression of melancholy in its tones, that bodes a general stirring of the winds as they come up from the gathering-place of the storm.

The *preservation of trees* from the destruction to which they are exposed from so many requisitions — to supply the necessities of the arts and the demands of human comfort, and, above all, to satisfy the raging appetite of millions of furnaces that glow perpetually in all parts of the land — has become a subject of serious thought. The steam-engine — that giant infernal-machine, which borrows from future generations to serve the impatient demands created by the avarice of the present age — is the grand destroyer of the trees and forests. Already is it threatening to enter the pleasant domain of agriculture, — to stifle with its screams the cheerful sounds that make a rural home delightful, — to substitute for the music of the whetting of the scythe, and for the joyful voices of laborers, the hurried words of command from the driver of the steam-plough and the foreman of the rustic platoon. Already are the advocates of its despotic power losing their reverence for the noble standard trees that encumber the way of its ruthless progress, and learning to contemplate with satisfaction the fields reduced to treeless levels, over which this slave-making machine may turn its long furrows without obstacle, in mammoth plains created by the destruction of small farms.

Setting aside all the economic uses of trees, their beauty and their influence on our happiness would alone render them worthy of protection and preservation. All men appreciate the awful condition in which we should be placed if the earth were entirely disrobed of trees; but we do not fully realize the necessity of a determination on the part of every citizen to use all his personal influence to prevent the destruction of them, and to see that no valuable tree

is ever needlessly sacrificed, and that no barren eminence or declivity is ever deprived of its wood.

May the time never come when all the full-grown trees shall be banished to the roadside, the public grounds, or the gentleman's estate ; and when the youth of our villages, excluded from field and wood, — no longer the dwelling-place of sylvan beauty and the scene of healthful labor and recreation, but a hateful show of dressed lawn and aristocratic park, — shall mourn over the progress of luxury which has destroyed the wildwood, graded the diversities of surface, and converted the beautiful domain of rustic labor into one vapid confederation of landscape gardens and model farms !

It is difficult to realize how great a part of all that is cheerful and delightful in the recollections of our own life is associated with trees. They are allied with the songs of morn, with the quiet of noonday, with social gatherings under the evening sky, and with all the beauty and attractiveness of every season. Nowhere does nature look more lovely, or the sounds from birds and insects, and from inanimate things, affect us more deeply, than in their benevolent shade. Never does the blue sky appear more serene than when its dappled azure glimmers through their green trembling leaves. Their shades, which, in the early ages, were the temples of religion and philosophy, are still the favorite resort of the studious, the scene of healthful sport for the active and adventurous, and the very sanctuary of peaceful seclusion for the contemplative and sorrowful.

In our early years, we are charmed with the solitude of groves, with the flowers that dwell in their recesses, with the little creatures that sport among their branches, and with the birds that convey to us by their notes a portion of their own indefinable happiness. At a later period of life, the wood becomes a hallowed spot, where we may review the events of the past. Nature has made use of trees to wed our minds to the love of homely scenes, and to make us satisfied with life. How many visions of village merry-makings, of rural sports and pastimes, of the frolics of children, and of studious recreation, haunt us when we sit down under the protection of some old familiar tree that stands in the open field or by the wayside !

In fine, I cannot help regarding trees as the most poetical objects in nature. Every wood teems with suggestions of imaginative thought, every tree is vocal with language and music, and its fruits and flowers do not afford more luxury to the sense than delight to the mind. The trees have their roots in the earth, but they send up their branches towards the skies, and are so many supplicants to Heaven for blessings upon our homes. The slender gracefulness of the Birch and the Willow, the grandeur of the broad-spreading Plane, the venerable majesty of the Oak, the flowing dignity of the Elm, and the proud magnificence of the towering Pine, are all calculated to inspire the mind with serene, lively, tender, or sublime emotions. Their beauty leads us to the love of nature, and fills us with profound veneration for the Creator.

TWO FAMILIES.

"EMMA, go to the bureau in my bedroom, and in the second drawer, in the right-hand corner, you 'll see the pile of aprons; the third one from the top is your blue-and-brown gingham. Put it on, and I will button it up for you."

"I hate that old apron!" said Emma, undutifully. "I don't *want* to wear it!"

"Emma, do as I bid you this instant," said Mrs. Gourlay, with authority. "Hate the clothes that mother makes for you! what a wicked girl!"

"It 's faded, and there 's a great patch where I burnt it, and Kitty will laugh at me. Aunty never makes *her* wear such old things."

"Kitty will most likely see the day when she will be glad of a much worse one, and have to go without. Your aunt brings up her children to all sorts of extravagant notions, but I 'm thankful that I know my duty better."

Spite of her frowning remonstrances, the unwilling Emma was duly invested with the despised garment, and despatched to school, where the spectacle of her cousin in a prettily shaped white apron, made with pockets, and fastened by rows of dear little pearl buttons, served greatly to intensify her wrath and disgust.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gourlay seated herself before her work-basket. Before it, — for it was no trumpery affair, decked with ribbons, and holding a gold thimble and frill, or perchance a bit of tatting. It was a large, substantial willow structure, piled with all sorts of heavy, ugly garments in the cut-out state. This basket was poor Emma's abhorrence. She had her daily part to do toward reducing its contents; and her little hands grew weary and her little heart yet wearier over long fells and clumsy seams of Canton flannel. Mrs. Gourlay had no sympathy with such weariness. Canton flannel was an ordering of Providence; and if any one found sewing on it to be tedious, it was clearly due to her own rebellious and impatient spirit.

I wish you could have seen the room in which this good lady presently composed herself to sewing; though indeed "composed" is hardly the word for that swift and energetic plying of the needle which straightway began. It was not a large apartment, nor a lofty, — I believe that Mrs. Gourlay, having never chanced to inhabit such rooms herself, had a notion that some sort of moral obliquity attached to their possession, — nor could it boast the ornament of rare or costly furniture; but how beautifully clean, how exactly ordered, was every portion of it! The window-panes glittered like mirrors; the Holland shades hung "plumb" from their rollers; the carpet — ingrain of the best quality and ugliest imaginable pattern — was free from shred or speck; the maple chairs, with their cane seats, shone as if just home from the cabinet-maker's; well-starched tidies protected the green moreen of the rocking-chairs from profaning contact. Every inch of paint, every bit of brass or steel, was fresh and shining as hands could make it. Even the pendulum of the clock on the high mantel looked bigger and brighter than that of other clocks, as it glanced momently through its little window. Yet, as there was a serpent in Eden, so there was one element of disorder even in this otherwise perfect room. The cover of the lounge, put on to preserve undimmed its green-and-crimson glories, had a trick of getting awry when Mr. Gourlay or the children sat or moved heedlessly upon it. This was one of Mrs. Gourlay's trials, — a cross borne daily with more or less of meekness, as might happen. She was not partial to the lounge herself, preferring seats of more upright and rigid tendency; but once a day or so she sat down upon it in an illustra-

tive manner, merely to prove how entirely unnecessary were the twitching and rumpling of its cover which ensued upon the presence of anybody else. But the lessons were unfruitful: the chintz still twisted, and the children still caught admiring glimpses of the splendors beneath.

This morning there was great peace in the room and in Mrs. Gourlay's mind. The children were at school, and her husband at his office. Undisturbed quiet reigned, and would reign till the noon-hour brought the return of the beloved ones and the infraction of order. For the time being she was almost as happily situated as a maiden lady or a childless widow. She set a huge patch in John's trousers with the finish and exactness of mosaic-work, turned thence to Mr. Gourlay's hose, and meditated meanwhile on the extravagance and general delinquencies of Jane Maria.

Jane Maria was her sister-in-law, the wife of Mr. Gourlay's younger brother; and between the two ladies existed all that fond affection which the relationship commonly engenders. It so happened that Jane Maria's husband was the more prosperous of the two, — a state of things not acceptable to Mrs. Gourlay, and a great pity, every way, she considered. For only see to how much more account a good property could be turned in a small family like her own than in her brother's great household! The number of Jane Maria's children seemed to her a part of the general want of management and thrift displayed in that establishment. Four boys and two girls, and all allowed pieces between meals! No wonder there was a grease-spot as large as a sixpence on the dining-room carpet the last time she was there, and that Jane Maria put up jam enough every fall to supply a regiment.

And now Emma was getting older, and noticed things, she supposed there would be an endless trouble about her clothes. Well, no matter. If Jane Maria chose to waste her husband's money in dressing up her children every day as if they were going to a party, it was not *her* affair; she should not be led away by any such extravagance. Emma must learn to wear what was given her without gainsaying.

So pleasantly and profitably did time pass in these reveries, that the hand of the clock pointed to eleven ere she was aware. With rapid fingers she folded up her sewing, picked a stray thread from the carpet, and, proceeding to the kitchen, superintended Melinda, the help, in the preparation of an excellent meal, — thinking, meanwhile, of that other kitchen where almost everything was left to "girls," and choice cookery was unknown.

The children came flying in at the back door a little after twelve. Their father was allowed to use the front entrance on condition of assuming his slippers the moment that the portal closed after him. This was one of the by-laws of the house of Gourlay. The large, cheery man submitted to it as to other domestic edicts. If ever he wounded his wife's feelings in any of those sacred household tenets wherein they were most tender, it was unwittingly. Prime among his articles of faith was that which held Martha his wife to be the very crown and exemplar of woman's excellence. In return she strove to bear with resignation his many breaches of propriety; only said, "O Mr. Gourlay!" in a despairing tone when he threw a wet overcoat down on the hall table, and shook her head with languid disdain when he proposed to summon all the flies in the neighborhood by lighting a fire on a cool summer day.

"Is n't it a great while since we had William's people here to tea?" observed Mr. Gourlay as he discussed appreciatively his chicken-pie. "Suppose you ask 'em over."

Mrs. Gourlay's first impulse was to negative this proposition. Visits were not often exchanged between the two families, which enjoyed a sufficiency of each other's society in informal calls and running in and out. Two or three

times a year, however, there were invitations to a regular tea-drinking, and a slight effort of memory showed her that the period for her own share in these hospitalities had nearly come round; besides which she had one or two *chefs-d'œuvre* in the sweetmeat line which she by no means objected to exhibit to Jane Maria. She acquiesced amiably, therefore, in her husband's suggestion.

"Emma, you may go to your aunt William's after school, and say we shall be happy to see her and uncle and all the children to tea to-morrow afternoon."

"Bless me! is it going to be a party?" said Mr. Gourlay. "How long notice do you need to give? Why not have them to-day? You 're always prepared enough. Give 'em whatever you happen to have."

"That 's Jane Maria's way, I know," replied Mrs. Gourlay, with stately disapproval. "But I understand a little better, I hope, what is due to guests than to set them down to stale bread and last week's cake."

"Just as you like; only don't make the children sick with goodies."

"It is n't *my* fault, Mr. Gourlay, if they find things so much nicer than they are used to that they are tempted to overeat. Besides, their mother will be here; can't she restrain them?"

"Fault? No, of course not. Who ever heard of its being a fault to set the best table in town? Only it spoils a man for taking a meal out of his own house," said Mr. Gourlay, roused to new consciousness of the treasure he possessed.

His wife smiled; she saw through the kind hypocrisy of this remark. Long but vainly had she tried to educate him up to her own high standard; it remained a mournful fact that he could make as good a dinner from the homeliest fare as from her most carefully studied dainties. Yet he made an effort in the right direction; he appreciated her superiority *en masse*, if not in detail, and this observation showed it.

Emma delivered her message according to instructions. "Tell your mamma we shall be happy to come," responded her aunt, graciously.

"Going to Aunt Martha's!" cried George when he heard the news, "O, bully!"

"For shame!" said his sister Cecilia, a young prude of eleven or so. "One would think you never had anything to eat at home."

"Who talked about eating?" demanded George, with injured innocence. "I did n't. Guess you must have been thinking about it yourself."

"It 's the only treat you *could* look forward to there," said their mother, when she and Cecilia were alone. "I 'm sure I 'm always in a fever, from the time we enter the house, lest something should be injured. Not that there 's anything so very choice, but your aunt is so particular."

"Yes," acquiesced Cecilia, quite old enough to understand the family hostilities. "Aunt Martha thinks her kitchen chairs are better than other people's parlor ones."

This remark was considered by Mrs. William to be a triumph of shrewdness, and repeated as such to her husband in the evening.

At the other house great preparations were going on. The sponge was set for those miraculous biscuit in which Mrs. Gourlay gloried, cake was concocted, silver rubbed up, and many a secret nook invaded in the hope, still futile, of discovering some dust therein.

"Shall we have the cover off the lounge, ma?" asked Emma.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gourlay, doubtfully. Those vandals of children would be sprawling all over it, and digging their heels and elbows into it; so much was certain. On the other hand, she should like to show Jane Maria the advantage there was in taking a little care of your things; *her* lounge was never covered, and faded and shabby enough it looked already, though not a year old yet. This desire conquered, and the valued article shone forth unobscured. Emma was allowed to come home early from school, and to view

her mother as she cut the cake, and shaved down the smoked beef with a nicety unattainable by any other hand. She was further privileged to appropriate such precious crumbs and scraps as resulted from the work.

"Careful, child! I 'm afraid you 'll have your fingers off!" exclaimed Mrs. Gourlay, as the little hand dived almost under her keen knife in pursuit of a particularly choice bit of beef.

"How thin you cut it!" said Emma, admiringly. "Aunty has hers different. It 's in quite thick pieces."

"I know it, Emma," returned her mother. No further comment than her tone was needful.

Between four and five the door-yard gate opened, and the expected party appeared, — Cecilia, very smart in a new muslin, leading the youngest trot, decked out in infant finery; Kitty walking with her mother, and wearing sash and shoes that smote poor Emma's heart. She looked down at her own thick boots, and sighed.

"The boys will be here presently," said Mrs. William, as she greeted her hostess. "They were not quite ready, and I thought we would n't wait for them."

"There they are now," announced Emma, a few minutes later, as the little group was about seating itself in the parlor. "O my! how they are running right through that mud in the middle of the road!"

"Don't give yourself any trouble about them," said their mother, as Mrs. Gourlay hurried to the door. "They 'll hunt up John somewhere about the premises, I dare say."

"He 's walking up and down the back stoop, whistling, with his hands in his pockets," said Emma.

Cecilia turned, while a very prim expression compressed her small mouth. "I think," she said, "that John might have come and spoken to his aunt and cousins."

"Perhaps he did not know we were here, my dear," observed her mother. Cecilia looked gimlet-wise at little Emma, who colored guiltily, and vouchsafed no further information. She knew very well that John had said, "*I* ain't going in! I shall see aunty at tea, and you don't catch me near Cecilia Gourlay if I can help it. I ain't going to have *her* telling me what 's proper!"

The lady of the house returned from overseeing the proper use of scraper and mat on the part of her nephews, who sought the recreant John in his "position in the rear," and the visit began. She observed with secret reprobation, though without surprise, that Jane Maria had no work, and bore her testimony against such lack of thrift by unusual energy in knitting.

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. William. "Cotton stockings? Don't you find them very tedious?"

"Not as tedious as to mend the holes in woven ones."

"Yes, they *are* sometimes fearful," said Jane Maria, smiling. "I often wonder what my boys' feet are made of, they go through their stockings so fast."

"*We* always think knitted stockings are the best economy," said Mrs. Gourlay.

Now if there was a word in the world that Mrs. William hated, it was that "we." It referred to Mrs. Gourlay's mother and sisters, and thence back to her grandmother and great-aunts, each in her day a burning and shining light, and a terror to all less accomplished housekeepers. When Mrs. Gourlay said "we," it suggested, not only her own perfections, but those of her whole race; it was a sort of royal "we," and implied a superiority hopeless of attainment by any lowlier lineage.

"Sometimes I think so, — and again not," said Mrs. William. "It makes them very dear if you hire them done, and of course I can't keep such a tribe supplied myself. So I buy sometimes, and again have some one knit for us."

Of course. Just what might be expected. Never able to make up her mind to one thing or the other. But then it would not do to say a word. These reflections imparted a severity to

Mrs. Gourlay's countenance, observed by Cecilia, and considered by her to add a quite superfluous depth to her aunt's ugliness. But Cecilia had mistaken views of personal appearance. Mrs. Gourlay was really a well-looking woman, or would have been had she brought a little taste and care to the aid of her native attractions. But her hair was always brushed straight back from her forehead and twisted in the tightest of knots; her gowns were often old-fashioned, and apt to be short and scanty in the skirt. Thought for dress, except in the matter of being clean and whole, she regarded as a weakness criminally unworthy a woman who had the solemn trust of a house committed to her charge. Not, indeed, that she was so insensible to her own claims as to possess no good or valuable clothing. There were times and seasons — Sundays, Thanksgivings, and formal visits — when certain garments, now hanging darkly in the closet of the spare bedroom, were brought forth to light and wear. On such occasions little Emma viewed her mother's unwonted magnificence with awful veneration, and never dreamed that the fineness of the merinoes, or the weight and lustre of the silks, could be matched in any other wardrobe.

Jane Maria, on the contrary, was not above such moderate personal adornment as the mother of six children might reasonably indulge in. Her hair, which was dark and abundant, was arranged with reference, if not in absolute conformity, to the reigning mode; when her apparel became old-fashioned, she had it made up anew. To-day, her large but well-moulded form was arrayed in some sort of gray material, light of texture, as became the season, and relieved by blue trimmings. The skirt was full, and flowed away in soft, silky-looking amplitude; the azure ribbons suited their wearer's fair and placid style; the chestnut locks were rolled back from the white temples, and brushed to lustrous smoothness. Altogether, Mrs. William was what you would call a fine, stylish-looking woman of middle age, — one whom you would have felt disposed to commend, in that the care of so numerous a family had not caused her to neglect what was due to her own appearance. Not so did her sister-in-law regard this pleasing *personnel*. To her eyes, vanity and failure of duty were written all over the ample skirt and blue ribbons.

Conversation languished a little after the interchange of opinion upon cotton hose; but this was nothing alarming. The family visits were not occasions of uproarious hilarity, and no one expected this to be an exception to the general rule. Mrs. Gourlay knitted vigorously; Cecilia looked over the fashion-plates in an old volume of the Lady's Book; and Mrs. William kept a strict eye on little Harry, to see that no mischief was done to that high sanctuary in which they sat. She never brought any work upon her visits hither, dreading that her attention might be absorbed at a critical moment, and direful harm ensue. To the superficial observer there was no great likelihood of this. There were no knick-knacks about, no bits of glass or china; the sombre hair-cloth sofa and chairs looked capable of maintaining themselves against any infant sallies. But Mrs. William felt that danger was in ambush everywhere. She was never free from dread that Harry might, in some luckless moment, become surreptitiously possessed of a pin, and take to engraving some of the varnished surfaces around, or overturn the little stand with the big Bible on it, or crack the looking-glass or the shade of the solar lamp. Failing these, he was always likely to tumble the muslin curtains by an ill-advised rush to the window. So his mother watched him, keeping foot and hand in readiness to restrain any unwarranted movement; and, having meanwhile to carry on her share of conversation, found herself sufficiently employed. There was talk about the minister and the weather, the scarcity of fruit, and consequent appalling dearth of sweetmeats; while hope was expressed that the autumnal yield might compensate this lack.

"Don't you think Mr. Holly is falling off a great deal in his sermons?" asked Mrs. Gourlay.

"Why, no, I can't say I have observed it," replied Jane Maria. "To be sure, I am not always as much interested as I could wish, but I think that may be owing to myself, in great part. The cares of the week do pursue us over into Sunday, though I know it ought not to be so. Sometimes in the midst of a sermon I will find my mind on some matter about the house or children. Of course I check myself as soon as I observe it, but one cannot expect to listen very profitably with divided attention."

Such cause for her own lack of enjoyment in the services had never entered Mrs. Gourlay's mind, and she was not likely to harbor it now. She was about to speak more freely of the minister's deterioration, and her views with reference to it, when she caught the eye of her niece fixed attentively upon her. It would never do to speak before that girl; she was a great deal too sharp for her age.

"We have quite overlooked Cecilia," she said, benignly; "it must be very dull for her, shut up here with us. Run out, my dear, and see if you can find Kitty and Emma; I presume they are in the orchard under the early apple-tree. The apples are ripening fast, and they are very nice."

Cecilia found this unwonted graciousness perfectly transparent. "Thank you, aunt," she answered, "but I will stay here, if you please. I don't care to be with the children, and I can amuse myself very well while you and mamma are talking." The flow of Mrs. Gourlay's confidences was thus checked, and Cecilia very properly rewarded for her indocility; she was fond of apples, though she liked news better, and, in this instance, she had neither. Her aunt contented herself with remarking: "One thing is certain; Mr. Holly does n't visit enough."

"Perhaps not," said Jane Maria; "but then he has his sermons, you know, and the weekly meetings, and people coming to him for advice, and a hundred other calls upon his time."

"But he ought to visit more," reiterated Mrs. Gourlay. "We 've a right to expect it from our minister."

"I 've a good deal of sympathy," said Jane Maria, smiling, "for people who don't do all that is expected of them. But I think you are right in wishing to see Mr. Holly oftener; he is so pleasant when he does come, that I feel sorry he cannot afford time to be more sociable. It 's Wesley, is n't it, that says the smallest part of a pastor's duty is in the pulpit?"

"Wesley may have said so," returned Mrs. Gourlay, "though I don't see any call to go out of our own denomination for our opinions. I could have said as much as that myself, and so, I dare say, could plenty of our ministers."

A sound of the trampling of many feet was presently heard, and it became evident that the boys had wearied of out-door amusement, and sought the sitting-room. Both mothers grew uneasy, — Mrs. Gourlay in the dread of injuries inflicted, Mrs. William in the fear that her tribe was inflicting them.

"Cecy, dear," she said, "go into the other room, and try to keep some sort of order among those boys."

The young damsel departed on her mission, nothing loath; clad in delegated authority, she felt herself an important character. John's countenance fell as he saw the smart muslin and the neat gaiters in the door-way.

"Can't we have less noise here, children?" asked Cecilia. "Mamma and aunt can hardly hear themselves speak. George! let go that book. You must not snatch, sir! Now what is all this dispute about?"

"It 's John's fault," said George, in loud complaint. "He won't let me look. He said he 'd show me the pictures, and now he holds the book so high I can't see."

"John," spake the austere Cecilia, "you don't understand very well how you ought to treat your company. I

wonder you are n't ashamed to tease a boy so much smaller than yourself."

John succumbed. He might defy Cecilia from the back stoop, but in her presence he was vanquished. They had always been opposing forces. When they were smaller, her arm had often been black and blue from his vengeful pinches, and his locks had suffered from her angry clutch. This was all past long ago; such personal encounters were ages removed from the present dignity of the individuals. But they were still at swords' points in a more quiet way, and there was a chill of conscious virtue in the younger and weaker of the two that overawed her opponent. He sulkily surrendered the book to George; and the other boys, taking their stand on their sacred character of guests, lorded it over him without mercy.

Tea caused an agreeable diversion. Mr. Gourlay and his brother had come in, Mrs. Gourlay had paid her superintending visits to kitchen and table, Kitty and Emma had returned from the orchard with arms sentimentally intwined about each other's waists, and six o'clock had arrived. Punctually as the last stroke died on the air, the hostess marshalled her clan, and led the way. There was a little bustle and delay in seating so large a party, and a casting down of eyes while grace was said; then the whole wonderful *coup d'œil* burst upon them, — the firm, fine cloth with its satin gloss and even folds; the glitter of china and silver; the ruby and amber translucencies of sweetmeats; the biscuits, each a snowy puff surmounted by its delicate crust of brown; the contrasts of plum and lady cake, melting white and luscious darkness, piled together in the basket. From these goodly cates what fine aromas rose! what a sense had every guest of the polish, the perfection, to which the arrangements had been brought! Mrs. William was vexed with herself that even she could not escape it. The china was no better than her own, the spoons not half as handsome. She had a silver-plated tea-tray and service, of neat and tasteful pattern, for her own great occasions; yet somehow the britannia-metal teapot and the japanned salver impressed her with a feeling of their excellence, of the splendid festivity of any occasion which they graced, beyond what her own were ever able to convey. It must have been because they were so highly prized, so sedulously guarded. No hands but Mrs. Gourlay's own would be permitted to wash the precious china; every piece must be rinsed in the fairest of water, wiped on the softest of towels. The waiter demanded not less care: hot water must not come near it, for fear of cracking the japan; nor soap, lest the brightness of the coloring should be impaired. Tender wiping with a damp cloth, soft polishing with a dry one, then a little sweet oil, and a retirement to the loftiest shelf of the pantry, — this was the ceremony which it underwent after every occasion of use and exposure. Similar cares awaited the britannia-metal teapot. People take you very much at your own valuation, it is said; and there is no doubt that Mrs. Gourlay considered these articles, dating back to that era in the world's history when she began to "keep house," as immeasurably superior to her sister-in-law's possessions.

As to the dainties themselves, there could be no question of their unapproachable excellence. To do Jane Maria justice, she was willing enough to acknowledge Mrs. Gourlay's claims, and would have been content on most occasions to defer to her authority. But when this homage was exacted, and her own deficiencies were treated as a matter of course, her spirit rose in rebellion. Housekeeping was a department wherein Mrs. Gourlay considered that the merely "tolerable" was "not to be endured," and her demeanor accorded with this conviction.

She sat now behind her teapot dispensing the richest cream and the most fragrant Hyson; eating little herself, that the more watchful care might be given to her guests. She was a bountiful "provider"; if her beef were shad-

owy-thin the plates were heaped, nor could she be content till every niece and nephew was liberally supplied with all the niceties before them. Only one thing on the table did she begrudge them, — the cloth. She had been sorely tempted to use some of the every-day damask on this occasion, but the high sense of duty prevailed. The best things belonged, of right, to "company"; and they must go on, though, of course, they could only serve for the one time. Her brightest hope was that no holes would be cut by careless knife-blades, and no permanent stains result from the visit.

Jane Maria had not intended to gratify her hostess by any comment on the character of the entertainment, but the exquisiteness of the sweetmeats was too much for her resolution. It was before the days of canning, and the point of honor among housewives was to have preserves of a light color. Mrs. Gourlay's were hardly darker than the uncooked fruit, the flavor was delicious, the syrup rich and crystal-clear.

"I never saw anything like it," exclaimed Jane Maria, impulsively. "How *do* you manage to have them so nice?"

Mrs. Gourlay smiled her calm, superior smile, hopeless of imparting her method to such an aspirant. Jane Maria's plums always broke, she knew; and, if she did her peaches whole, they were sure to dry on the pit.

"I don't know that there is anything I could tell you about it," she said. "They are done just as *we* always do our sweetmeats."

"Pound for pound?" suggested the querist.

"Of course, — the best white sugar. I don't believe in having to heat them up every month or two."

"Strange!" said Mrs. William. "I always make them just that way, but mine never look like these."

"*We* always clean a brass kettle every time we use it," said Mrs. Gourlay.

Jane Maria flushed at this implication. "I don't think the habit is peculiar to you," she answered. "I never knew any one that did n't."

"'Cleanliness is the virtue next to godliness,'" quoted her husband, not that it was particularly apposite, but just by way of saying something.

"Next in advance of it, Martha thinks," observed Mr. Gourlay, jocosely.

"It is not *my* habit to jest about serious things," said that lady, with severe visage.

"Well, Martha," persisted her husband, with ill-timed levity, "I knew you thought a great deal of your brass kettle, but I did n't suppose you regarded it in *that* light."

Everybody smiled but Mrs. Gourlay, whose features preserved the sternest gravity. "Will you have another cup of tea?" she said to Mrs. William. "James, your brother is out of butter."

Her tone recalled people to their senses. The husband hastened to expiate his offence by pressing every one to take a little more of everything, while Jane Maria endeavored to remove the cloud by amiable chattiness. On the other hand, Cecilia, jealous of the family honor, left her sweetmeats untouched for the remainder of the meal, — a circumstance which she was assured would not escape the keen vision of her aunt, — and partook but lightly of the other dainties.

"Have some plum-cake, child?" said Mrs. Gourlay, as the young heroine broke off the merest fragment from a white slice.

"Thank you, aunt," she responded coolly, "I don't care for any."

"Not care for plum-cake! What ails you? Don't you feel well?"

"O yes, I 'm perfectly well," said the resolute young voice; "but I don't wish for any, thank you." And she persisted, though the appealing richness of the seductive compound almost brought tears to her eyes. Mrs. Gourlay wondered and pondered within her own breast. *Could* that girl be so dead to merit as not to like *her* cake, *her* sweetmeats? — which was just the effect "that girl" intended to produce.

"Cecy is getting on finely with her music, I hear," said her uncle, presently.

"Yes," replied the pleased mother. "Her teacher says she is making good progress."

"Does her voice get any stronger, do you think?" asked Mrs. Gourlay.

"Stronger?" said Jane Maria, doubtfully. "I don't know — perhaps so — I haven't observed." Mr. Gourlay, having often been made the confidant of his wife's views as to the folly of "your brother's people" in wasting their money on Cecilia, who had no more voice than a wren, understood the question better. He hastened to prevent any awkwardness by saying, —

"I must come over and hear her myself, and then I can judge. You'll play for me some day, — won't you, Cecy?"

"Yes, uncle, any time you like," replied the young lady, with the gracious air of one conferring an undoubted favor.

"What a child that is!" thought Mrs. Gourlay, with inward sarcasm. "I should like to have the training of her awhile." And indeed she would have done credit to such training. She was much more like her aunt than little Emma would ever be. Her decision, sharpness, and *esprit du corps* were quite foreign to the generous and easy temperament of her mother. Had she been condemned to calico pantalets and patched aprons, she would have looked with virtuous disdain on any other style of garment, and felt sure that there was exalted merit in the wearing of her own; whereas poor Emma was always oppressed by a sense of their ugliness and inferiority.

After tea there was an adjournment to the parlor, but only a brief tarry there. Mrs. William wished to be at home by the younger children's bedtime; she knew, besides, that her sister-in-law must be getting anxious to begin her labors upon the china and silver. There were the usual excuses for leaving, the usual civil pressing to stay longer, and then the little procession set out through the twilight. It was a rather quiet walk, and once or twice Mrs. William sighed.

"What's the matter, Jenny?" said her husband.

"Nothing that I know of," she answered, brightening; "only a visit at Martha's always makes me discouraged, somehow. Ordinarily I feel as if I did pretty well, considering the children and all my cares."

"And so you do," said her husband, heartily, — "so you do. I should like to see the woman that would manage better."

"But when I go there," she continued, "everything looks so fresh and new, there is such order and neatness everywhere, that I feel as if my housekeeping was a miserable failure. It seems as if I ought to do better, and as if I *must*, and yet I don't know where to begin." And she sighed again.

"I don't see any occasion," said her husband. "I don't know why you haven't things every whit as nice."

"O William! Why, did you observe that lounge? She had it ages before we bought ours, and yet how bright it looks, while ours is quite shabby already."

"Reason enough. She hasn't five children and a baby to tumble on it."

"And then her table, — everything the very best of its kind. However, it is n't that I mean; it is n't any one matter particularly. But you feel that in *that* house all is as it should be, — no disorder, no confusion, the right time and the right place always remembered. And, if you did n't feel it, Martha would be sure to remind you."

"That she would! And as for yourself, Jenny, don't worry a bit. Your housekeeping is all right. I 'm always sure of every comfort I care for in my own home, and of being allowed to enjoy it in peace. I believe houses were made for people, and not people for houses, for my part."

"Thank you, William," said Jane Maria, gratefully.

Mrs. Gourlay meanwhile cleared away with busy hands the remnants of the

feast. "This cut cake, Emma," she said, "I shall leave out for you and John. The smoked beef you may have, too, — what 's left of it. One, two, three, four spots on the table-cloth; Melinda must put it in sweet milk to-night; it has got off pretty well. Do you think I can trust you to carry those saucers to the pantry?" So the work went on; in a brief space the table was cleared, and the crumb-cloth shaken; then the lounge-cover was put on, and everything stood restored to pristine neatness.

"There 's one good job accomplished," thought Mrs. Gourlay. "It is a weight off my mind when these visits are over."

Eight years passed more or less pleasantly away. Little Harry, the "baby" of the visit, was now a stout and noisy lad of ten; Kitty and Emma were crowned with the roses of sixteen; the "boys" had shot up into tall youths who came in to dinner with a great shuffling of feet in the entry, who laughed loudly and delighted in practical jokes. Mrs. Gourlay declared that it would drive her crazy to live in the same house with them, and she wondered Jane Maria could survive it. But Jane Maria happily had good health; she was equally a stranger to the fiend Neuralgia and the archfiend Dyspepsia; her nerves were firm, and she looked indulgently on the stir and mirthfulness of the young life about her.

John Gourlay, having stored his brain at the Academy with such erudition as was considered needful for him, was now "clerking it" in a neighboring city, with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. It was the opinion of both father and uncle that John would make a first-rate man of business, and achieve a fortune at an early age.

Our friend Cecilia had become a tall girl of nineteen; pretty, though in a light and slender way that might degenerate into angularity as she grew older. She, too, had been endowed with all the graces and accomplishments that the Academy could bestow, with an additional year at a well-reputed seminary. She was considered by all the village circle a very highly educated young lady and an authority in music. Those were the dark ages of harmony among country amateurs; and her facile rendering of Quicksteps and Polkas, her singing at sight all the ballads and "set pieces" that came in her way, were quite sufficient to establish her superiority among her young compeers.

Cecilia's education, technically so called, was, however, the smallest part of her merits. On her had been bestowed, and in no stinted measure, that higher gift than genius, — "faculty." No household mystery so deep, no achievement so lofty, that she would not dare it; and her efforts were always rewarded with success. In her own home such a daughter was an invaluable boon; she took up the dropped stitches of life, repaired its waste places. Aunt Gourlay might slight her niece's music, but she could not scorn her cake and pastry; she was candid, though prejudiced, and admitted the girl's skill, only qualifying the admission with a wonder as to where on earth she could have picked it up. Increased respect did not increase her affection for the youthful rival; she felt that her sceptre was in some sort departing from her. Jane Maria's husband continued prosperous, and every year adorned their dwelling with new and handsome articles, beyond her own means of purchasing, while Cecilia's energy left her no pretext for the fulness of her old contempt. Lack of self-appreciation was not among the niece's faults; she never deferred, as her mother had been wont to do, to Mrs. Gourlay's wisdom, but maintained her own entire ability to accomplish anything she undertook. Mrs. Gourlay stared a little when she first began to say "*we*," and to explain that such and such was "*our* way"; but Cecilia did not mind the stare, and even went on to offer her aunt two or three of her receipts.

Mrs. Gourlay was obliged to take her

stand on the superior order, the undisturbed quiet and precision, of her own abode, hopeless of attainment in a family as large as her sister-in-law's. She comforted herself, too, with sarcasms on the arrangement of the new furniture, set untidily across the corners, or out on the floor, instead of straight against the wall in the good old manner. She despised the litter of bright trifles which sprinkled the tables; and thought the bedroom was the place for cologne-bottles, Bohemian glass or not. All this consoled, but did not compensate. It did not prevent Cecilia's attainments, for instance, in the fancy line of cookery, — the ice-creams, the Charlottes, the blanc-manges, — while her own skill lay mainly in the plain and solid branches. Worst of all, it did not remedy Emma's shortcomings. Poor Emma was as inefficient a scion as Jane Maria herself could ever have produced. She was docile, but she loved books and hated work. It was trying to Mrs. Gourlay to go over of a morning to the other house, — to see Cecilia cheerfully busy in rubbing up the silver, or polishing the window-panes, or, perchance, in the kitchen concocting marvels with sugar and spice, — and then, returning home, to see that Emma had sewed to just the exact stitch indicated as her task, that she had forgotten to dust the table-legs, and was now off with a book and an apple to some favorite haunt, utterly oblivious of domestic cares. How she groaned over a "shiftlessness" so foreign to her nature, her precept, and her practice! how she was even tempted, sometimes, to go the fearful length of holding up Jane Maria's daughter as an example to her own!

While affairs stood thus, John came home for his summer vacation. Here was a child in whom her heart could delight itself. He understood his work, and gave himself up to it; more than that, he was succeeding finely. He brought the pleasant news that another thousand had just been added to his salary, and that he had high hopes of "an interest in the business" another year. With what admiring eyes did Mrs. Gourlay gaze on his well-grown, manly figure! with what comfort listen to the evening talk with his father on prices and profits, and his clever business anecdotes!

It so happened that John and Cecilia had not seen each other for a year or two, — her absences at school, or visits to friends, having prevented their meeting. There had been time for changes on both sides.

"What a pretty, stylish girl Cecilia has grown into!" remarked John, on his return from the first call upon his relations.

It never occurred to the unheeding mother that this remark imported anything to her, more than if he had observed, of some Chinese lady, that her finger-nails were dyed a charming shade.

"I was glad that all went off so peaceably," said Emma, laughing, — "that you did not pinch, nor she pull hair, at the first visit."

John smiled at the allusion to old times. "I was a rough fellow in those days," he said.

"I don't know about that," upspake the mother, jealous of her son's repute. "You were never rough with your sister."

"Emma was such a gentle little kitten," he said, looking at her affectionately.

"And Cecilia was such a vixen," added Mrs. Gourlay.

"O well," said her husband, "we must n't bring that up against her now. She has outgrown it all, and is a credit to the family."

"I 'm not so sure," persisted Mrs. Gourlay. "It 's easy talking, but people don't outgrow a temper like that."

"She keeps it under good control, then. I 've heard you say yourself that she had a great deal of patience with the children."

"Of course. I never said she did n't have it under control, — did I? but it 's there all the same, you may depend."

"Testimony on the whole favorable to the accused," summed up John.

"Yes," said his mother, thoughtfully. "Cecilia is conceited; because she knows a good deal, she thinks no one can teach her anything; but she is a very capable girl. She has a wonderful notion of housekeeping for her age and opportunities. Where she ever learned it passes me. I wish I could see some that are nearer to me half as useful," — with a glance of mingled sorrow and reproof toward her daughter.

"Never mind Emmy," said her father, indulgently; "she 's got time enough yet."

"Yes, Mr. Gourlay, that 's just a man's idea. Not but there might be time enough if she had any disposition. I wish I could hope that, three years from now, she would be anything like her cousin."

Poor Mrs. Gourlay, how little she understood what she was doing! She lay awake a long time that night, thinking over John's merits, and laying plans for his future. He was to be a merchant prince, to wed a beauty and a fortune, to exalt the family name, and rejoice the family pride. Nothing was too good or too brilliant for him. She tried to see with her mind's eye that superlative maiden who should be the presiding genius of his luxurious home, but could form only the vaguest outlines. No one she knew served her in any sort as a model; of course nobody *here* was at all like what John would want!

And the son in his own room was thinking how pleasantly Cecilia welcomed him, what bright eyes she had, what a neat little hand, what a graceful movement. He dwelt, too, on his mother's praises. He was no stranger to the family spirit, and felt sure that, if she could admit so much, any unprejudiced person would say a great deal more.

So it went on. John's destiny developed itself. For a time no one observed it. It was natural that all the young people should be together often at one house or the other, — natural that John should sing with his cousin, or turn the music when she played. An unusually pleasant state of feeling sprung up between the two families. Mrs. Gourlay thought of giving a party in John's honor, and Cecilia was charmed with the idea.

"Yes, aunt, do have it," she said. "I 'll help you all I can."

Mrs. Gourlay's impulse was to decline with coolness the proffered aid; but, seeing how comfortable all the young folks seemed together, she softened a little.

"Well," she answered, quite graciously, "if I need assistance, I 'll remember you."

"I can make the ice-creams just as well as not," continued Cecilia; "you can have that off your mind entirely, — and the macaroons; they are rather fussy little things. And I will do anything else that you will let me do."

In fine, Mrs. Gourlay found her plan so warmly seconded, that the party, which had existed in her own mind only as a vague possibility, soon assumed a definite shape, and was fixed for a certain date. Cecilia tied a large white apron over her morning-dress, and, faithful to her promise, came over to help. Mrs. Gourlay watched her narrowly, nowise unwilling to discover faults, if faults there were; but she was vanquished by the neat-handed, dexterous ways.

"Well, Cecilia," she said, with enthusiasm, as her niece removed from the oven an immense card of macaroons in the last perfection of crispness and brownness, "you 'll be a treasure to somebody, some day."

Cecilia colored, and John, who had been lingering about under pretence of getting more exact directions as to the quantity of ice, felt a mingled thrill of pleasure and embarrassment. What if he should prove to be the very "somebody"?

The fair baker was the first to recover composure. "Will you have a macaroon, John?" she asked, selecting two or three of the least comely specimens, and presenting them on a little

plate. "That's my plan with the children at home: I bribe them with cakes to keep out of the way."

She looked at him half saucily, half shyly; and the youth, before obeying her hint, managed to possess himself of the unoccupied hand, and give it a pressure very different from what he was wont to bestow ten years before.

"How heated you look, child!" said Mrs. Gourlay, a moment after. "No wonder. The kitchen is like a furnace this warm morning.'

The party came off in due season, and with great *éclat*. Cecilia had made the frosting after a receipt of her own, viewed with much suspicion by her aunt, but justifying itself in the result; she cut the cake, adorned the table with flowers, brought over bouquets and vases from home, — was, in short, the soul of the occasion. And, having done all this, she was as ready for enjoyment as any one when the festivities began.

Mrs. Gourlay hardly knew her own house that night. It was the first large party she had ever given, and she had a novel sense of excitement and importance. The state apartments and the staircase, usually so dark and silent, were bright as day, and fair forms were continually passing to and fro; there was the hum of voices, the swell of music, a charming confusion of glitter and flowers and harmony. Emma, as pretty as she was indolent, floated about in her white muslin, looking like a picture; John, manly and handsome, filled the mother's heart with pride. For the first time in her life, Cecilia came in for a share of friendly admiration; Mrs. Gourlay thought that not one of the young ladies had so tasteful a dress or so good a manner.

Supper, in regard to which some anxious forebodings had arisen, passed off happily. Every one was well served; all the edibles and fluids were in the highest style of art. And by and by the last adieus were made, and the last carriage rolled away.

"A party is a great undertaking," remarked Mrs. Gourlay to her husband, as she reviewed in her own room the eventful occasion, "but Cecilia relieved me of half the responsibility. No wonder Jane Maria calls her her right hand. She ought to be thankful for such a daughter."

"I presume she is," said Mr. Gourlay. "Well, Martha, my dear, there are others besides you that appreciate her."

"You mean Henry Barnes, I suppose. I 've heard of that before, but I 'm much mistaken if Cecilia will have a word to say to him."

"Henry Barnes, indeed! You 'll have to try again, old lady. A great deal nearer home than that."

"Why, Mr. Gourlay!" cried the mother, in breathless excitement, as a strange light broke upon her, "you don't — you *can't* — mean John!"

But he did. And, what was more, John meant it; nor was Cecilia an unkind recipient of his views. It was a blow to Mrs. Gourlay. She had relented toward her niece in these latter days, it is true, but it did not follow that she was ready to endow her with her own choicest treasure. What a downfall of those lofty castles she had builded! what a prosaic awakening from her brilliant visions! There were remonstrances, entreaties, against the contemplated sacrifice, but John stood firm. Cecilia, whom his boyhood had defied, was now sought as the choicest blessing of his maturer years; she, in whose society he refused to spend a single afternoon, would alone suffice as the partner of his life. The mother was obliged to yield a sorrowful consent.

The affair once settled, compensations arose. John would have a careful and energetic wife, at any rate; no mere doll of fashion, who would waste his substance and neglect his comfort. Cecilia, with the unconscious hypocrisy of her position, was prettily deferential to the mother of her beloved; the twain took sweet counsel together in comparisons of experience, or interchange of receipts. The girl's superiority had once been a thorn in Mrs. Gourlay's pillow, a painful reminder of Emma's deficiencies; but Cecilia now belonged

to *her*, in part; she herself could glory in every fresh achievement. So far did her complaisance at last extend, that she at times requested her niece to sing for her.

"Cecilia has n't a powerful voice, I know," she would observe to her husband; "but she uses what she has with excellent judgment."

How long this pleasant state of things between the two would have endured, — whether it would have stood the test of a lifelong residence in the same town, — I cannot say. In a few months the wedding ensued, and the young pair removed to their own home in the distant city. By the withdrawal of her daughter's powerful aid, Jane Maria was reduced to something like her old place in the Valley of Humility, — a circumstance not unwelcome to Mrs. Gourlay. John prospered in all to which he set his hand, and his dwelling was furnished in a style that far outshone anything his mother-in-law could boast. As these splendors were due to her own side of the house, Mrs. Gourlay could admire them without bitterness or disparagement. And such changes did the years work, that she gradually came to quote the opinions of "John's wife," and the way in which "John's people" managed things, as the admitted standard of propriety and elegance.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. — A LITERARY ARTIST.

WE have to speak of a writer formed by influences that touch the life of but a few Americans,—a writer whose habitual life is in the midst of things that have no place in our land. We have neither the marbles of Greece, nor the pictures of the Italian masters, nor the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. We have neither Gothic, Moorish, nor Oriental forms to arrest the mind, and fix us in the contemplation of the great types of a lost or abandoned ideal. It makes a vast difference in our mental experience whether we know, or do not know, these things. In France they have formed great literary and artistic types, like Victor Hugo and George Sand and Théophile Gautier. The grotesque forms, the eccentric passions, the wild play of the imagination, fixed for all ages in the stones of cathedrals, we find again in the phrases of Victor Hugo. His very style resembles the bold, sculpturesque, arbitrary forms of the mediæval workers. Victor Hugo had Notre Dame; Théophile Gautier had the marbles of Greece and Rome, the pictures of the Renaissance, and the whole contemporary art of France acting upon his mind. His literary work is therefore full of artistic forms. Special and varied forms of art abound more in Gautier's work than anything derived from literature. He is one of those writers who live less in the alcoves of great libraries than in the galleries of great painters, or in the fields. I need not say how this fact separates him from the ordinary thinker or the average literary man. It is enough to say that it gives a form, a color, and a vividness to his literary work which cannot be found in the writer who is more of a thinker than an artist, — a writer who evolves his subject rather than *sees* it to depict it.

The literary result that follows from the combined influence of art and nature habitually acting upon a luxurious, voluptuous, tranquil nature, and a mind so much absorbed with the artistic element that modern civilization, the doctrines of socialists, the mania for positive sciences, are considered only as interruptions and discords in the placid and beautiful world of its habitual contemplation, cannot fail to interest, since it is at once provoking and strange to us.

We must frankly admit that Gautier outrages the common sentiment of the American mind; we hasten to add that the common purpose of the democratic man is strange to Gautier. Gautier represents what has no place in our literature, still less in our life. He represents the supremacy of the artistic. His work is the reaffirmation of the Pagan idea of life in the midst of a debauched society. He is brutally indifferent to all that is held in the purely industrial life, haughty before the Christian idea, and insolent and hopeless in the midst of his idols of flesh, of marble, of color.

It would not be difficult to place ourselves, on the ground of common morality, next to Gautier's work, and scold him, or make phrases bristling with austere reflections as a contrast to the sentiment of his mind; he would even serve well as the occasion to lower the pride of the artistic nature, to which we are so much indebted for generous emotions of admiration, and the ennobling pleasure of a gratified æsthetic sense. But we should be far from illuminating our subject; we should be a Philistine of the Pharisaic kind, speaking from a provincial idea of literature; we should betray that our instinct of propriety was the most active and characteristic fact of our nature.

To judge Gautier we need not invoke Geneva or Exeter Hall. Either of these would only force us to confess the absence of all the senses that respond to the glory of life, and the absence of all those needs the presence of which grace our nature, and, in the midst of monotonies and trivialities and vices, dignify and adorn it with so much that separates it from that of the brutes.

Once knowing the charm, the seduction, the bewildering beauty of all that has triumphed over or possessed the genius of Gautier,—all that has developed in him the voluptuary careless of mankind, we will take a step outside of the sectarian life and its cheap critical effort; we will listen to Gautier as to music. Afterwards it will be well to arraign him before the generous and noble tribunal in which the lovers of humanity hear the troubles and plead the cause of the poor and weak and deformed; and then, because Gautier is a man belonging to the universal brotherhood, we must pronounce him to be less than the august and laborious benefactors of the poor in spirit. He is condemned in the highest court, and we can dispense with the tea-table prosecution to which pale Propriety and sectarian Zeal would subject him.

We have sufficiently anticipated judgment to give you an idea of the illustrious literary artist who has promenaded through all the epochs of art, taking from each their type of beauty, and who has reaffirmed the pagan thought that a beautiful form is more lovely than virtue. Let us know better, and in less general terms, the typical literary artist who closes the present epoch of French literature.

The late Charles Baudelaire, who was a haughty and unique thinker, as well as an intense poet,—a thinker firm and close and clear in the expression of his mind,—wrote several beautiful pages about Gautier. When a man of high literary instincts burns incense before a contemporary, you may know it must be fine and sweet. But with all the respect we have for Baudelaire's mind, with an equal admiration for his literary faith, we cannot follow him in his fine eulogy of Gautier.

Both Baudelaire and Gautier—the former with his mental life troubled by passion, the latter with his mental life held in a calm voluptuousness—have been indifferent to the ideas that must be cherished by the democratic man, even when he tries most to be an artist, that is, a being wholly given up to the beautiful. But the artistic or beautiful, separated from what we ordinarily call the moral, is unknown among us. We cannot follow Baudelaire; but we shall cite his word to confirm the statement of the high place that Gautier holds in contemporary French literature. Baudelaire calls him "a perfect man of letters, the equal of the most grand in the past, a model for those who shall come,

a diamond more and more rare in an epoch drunk with ignorance and matter."

Before taking another step into our subject, let us stop to read a few biographical facts. In criticism, which is very often a highway, they serve like memorial stones, at which we can rest, and talk about forgotten things.

Théophile Gautier was born at Tarbes, one of the most ancient cities of France, in the year 1811. He came to Paris at a very early age, and studied at the College of Charlemagne, at which place he became acquainted with Gérard de Nerval, with whom, later, he wrote many of his dramatic criticisms. He was remarked for his size, his beauty, and his carelessness of the ancient classics. The museums of sculpture and painting had more attractions for him than the recitation-rooms of his college. Later, he entered the studio of Rioult. He studied long enough to discover that painting was a means too impersonal and too remote to satisfy the energy of life that was in him demanding an artistic outlet. If painting with colors is too slow a process, why not paint with words?

In the mean time he had kept up his literary studies. He had gone to the source at which the words are the richest, and the ideas the least troublesome; he had studied the French poets of the sixteenth century. He wrote a few verses, and read them to his friends. The success he obtained encouraged him. In 1828 he presented himself to Sainte-Beuve, and asked permission to read a piece in verse called *La Tête de Mort*. He was more than encouraged; he was confirmed by Sainte-Beuve, who praised his work, and introduced him to Victor Hugo as a young poet. After his introduction to Victor Hugo he became his most effective recruit in Paris, shaking his magnificent black hair, and showing his great fists to the classicists of the epoch, nightly going forth to the theatre to slay the Parisian Philistines and Traditionalists. He was at all the first representations of Victor Hugo's powerful and aggressive plays, and took part in the actual struggles characterizing the advent of the revolutionary dramas of Victor Hugo and Dumas, which he defended in the columns of the press.

He published his first volume of poetry in 1830. The revolutionary excitement of the day absorbed public attention; Gautier's verses were not heard in the din of the fusillade that swept the streets of Paris.

Later, 1833 to 1834, he wrote for *Figaro*, with Gérard de Nerval. Together they made and broke obligations to write for certain papers. They went from *La France Littéraire* to the *Revue de Paris;* together they appeared in *L'Artist;* together they wrote the dramatic *feuilleton* of *La Charte* in 1830, and *La Presse* in 1836. *La Presse* gave Gautier twelve thousand francs a year for sixty *feuilletons* on the contemporary theatre and fine arts.

In the space of ten years he made several voyages,—in Italy, in Spain, in the East, in Russia, in Holland, in England. After each voyage he gave the Parisians a book full of vim, of color, of pictures in words.

Gautier is a hunter of words. His literary fields are the dictionaries. Words have for him the attraction that butterflies have for children who run after them. On the first shelf of his library he has fifty dictionaries,—dictionaries of arts, of sciences, and even of the *cuisine* of all ages and all countries. He asked Baudelaire, when he called upon him for the first time, if he ever read dictionaries? Happily for Baudelaire, he could reply that very early he had been struck with *lexiconnairie*.

It may be said that Gautier's defect is an excess of expression,—it is also his distinguishing excellence. His literary form is crowded, sometimes even embarrassed, though no one could be more neat and defined than Gautier at his best moment, in the midst of his vast resources of expression. But such exuberance and such display are apt to become barbaric. In Gautier it is a part of his Oriental taste.

His cabinet of work is a kind of

museum. In it a thousand curious objects are assembled. He has a great Oriental arm-chair, made expressly in honor of his Turkish habits. No less than twelve cats sleep or play about him. He is described as large and majestic in person; there is a total absence of dryness in his manner. Baudelaire writes that only the beautiful adjectives *Oriental* and *Asiatic* can render the kind of temper, at the same time simple, dignified, and soft, of Gautier. On Quai Voltaire we have met him. He is one of the most picturesque and noticed figures, — of a sombre and brooding aspect, seeing nobody, eyes upon the ground, his black hair flowing from under a large-brimmed hat; he goes through the phantom-beauty of mist-covered Paris, or walks under its laughing sky, — let us suppose dreaming of the East, or the hand of Rachel, or the shoulders of Grisi, a man full of beautiful memories, yet memories that hold no charm of consolation, but only the bitterness of a lost delight.

Gautier has made the talk of all the *salons* of Paris by his *feuilletons* on art and the drama. It is always more convenient to speak of that part of his literary work, and of his *Voyage en Espagne*. It is not so easy to introduce his poetry or his romances. We will suggest their character. They are the full, neat, artistic, spontaneous expression of all that surprised and outraged many of the readers of Swinburne's poems. Both Baudelaire and Gautier, as poets, indulge the full and intense expression of passion and voluptuousness that characterizes Laus Veneris, and other poems of Swinburne. In Baudelaire we find an intense, bitter, masculine sense of the mystery and implacability of passion and desire; in Gautier, a free, frank, luxurious, literary expression of physical beauty and voluptuousness. Gautier is without any intensity; Baudelaire is uncommonly intense.

Gautier's representative romance is *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. To call it the Confessions of Théophile Gautier would not be far from the truth. The Confessions of Rousseau are less offensive to the modesty and reserve of human nature than the pages of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Yet it must be spoken of, even critically considered, because it is a typical book. It corresponds with the thoughts, sentiment, and life of thousands of cultivated Parisians, and it is remarkable as a piece of expression. What is called "its prodigious style," and the ground it covers, in the literary world, you shall judge in reading the following extract. You probably never read anything like it. But it is characteristic of our epoch to entertain everything; and, above all, the critical mind, necessarily keeping open house, must be ready to show hospitality even to the most foreign thought. We are not to ask Gautier to live with us; we simply shelter him under our roof for the night. In the mean time we can examine what manner of man has his being in Paris, the centre of arts. He speaks: —

"I am a man of the Homeric times; the world in which I live is not my world, and I do not understand the society that surrounds me. Christ did not come for me; I am as much a Pagan as Phidias or Alcibiades. I have never been on Golgotha to pluck the flowers of passion; and the deep river which flows from the Crucified, and puts a red girdle around the world, has never bathed me with its waters; — my rebellious body cares not to recognize the supremacy of the soul, and my flesh chooses not to be mortified. I find this earth as beautiful as heaven, and I consider the correctness of form as virtue. Spirituality is not my affair, I love a statue better than a phantom, and midday than twilight.

"Three things please me: gold, marble, and purple, — *éclat*, solidity, color. My dreams are all made of that, and all the palaces which I build for my chimeras are constructed with these materials. Sometimes I have other dreams, — they are long cavalcades of horses, pure white, without harness or bridle, mounted by fine-looking youths, nude, who defile upon a band of dark blue, as

upon the friezes of the Parthenon ; or young girls crowned with bands, and wearing tunics with straight folds, and who keep turning around an immense vase."

These fine word-pictures are copies in the color of Greek marbles. Their beauty powerfully appeals to the artistic mind. And we can imagine how this literary expression was enjoyed by the artistic public that lives in Paris. But again listen to Gautier : —

" I have gazed at love by the light of the antique, and like a piece of sculpture more or less perfect. How is the arm ? Pretty good. The hands are not wanting in delicacy. What do you think of the foot ? I think that the ankle has no nobility, and that the heel is commonplace. But the bosom is well, of a good form ; the serpentine line is undulating ; the shoulders are plump, and of a fine character. That woman would make a passable model, and several parts of her might be moulded. Let us love her.

" I have always been so. I have for women the eyes of a sculptor, not of a lover. I have all my life long worried myself about the form of the flagon, and not about its contents.

" I consider woman in the antique manner, as a beautiful slave destined for our pleasure. Cynthia, you are beautiful ; hasten, who knows if you will be living to-morrow ? Your hair is blacker than the lustrous skin of an Ethiopian virgin : hasten ; in but a few years, thin silvery threads shall glide into those thick locks ; — these roses smell sweet to-day, to-morrow they will have the odor of death, and be nothing more than the cadavers of roses. Let us breathe thy roses as long as they resemble thy cheeks ; and let us kiss thy cheeks as long as they resemble thy roses. When you are old, Cynthia, no one will care to have you, not even the varlets of the lictor, if you should pay them. Wait till Saturn has marked with his nail that brow, pure and shining now, and you will see how your door, so besieged and so flowery, shall be avoided, cursed, covered with grasses and briers. O hasten, Cynthia ! the smallest wrinkle may serve as a grave to the greatest love.

" It is in that brutal and imperious formula that is uttered the whole antique elegy ; it always comes back to that ; it is its strongest reason ; it is the Achilles of its argument. After that it has not much left to say ; and when it has promised a robe of byssus, dyed twice, and a necklace of pearls of equal size, it is at the end of its *rôle*."

This is Gautier in the fulness of his literary power, in the pride of his artistic strength. He began with art, from art he went into antiquity, in antiquity he discovered a life untouched by pale virtues and sad renunciations, a place where his mind could breathe in the very atmosphere of the religion of pleasure, and he gave himself, body and mind, to all that that world held. With his feet in Paris, it was not difficult. But to do it, he had to do what the ancient Greek did not do, — he had to sink in the scale of his moral nature, and crush utterly the weak life of the moral being that lives by the breath and the example of Christ. The life of enjoyment and the idea of pleasure were good to the Greek. They did not corrupt him, because, to live them, he did not have to resist a more spiritual idea. He did not have to descend in the scale of his moral conception to justify his habits. It is not possible for us to be Greeks, for we face a moral light that was not revealed to them.

A few words, and we have done with *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. It is a book full of remarkable descriptions that illustrate the power and the effrontery of Gautier, but from beginning to end it is deficient in dramatic force and invention. Like all of Gautier's works, its excellence consists in the fulness and richness of its descriptive passages ; but it holds a series of pictures of more than questionable taste ; in some pages it outrages all the delicate and modest instincts of human nature. As a narrative, it is encumbered by descriptions,

as a series of descriptions it is fatiguing; as a book, it is full of moral audacity, and remarkable for rich and beautiful phrases. We turn from its overloaded pages to one of his early essays in criticism, called *L'Art Moderne*. It is Gautier in his specialty as a descriptive art critic. Probably he is unequalled in his power of describing a picture, and fixing its rank. Here is a paragraph which we cite from his article on Maribhat, the celebrated French painter.

"*The place of l'Esbekich at Cairo!* No picture ever produced upon me an impression so profound and vibrating. I should be afraid of being called exaggerated if I said that the sight of that picture made me sick, and gave me a home-sickness for the East, where I never had set my feet. I believed that I was looking at my veritable country; and when I turned my eyes from the ardent painting, I felt myself an exile. I see it still, that enormous *carob-tree*, with the monstrous trunk, pushing into the hot air its branches coiled like knotted serpents, and its tufts of metallic leaves, whose black undulations render so brilliant the indigo sky. The shadow stretches itself, *azured* upon the tawny ground; the houses lift, with surprising reality, their cabinets trellised with cedar and cypress wood; a nude child follows its mother, a long phantom enveloped in a blue zalek. The light sparkles, the sun darts arrows of fire, and the heavy silence of burning hours weighs upon the atmosphere."

This is no ordinary description. It is such phrases that have placed Gautier at the head of all word-painters. He is master of the art. It is no common writer who falls upon such an expression of an Oriental day, — "the light sparkles, the sun darts arrows of fire, and *the heavy silence of burning hours weighs upon the atmosphere*." While in Spain he notices two cypresses that rise against the blue sky, next to the red walls of the Alhambra. They strike upon his sense like a sharp note in music. He speaks of them: "Those *two black sighs of foliage*, sad, like a thought of death in the midst of general joy; the only sombre tint in that dazzle of gold, of silver, of azure, of rose." You remark that *the poet* speaks in the phrases of the descriptive writer. It must be so. Every fine descriptive talent must draw a word from the heart of the poet, and Gautier is a poet as well as a remarkable word-painter. He is a poet by his word rather than by his thought,— like Tennyson. He is graceful, vivid, distinct, richly colored, but not magnetic. Say he is a descriptive poet. A more profound poetical gift not only speaks from the experience of the eye, but from the experience of the soul. Gautier is a poet who speaks only from the experience of the eye. Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, and Shelley spoke alike from the experience of the eye and the soul. Gautier, living in sensation, has no utterance from the inner depth. He never goes beyond form and color. They are the two limitations that content his nature. Therefore you cannot discover anything vague or visionary, or anything blank or empty, in his work. No; he is an artist with words, — an artist contented with form and color, in fact always seeking for both, and never troubling himself with the undefinable and the infinite, which had such fascination and charm for Shelley, and filled with fury the troubled soul of Baudelaire.

When the poetical talent of a writer is limited to the word, and does not inhere in the very thought, he is local, and cannot be translated. Such a poet is Gautier. He is therefore limited to French critics. As a poet he cannot have a public outside of France, save among a few men of letters. Only by rising to the level of *poetic thought* can a poet speak to all men, and be read in all languages.

In 1830 Gautier gave *Albertus;* in 1845, *La Comédie de la Mort;* in 1858, *Émaux et Camées*.

We discover that Robert Browning and Swinburne have read to good advantage the poems of Gautier. He is

not as dramatic as Browning, nor as loose as Swinburne; but he is vivid and artistic as the first, and even more pagan and natural than the last. In "Enamels and Cameos" we find some remarkable verses under the title, — "Study of Hands; Hands of an Empress and of an Assassin contrasted," which show at once Gautier's love of the beautiful and fascination before the horrible, — an antithesis that no Frenchman can resist. His poem entitled *La Comédie de la Mort* is called "a large and sublime page, sombre and fantastic." *Albertus* is a poem certainly not to the fashion of the English or American mind, being a medley of arbitrary and fantastic images, and a story of things that do not belong to our latitude. Yet the writer to whom we are indebted for some of our biographical facts says that it is written under the influence of a true poetic breath, and takes a place by the side of the works of Alfred de Musset. A short poem called *Le Lion du Cirque* is truly vigorous; vivid and bold in expression, it is equally vivid and bold in conception.

The poet describes a lion of the Roman amphitheatre lashing his flank or drowsily dreaming of life in the spaces of the desert. His keeper tells him to be patient, in his close cell, for on the morrow Cæsar has commanded the door to be opened; he shall have, in the midst of the circus, under the eyes of Rome, saluted by the noise of Roman voices, a Christian virgin, — more white than the Pagan Venus, — whose body he shall tear in his rage. Then the poet turns upon himself, likens his heart to that chained beast, bound in its cell, yet longing to find a white and virgin victim to slake its lust. The figure is not too strong, and it is true; and Gautier has made a picture and a poem out of the ancient fact and its eternal human correspondence. But enough. We cannot enumerate all Gautier has written, much less characterize particular poems. He has been an incessant writer, — writer of stories, criticisms, and poems; fantastic and arbitrary and lawless in the first; descriptive, just, expressive, in the second; vivid and beautiful in the last. Without being a magnetic writer, simply by the fulness and richness of his power of expression and his love of and search for the beautiful, he has made himself the type of a number of contemporary French writers, and by high qualities takes his place as master. He is probably best known to foreigners by *Le Roman de la Momie*. His rank is, however, fixed by his art *feuilletons* and poems. In them he exhibits his natural literary traits and qualities. In them we discover how a mind charmed by beautiful forms, warmed by beautiful colors, taking delight in shapes, textures, tones, can itself produce with words corresponding impressions, and without tenderness, without a creative imagination, even without intense mental power, can make a place by itself, and live by the force of a style that appeals solely to our appreciation of the beautiful. Gautier understands and loves the beautiful, and among critics he is almost purely descriptive, contenting himself in being the literary expression of a picture or a statue that pleases him. He has knowledge without pedantry, and he has dislikes without bad temper. Probably no man living has a more instructed sense of painting and sculpture. Among his earlier essays in criticism is an article on The Beautiful in Art, which, admirable as a just and intelligent exposition of the subject, also derives an additional interest from the fact that it contains a criticism of Töpffer's reflections on the same subject. In those days Gautier thought seriously; his palette was not so full of color, but he used his more limited means to express a more active mind than to-day. Then he was less a hunter of words and more a seeker of the best thoughts. Since then he has become a luxurious writer. He folds his subject in a splendid and ample garment of words. He has become more exuberant with time, because he has always labored to enrich his intellectual soil; in him expression is rapid and full-blown, like vegetation in tropi-

cal forests. Simply by the grace, the fulness of his literary talent does he please the mind; for, we repeat, he is not intense, he is not compact (qualities which the American mind prefers), and he is without a great and unique creative imagination, having written nothing as original and typical as Maurice de Guérin's *Centaure*, or Keats's *Hyperion*.

We have sufficiently expressed our understanding of the characteristics of Théophile Gautier the literary artist, — a being preoccupied with art in all its forms, and seeking for all possible means of fine and luxurious sensation. Revolutions, inventions, democracy, ideas of progress, have no place in his mental experience. He is extraordinary, even in Europe, and would be monstrous in America. We could not forgive his selfishness and indifference to all that for which societies hope and struggle. Victor Hugo may call him a grand poet, and we know that Baudelaire perplexed himself to speak about him in a manner sufficiently noble; he still remains in our judgment a man and a writer not to be spoken of as on the same level with noble and austere artistic types.

He is admirable for his art, for his gift, for the alternate jet and flow of his thoughts, but odious as an example, being selfish, luxurious, Oriental. It is not given to men of the Occident to lie like Hellenic gods in their pleasure, careless of mankind, still less to come from their opium dreams to debauch the senses and seduce the imagination. Yet God lets the rain fall alike on the just and the unjust. Who will dare refuse even the ministrations of the lovers of life, when they hold so large a place in poetry, in art, in all that makes the splendor, the glory of civilization, and without which civilization would be an intolerable burden? We admire Gautier, we listen to his music of words, and to his phrases like pictures, and as after music, as after a beautiful glance, we think only of pleasure and the sweet expansion it has given to our being, and for the time, in a soft climate, under a beautiful sun, forget to be moralists.

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

RETURNED to warm existence, — even as one
Sentenced, then blotted from the headsman's book,
Accepts with doubt the life again begun, —
I leave the duress of my couch, and look
Through Casa Guidi windows to the sun.

A fate like Farinata's held me fast
In some devouring pit of fever-fire,
Until, from ceaseless forms of toil that cast
Their will upon me, whirled in endless gyre,
The Spirit of the house brought help at last.

With Giotto wrestling, through the desperate hours
A thousand crowded frescos must I paint,
Or snatch from twilight's dim and dusky bowers
Alternate forms of bacchanal and saint,
The streets of Florence and her beauteous towers.

Weak, wasted with those torments of the brain,
The circles of the Tuscan master's hell
Were dreams no more; but when their fiery strain
Was fiercest, deep and sudden stillness fell
Athwart the storm, and all was peace again.

She came, whom Casa Guidi's chambers knew,
And know more proudly an immortal now;
The air without a star was shivered through
With the resistless radiance of her brow,
And glimmering landscapes from the darkness grew.

Thin, phantom-like; and yet she brought me rest.
Unspoken words, an understood command
Sealed weary lids with sleep, together pressed
In clasping quiet wandering hand to hand,
And smoothed the folded cloth above the breast.

Now, looking through these windows, where the day
Shines on a terrace splendid with the gold
Of autumn shrub, and green with glossy bay,
Once more her face, re-made from dust, I hold
In light so clear it cannot pass away, —

The quiet brow; the face so frail and fair
For such a voice of song; the steady eye,
Where shone the spirit fated to outwear
Its fragile house; — and on her features lie
The soft half-shadows of her drooping hair.

Who could forget those features, having known?
Whose memory do his kindling reverence wrong
That heard the soft Ionian flute, whose tone
Changed with the silver trumpet of her song?
No sweeter airs from woman's lips were blown.

Ah, in the silence she has left behind
How many a sorrowing voice of life is still!
Songless she left the land that cannot find
Song for its heroes; and the Roman hill,
Once free, shall for her ghost the laurel wind.

The tablet tells you, "Here she wrote and died,"
And grateful Florence bids the record stand:
Here bend Italian love and English pride
Above her grave, — and one remoter land,
Free as her prayers would make it, at their side.

I will not doubt the vision: yonder see
The moving clouds that speak of freedom won!
And life, new-lighted, with a lark-like glee
Through Casa Guidi windows hails the sun,
Grown from the rest her spirit gave to me.

THE TALMUD.

Why should Christians feel interested in the Talmud?

M. ERNEST RENAN has achieved one of the greatest literary successes of our age in publishing a life of Jesus. It is not a work of profound research or scholarship, — it is written in a clear and limpid style, with a touch of the picturesque and the poetic. But neither its scholarship, nor its mode of handling, nor the graces of its style, are sufficient to account for its selling by the thousands and the million, — for its being as it was, a leading subject for a time, in the thoughts and interests of the whole civilized world.

The leading French critic, Sainte-Beuve, in his article on the book, has graphically described the immense sensation with which it was received in the thoughtless and sceptical circles of Paris, — the rush to his apartment of people who were so excited by the reading that they could talk of nothing else, and who, each one, felt impelled to overwhelm him with their rush of new ideas, called up by this topic, as if he were responsible for the author's.

Mr. Renan's book was neither scoffing nor unsympathetic in its spirit. It was, so far as appears, the honest attempt of an unbeliever in any miraculous intercourse between man and God to reconstruct the admitted facts of the life of Jesus so as to leave out of it everything miraculous.

The great miracle of all, the wonder that Renan has only made clearer by his book, and for which he has not a word of explanation, is, *that a Judæan peasant has revolutionized the religions of the world.*

A Judæan peasant is at this moment receiving divine honors, not in dark and uncivilized regions, but in the most enlightened countries of the world. The progress of science, the growth of the ages through eighteen centuries, does not seem in the least to have diminished the hold and the power of this Galilean upon mankind.

In order to realize fully the phenomenon, let us suppose that Renan had undertaken to reconstruct the biography of Socrates or Plato or of Mahomet. With equal learning, equal graces of style, would the results have been the same? Would a million copies have been sold? and would people have quivered and palpitated through all the civilized world, as if somebody had touched the apple of their eye?

Why this interlacing of the human heartstrings with the name of Jesus? Why this strange, imperishable sympathy?

Renan leaves out the only hypothesis that could possibly account for it, and leaves the mystery unsolved!

The question now becomes intense: Who was this Judæan peasant? Whence came he? What laws and literature formed his mind? Of what education was he the outgrowth?

Jesus was a Jew. Henceforward, therefore, Jewish literature must be looked to as the human education of this mind that has governed and still governs the civilized world.

Renan gives an account of the early education of Jesus, reconstructed from his present observation of what the life of a peasant boy in Nazareth is, but on this subject the Evangelists are silent. We have but one anecdote of his boyhood. At twelve years of age he was taken for the first time to Jerusalem to share in the yearly festival of the Passover. The boy was missed by the party after a day's journey homeward; and the parents, returning, found him in one of the numerous apartments of the temple, at the feet of the learned doctors who instructed in the law, — "both hearing them and asking them questions."

This shows what the mind of Jesus was upon at this early period, and by whom his early inquiries were directed.

In view of either theory of the life of Jesus, — whether we look on him as the incarnate God developing into a human experience as a Jew, or as the man whose unassisted human genius revolutionized the world, and by the mere force of moral loveliness led all the leading nations of the world to adore him as a divine being, — whichever of these theories we take, the question becomes intensely interesting, What were the educational influences, what the literature, of a nation which produced this wonderful and gifted son?

Is the literature that Jesus was familiar with in his early years yet in existence in the world? Is it possible for us to get at it? Can we ourselves review the ideas, the statements, the modes of reasoning and thinking, on moral and religious subjects, which were current in his time, and must have been revolved by him during those silent thirty years, when he was pondering his future public mission? To such inquiries the learned class of Jewish Rabbis answer by holding up the Talmud. Here, say they, is the source from whence Jesus of Nazareth drew the teachings which enabled him to revolutionize the world; and the question becomes, therefore, an interesting one to every Christian, *What is the Talmud?*

In order to get an exact and clear idea, we must first Orientalize our minds, and carry ourselves back to the peculiarities of a past age and nation, and familiarize ourselves with the idea of a vast and various literature existing from generation to generation in a strictly unwritten form in the minds and teachings of a certain body of learned men whom our Saviour speaks of as the Elders. Jesus could read no books of theirs; for at that time their teachings not only were not collected in writing, but were strictly forbidden to be written. They existed in the minds and hearts of the living teachers alone. The work of reducing them to writing was not attempted till two centuries after the Christian era, as we shall show in the proper place hereafter. The Talmud, then, is the written form of that which, in the time of Jesus, was called the Traditions of the Elders, and to which he makes frequent allusions. What sort of a book is it?

The answer is at first sight discouraging to flesh and spirit. The Talmud appears to view in the form of fourteen heavy folio volumes of thick, solid Hebrew and Aramaic consonants, without a vowel to be seen from the first word of the first volume to the last word of the last. Such is the Jewish Talmud, including both the Jerusalem and the Babylonian. Who can read it? It can be read, for it has been read; though, to be sure, it is not so easy to get on with as a modern novel. No one yet ever learned to read it fluently without having condemned himself to what Mr. Mantilini would call "one demd horrid grind," and accordingly a good Rabbinical doctor is seldom good for anything else. There are learned Jews who never do anything else all their lives long but study the Talmud. The learned Dr. Lightfoot, whose ponderous tomes gave comfort and courage to Mr. Andrew Fairservice, when frightened by a bogle, completely mastered the Talmud without being mastered by it; and he, in his lumbering, clumsy, honest way, thus complains of its authors: —

"The almost unconquerable difficulty of their style, the frightful roughness of their language, and the amazing emptiness and sophistry of the matters handled, do torture, vex, and tire him that reads them. They do everywhere abound with trifles in that manner as though they had no mind to be read; with obscurities and difficulties as though they had no mind to be understood; so that the reader hath need of patience all along to enable him to bear both trifling in sense and roughness in expression."

The good Doctor had been a little wearied with his self-imposed herculean task, and judges the Talmudists

with rather too great severity; for there is in them truth as well as trash, wisdom as well as folly, sense as well as nonsense, sound instruction as well as ludicrous absurdity, and a great deal of all.

The learned Jews, for many ages persecuted beyond all endurance, not allowed to speak, or even to think without incurring the risk of most hideous tortures; vagabonds and outcasts wherever their lot might be fixed, yet with minds trained and cultivated, and informed far beyond any contemporary standard, with a pride of race stronger and more justifiable than any other people ever had or can have, — often relieved their overburdened souls by clothing mournful truths in preposterous and laughable guise, and sometimes played the mountebank, when they were well capable of acting the philosopher. Some of their most absurd legends are but the masks of unwelcome and dangerous sentiments. Our old nursery myths of the "House that Jack built" and the "Kid that would n't go" are in their origin but Rabbinic legends, under cover of which important instruction was conveyed to kindred minds of the Jewish race, who by their sympathies and a community in suffering had learned to understand in sober earnest what their teachers could venture to utter only with a ludicrous grimace.

The Talmud is the great repository of the mental products of a most vigorous and vivid race of thinkers, through long ages of degradation, persecution, oppression, and sorrow; and, as such, few human works are more worthy of, or will better repay, the student of human nature.

Some words which are often found in connection with the Talmud should here be explained, to wit: —

1. *Midrasch:* this is always used in reference to direct exposition.

2. *Halachah:* that which refers principally to legal enactments, and the law, especially in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy.

3. *Haggadah:* that which includes maxims and myths, proverbs and legends, in which the Talmud is rich, and intensely interesting. These portions of the Talmud the Jews in their dispersions, oppressions, and afflictions very appropriately styled a comfort and a blessing. It should be borne in mind, that these words designate the *kind* of writing, and not any particular sections or portions of the book, just as we speak of the poetry and prose of a work.

The word *Talmud* signifies *learning*. The Talmud professes to be an expansion and exposition of the Mosaic law; and an application of its precepts to every possible exigency and event of human life. It consists of two parts, to wit: —

1. The MISHNA (the word means *second* or *repetition*).

This is said by the Rabbins to be the traditionary law as delivered by Moses to the seventy elders of the children of Israel at Mount Sinai, by word of mouth, and thus handed down orally by the scribes from generation to generation, without ever being committed to writing.

2. The GEMARA (meaning *completion*), the amplification or exposition of the Mishna by a succession of learned Rabbins, and put in written form between the third and the sixth centuries of the Christian era.

The Hebrews themselves had a most extravagant estimate of the value of their Talmud, even preferring the Talmud without the written law to the written law without the Talmud. Our Saviour boldly censures them as often "making the word of God of none effect through their traditions." They were accustomed to say, "The written law is water, the Mishna is wine, the Gemara is spiced wine." "The written law is salt, the Mishna is pepper, the Gemara is all sorts of most precious spices."

There are two Talmuds, — the Jerusalem in two folio volumes, and the Babylonian in twelve folio volumes. The Mishna is the same in both, but the two Gemaras are quite different.

The origin of these two Talmuds is historically as follows: Soon after the overthrow of the Jewish commonwealth by the destruction of Jerusalem under the Roman Emperors Vespasian and Titus, Jewish schools were established for the study of the law at Jamnia and Tiberias, — the former a town in Northwestern Palestine, situated near the Mediterranean; and the latter a well-known village on the lake of Genesareth.

But the Jews having become objects of intense hatred and suspicion to the Romans, especially after the second revolt in the reign of Hadrian, the Jewish literature could nowhere within the Roman Empire have a free and full development. Hence the Jerusalem Talmud was circumscribed in its contents and unsatisfactory in its teachings. But Babylonia was at this time a part of the Parthian Empire, and independent of the Romans; and here, therefore, the Rabbins established their most famous schools at Sura, at Nehardea, and at Pumbeditha, and pursued their studies with comparatively little molestation, and the result was the more copious and satisfactory Babylonian Talmud.

There is something wild and romantic in the idea of this immense body of literature existing in the world from generation to generation in the aerial cloud-like form of tradition, like that pillar of cloud and fire which of old guided the wandering steps of the sacred nation. A superstitious reverence prevented these traditions from being written, lest, by being once fixed in writing, they should cease to grow and receive accessions from warm and vivid human thought.

But lest the definite and positive Anglo-Saxon mind should incline to conceive that nothing of any real permanent worth could have existed so long in a traditionary form, we will venture to remind our readers that we have a very similar instance in the common law of England, "the origin of which," says Lord Chief Justice Hale, "is as undiscoverable as the sources of the Nile," and which for generations existed mainly in unwritten traditions and customs.

The work of reducing the Talmud to writing was never attempted till the third century of the Christian era. Even then, at first, great opposition was made to this innovation. It was said that to write the Gemara would fix it and make it unalterable, whereas it ought to be left open to improvements from the developments of successive generations.

We can see in this notice of the growth of the Talmud how it could be quite possible that Gamaliel, at whose feet Paul was instructed, and others like him, could have improved the Gemara by a judicious use of the instructions of Christ and the apostles. Though the oral traditions of the Mishna and portions of the Gemara were some of them doubtless antecedent to the time of Christ by many generations, yet it cannot be proved in a single instance where there is identity of sentiment between the Talmud and the New Testament, that the Talmud did not borrow from the New Testament rather than the New Testament from the Talmud. It is not likely that an utterance as clear, condensed, and cutting as the Sermon on the Mount, as given by the Evangelists, was passed over with inattention by the learned senate of Jewish Rabbins. These teachings passed into the community, and became an animating and forming force in society; and they must, in the very nature of the case, have acted powerfully on all the existing schools of ethical and intellectual science. We find in Christ's discourses frequent allusions to the teachings of these men, searching reviews and criticisms of their doctrines. Much of the Sermon on the Mount is a statement of the errors in their teaching and the establishment of a higher code of morals. "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, &c.; but *I* say unto you," is, as we all know, a frequent form of summary in that discourse.

We shall now endeavor to give our readers some general idea of the

Contents of the Talmud.

The whole Talmud, both in the Jerusalem and the Babylonian editions, is divided into six SEDARIM, or ORDERS, or, as we might call them, *books;* and each *seder* or *book* is subdivided into MASICHTOTH, or *treatises;* into PERAKIM, or *chapters;* and each *perak*, or *chapter*, into MISHNAIOTH, or *sections*.

In the Babylonian Talmud there are sixty-three *masichtoth*, five hundred and twenty-five *perakim*, and four thousand one hundred and eighty-seven *mishnaioth*.

The Sedarim or books of the Talmud are the following, to wit: —

1. *Seder Zeraim.* "*Order of Seeds*," — treating of the products of agriculture, and other matters therewith connected in the Jewish law.

2. *Seder Moed.* "*Order of Festivals*," — treating of the times and manner of celebrating the Jewish feasts.

3. *Seder Nashim.* "*Order of Women*," — treating of marriage, divorce, women's rights and wrongs, &c.

4. *Seder Nerikim.* "*Order of Damages*," — crimes against property, &c.

5. *Seder Kodashim.* "*Order of Holy Things*," — sacrifices, ablutions, and such like.

6. *Seder Taharoth.* "*Order of Purification*," — the ceremonial purity or impurity of houses, furniture, household utensils, &c.

We subjoin, as a specimen of the whole work, a few of the subjects discussed in several of the treatises.

Treatise I. of Order I. "*Of the Blessings.*" Relates to prayer, and thanksgivings for the fruits of the earth.

Treatise II. of same Order. "*Of the Corner.*" Respecting the corners of the harvest-fields, which are to be left for the poor, &c.

Treatise VII. of Order II. "*Of the Egg.*" What one should do and not do on feast-days, — and whether it be lawful, on a feast-day, to eat the egg which a hen lays on that day; the mode of treatment of this important point is somewhat obscure, and the result apparently not certainly determined.

Treatise VIII. of Order IV. "*The Sayings of the Fathers*," or the ethics of the Talmud, abounding in acute sayings, striking proverbs, and curious legends.

Treatise VII. of Order V. The cutting off of a soul from the future life, and the sins which deserve such punishment; and the condition of the condemned souls in Gehenna.

A single cursory glance at this part of the Talmud at once dissipates a very superficial statement, which has often been made, that the Jews had no doctrine of future rewards and punishments, previous to the time of Christ, and that it was a distinguishing part of his mission to *reveal* such a futurity.

The representations of Heaven and Hell in the Talmud are as vivid as in the poetry of Dante or the sermons of Jonathan Edwards; and show conclusively that, in regard to the general fact of a future life of retribution, the Saviour was not under the necessity of making new announcements, but spoke to a community in whose mind that basis of thought was already firmly established.

Still further to illustrate the nature of the Talmud, we will here give a brief analysis of the first treatise of the first book, which book is subdivided, as we said before, into eleven treatises, seventy-five chapters, and six hundred and fifty-four sections.

The general title of this first chapter of the first book is Massecheth Berachoth, or "Treatise of the Blessings"; and it is subdivided as follows.

For the sake of perspicuity, however, we must premise, before we proceed further, that the *Shema* spoken of in this treatise is the passage in Deuteronomy vi. 4, "*Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord.*"

This declaration, which in the Hebrew has a wonderfully solemn, plaintive, and majestic sound, has in all ages been considered among the Jews as of a peculiar sacredness.

SHEMA, ISRAEL! ADONAI ELOHAENU ADONAI AHAD, is that sublime affirmation of the absolute unity of the

Divine Nature, in opposition to the polytheism and idolatry of the pagan world, the frequent repetition of which, in a distinct, loud, and peculiar chant, forms a conspicuous part of every religious service of the Hebrews.

The "SHEMONE ESRAE, *or the eighteen,*" is the name of a sort of Hebrew Te Deum, so called because it originally consisted of eighteen sentences, and was composed, as the Rabbins say, by Queen Esther, and delivered to them to be daily repeated in their devotions, for their consolation, till the restoration of their temple at Jerusalem shall enable them to renew the daily sacrifices which are of necessity suspended while the temple is in ruins.

The chapters (*Perakim*) of this treatise are as follows: —

1. On the daily blessing and the prayers thereto belonging, particularly on the time for saying the Shema, evening and morning, on the posture of the body, and the prayers belonging thereto. (This occupies five sections or *Mishnaioth.*)

2. On the pauses and the order of the Shema, on the tones in the chanting of it, on the special occasions for it. (Eight sections.)

3. On the exceptions in the saying of the Shema, mourners, women at certain periods, servants, minors, bathers, the unclean. (Six sections.)

4. How long the time may be for those prayers, and whether one may say the Shemone Esrae by extracts only; that a prayer should not be an *opus operatum;* on prayer in dangerous places, and on the *Musaph*, or additional prayer on special occasions. (Seven sections.)

5. On the outward and inward posture in prayer; on prayer for rain, &c.; on leading in prayer for others, on wandering in prayer. (Five sections.)

6. On the different ways of pronouncing a blessing on fruit-trees and the fruits of the ground; on bread and wine; on the changing of the blessings; on the blessing of that which does not spring out of the earth; also respecting miscellaneous subjects, on the wine, and the dessert before and after the meal; on sitting and reclining at table; on incense; on the chief dishes and the side dishes; on the threefold blessing and the short blessing; on the water. (Eight sections.)

7. On the common blessing in which many may join in common, its forms according to the number of the persons, and on separating into distinct companies. (Five sections.)

8. On the difference between the followers of Hillel and the followers of Shammai in respect to the washing of hands and asking the blessing at table. (Eight sections.)

9. On a blessing in miracles and all kinds of natural phenomena; on entering a new house; on unprofitable prayers; on prayer in entering and leaving a city; on praising God for the evil as well as the good; on reverence toward the temple; on naming the Divine name in salutations, and our duty of regulating ourselves according to the tradition of the elders. (Five sections.)

Style of the Talmud.

As a specimen of the style of the Talmud, or its method of communicating instruction, we translate a few paragraphs from the very first sentence of the Mishna, the beginning of the treatise on blessings.

MISHNA. "At what time in the evening should one chant the Shema? — From the time that the priests go in to eat of their oblation till the end of the first night watch. These are the words of the Rabbi Eliezer. But the wise men say until midnight. Rabban* Gamaliel says, till the morning dawn ariseth. It came to pass that his sons were returning from a feast; they said unto him, 'We have not yet recited the Shema.' He answered and said unto them, 'If the morning dawn be not yet arisen ye are under obligation to recite it.' And not this alone have they said, but everywhere, where

* A term of distinction, the same as Rabboni in the Gospel of John.

the wise have said 'until midnight,' the command is binding till the morning dawn ariseth; and the steaming of the fat and of the joints is lawful until the morning dawn ariseth; and so everything which may be eaten on the same day it is allowed to eat, until the morning dawn ariseth. If this is so, why do the wise say 'till midnight'? In order that men may be held far away from sin."

All this long sentence, the first one in the Mishna, the opening words of the Talmud, is just for the purpose of teaching that the most proper time for chanting the evening Shema is when the priests go in to their supper, that is, about 5 P. M.; or, if it is not said then, at any time before midnight; and if not then, at any time before the next dawn of the morning; and the time is protracted to prevent the sin of not reciting it at all.

This is a characteristic specimen of the style of a considerable portion of the Talmud, and of the mode of teaching, especially in the Halachah, — a style and method wholly unlike anything else in the world, unless it be some modern systems of metaphysical philosophy.

The style of the Gemara is substantially the same, only still more strange, grotesque, and obscure. In illustration of this we will give a very small part of the amplification of the Gemara on this very sentence of the Mishna.

It would seem as if the Mishna here needed no amplification, but the Gemara is very copious. It says: "The Thanna" (that is, Rabbi Judah the Holy), "what is his authority that he teaches, from what time onward? And, beside that, why does he teach on the evening first, and might he teach on the morning first?

"The Thanna rests on the Scripture, for it is written, When thou liest down and when thou risest up, and so he teaches, the time of reciting the Shema, when thou liest down, when is it?

"From the time when the priests go in to eat of their oblation. But if thou wilt, say I, he hath taken it out of the creation of the world; for it is said, it was evening and it was morning, one day. If this is so, it might be the last Mishna which teaches, In the morning are said two blessings before and one after, and in the evening, two before and two after, and yet they teach in the evening first. The Thanna begins in the evening, then he teaches in the morning; as he treats of the morning so he explains the things of the morning, and then he explains the things of the evening."

This is less than one fourth part of the comment in the Gemara on that passage in the Mishna, and the remainder is equally lucid and interesting.

I have never seen anything equal to this, except some passages in the writings of Hegel, which it seems to me they considerably resemble. I have translated literally; and for the sake of comparison let us take a literal translation of the first sentence of Hegel's great work on the "Phenomenology of the Spirit." The section is entitled "The sensuous Certainty of the This, and the My."

"The knowledge which is the first, or immediately our subject, can be no other than that which is itself immediate knowledge, — the knowledge of the immediate or the existing. We have to restrain ourselves even so, immediately or receptively, and to change nothing in it as it offers itself, and to keep off the comprehending from the noticing."

The admirers of Hegel say, that he is a most powerful and suggestive writer, and that he fairly exhausts the truths of philosophy; and the Hebrew lovers of the Talmud say much the same thing of their admired national work. Are they not both equally right, or equally wrong?

The Talmud, however, is not all like the specimens I have given; and we hope soon to show that there is much in it which is intelligible and beautiful; exhibiting even the strong common-sense of Benjamin Franklin, and the poetical genius of the Old Testament.

The Talmud has a great number of authors, and, as a natural consequence, a great variety of styles; and where the different authors can be ascertained, we find that each has his own peculiar and characteristic manner.

Rabbi Simon Ben Jochai is designedly obscure, paradoxical, and *bizarre* in the extreme, while Rabbi Joshua is neat, witty, and sharp; Rabbi Ashe is enormously diffuse, while Rabbi Judah the Holy is concise, definite, and positive.

Authors of the Talmud.

The principal authors of the Talmud, according to its own statement, we will briefly mention.

It must be understood, that the earlier authors did not themselves commit their works to writing; they were handed down by tradition only, till the time of Rabbi Judah the Holy, who first attempted the preservation of them on the written page, about A. D. 220. The Talmudists arrange these authors in classes.

1st Class. The Elder Sages. Of these there is the following list: —

B. C. 180. *Simeon the Just*, the last of the great synagogue, and the founder of the Rabbinic schools.

Antigonus of Soho, the disciple and friend of Simeon, and the master of the first Rabbinic school.

Zadok and *Boethus*, two disciples of Antigonus, the founders of the school which diverged from the standard of Hebrew Orthodoxy, and laid the foundation for the sect of the Sadducees.

B. C. 70. *Jose Ben Joezer* and *Jose Ben Johanna*, the first pair of the distinctively Pharisaic heads of schools.

Joshua Ben Perachiah and *Nathai of Arbela*, the second pair of the same school.

Simon Ben Shetah, the disciple of the preceding, and *Jehudah Ben Tabai*, the third pair.

B. C. 97. *Shemaijah* and *Abtalion*, the fourth pair.

At the time of Christ's birth we have Hillel the Great, who died A. D. 14. He, after Ezra, was regarded as the great restorer of the law. *Menahem* and *Shammai* formed a fifth pair of teachers.

2d Class. The Thanaim, who in the composition of the Mishna followed the lead of Hillel the Great.

Among these were, A. D. 33, *Gamaliel the Great*, surnamed the son of the law, a grandson of Hillel, and the teacher of the Apostle Paul.

A. D. 70, *Simeon*, the son of the preceding, who perished in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans.

From A. D. 70 to 140 we have *Johannan Ben Saccai*, the collector of the scattered remnants of the Rabbins, after the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the founder of the Rabbinic school at Jamnia. *Gamaliel Second*, the son of Simeon and the disciple of Johannan, the first Nasi or Prince of the Jews, and the head of the learned school at Jamnia. His associates were Rabbi Joshua, the sharp and witty writer of the Talmud, and Rabbi Akiba, the learned, active, and enthusiastic counsellor of Bar Cochba in his rebellion against the Emperor Hadrian.

When that rebellion was crushed, this Rabbi was put to death with the most exquisite and lingering tortures; he all the while chanting in a loud, clear voice the great Hebrew Shema, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One"; thus with his last breath bidding defiance to the polytheism of his brutal conquerors, and glorying even in a lost cause.

At the same period we have Rabbi Eliezer Ben Azariah, an independent and self-reliant teacher, who fell under the ban of the Pharisees and Rabbi Simon Ben Jochai, a fanatical mystic, and a most obscure and provoking writer.

From A. D. 160 to 220. At this period there was in Palestine Rabbi Simeon Ben Gamaliel, the Nasi, or Prince, who removed the school from Jamnia to Tiberias, and had for his associates Rabbi Jose, Rabbi Jehudah Ben Ilai, Rabbi Nathan, Rabbi Meier and Rabbi Simon Ben Jahijah.

In Babylonia at this time were Rabbi

Jehudah Ben Bethira at Nisibis, and Rabbi Hananiah, at Nehardea, a nephew of Rabbi Josua in Jamnia. Rabbi Jehudah attempted to make the school at Babylonia independent of that of Tiberias, but without success.

From A. D. 220 to 250. In Palestine we see *Judah the Holy*, a disciple of Meyer, and Nasi, or Prince, after the death of his father *Simeon*, the most learned and the most venerated of the teachers at Tiberias, and the last of the Thanaim. He was the first editor of the Mishna. With him was his friend Rabbi Haja of Babylon, and opposed to him was the Christian convert, Symachus, the author of a translation of the Old Testament into Greek, and also Rabbi Ishmael Ben Elisha and Rabbi Anshajah.

In Babylon, Rabbi Hona. He bore the title of Resh Glutha (Head of the Dispersion), — a title of superiority used in the Babylonian school, and of the same force as Nasi in Jerusalem. There were, besides, Rabbi Samuel at Nahardea, Rabbi Abba Ariche, the founder of the school at Sura. He brought the Mishna to the Babylonian schools, and acquired such distinction that, like his teacher Rabbi Judah the Holy, he was referred to in Jewish books by the talismanic title of RAB, or the Great.

3d Class. The Amoraim. Among these in Palestine, from A. D. 250 to 270, were Rabbi Gamaliel III., son of Judah the Holy, who bore the title of Nasi, and his colleagues, Rabbi Haniyah at Sepphoris, Rabbi Johannan, editor of the Jerusalem Talmud, and Rabbi Simon Ben Lakes at Tiberias.

In Babylonia, Rabbi Nahman Bar Jacob at Nehardea, Rabbi Hona at Sura, and Rabbi Jehudah Ben Jeheskiel, founder of the school at Pumbeditha.

From A. D. 270 to 310 we have in Palestine Rabbi Jehudah II., son of Gamaliel, and Nasi by title, with his colleagues, Rabbi Ame, and Rabbi Ase at Tiberias.

In Babylonia, Rabbi Nehemiah the Resh Glutha, Rabbi Haida at Sura, and Rabbi Aliba-Bar Nahmeni at Pumbeditha.

From A. D. 310 to 370 we have in Palestine Rabbi Hillel, son of Jehuda, with the title of Nasi. He constructed and fixed the Jewish Calendar, and his colleagues were Rabbi Abuhu at Cæsarea, and Rabbi Jehuda III., son of Hillel, and Nasi.

In Babylonia we have Rabbi Demi at Nehardea, Rabbi Abba Bar Hona at Sura, Rabbi Joseph, Rabbi Abaje, and Rabbi Raba at Pumbeditha.

From A. D. 370. In Palestine we find Rabbi Gamaliel IV., son of Jehuda, the last Nasi or Patriarch at Tiberias. Here was the end of Hebrew learning in Palestine.

In Babylonia we find Rabbi Peka, Rabbi Nahman, Rabbi Isaac, and others at Pumbeditha. There were Rabbi Marsutra (the Resh Glutha), Rabbi Asche at Sura, from 350 to 430, the editor of the Babylonian Talmud, and his friend and assistant in the revision, Rabbi Abima.

A. D. 500 we have the Rabbi Jose at Pumbeditha. He was the last of the Talmudic writers. The names of all these, as well as of many others less noteworthy, occur in the Talmud.

We have thus attempted to show *what* the Talmud is, who composed it, when and where it was composed.

We shall proceed to add some characteristic specimens of its literature in selections from the Haggadah portions of the Talmud, or, in other words, its sacred myths and proverbs.

Haggadah of the Talmud.

Let us now turn to the better portions of the Talmud, and give a few samples of its maxims and legends. There are many of these, and of the best quality, especially the book entitled *Pirke Aboth, Sections* (or *Sayings*) *of the Fathers*, of which a considerable portion is incorporated with the Hebrew prayer-books, under the title of the Ethics, is rich in valuable instruction. A very few examples only can find a place here. Leopold Dukes has published a volume of the Proverbs with a German

translation; and Herder has transferred some of the legends to his *Blumenlese* from the Oriental poets; but for the most part they are still inaccessible to the general reader.

The legends of the Talmud, as well as the proverbs, have a great variety in style and character, including the grave and the gay, the satirical and the humorous. Some of them have very quaint titles, and as appropriate as they are quaint; as, for example, *Concerning the Rabbi who married the Devil's daughter, and what came of it.*

Proverbs of the Talmud.

Woe to them who see without knowing what they see, and who stand without knowing on what they stand!

To the wasp men say, Neither thy honey nor thy sting.

Rabbi Eliezer says, The book and the sword are given to men by God tied in one bundle. If the book is obeyed, the sword is at rest; if the book is disobeyed, the sword rages.

Never leave the door open even to an honest man, much less to a thief.

The hole, not the rat, is the thief.

The world is kept in health only by the breath of children at school.

At Pumbeditha (a school famous for its subtle logic) they can drive an elephant through the eye of a needle.

In the same pot in which you cook, you will yourself be cooked.

With the same measure with which you measure to others, it will be measured to you again.

Solid wood burns with little noise; but thorns make a great crackling, saying, *We too are wood.*

If you speak in the night, speak softly; if you speak in the daytime, look around you before you speak.

Little or much, if only your heart is fixed on heaven.

What concern is it of yours to penetrate into the mysteries of God?

A melon is known even in its blossom.

Hypocrites steal leather, and make shoes for the poor.

Yesterday, says the bird, I was free and joyous among the green boughs; to-day they are the bars of my cage.

He who enjoys too much in this world is in danger of losing the next.

Him who humbles himself, God exalts; him who exalts himself, God humbles.

Is the lamb rash who is feeding in the midst of wolves? Not if he trusts the good shepherd.

Great is the value of labor. It honors him who devotes himself to it.

The camel aspired after horns, and the Lord took away his ears.

He whose head is made of butter should never try to be a baker.

When the man is fire, and the woman tow,
The Devil comes the coals to blow.

A hundred guilders invested in trade give a man meat and wine; the same invested in farming gives him only cabbage and salt.

The speculator puts his money on the horns of a stag.

Woe to him who builds a big door, and has no house behind it!

While the Rabbi is fasting, the dogs eat up his dinner.

One must stand as well with the public sentiment as with God himself.

Rabbi Mair was in the school as if he tore up mountains and trod them to powder by his logic.

Of a field which is prematurely reaped, even the straw is good for nothing.

Weep not with the joyous, nor laugh with the sad; wake not with the sleeping, nor sleep with the waking.

Legends of the Talmud.

A certain Gentile came to Rabbi Sammai, a man passionate and irascible, and said, Rabbi, make me a proselyte while I am standing on one foot; and Sammai beat him off with a ten-foot pole which he was holding in his hand. He then went to Rabbi Hillel, a mild and patient man, with the same request; and Hillel said, What is hateful to yourself, that do not to another; this is the whole law; the rest is but the exposition of it. Go away a perfect man.

A Rabbi reached a city late in the evening; the gates were shut, and he must sleep outside in the open air. What God does is the best for me, said the Rabbi, and laid himself down to rest.

In the night a storm arose which extinguished the light of his lantern, and a lion came and devoured the ass on which he rode. Still the Rabbi said, What God does is best for me.

At daylight, he found that a band of robbers had plundered the city in the night, and murdered the inhabitants. Said I not, continued the Rabbi, what God does is best for me?

We sometimes learn in the morning why God put us to inconvenience the night before.

Noah and his Vineyard.

While Noah was planting his vineyard, the Devil comes to him and says, What are you doing here, Noah? Planting a vineyard, says Noah. What is the use of a vineyard? says the Devil. Its fruit, says Noah, whether fresh or dry, is sweet and good, and its wine gladdens the heart. Let us work it on shares, says the Devil. Agreed, says Noah. Now, what does the Devil do? He brings a lamb and a lion, a hog and a monkey, sacrifices them on the spot, and mingles their blood with the soil. Wherefore, if a man only eats the fruit of the vineyard, he is mild and gentle as a lamb; if he drinks the wine, he imagines himself a lion, and falls into mischief; if he drinks habitually, he becomes unmannerly and disgusting as a hog; if he gets drunk, he jabbers and jumps, and is silly and nasty as a monkey.

The Childhood of Abraham.

Abraham was brought up in a cave, for the tyrant Nimrod sought to destroy him. But even in this dark retreat the light of God was within him, and he thought by himself, Who is my Creator? At the age of sixteen he came out of his cave, and, looking for the first time upon the heavens and the earth, he was astonished and delighted, and he asked of all the creatures he met, Who is your Creator?

The sun arose; Abraham fell on his face, exclaiming, Ah, this is the Creator! how glorious he is! But the sun went down, and it was dark; and he said that disappearing light could not be the Creator. But the moon arose, and Abraham thought perhaps this lesser light, attended by this glorious retinue of stars, is the Creator. But the moon and stars went down, and Abraham stood alone.

He went to his father, and said, Who is the God of heaven and earth? and Terah directed him to his idols. I will prove them, thought Abraham; and when he was alone he laid before them the most delicious viands, saying, If ye are living gods, accept these offerings. But they stood immovable.

And these, said Abraham, are what my father worships as gods. Perhaps I can teach him better. He took his staff and broke the idols in pieces, except one, and into the hands of this one he placed his staff, and said to his father, O father, this god has killed all his brothers. Terah was angry, and said, You are insulting me, boy; how could he? for I made him with my own hands. Be not angry, father, said Abraham; let thine own ear take in what thine own lips have spoken. Dost thou not believe that thy god could do what my own childhood has done? How then can this be the god who created me and thee, and the earth and the heavens? Terah stood confounded and struck dumb before his child.

The Wonder-staff of the Prophet.

Gird up thy loins, said Elisha to his servant Gehazi (when the Shunammite woman implored him to raise her son to life), and take my staff in thine hand. If any one meet thee, salute him not; if any one salute thee, answer him not; but lay this my staff on the boy's face, and his soul will return to him again.

So Gehazi took the prophet's staff with joy, for he had long been wishing to get hold of it, that he too might work a miracle. As he was joyously

hurrying along, Jehu, the son of Nimshi, called out to him, Whither away so fast, Gehazi? To raise one from the dead, says Gehazi, and here is the staff of the prophet.

Jehu and a curious crowd from all the towns and villages on the way hurried after to see one rise from the dead. Gehazi with great alacrity hurried on, the mob with him, and, entering the Shunammite's house, he laid the staff on the face of the dead child; but there was neither voice nor movement. He turned the staff about, placed it in different positions, to the right and to the left, above, below; but the child awoke not. Gehazi was confounded, and the mob hooted at him. Ashamed he returned to the prophet, and said, The boy does not wake up.

The prophet took his staff, hastened to Shunem, entered the house, and closed the door against all spectators. He prayed to the Lord, and then went to the corpse, placed himself on the child, his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes to the child's eyes, till the child's body became warm. With what did he warm the dead to life? With that silent, humble prayer, and with the breathing of an unselfish, disinterested love. Here, take thy son again, said the prophet to the mother; and the self-seeking, vain Gehazi stood confounded and ashamed.

Biography of Jesus of Nazareth according to the Talmud.

The Talmud makes frequent mention of Jesus of Nazareth, so much so that a biography of him from the Jewish point of view might be collected from it.

These accounts recognize Jesus as a youth of great beauty, eloquence, and promise, who, being educated at the Jerusalem college of the Rabbins, was led by ambition to set up opposing doctrines, and to assert his authority in opposition to them. They admit that he performed stupendous miracles, in general such as are recorded in the New Testament, and account for it by stating that he secretly entered the Holy of Holies in the Jerusalem temple, and thence stole the Ineffable name of Jehovah, which he hid in a gash in the flesh of his arm, and by this he was able to perform these wonders; that, this name being taken away from him while he was asleep, he lost all miraculous power, and so fell an easy prey to his enemies, and was publicly executed; that his disciples stole away his body, and pretended that he had risen from the dead.

A narrative from these tomes has recently been published in New York, by Isaac Goldstein; but I am warned by a note from a worthy and learned Rabbi, that this account must not by any means be taken as representing the opinions of the more enlightened and reputable Israelites of the present day.

What an interesting world of thought this Judæan literature opens to the mind!

What light it may shed on the words of Jesus and Paul to know the modes of thought which were such a perfect world in their time! When Paul speaks of his studies at the feet of Gamaliel, one of the principal authors of the Talmud, of his profiting in the matters of the law above many of his equals, we see him, an ardent young enthusiast, on the way to become an accomplished Rabbi perhaps even a Nasi, in some future day, and we understand what he means, when he says, "But what things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ!" It was a whole education and a whole life's work that he threw at the feet of his new Master.

Looking at the Talmud in contrast with any other ancient sacred writings extant in the world, except the Bible, we must be struck with its immense superiority.

The Hindoo sacred books are so offensively obscene that they never can be rendered into the language of any Christian nation. The Zendavesta, which is the sacred record of the old Zoroastrian and of the modern Parsee faith, with much dignified sentiment and pure morality, is far more diffuse and tedious than the Talmud; and the

same may be said of the Koran. All of them are inferior as a whole to the Talmud, as the Talmud as a whole is inferior to the Bible.

The intense condensation of the Bible, especially of the New Testament, is a marked characteristic which distinguishes it from all other sacred books. Compare, for instance, the twelve or fourteen folio volumes of the Talmud with a Tract Society edition of the Bible, where the Old and New Testament form two neat little volumes, which can be carried in one's vest pocket.

How small a volume in bulk, considering what it professes and what it teaches, is the Bible. Other sacred books are, like the firmament, full of rolling clouds; the Bible is the sharp and luminous lightning flash, piercing to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

I desire, in conclusion, to express my obligations to the ponderous erudition of the two older standard authors on this subject, Lightfoot and Eisenmenger; to a learned, copious, and most satisfactory article on the Talmud by Pastor Pressel, published in Herzog's German Theological Encyclopædia in 1862; and to the brief and lively delineations of Leopold Dukes and J. G. Herder. The writings of Dukes, an author of our own day, are especially rich in regard to the Rabbinic proverbs and apologues; and in one of his prefaces he expresses the hope that they may be of some use even to that rather numerous body of Christians, who give little other evidence of being Christians at all, except that of hating the Jews.

ST. MICHAEL'S NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

IN the province of Normandy, on a bend in the coast line, forming a snug harbor for the little seaport, is, as all the world knows, the small town of Dieppe. An odd, ill-paved place it is, with its long line of *quai*, where the fisherwomen, in their high Norman caps and short petticoats, clack to and fro in their sabots, and drive their bargains over piles of shining fish. In the centre of the town is the market-place. On one side is the stately front of the ancient Hôtel de Ville, that, with its closed windows and dismantled balconies, appears to be brooding over its former days of splendor, indifferent, in the gloom of its sombre shadow, to the stir of modern life that hums about the thresholds of the tall gabled houses flanking the square on the opposite side.

In the centre of the market-place stands the huge figure of a cavalier in bronze, the redoubtable Admiral Duquesne, who gazes with eternal *hauteur* on the crowd beneath, his back turned with profane indifference to the old church of St. Jacques, that, beautiful with pinnacle and buttress, and depth of Gothic shadow, gathers the houses of the town about it, as a bird gathers her young beneath her wings. High on the cliffs stands the ancient Citadelle, one tall tower guarding with protective vigilance the clustering houses of the town; and the other ending the long line of battlements looking seaward, — a friendly beacon to the distant fishing-boats. The high street winds like an indolent river through the middle of the town, joined by its tributary side streets, and leads at last into the Faubourg de la Barre, with its pretty, old-fashioned houses enclosed in high garden walls, above which rise tall hollyhocks and the fragrant spikes of the lilac-trees. From the Faubourg you ascend by a lane, in spring-time sweet as an Arcadian way with violets, to the cliffs; and the sea lies

before you on one side, and the fair land of Normandy on the other, — Normandy, with its golden cornfields, and rich farms and deep orchards, — with its lanes where the sea-breeze meets you sweetened by the breath of innumerable primroses that shine out from the hedges, — with its quiet villages and ruined chateaus, — the land of ancient fairy-tale, the land of history and romance. For if about the woods and valleys still linger the gentle memories of "La Chatte Blanche" and Cinderella, so the chateaus and the ancient churches of the coast are haunted by the restless figure of the Conqueror, the stately presence of Matilda, or the gigantic shade of the great Charlemagne himself.

There is a little river that rises in the distant hills somewhere, and that deep and rapid glides on between its banks, bright with a thousand flowers, to the sea. What a long tale it might tell you, if you had the gift to understand it! On its banks grow tall reeds, crowned with diadems of pink blossoms; and meadow-sweet that raises its fragrant plumes above a tangle of briony and wild-rose and honeysuckle; while down in the shadow of their taller companions float like a mist myriads of blue forget-me-nots. Not wild and garrulous is this river, but full and tranquil, gliding on amid its flowers with meditative sweetness, — now passing through the gardens of quiet villages, receiving the image of homestead and church-spire with placid indifference, and now darkened by the shadow of the sombre ruined bridge that tradition says the Romans threw across its waters more than eighteen centuries ago. You will cross this river, if you follow the narrow path over the cliffs for three miles or so, on your way from the town to the little fishing-village of Pourville. All these three miles you walk knee-deep in grass and flowers, or breast-high in waving corn, catching sudden glimpses of the blue sea above the golden ears, and listening to the long roll of the waves that break at the foot of the cliffs. As you near the village, the pathway descends to the shore; and here, in a break in the cliff line, the river I speak of crosses your path. Standing on the narrow wooden bridge that spans its waters, you can watch it as, breaking suddenly from its meadows and whispering reeds, it rushes down swift and dark, and meets the sea with tumult and struggle, as if loath to mix its sweet waters with the salt waves. Here, just at the confluence of waters, and nestling under the cliffs, is the cluster of houses that forms the hamlet of Pourville.

The village now is almost deserted. The few inhabitants that remain are poor people, and their life is one long struggle with the sea which rolls ceaselessly at their thresholds, and which as a treacherous friend feeds them from its waters, and at times, leagued with the wild equinoctial gales, rolls up a devouring flood and sweeps their homes into its depth. Twice during the memory of those living have many houses been swept away; but, actuated either by the recklessness that the presence of continual danger seems to inspire, or by the tenacious local affection peculiar to people whose calling binds them in intimate fellowship with Nature herself, a few of the fisher-people have rebuilt their homes on the same ledges of the cliffs; the men pursue their hazardous calling in the treacherous waters of the bay, and the children play far down the beach, at low tide, beyond calling of their mothers. Partly from the misfortunes that have attended it, or from the gloomy shadow of the cliff under which it always rests, Pourville has got a bad name in the country round. "C'est maudite, cette village-là!" said a peasant woman, with whom I had joined company as I walked over the cliffs. "Cursed," I said; "how so? are the people bad or smugglers?" "Not at all. They are good, honest people, but it is the good God who has cursed them, I suppose!" and she crossed herself with consistent piety. Indeed, there is a saying on the coast, "Pour se faire pêcheur à Pour-

ville, mieux vaut être filleul d'une fée que d'un évêque." *

But there must have been kind and hospitable hearts at Pourville at one time, for in the dark days of the Fronde, we are told, the Duchess de Longueville, finding all her endeavors to win over the authorities of Dieppe to the party of the king in vain, escaped by night from the Citadelle, and fled with a few faithful attendants to Pourville, where she was lodged and entertained by the curé, who, without knowing the name and rank of his guest, received her, as a chronicler tells us, "avec toute l'effusion d'une charité chrétienne." One is glad to learn also, from the same narrator, that this effusion of Christian charity was not without its reward. The hospitable curé was remembered by his grateful duchess, and a benefice of a thousand francs was added to his cure.

Half a mile inland, on one of the wooded hills that rise above the river, is the castle of Pourville. It is little more now than one ruined tower, and is as mysteriously hidden in its woods as the fairy palace of "The Sleeping Beauty." Indeed, the narrow, untrodden pathway, that winds on and on under the low beech boughs and leads up to the castle, is only to be found by careful search; and often, after walking for a mile or more through the woods, you will see the tall tower of the castle rising from the woods on the opposite side of the valley.

Seven miles farther up the coast, and dimly discernible, a mere black speck on the cliff line, is the church of Vérangeville, standing at the very edge of the cliff, and seeming to lean towards the sea. It is very old, and round it are gathered the graves of many generations. But the encroaching sea has drawn stealthily nearer and nearer year by year, dragging down with every winter storm the foremost portions of the cliff; and each passing generation has seen the old church nearer the edge, till now the people, fearful that at some chance hour the undermined foundation may give way, and the church sink into the waves below, a "Verlorene Kirche" of the sea, have deserted it, and left it to its solitary watch alone. There is a pathway that leads to the church, ascending abruptly from the shore by rude steps worn in the chalky rock, and that passes round the bare precipitous face of the cliff till it opens on the graves of the little churchyard. At high tide the waves roll up to these steps, and as you stand upon the narrow ledge you feel the vibrations of their buffetings. The lustrous level of the sea lies below, the wide sky above, — the dim line of horizon, where they meet, your nearest boundary line, and the far-off fishing-boats the only things that speak of human sympathy. The towering wall of cliff beetles over your head. A host of flowers that have crept down from the fields above nod their innocent heads from the crevices, and open their delicate blossoms in the face of the great sea, and shower forth their tiny seeds in autumn to the wild winds, in the dim grand faith of nature, that "He who holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand" will also find a resting-place for these tender germs he has created. Now, says tradition, at certain times of the year, at the hour of nightfall, a fairy passes up this narrow pathway, and, meeting any solitary traveller wending his way homeward, she raises her hand in passing and pronounces mysterious words of prophetic significance, assuring him of either bliss or bane; and the traveller passes onward after this weird greeting, with his heart filled with visions of happy love and fortune, or with forebodings of woful doom. A singular instance of the truth of this tradition, — though I may as well own that it is the only one that has come positively authenticated to my knowledge, — I am with your good pleasure about to relate.

Verangeville, as I said, lies in the mouth of the little valley of the Saane where it opens on the sea. The scattered houses of the village creep up one side of the cliff towards the deserted

* He who would be a fisherman at Pourville had better have a fairy than a bishop for his godfather.

church that crowns the highest point. In such an irregular and straggling community as this, the lowest and the highest house become remarkable as landmarks, and we will take them also as central points in our story. A hundred yards or so below the deserted church stands the highest house in Verangeville. Here lived with his daughter, in the year 18—, Père Defére, a well-to-do fisherman owning his house and bit of land, and his boat, — the ownership of the latter of itself implying a position of independence. Defére had always had the name of being a shrewd man who understood his craft, and, it was thought, had laid by money. Behind the house was a little orchard and paddock; and before it lay a sunny garden, sweet-scented, and bowery with luxuriant creepers. The little pathway leading from the garden gate to the door of the cottage was lined with flowers, roses, wall-flowers, and sweet-scented stocks. The porch itself was rude enough, with rough wooden steps and unpainted door; but from the doorway, the humble dwellers, passing in and out, had a picture before them worthy the eyes of kings; for there beyond the garden and a narrow slope of meadow grass lay the sea, through all the varying hours of day and night, in its ever-changing beauty. To Jeanne Defére this vision blended itself with all the occupations of the day. She looked upon it as she began her work in the tender light of the summer dawn, or at midday passing in and out preparing the dinner. She saw it shining like a silver shield in the heat of noon; at evening, when the work was done, and she had made ready the supper and awaited her father's coming, shading her eyes from the level splendor of the sunset, she watched it deepening from rose to violet, till it faded into the solemnity of the gathering twilight. There lay the sea! changing in beauty with the rolling hours, in sunshine and storm, by day and night, in peace and tumult, joining its voices to the great anthem of the heavens that declare the glory of God.

The nearest neighbor to the Defére was old Widow Lennet. With her lived her daughter and her daughter's husband, — Foulet. Old Madame Lennet was a well-conditioned, merry-faced woman, who had taken life easily, and had been well treated by Time in consequence. From time immemorial the Lennets and the Defére had been neighbors and friends. Many a black wooden cross in the churchyard of Verangeville marked the graves, and craved the prayers of the faithful for the souls of departed Defére; and Lennets for generations had lived in the little stone house before the great sand-bank appeared below Pourville; and the good saints only know when that was! — at any rate, it was at a sufficiently remote period to show that the Lennets were no "new people."

There had always been a stall in the weekly market of Dieppe, and the baskets of fish packed by old Madame Lennet and her daughter and son-in-law were amongst the best that left the town for Rouen and Paris. At the present time the name of Lennet was unrepresented among the fishermen of the coast.

True, Madame Lennet had a son, at this time some thirty-three or thirty-four years of age; but either from a restless desire to rove, which infests persons born or reared near the sea, or from a belief that better fortune could be found away from the little fishing-village, and the calling of his ancestors, Pierre Lennet, when he grew to man's estate, discarded the fishing craft, and took a place on a schooner bound for the West Indies, and was thenceforward a wanderer. The first voyages that the renegade fisherman made had by no means justified him in his choice; and the wayward fortune that he followed never turned to smile on him, poor fellow! He had been wrecked again and again, had been captured by pirates, lost his money, and, in fact, suffered every sort of maritime ill. But Pierre was not daunted by his ill fortunes; he came back to his mother's cottage after his voyages little changed, except that he might be somewhat broader across

the shoulders, a shade darker in hue, his beard thicker, but with as kind a heart and as loud and merry a laugh as before. And somehow, through all his losses, whether he had been wrecked or robbed, it rarely happened that he had not saved the gay handkerchief or the parrot that were to delight those at home; and his mother's cottage at Verangeville was filled with a curious store of these gatherings of the wandering sailor. It is true, Madame Lennet, after the first paroxysm of joy over her son on his return, never failed to quarrel heartily with him on the subject of the fishing business, and the eternal *bêtise* of this fancy of his of going to sea. But Pierre always went back to sea, nevertheless, and had his own arguments in defence of his conduct also. Was not brother-in-law Foulet a better fisherman than he? and was he not as kind and good to her as if he had been her own son? Some time or other Cousin Farge would retire from the business in Dieppe; then, of course, Foulet would take it, and he and sister Marie would go and live in Dieppe; then would be the time for him (Pierre) to return home, and settle down in the old house with his mother. Would there not always be fish in the sea for him to catch? At present he would stay as he was; he liked the sailor life; and if the Devil did blow with every wind upon one at sea, one had not always had such good luck on shore either. And in saying this Pierre laughed an uneasy laugh, and his good mother sighed, and shook her head softly, and gazed tenderly upon her son from her round brown eyes. Madame Lennet, during that shake of the head, was arraigning a culprit before the bar of her imagination, and for the moment the peaceful warmth that glowed in her bosom towards all the world was disturbed with bitter thoughts. "Yes, yes," says Madame Lennet, "thus is it! the *Sainte Écriture* says that a man will leave father and mother and all, and hold to his wife; and indeed who has anything to say to the contrary? but *mon Dieu!* when a girl has no eyes to see; no heart to feel, and will not be his wife, where is the reason then in his leaving father and mother, brother and sister, to sail, sail, sail eternally, to lose his life upon the sea!"

Far down below the rest of the village, on a ledge in the cliffside, stood the lowest house in Verangeville. It was just raised out of danger of the lapping waters of high tide, but was splashed by the wild spray on every stormy night. It was a lonely, desolate dwelling; the little enclosure before the door was full of drifted sea-weed and shingle, and wild sedge and rank grass grew between the stones. The lives of the dwellers here seemed to accord with the loneliness of their wild nest, for they were both widow women, — Veuve Milette and her daughter Épiphanie Coutelenq. Madame Milette had also a son. François Milette, who was a young man of three-and-twenty at the time I speak of, had been at home only about six months since his last voyage, and had now begun the fishing business. Certain ugly suspicions had always rested upon the father Milette, and years ago every one had owned that Madame Milette had done wisely in persuading her husband to send François, when quite a boy, to sea. "What good could come to a lad at home, with such a father as Milette? Did he not take the boy out on the rocks with him at night, though his mother might weep away all the tears of her body, and beg for him on her knees? For what does one go on the rocks at night? Ay, indeed for what? Go and ask monsieur the coast guard that." So it was very well, everybody said, that the lad had been sent to sea; as for the girl it did n't matter, she had always been quiet enough, and after Milette's death she married Coutelenq and made a better marriage than any one could have expected for her; and though she had been left a widow so early, still she had changed her name, which she might be thankful for; and now that François, since his return, had done so well in the fishing business, Veuve Milette might begin to hold up

her head again. In fact, the "world" of Verangeville was a little hard on the Milettes; Milette had had a bad name, and people were quick to visit his sins upon the innocent heads of his survivors. But it is good to think that there are always champions raised up to the defenceless; in this case it was so, at any rate. Jeanne Defére, who could have chosen any girl in the village for her friend, and conferred an acknowledged honor by the choice, had always avowed a friendship for Épiphanie Milette (for since her widowhood she had borne her maiden name), and many a battle had she fought in her defence.

But now that we have discussed her neighbors, let us say something of Jeanne herself.

CHAPTER II.

JEANNE'S mother died in her infancy, whereupon her father's eldest sister came to live with him and take charge of the motherless child. Under her care Jeanne had grown up to womanhood. As she entered her nineteenth year her aunt died, after a long and weary illness of nearly two years, during which time, of course, the care of the little household and the nursing of her aunt had fallen upon Jeanne; and perhaps it was to these years of care and responsibility that she owed a certain resolution and gravity of character that gave her a tacitly acknowledged influence among the young girls of the village. Jeanne had, moreover, a warm and generous heart, a little overlaid by prejudices, which, in a person of strong nature and narrow education, have almost the force of passions. Jeanne was not a beauty after any *petite* type; her figure was strongly proportioned, and the certain grace that distinguished her carriage was owing more to strength of limb and dignity of character than litheness or slightness of figure. Her face was somewhat sedate too; and her deep gray eyes had little of melting softness of expression, being more distinguishable for a free and open glance, as became one who had grown up from childhood meeting the gaze of the great blue sea with fearless love. But her lips had an abiding sweetness in their gravity that was lovelier than the smiles of others; at least, so thought Gabriel Ducrés. He had looked on her fair face autumn by autumn when he came from his inland home to Dieppe to negotiate the sale of the lavender crop, and had gone back each succeeding season, finding the love, first born in childhood, sending its roots down deeper and spreading its branches wider in his heart, till it promised to overshadow his whole life for joy or sorrow. For, you see, Gabriel was her kinsman; a distant one, to be sure, but Jeanne had so few relations that the intimacy with her great-aunt's family had always been cherished; and almost every summer Jeanne had been in the habit of spending some time at the lovely inland village where the Ducrés farm was situated. And every autumn her uncle Ducrés or Gabriel, — for, during the last three years Gabriel had taken his father's place, — when he came to Dieppe on the lavender business, stayed at the high house in Verangeville, and from thence made his expeditions into the town.

One of Jeanne's earliest memories was of riding before her aunt on her tall Normandy donkey, through endless cornfields, a long day's journey, to pay one of these visits to the Vallée d'Allon. She remembered the tall, stout figure of her great-aunt Ducrés, in her high Norman cap and scarlet petticoat, standing in the doorway ready to welcome them as they arrived. She remembered how the size of the rooms in the comfortable farm-house struck her childish mind as something magnificent; for her great-uncle Ducrés was a wealthy farmer, and her aunt a thrifty manager, and, though the house was quaint and old-fashioned, even for a Norman farm-house, there were many signs of comfort strange to the eyes of the child, accustomed to the rude simplicity of a fisherman's cottage.

Jeanne's annual visit to the Vallée d'Allon was paid in the early summer, when the freshness of spring was blooming into the full flowery beauty of the Norman June. Then the lavender fields were in blossom, and the air was filled with the delicate and pungent perfume of their tender colored spikes.

The sweet, long summer days passed tranquilly, Jeanne taking part in all the pleasant pastoral duties of the country life. The morning and the evening milking, the churning, and the hay-making, not to speak of the daily feeding of fowls and turkeys, and sleek and shining ducks, as well as the innumerable pigeons, that, at the first glimpse of the portly figure of Madame Ducrés, would leave sunning themselves on the red-tiled roof, and sweep down, cooing in a sort of ecstatic contentment, and sail round her white cap, and even flutter down upon her outstretched hand.

Jeanne helped her aunt also in her gardening. The garden before the house was bright with a thousand flowers, — sweet-scented stocks and wreathing honeysuckle and clematis, rose-bushes that spread their sheets of blossom, crimson and pink and snowy, in the sweet June weather. To Jeanne these roses had always associations of sacredness and awe; for on the eve of every Trinity Sunday her aunt cleared her rose-bushes of their beautiful flowers to serve at the great festival of the following day.

On that day the mass was performed in the open air at a household altar erected for the occasion, and all the way by which the procession came from the church to the temporary shrine was strewn with flowers. Jeanne as a child had walked sedately with Gabriel behind her uncle and aunt, bearing her basket of roses, and looking like an infant St. Elizabeth. She remembered the solemn waiting by the roadside till the procession came up; the far-off chanting voices growing ever louder as the procession, with its richly vested priests, its white-robed choristers with their twinkling lights and swinging censers drew nearer; the great silken banner, from which the benignant figure of the Madonna swayed to and fro above the crowd; the incense rising in the sunny air, and mixing its sacred perfume with the breath of the roses. She remembered her aunt leading her forward, half dizzy with awe and excitement, to throw her roses before the feet of the foremost priest, and her glimpse of the blazing star borne in the upraised hands, struck by the full morning sunlight, before which they all prostrated themselves. She remembered how they had then risen from their knees and joined the multitude, all like themselves dressed in their bright holiday garb, and followed the procession, chanting as they went. So to Jeanne the scent of roses seemed always blended with the perfume of incense, and she never decorated her bodice with them but on the *fêtes* of the Madonna; and she usually wore at home a bunch of the lavender blossoms, gathered from the little garden that lay before the cottage at Verangeville; for with its delicate scented spikes were connected all the pleasant associations of the fragrant lavender fields at her uncle's in the Vallée d'Allon.

Gabriel, who was some years older than his cousin, had regarded her in these earlier years of companionship with the feeling of superiority usual in boys; but, although he patronized and tyrannized over his small companion himself, he magnanimously allowed no one else the same privilege, and always stood Jeanne's champion in all childish troubles, even when it had brought him into collision with Monsieur le Curé himself. This had happened on one memorable occasion, when Jeanne, radiant with zealous faith in its miraculous efficacy, was found sprinkling a poor kitten that had had fits with water from the porch stoup.

But as years went on, the relative position of the two had undergone an inevitable change. Jeanne no longer regarded her young kinsman with unquestioning devotion; she now looked upon him as a *très bon garçon*, — and why, indeed, should he not be, seeing he

was Aunt Ducrés's son? — good-looking, too, strong and active. Could he not row a boat, ay, and haul a net, as well as any sailor in Verangeville, though he was a farmer? *Helas!* For Jeanne had been brought up to believe in the utter superiority of a fisherman's calling, and to look with some degree of contempt upon the less enterprising and more careful life of a farmer.

This unlucky inland calling hung like a shadow over the fate of Gabriel in consequence. Jeanne's was a simple and healthy nature, that matured slowly, and love such as Gabriel sought would be its latest fruit. Her affections sprung from habit, and were nourished by association. She loved her own home and the sea, her family, her aunt Ducrés, towards whom she bore a tender reverence, and, lastly, she loved Gabriel for many excellent reasons of course, which she usually summed up in saying he was a "bon garçon et mon parent, vous comprenez." Indeed, if it had not been for the unlucky fact I mentioned before, that Gabriel's plain destiny was the life of a farmer, no doubt that — But then there would never have been this story to tell.

For two years Jeanne had not been to the Vallée d'Allon, for during her aunt's illness her presence had been too necessary at the bedside of the poor invalid to allow of her leaving home. But in the August of the following year, after her aunt's death, she paid the long-promised visit, and took up once more the old life and its many occupations in the pleasant old farm-house. Jeanne's visit this year was later than usual, and she was to return with Gabriel at the close of the next month, when he made his annual visit to Dieppe. It was just harvest-time; the corn stood piled in sheaves in the field. All day the wagons, swaying heavily with grain, wound along the high hedged lanes; and at evening the reapers with faded bunches of the scarlet poppy in their hats, and sickles slung across their shoulders, moved homeward by the light of the crescent harvest moon, singing as they went. Though the great lavender field on the Ducrés farm was now shorn of the fair lilac-blossoms that in June tinted its slope with a soft haze of color delicate as a morning cloud, more lovely — if that may be — than the royal purple of the distant heather, still in the small field the rows of young lavender plants were now in the full glory of their fragrance and beauty.

These young lavender plants during the first two years of their growth, before they attain maturity, require constant care. Six or seven times during the summer they have to undergo pruning. And often in the warm still afternoons or in the cool of the evening, the little household, with some of the neighbors to bear them company, would gather in the field and work at the pruning, a stream of lively talk mingling pleasantly with the clicking of their shears as they passed slowly down the lavender lines.

CHAPTER III.

One pleasant evening, Jeanne, unhooking a pair of shears from the kitchen wall, walked briskly down to the beds of young lavender plants. She went down to finish a row she had left in the morning. It was hardly growing dusk yet, and Jeanne's figure in its scarlet petticoat, moving among the bushes, was discernible at some distance. It was not long before Gabriel came up, whistling blithely, as he strode through the field, his shears slung over his shoulder.

"I have come to help thee with thy row, Jeanne," he said; "let me finish it, and do thou sit down and rest awhile."

"O," said Jeanne, "I 'm not tired. Do thou clip on one side, Gabriel, and I 'll clip on the other, and we shall soon have done!" — which was going a little beyond Gabriel's designs; he wished rather to prolong the task than to shorten it. However, he began the work.

"I never like to clip off all these young shoots," said Jeanne, "it seems such waste to leave them withering and drying on the ground; why, I took home from the prunings, last time I was here, enough to scent all the drawers and the great linen chest; and when I open them to take anything out, it smells just like the Vallée d'Allon, and I can shut my eyes and fancy I am quite a little, little child again."

"Thou shalt have an armful of the full blossoms this year, Jeanne; there 's enough and to spare. We have never had such a crop except the great year when my father made five hundred francs by the field. Thou wast with us then, Jeanne; thou bringest good luck to us always."

Jeanne looked up smiling. "May be, but more likely the pruning and the good saints, I think."

"Perhaps," said Gabriel, slowly, and with a surmisable want of faith.

"I am very glad about the crop being good," said Jeanne; "it always makes Aunt Ducrés happy when the lavender is fine."

"Yes," replied Gabriel, absently; and then after a pause, during which the shears worked with energy, "My mother will be loath to part with thee, Jeanne, thou seemest so much like a daughter to her."

Jeanne sighed. "How I wish you all lived at Verangeville," she said; "we could have two large fishing-boats then; thou wouldst have made a good fisherman, Gabriel, hadst thou lived by the sea."

There was no reply to this, and the shears clipped on in concert for several minutes. At last Gabriel asked abruptly: "Who is Pierre Lennet, Jeanne?"

"Pierre Lennet!" said Jeanne, in a tone of surprise, — "Pierre Lennet is a fisherman, — or no, not a fisherman, a sailor of our village; he is first mate of a steamer now that runs between Dieppe and Newhaven."

"Yes, yes; but I mean who is he, what is he like?" interrupted Gabriel.

"Like!" said Jeanne; "I don't know; let me see, Pierre is always eleven years older than I — he is thirty-four. Thou hast seen him perhaps, — a tall, broad man with a pleasant countenance and a loud laugh."

"Thou knowest him then well," said Gabriel.

"To be sure," said Jeanne, "ever since I can think; their house is near ours. Madame Lennet and my aunt were great friends. Pierre was always kind to me when I was a child; but why dost thou ask, Gabriel? Hast thou seen Pierre?"

"No, no, but I have heard of him," said Gabriel, meaningly.

"O, without doubt!" said Jeanne, with sudden satisfaction at having discovered, as she supposed, the reason of Gabriel's interest in Pierre. "Thou hast heard of his saving a man from drowning. He was just ready to be drowned, when Pierre sprang from the rocks, and swam and swam, and dived, and caught him. O, it was well done! We stood on the rocks and watched him; and when he dragged the man up, they all shouted a grand *vive* for Pierre (for a good many of the neighbors had gathered by that time); and because our house was nearest, they brought the man there, and laid him on the nets on the floor near the fire, for he was quite still and insensible; and when he revived they laid him in father's bed, and Pierre stayed with him till morning. Poor man! he was an Englishman, a sailor from a coal ship, and he had slipped from the edge of the cliff and fallen into the water, and being stunned with the fall could not swim to save himself; and Pierre, understanding a little English, that he had learned from the sailors in the docks, got to know this little by little, as the man tried to make him understand. Was not *that* what thou heardest of Pierre, Gabriel?"

"Was that all?" said Gabriel.

"All!" said Jeanne; "why what more wouldst thou have? It is no light matter to bring a man out of the water who is heavy and lifeless, on a dark night. The man had a wife and children," she continued, "and Pierre sailed

a voyage in a coaler to the place in England where the man lived, and the woman came down to the quay to thank him, and she shook hands with him so often, as they do to make one understand what they cannot say; — but, Gabriel, thou art cutting so badly; thou hast clipped that bush almost to the ground!"

"What does it matter, Jeanne?" said Gabriel; "but tell me, I have heard of this Pierre, that he is always at your house, and with thee at the *fête*, and — and — is this true? Jeanne, is this true?"

"Bêtise!" said Jeanne, looking up with her clear eyes into Gabriel's; "what dost thou mean, Cousin Gabriel? Dost thou suppose I am going to marry Pierre Lennet? Should I not have told you, if it had been so? I tell Aunt Ducrés everything."

To this straightforward assurance, Gabriel responded by suddenly placing himself at Jeanne's side by one bound over the intervening lavender-bushes. What he was about to blurt out his eager gesture could only give a clew to; for Jeanne, standing with her shears still open in the act of clipping, turned upon him, shears and all, and with some decision said: "Thou mightest have known, Gabriel, I should never chatter about such things among the neighbors. It is only a fool who lets his affairs be talked of in the street, and it is only a fool who picks up his news there also," said Jeanne, with some warmth; for Gabriel's persistent questions seemed to perplex and irritate her. "When I think to marry, I shall tell those who ought to know, after I have related it to Monsieur le Curé; and," she continued with sudden grave sweetness, seeing that her blunt speech had wounded, "thou mayest be sure, Gabriel, I shall tell thee as soon as I would my brother."

At which promised privilege Gabriel groaned in impatience and bitterness of spirit. Whether in the simple desperation of his annoyance he might not have pushed the subject to its close there is no knowing, but Madame Ducrés's cheery voice announced her coming, and all chance of further *tête-à-tête* was at an end. This conversation took place a few days before Jeanne's departure home.

After this Gabriel was busy in the fields all day long, and saw little of Jeanne, who remained in the house with his mother at work on a new dress. This was a parting gift from Aunt Ducrés, and Jeanne was to wear it for the first time at the approaching *fête* of St. Michael, when the peasants and fisher-people stream into Dieppe from the villages of the coast, to take part in the celebration in the great church of St. Jacques. Gabriel was to accompany his cousin on her journey home, and to stay at her father's house, as I said before; going thence into Dieppe to negotiate the sale of his lavender, and to make the usual yearly purchases for the farm.

Madame Ducrés loaded Jeanne's donkey with her own hands; there was butter and fresh cream, cheese, and a pair of newly killed chickens, for Jeanne to take as a present to her father. In the other pannier were Jeanne's little bundle of clothes, and the new *robe de fête*, carefully wrapped in a clean napkin. Gabriel stood at the door, receiving his mother's last injunctions. "Adieu, my son," she said, as he stood bareheaded, awaiting her benediction, and stooped his tall figure to receive her kiss; "God bless thee, and give thee what thy heart most desires!" Gabriel glanced quickly at Jeanne, who was feeding her donkey with a bunch of clover-blossoms, a last taste of the Vallée d'Allon; then he turned, and took up his stick and bundle, and swung it over his shoulder. Attached to the bundle was a large sheaf of lavender, which he had selected himself for Jeanne's use and behoof, as he had promised to do. The two women kissed each other affectionately; the elder taking the fair face of the younger between her two palms, and kissing her on either cheek. There were large tears in the upturned eyes that met Madame Ducrés's.

"Que Dieu te garde, ma fille," she

said, "and bring thee safely to me again." Then Jeanne sprang on her donkey. "Take care of the butter, my child," cried Madame Ducrés from the doorway; "see that it does not get melted by the sun; cover it with fresh leaves as you go along; tell Cousin Defére that the cheese is the best I have made this year. Adieu, my son; adieu, Jeanne; adieu!" and she watched them as they passed down the lane, Jeanne, mounted among her possessions, turning at the bend of the road to wave a last farewell; and Gabriel, walking at her side, with his bundle of lavender swinging over his shoulder as he strode along.

CHAPTER IV.

THE first two or three days of Gabriel's visit at Verangeville were taken up with his business in the town, and on an evening Jeanne always stayed in the house, and bore her father company, while the old man sat mending his nets and listening to her accounts of her visit to Vallée d'Allon. Sometimes acquaintances would drop in, — girls from the neighboring cottages, — ostensibly to see Jeanne, but more probably to get a sight of the new *robe de fête* that Jeanne had brought back from her aunt's with her, and possibly also to observe the stranger youth from the inland. Whether through the contrariety of circumstances or through instinctive caution on the part of Jeanne I cannot say, but so it was that Gabriel and she were seldom alone together during these days of his visit. The hours passed pleasantly enough to Gabriel, for Jeanne, busy though she was, shed through the room the continual light of her presence. There was an indefinable satisfaction in the thought of coming back from fishing with the old man, or from the longer journeys into Dieppe, with the sweet certainty of finding her there, passing to and fro in the room, cooking the supper, or rosy and warm over her ironing; and, whatever her occupation might be, with always a face of pleasant welcome for him. But when night came, and he went to his little room at the rear of the cottage, very perplexing and troublesome thoughts would arise. Then, seating himself against the side of the little bed with its neat patchwork quilt, and with his feet pushed out before him (for the ceiling was too low to allow of his pacing to and fro in the way usual with heroes under trying circumstances), he would go over all the events of the day, and find the result perplexingly unsatisfactory. Here were the days he had looked forward to and longed for already nearly slipped away, and he was no nearer to happiness or certainty than when Jeanne had held him at the point of her shears that evening in the lavender field. In a few days would come the *fête*, when they would all go to Dieppe to the celebration. He went over in fancy the journey thither, the walk through the town with Jeanne, the beautiful ivory ornament he would buy for her, how they would stroll down to the Plage together, and then — but then came the sudden thought of Pierre Lennet. Would he not be there also? Without doubt. Had he not heard Jeanne that very morning telling a neighbor that "Pierre Lennet would be in Dieppe for the *fête*; he had told her so the other evening, when he dropped in while father and Cousin Gabriel were down laying the nets"? And Jeanne had never said a word about that same visit at the time! Why was that? And how was it that he, Gabriel, should never have been able to catch a glimpse of the man who seemed to be forever about the place and never there? Old Defére was continually talking of Pierre Lennet: it was "Pierre told me this, Pierre said that," — everything was "Pierre"! One hates to have one name dinned forever in one's ears. To the Devil with Pierre Lennet! And Gabriel sprang suddenly to his feet, bringing his head against the ceiling with a sharp rap, which caused a parenthesis in his reflections, after which we will not follow them further.

One evening after he had been out for several hours helping the old man

with his net-laying, Gabriel, returning just as it was getting dark, walked up the sandy lane that led to the Defére cottage. As he neared the little gate at the end of the garden he heard the click of the latch, and some one came out and walked slowly towards him. It was a man, who, with his head bent down, was humming in a low tone as he went. At the moment of passing Gabriel he raised his eyes, and the two men regarded each other with some earnestness through the gathering darkness, but passed on without the usual friendly greeting common among country people. In the dusk of the evening Gabriel could not distinguish the man's features; but the loose, swinging gait, and the general air of the whole figure, showed him at once to be a sailor. Jeanne was standing in the garden, half hidden among the clustering rose-bushes, as Gabriel entered. She turned quickly toward him as he neared her, and said, with some constraint in her voice, "O Gabriel! is it thou? I thought — I — I am glad thou hast come; supper is nearly ready. Is my father coming?"

"Yes, he is on the way; but — hast thou not had company, Jeanne? I met — some one." He was just about to say the obnoxious name, but stopped short.

"No," said Jeanne, "he has gone; there is no one here."

"Who was it, Jeanne?" said Gabriel, desperately and point-blank.

"Pierre Lennet," replied she, quietly, and turned into the porch, followed by Gabriel filled with smouldering jealousy and wrath. He seated himself, and leaned moodily with his elbows on the table, while Jeanne went to the fireplace, and busied herself over her preparations for supper. Jeanne's face, as she entered the kitchen, wore a troubled expression; but as she continued her work, stirring her pan of haricots, and turning over the fish that, already cooked, were sending forth a savory odor, her face cleared. To Jeanne work was exhilarating, and tonight the supper fulfilled her requirements of excellence. It was pleasant, too, to see Gabriel again; and, when her father came in, they could all sit down, and over their meal talk of the approaching *fête*.

"I have been so busy all day," said Jeanne, still busy at work over the fire. "Epiphanie Milette came in this afternoon, and asked me to take her baby while she went up to Monsieur le Curé's to clean his rooms and mend his clothes for the week. Monsieur le Curé is old, and Épiphanie thought the baby might disturb him, thou seest, and her mother was not at home this afternoon, so I took him; and then I had to clean and sweep the house myself, because I like always to leave all in order before the *fête*. And the child was very good, and lay on the floor and laughed and crowed at me until he grew sleepy. So then I fed him, and put him to sleep, as Épiphanie did not come; and I was afraid he might be frightened if he woke in a strange place, so I wrapped him up warm, and took him in my arms and ran down all softly to the Milettes, and laid him on the bed with his grandmother, who had come home by that time. With all this I had nearly forgotten the supper, and I had to work so hard to get all ready in time; for when I came in —" Jeanne stopped abruptly, and Gabriel looked up.

"Well, Jeanne, Pierre Lennet was here, I suppose. What of him? why dost thou stop? Go on," he said, bitterly; "tell me all. Thou saidst I should know when thou promisedst thyself. I can tell my mother when I get back; it will be pleasant news to take her. It is not well, thou knowest, to pick up news on the street, and thou hadst best tell me of thy betrothal before I hear it there."

Jeanne had turned towards him with her pan of potatoes in her hand. She was pricking them gently with a fork, to test their softness. She changed color, and looked at him almost entreatingly. "Mais donc, Gabriel, why dost thou torment me? I have told thee once I do not want to talk of Pierre Lennet: why wilt thou not let him rest?"

"Listen, Jeanne," pleaded Gabriel; "I do not mean to torment thee, but—"

"Thou dost torment me," said Jeanne; "and," she continued quickly, as if desirous of saying at once what she meant, "thou shouldst not meddle, Gabriel, when thou seest persons desire to be silent; it is not good du tout, du tout!" And, after this not certainly very reassuring sentence, Jeanne turned resolutely to the work of setting supper on the table; and, as Gabriel persisted in maintaining a gloomy silence, she directed her talk to her father, who had by that time come in, and left Gabriel to himself to enjoy the smoking potatoes and savory fish, seasoned by his own cogitations.

CHAPTER V.

THE following day was a gloomy and unsatisfactory one to Gabriel. He was watching and waiting for something to happen that would throw light upon the visit of Pierre Lennet the evening before, or for some relenting sign on the part of Jeanne, when he could settle the matter by direct appeal to her once more. He was, moreover, beginning to experience the effects of his long holiday. He was restless and dissatisfied, as people of industrious habits are apt to be when obliged to do nothing.

What was the good, he asked himself impatiently, of lounging about the house, watching Jeanne busy at her work? And yet if he did go out with Père Defére, and help the old man with his fishing, it was one degree worse than being in the kitchen with Jeanne. He could not do the work, he could not listen to the old man's talk, for thinking of what might be going on up at the cottage. Who knew but that Pierre Lennet at that moment was paying one of his secret visits? (for secret Gabriel persisted in considering them;) and at this thought, he was ready to spring from the boat and swim ashore, in his impatience to satisfy his raging suspicions. To-morrow was the *fête*, and after that he must return to Vallée d'Allon,—but not without an answer one way or another, he said to himself, with a sudden burst of vehement determination, wringing his fur cap, which he had been twirling listlessly in his hands during his cogitations.

That evening Jeanne brought out a large basket of apples to the doorway, and, sitting down on the steps, began to peel them. Gabriel followed her slowly, and leaned up against the lintel, looking with contracted brows from under the rim of his cap. Round went the rosy shining apples in the girl's fingers, the long unbroken peeling curling slowly to her lap.

"There is a long strip," said Jeanne, holding it up; "shall I try thy fortune for thee?" and putting one end between her lips, she swung it lightly over her shoulder, letting it fall on the step just at his feet. "See now what shape it takes. Look, it is an M. M is for *Matelot* or *Marin*,—is it not? It should have come F instead. Ah! I always said thou shouldst have been a sailor!"

"But I am a farmer, nevertheless," said Gabriel.

Jeanne sighed, without knowing why.

There was a pause for some moments. Gabriel watched a long piece of peeling as it unwrapped itself from the apple, and, wavering over the active fingers, sank tremulously down.

"Jeanne!"

Jeanne looked up, a little startled by the tone.

"Listen to me a moment, Cousin Jeanne; to-morrow is the *fête*, and I may not have a chance to speak to thee at all; who knows? and after that I go home." Jeanne dropped her hands into her lap, and looked at him inquiringly. "Thou dost not know what has been the wish of my mother's heart this many a year," said Gabriel, beginning at the wrong end of his argument, for Jeanne's calm look disconcerted him.

"Aunt Ducrés!" began Jeanne. "I would do for her all—everything, I think, I love her so—but—Gabriel!"—she wavered and paused, startled by

the expression that leaped into his eyes at her words.

"Jeanne, I have loved thee these five years, and hoped and hoped that thou wouldst yet be my wife. The good saints know I speak truly, when I say I never thought of any girl but thee. Uncle Defére is willing, he has said as much; thou lovest my mother, and she loves thee as a daughter; the old house is big enough for us all, if thou thinkest about leaving thy father. O Jeanne, sois donc ma femme!"

He had thrown himself down on the step beside her, and was looking up with a pale face and burning eyes, for both love and despair were in his heart. Jeanne sprang suddenly to her feet, crying quickly and passionately, "No, no! Are we not happy as we are? Why should I be thy wife? I always said my husband should be a sailor. I cannot marry thee du tout, du tout, du tout!" The last words had brought him to his feet.

"Dost thou think thyself better than my mother? To be a farmer's wife was good enough for her; but thou must be a sailor's wife. I comprehend. Who is the man," he continued, fiercely, "that shall take thee from me? Who is it, I say?" And he seized her arm. Jeanne looked at him, her eyes bright with angry tears.

"I will be forced to answer thee no questions that thou askest in that way; thou art not thyself, Gabriel; if thou *hadst* been a sailor," she continued, "thou wouldst have spent thy ill-humor in fighting with the sea, and not in ill-treating those whom thou pretendest to love!" She pushed his hand away, and, seizing her basket, walked quickly into the house. She went on with the work of setting the supper-table; but the burning tears forced themselves from her eyes, and rolled heavily over her cheeks. Her father came up from the shore, bearing a basket of fish; and Jeanne, seeing him toiling up the path-way, pressed the tears from her eyes, and hastened down to help him.

"A good haul," said the old man, — "a good haul; but the best are still to be caught, an' Our Lady will, to-night. Thou wilt have a fine lot to take in with thee to Dieppe, when thou goest to the *fête*, my daughter. Pierre Lennet said that his cousin Jean, who has the stall in the market, thou knowest, would take what we can get this week; and a fine stall he will have if the rest be like these, and the Madonna give us a fair night!"

Jeanne took the baskets of fish, and walked silently up the hill. She looked eagerly as she neared the porch; but Gabriel was not there. Some of the apple-peeling lay on the ground where they had stood confronting each other. She stooped and picked it up, and passed in at the door, expecting to find Gabriel at the supper-table; but he was not there.

When her father had finished his supper, and the room glowed with the light of the setting sun, and no Gabriel appeared, Jeanne began to wonder and surmise.

"Where is Cousin Gabriel?" called her father from the garden, where he was hanging his nets to dry, to Jeanne, who was putting away the supper-things.

"I don't know," replied she; "maybe he's gone down to the Robbe's for a while."

"Ai!" said the old man; "most likely he wanted to talk to the boy there about buying those shells that he got from the Genoese sailor. Gabriel set his heart on them for his mother. A good son, that," the old man continued to himself, — "a good son! Aunt Ducrés would make a good mother to Jeanne; if he were only a sailor all would go well. Ei, ei! a sad thing is an inland life; you toil and toil at the same thing; you put in your seed, and down comes your storm, or your sun burns up the young blades and, *pfui! le diable* is always on the spot. Now a fisherman's life is something, — with the aid of the good saints, a prosperous good calling; with simply to set your nets and catch the fish, so the Madonna will; and on such a coast as this, with herring as thick as the sand on the

shore, and a good St. Pierre always at hand, *mon Dieu!* who would prefer an inland life? And yet it would be well to see Jeanne married, and content, too, — with no boy to take one's place, and go on with the fishing after one is dead. One might as well sell the old boat, and so make a handsome *dot* for Jeanne. And, after all, it might not be so bad to end one's days on the inland."

Jeanne finished her household work, laid out her father's thick coat for the night's expedition, trimmed the lantern, and prepared some food for him to take with him; and then, when all was done, she sat down wearily, wondering over the scene of the last two hours, which seemed to be separated from the present moment by a long period of painful perplexity, such as she had never known before. She was weary of the house, and a restless desire for movement seized her. She rose, and, turning the key in the door, pursued her way up the sandy lane leading to the deserted churchyard and the open cliffs. She walked with her eyes cast down on the ground; but she neither stooped to pick the thyme, which sent up its delicate perfume from the pressure of her firm footsteps, nor the broad-eyed daisy, over whose prophetic leaves the girls were wont, in happy indifference or pleasant perturbation of spirit, to repeat the old rhyme: —

"Il m'aime, un peu, beaucoup,
Passionnément, pas du tout."

Leaning from the churchyard wall, she looked out over the sea, on which lay the yellow light of the fading sunset. Far away gleamed the white sails of a group of fishing-boats, lying motionless in the dead calm. She stood till the light died away in the sky, and the fishing-boats became mere black specks in the gloaming; but she was hardly conscious of any change in what was before her. A distant call, followed by its attendant echoes, broke the stillness, and made her start.

Three men, with their nets and baskets, were descending to the shore by a pathway down the opposite cliff, which was separated from the one on which Jeanne stood by a small bend on the sea-line. One man had reached the shore, and turned to call to his companions. Jeanne recognized her father and his partner, Robbe, and François Milette, who were about to start on their fishing expedition, and run out with the tide. Suddenly recalled to the present, and aware of the gathering darkness, she turned, and walked hastily down the pathway, pausing a moment, on the steps of the tall churchcross, to commend her father and his nets to the care of the holy and vigilant St. James.

Just as she reached her own door, her neighbor, Marie Robbe (daughter to the old man who accompanied her father), greeted her. She was lounging idly against the gate-post. She started forward eagerly, on seeing Jeanne, and accosted her with volubility.

"Ai, Jeanne Defére! is that thou? and where hast thou been? I have been waiting here so long, I thought the *fée du Fallaise* must have run off with thee. I want to talk with thee about the *fête* to-morrow. Wilt thou go along with us? Listen a little to my plan, my friend. Thou wilt have a basket of fish to take, and so shall I. Now I detest to ride with fish to a *fête;* and in one's new petticoat and bodice, with *ruban de soie* and leather shoes, it is not to be supported. And to smell of fish, like a Polletaise, among all the gay folks! As for thee, every one knows thou wilt be fine as a peacock with the dress thy aunt Ducrés gave thee, — too good to be smirched with fish-scales, I say.

"Well, Marie, and what about it? I am going to take the fish, dress or no dress, I tell thee."

"Certainly; did I say anything to the contrary? Wait a bit, and I will tell thee. Let us put our fish together on my donkey, and we will ride by turns on thine. That is the way, to my mind, to go to a *fête*, not hedged up with baskets, like Voisine Legros, who thinks more of selling her fish than of the *sainte fête*

itself. Grâce à la Madonne! I am not avaricious, I."

"As thou wilt," said Jeanne. "What time do you start?"

"By half past four, I suppose," said Marie. "It's a full ten miles across the cliffs, thou knowest. We shall be a brave company. Ah! if it were not for this *maudite* tide that takes the men out fishing. François Milette went out with thy father to-night, *pauvre gars!* it won't be pleasant for him over his nets to-night to fancy me at the *fête* to-morrow, I promise you! Then, indeed, what must he go for to-night? I know some one who will be glad enough to take his place in Dieppe to-morrow, if that stupid *gars* is fool enough to go to sea. Thou shouldst have seen his face as he went down past our gate this evening, when I was standing with thy cousin, Gabriel Ducrés!"

"Ai!" said Jeanne, somewhat sharply; "is Gabriel at your house?"

"Not now, he has gone to town; he said he had some business that must be seen to to-night. Thou, of course, knowest what it is, — eh, Jeanne?" Then, as Jeanne vouchsafed no reply, she continued: "I was sitting at the gate with Pauline, talking about to-morrow, and he came past, walking with his head bent down, and looking as if he had the world on his shoulders, and *l'enfer* on his heart, as Monsieur le Curé says the impenitent sinners have. Pauline called to him, and asked him where he was going, and he said, all quickly and confusedly, 'To town.' 'Mais, ma foi!' she said, 'to-night, Gabriel Ducrés! You wish, no doubt, to be in time for the *office* to-morrow; — you are pious indeed!' and she laughed, and I whispered, 'Take care thou dost not get an evil greeting from the fairy on the way; she is abroad such nights as this,' and just at this moment François passed and saw me; and, ah! was he not jealous, jealous, jealous?" she repeated, in a little exultant rapture. "For Gabriel Ducrés is a *beau garçon* without doubt, and a good dancer too. I always say that of thy cousin, Jeanne," added the wily little coquette, who was calculating on her words being repeated to the *beau garçon* by his near relative.

"Gabriel cares little for what thou sayest," said Jeanne, bluntly, "nor do I either; and as for François, he is too good for thee altogether, and it would but serve thee right if thou shouldst lose his heart through thy *bêtise!* If thou choosest to share my donkey to-morrow, thou canst; but I am busy now, and thou hadst best go home, for it is getting late." And Jeanne turned resolutely into the gate, to close all further conference.

"Mais voilà donc! what airs one gives one's self!" said Marie Robbe, making her round black eyes still rounder in her amazement. "François too good for me! well, to be sure! but without doubt she thinks of him for herself — the quiet one! Ah, that is it! Grâce à la Madonne, je ne suis pas jalouse, moi!" and she ran off thinking of her dress for the morrow, and the good figure she would make on entering the town.

ABYSSINIA AND KING THEODORE.

"ABYSSINIA! Abyssinia!" I hear some reader exclaim; "and where and of what special importance is Abyssinia to me, that I should turn from topics of immediate interest nearer home to give it even a passing thought? And yet, — now you mention it, — was not that the name of the country concerning whose barbarous habits a mendacious old Scotchman, named Bruce, told our grandfathers such marvellous legends? And have I not lately seen in my morning newspaper, every week or two, a scanty telegram headed Abyssinia? Is not Abyssinia a wild, out-of-the-way place, somewhere in Asia, or Africa, or some other uncivilized part of the world, where irascible John Bull, peering about to find a new opening for commerce, has managed to get at loggerheads with a savage potentate called King Theodore?"

Yes, my good friend, Abyssinia is that very country, the faithful report of whose customs cost an honest old traveller his reputation for truth and veracity, which he did not recover until half a century too late to do him any good in this world. And it is in this out-of-the-way region of strange people and stranger customs that excellent John Bull, to his disgust, has been hurried into a most unprofitable contest. As a Parliament man puts it, "England is about to pay £5,000,000 postage on a mislaid African letter." The simple fact is, an English army of ten thousand men has gained a foothold on the highlands which look down into the Red Sea. But whether the expedition will prove to be "a voyage of discovery," a war of conquest, a fruitless chase after a fugitive from justice, or a magnificent farce with all Europe for spectators and ready to reward the actors with a universal "guffaw," is the very question in debate.

Accept the bystander's view of the case. One of the great powers has unwittingly become involved in a war in an almost unknown country. The origin, probable course, and final results of that war are all uncertain. Then does not this uncertainty add new zest to the whole subject? For it is among the possible things, that this English expedition may change the government and social condition of the finest country in Northeastern Africa. The English Ministry disclaims any such intent. The English people were sick of the whole affair before the first tent was pitched on African soil. But how many people sit down and count all the cost before they put on the armor? One hundred years ago England had a few trading-posts on the shores of Hindostan, and she cherished no higher ambition than that of turning an honest penny by the exchange of her wares for native products. She had no more thought of conquering the Peninsula than we have of taking possession of Tartary. For all that, the red cross floats from cape to mountain and over a tenth part of the human race. What manner of man is Lord Stanley, that he should be so much wiser than his fathers? He never meant that one English bayonet should flash in the Ethiopian sun. Against his will British soldiers are in the country. Against his will they may be forced to remain. Who knows?

But, aside from the events of the passing moment, Abyssinia has in itself inherent and permanent interest. Consider, in the first place, that here, just where you would least expect it, in intertropical Africa, is one of the finest countries in the world, fertile, temperate, salubrious, picturesque. Consider, in the second place, that in the heart of that Africa, whose institutions elsewhere are as shifting as the sands of her deserts, there is found a people the annals of whose unconquered national

existence run back until they are lost in the darkness of legendary history. Consider, in the third place, that this is the one solitary, indigenous Christian state now left in the two great continents of Asia and Africa; the one lonely outpost of the faith, where once every neighboring coast had its powerful Christian commonwealth, and every great city was a centre of Christian influence. On every account, therefore, the subject, which accidental circumstances have brought to the surface, is full of natural interest. One wishes, as it were, to get a foothold upon the soil, to make the acquaintance of the people, to seek an introduction to this half-savage monarch, and possibly to obtain his photograph to put into an album of notables.

Begin with the soil, with the country as it came from the Creator's hand. What is your idea of Africa? A marshy coast, dank with moisture, impassable with jungles, heavy with deadly malaria! Great rivers, which creep slowly beneath a torrid sun, and whose steaming banks are the home of fevers, which put liquid fire into the white man's veins! Interminable deserts, glowing like a furnace, where the fiery simoom first blasts and then buries the best-equipped caravan! Are not these some of the prominent objects in your ideal picture? Reserve one spot for brighter tints. Here, in this Africa, between the tropics, not fifty miles from that Red Sea over which swift steamers are weekly plying, stretches for many hundred miles Abyssinia, — a high, healthy plateau, more temperate than New England, and to which any one of my readers might emigrate as safely as to Missouri or Illinois, — at least so far as climate is concerned.

Study now, if you please, a little more minutely the geographical situation. On the Red Sea you have a few ports owned by Egypt. Then comes a strip of sand thirty to a hundred miles wide, flat, hot, almost treeless and waterless, and over which the wild tribes, the Shihos and the Taltals, wander. Its western boundary is the first range of the Abyssinian highlands, which at a distance look like a high wall. Climb these, and you rise gradually to the height of eight thousand feet and to a cool and equable climate. But this plateau is not flat like a plain, nor yet undulating like a prairie, but infinitely diversified. From the general level rise mountains and ranges of mountains singularly varied. Some are flat, like a truncated pyramid. Some are conical. Some ranges are so perfectly serrated, that they look like a saw's edge with here and there a tooth wanting. On the other hand the great rivers, the Tacasse, the Atbara, the Blue Nile, and their tributaries, have been for ages ploughing the soil, until they have literally excavated valleys a half-mile deep and miles wide, and borne thousands of cubic miles of the rich uplands into Egypt. Of course, the valleys are tropical. But on the highlands are found the flora of temperate zones. The English soldier-boy writes to his friends: "A lovely place; a perfectly English climate; scenes almost like home."

What has man done for this country? Almost nothing. He builds no roads here: the highway from Tigre to Gondar is no broader than a cow-path across a New Hampshire pasture. He bridges no rivers: a bridge of rough stones, the work of a Portuguese missionary in the sixteenth century, is now one of the staple curiosities to show strangers. A wanderer approaches the metropolis of the eastern province. He has in mind London or New York, or at least Cairo or Alexandria. He looks. Lo! there meets his eye a motley collection of round huts, built of small stones plastered together with mud. He enters the king's palace. This is not an African Tuileries; it is only a little larger hut, whose partitions are hanging cotton cloths, such as you might find in the log-cabin of a frontiersman. Even agriculture languishes.

Does any one ask the cause? To this squalor and barbarism civil war, chronic and unceasing, has reduced a

nation which a thousand years ago was powerful and conquering, and governed by one mind and one will. At first there were endless struggles between pretenders to the crown; then the feudal chieftains took up the contest, and made the royal power a mere semblance. One tourist finds a king supporting himself by begging; another discovers a worthy successor of Solomon earning an honest living in the parasol business. Confusion and bloodshed are everywhere; the great chiefs engage in perpetual struggles for supremacy; the lesser chiefs rise in as perpetual struggles against their natural lords.

Note one effect, — the utter discouragement of commerce. You are a trader, sailing down the Red Sea, and bound with a stock of goods to the western provinces of Abyssinia. The vessel drops anchor in the little harbor of Massowa. You must pay the Egyptian a generous duty, or he will not let you land. Then the Shiho chief must, of course, have a gratuity for convoying you across the desert strip. Arrived at the pass of the highlands, his serene Majesty, the Ras of Tigre, demands a fat custom. You are out of the woods now, you think. Never a more mistaken mortal. You wind along ten or twenty miles with cheery heart. You grow poetical, as your eye takes in the picturesque hills which confront you, and the green glades and groups of majestic trees which are scattered on every side. But your poetry gets a rude shock. As the sheep-track, ycleped highway, bends into some little gorge, up start a dozen greasy rascals, and, in behalf of some petty potentate, insist upon bleeding again your purse. This process is repeated over and over again, until at last you reach the bounds of Amhara, the next great province. You cannot deal any less liberally with the Gondar Ras than with his Tigre brother; nor will you expect his subordinates to be less importunate. So it happens that, by the time you arrive at your destination, you feel either that you must get a remarkable price for your goods, or else, commercially speaking, too frequent trips will not pay. And when you get back to Massowa with a whole skin, — if you are so fortunate, after a six months' sojourn in a country where "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," — you will find that every vestige of mercantile enterprise has vanished, as the transient herbage from the hot sands across which your weary mule last crept.

But the people who dwell in this war-worn land! Physically they are a comely race. In complexion they are generally light brown, with European rather than African features, crisp but not woolly hair, slender figures, and especially delicate hands. Morally they are a bundle of contradictions. The official Abyssinian is, as we have seen, a grasping personage. The private Abyssinian, on the contrary, is given to hospitality. "A traveller hardly need seek for lodging. The first person whom he meets will ask him to stop with him. And though he were laden with gold his host would not touch it." The incessant wars, the shameful mutilation of fallen enemies, the many instances of treachery, all lead you to expect a blood-thirsty people. To your surprise you find the peasants a simple, manly race, and all classes sufficiently inoffensive and kindly. You picture to yourself a dozen half-naked Abyssinians, squatted in a circle, devouring strips of raw beef yet quivering with animal life; or you think of a perfect Abyssinian gentleman, with his greasy white robe, or *quarry*, odorous but not sweet, and his curled locks surmounted by the everlasting butter-pat, which is Abyssinian full dress; or you remember the gross sensuality of both sexes, so a matter of course that nobody is ashamed of it, — and you say, "Here is a race of perfect barbarians." Then some credible witness steps up and exclaims, "O no! a most agreeable people; very hospitable, eminently social too; conversation usually sensible, and always witty." "At any rate," you cry out, "this agreeable people, as you call them, but so scourged

by war, must be very unhappy, and sick of the soil which gave them birth." "Not at all," rejoins your travelled friend; "they are a happy people, gay by constitution, true philosophers, preferring laughter to tears. Sick of their country! They hardly believe that the rain falls, or the sun shines, or the grass is green anywhere but in Abyssinia." Abyssinian character is what prolonged civil war, shattering the structure of society, and destroying the sanctions of law, and unrestrained personal sensuality, blunting the conscience and making coarse the moral fibre, has made of a people naturally quick of wit, brave, enduring, and cheerful, and who have behind them honorable memories, and around them favorable physical influences.

But their Christianity! Why has not that shaped a better character? A curious Christianity indeed! Start with the church government. The Abuna, the head of the church, is never an Abyssinian. By a singular custom, established in the thirteenth century, the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria appoints an alien, bound by no ties of blood or memory, to the people of his charge. Generally he enters his office minus these two important qualities, — patriotism and virtue. But this makes no difference with the mass of men. He may be rapacious. He may be a sensualist. He may use the confessional to further vicious ends. Yet the reverence they cherish for him is unbounded, while by the power of excommunication he puts a bridle in the mouths even of the most haughty chiefs. A single anecdote illustrates. Nathaniel Pearce, an English sailor, was a friend and favorite of Ras Welled, one of the best of the numerous chiefs who have figured conspicuously in the present century. Pearce had built him a house a little more cleanly and commodious than those of his neighbors. Attached to it was a garden, filled with European fruits and vegetables. A new Abuna demanded possession of this house. After a brief parley it was given up, with the stipulation, however, that the garden should be respected. As soon as the priest was fairly settled in his new home, he sent his attendants to pluck both fruits and vegetables. In short, he took possession of the garden. Ras Welled despatched a servant to remonstrate. The Abuna struck the messenger in the mouth, and threatened his master with excommunication. The Ras succumbed, saying dolefully to Mr. Pearce, "The tongue of that Abuna has speared me to the heart. I cannot resent it. I am bound by my religion to bear it. Still, I think that we are rather a weak-minded people." Like priest like people, is the old saw. And one can conceive that civil war itself could hardly be a worse teacher than such a priest.

Abyssinian Christianity as personal religion is hardly better. It is a burden of forms, and nothing more. A devout Abyssinian fasts every year in various seasons two hundred and fifty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. Some of these fasts are from sunrise to sunset; some until such time in the afternoon as the body of a man shall cast a shadow of nine, nine and a half, or ten feet. The more religious a man is, the more need that, to avoid starvation, he turn night into day, and give the hours of darkness, not to sleep, but carousing. To compensate for this enforced daylight temperance, pretty much all the rest of the year is given to religious feasts, which are celebrated by picnics and junketings and general jollification, not at all pious or edifying to European eyes. And if this religion of the common people seem a little material and fleshly, perhaps, we hasten to say, that the theologians in their differences rise into the most rarefied atmosphere of metaphysical subtilty, and hate each other with an intensity which would be respectable in the most cultivated regions. Do we ask now what else Christianity accomplishes for this people? This is the answer: that no part of the Bible except the Psalms is ever taught to the laity, and even that only in a dialect which has ceased to be a spoken language; that the most

common precepts of Christian morality and religion are unknown to them; that the priesthood steadfastly resist the distribution among the common people of the New Testament printed in the native tongue. Considering, therefore, what kind of a Christianity it is, it would be simply absurd to expect from the Abyssinian religion any profound influence for good upon the individual character. Observe, however, one striking result. What his flag is to the soldier, religion is to the Abyssinian. The *esprit de corps* generated by a common faith alone accounts for the pertinacity with which so many savage onsets from all sides, of Arab, of pagan Galla, of pseudo-civilized Egyptian, have been repelled. Abyssinia, as against itself, is split into separate and warring states. As against Moslem or Pagan, it is an undivided unit. This detestation of Mohammedanism leads occasionally to ludicrous results. Parkyns insists that it makes Christianity in this region a dirty religion, — that, in their hatred of Moslem ablutions, the people are really clean only once in a year, on St. John's day, when they bathe freely, — that he himself was suspected of rank heresy because he was in the habit of taking a morning bath; the faithful crying out, "Is he a Mohammedan that he thus bathes, and so often?"

Whoever could have visited Abyssinia in the middle of the present century, and rightly comprehended the results of all the varied influences of the past and the present, would have found a nation which had lost all the traditions and sanctities of regular and legal authority, and in which the supreme rule was held up as the prize to be snatched by the strongest and most audacious. He would have found a people of much original greatness of character, but with cruel and sensual qualities developed by the exigencies and temptations of a life of perpetual civil war. He would have found a religion which had lost its soul, and had become a dead body of unmeaning and burdensome forms. He would have found, in short, a state of society in which every change is possible, where any one may rise to-day out of the nothingness of yesterday only to sink again into the equal nothingness of to-morrow; where the king on his throne may fear any fall, and where the meanest soldier in the ranks may hope for any rise; where, in fine, those sharp transitions, those romantic careers of meteor-like greatness, so alien to civilized experience, are too common even to excite wonder.

Some time about the year 1845 there appeared in one of the western provinces of Abyssinia a young robber chieftain, named Li Kassa or Kassai. He called himself a son of Solomon, and claimed to be of royal blood. Whatever may be true about his origin, certain it is that he began life in a humble station, as the son of a poor woman who dealt in a medicine commonly used for the cure of the tapeworm. His audacity, which knew no fear and shrank from no difficulty, soon drew around him a band of desperadoes; and he became the terror of the provinces which he infested. In 1850 he attracted the attention of Ras Ali, then the dominant chief of the province of Amhara, who made him his lieutenant, and gave him his daughter for wife. The alliance was of brief duration. The Ras suspected his son-in-law of a towering ambition which no subordinate position would satisfy. An open rupture took place, and in 1853, on a bloody field, Kassai was victorious over his master. Not satisfied with the sceptre of one province, he attacked, defeated, and slew the Ras of Tigre. The next year he subdued Shoa, a southern province, which had long maintained a real independence. For the first time in many years Abyssinia owned a single master. One of those strange prophecies which take hold of the faith and superstitions of half-civilized races had obtained credence. It ran thus: "In the appointed time, a king shall arise whose name shall be Theodorus. He shall restore

the ancient boundaries of Ethiopia, and trample the Moslem beneath his feet." Kassai claimed to be this personage, and under the name of Theodore was crowned Negus or Emperor.

The horoscope of the new monarch seemed fortunate. He pretended that he was a man of destiny, and that he had from his earliest years had dim presages of coming greatness. His reign opened auspiciously. Personally imposing, with an open and winning face, yet with an eye which could at will dart lightning glances, he was in the beginning temperate, continent, religious. Indefatigable in business, he gave himself no rest. Brave to the verge of temerity, he was swift in the onset and untiring in the pursuit. Capable of the fiercest outbreaks of temper, at this period he held his passions at the control of his policy. His haughty pride and jealous resentment of any affront were not unbecoming one who had achieved so much. The hardihood with which he attempted to curb the feudal lords and reform the church, while his own power was yet unconsolidated and threatened by foes from without and within, indicated the possession of no inconsiderable moral courage. Even the constancy with which he described himself as a blind instrument for the fulfilment of the divine purposes, while it exposed him to the charge of superstition or duplicity, gave dignity and apparent sincerity to his language.

His plans, too, were full of greatness. He proposed nothing less than the regeneration of the Abyssinian state, and the restoration of its ancient glory. To repress anarchy, to protect the peaceful, to restore order, safety, and agricultural and commercial prosperity, such were the objects which he placed before him. "I will convert swords and lances into ploughshares and reaping-hooks, and hasten the time when the ox which draws the plough shall be of more value than the bravest steed which carries the warrior." Strange and memorable words to be spoken by a robber chief from a throne which he had won at the point of his sword! His first acts did not belie his promises. He suppressed the slave-trade; abolished the custom of handing murderers over to the relatives of the slain; put an end to private exactions on commerce; reduced the exorbitant and crushing revenues of the church; and sought to establish a standing army with something of European discipline, and which should be amenable to the rules of civilized warfare. Especially did he determine to break up that system of brigandage of which he was himself a graduate. He issued a proclamation that "every one should return to the profession of his fathers, — the merchant to his shop, the peasant to his plough." Some incorrigible bandits demanded to be confirmed in their father's profession. "And what was that profession?" asked Theodore. "Robbers on the highway." The king offered them lands and agricultural implements. But still they insisted upon being confirmed in an employment which they pretended that an earlier king, named David, had guaranteed to their tribe. At last their request was granted. Proud of vanquishing so great a monarch, they rode gayly away; but on the road they were overtaken by a squadron of cavalry, and cut off to a man, Theodore saying with a grim smile, "that no doubt King David had authorized them to rob, but that a greater than David had authorized his soldiers to destroy robbers."

His desires were not limited to the restoration of internal order and prosperity. He had more ambitious hopes. To push out the bounds of the country on every side — eastward to the Red Sea, southward over the fair rolling country which the Galla had snatched, north and west into Nubia and Sennaar — seemed not too difficult a task. That is, he dreamed of restoring to Ethiopia its original territory. He was not excited by merely personal ambition, — he shared fully the aspirations and hatreds of his race. "The name of Egyptian is a stench in the nostrils of an Abyssinian" is the familiar proverb; and the new king understood and

sympathized with the sentiment which is underneath the proverb. Besides, by his assumption of the name Theodore, he stood pledged to organize a crusade against Mohammedanism. The glowing prophecy, of which that name is but the battle-cry, originated in the time when Islam had begun her conquering march, and was trampling under the feet of her armies the Christian nationalities. It expressed the deathless hate and unquenchable faith of a people who, whatever their errors, have never turned their backs to the Moslem. To have united the country under one head, to have extinguished the last embers of civil war, to have developed all the rich resources of the land, and so to have sat a mighty monarch on a firm throne, and to have transmitted his sceptre to his son after him, would, in the Abyssinians' eyes, and probably in the king's own eyes, very poorly have fulfilled the proud expectation of many generations. If it shall seem in the future that the lust of Turkish conquest was very largely the source of the errors and violent deeds of the king, the candid mind will suggest that he was impelled, not simply by his own evil temper, but by passions and prejudices planted in the blood of his race.

Now that every voice is raised against him, and he is viewed, perhaps with entire justice, as a monster of treachery and broken faith, and it is held to be the first duty to hunt him down like a dangerous beast, it is striking to remember, that, but a little while ago, he seemed to fascinate all who approached him; that men began to call him the restorer of his country; that a wise person could write, "He is a man of no ordinary stamp, who has risen without advice or assistance above the clouds of Abyssinian ignorance, who has done great things, and proposes greater." And, when all these great plans have come to naught, and their projector, hemmed in by domestic foes, and threatened by foreign vengeance, is striking fiercely at every one, like a tiger at bay, there is a touch of pathos in the thought, that, had he perished a dozen years ago, history would have recorded him as a barbaric Alfred the Great, who died too soon.

How largely his early self-restraint and nobility of purpose sprang from his inherent greatness, and how much was dependent upon the influence of good advisers, it is impossible to decide. That he had wise counsellors, and knew how to value them when living, and to mourn them when dead, seems certain. In 1841, through the report of MM. Ferret and Galinier, the leaders of a French exploring expedition in Abyssinia, we hear of a certain young Englishman, Captain Bell by name. He was then twenty-two years old, had just gone over Egypt, Nubia, and the regions about the Euphrates, and wished to join the French party, that he might visit the sources of the Nile. His sense, gallantry, unflagging cheerfulness, and sparkling wit won the hearts of the Frenchmen, and they speak of him with an enthusiasm pleasant to behold. This young Englishman, for reasons which do not appear, decided to make the country his home, married a native woman, and attached himself in the first place to Ras Ali, and, after his defeat, to his conqueror. Toward this latter, if we may believe the French consul, Bell cherished an almost canine attachment, sleeping across his door at night, following him in all fortunes, and finally dying on a battle-field which his own gallantry had won, in the very act of saving the monarch's life. Theodore is known to have reciprocated this regard; to have given him his confidence, as to no other person; to have heeded very greatly his suggestions; to have heard with constant delight his accounts of European history, and especially of the politics, warlike resources, and comparative advance of the separate states in the arts of peace. About the same time, Captain Plowden, a young naval officer, succeeded in getting from Lord Palmerston the appointment of consul to Massowa. The great duty of his office was, not to care for English interests in the petty Egyptian port, but,

as was distinctly implied, to promote commerce with Abyssinia and the adjacent countries. The better to fulfil this duty, he passed most of his time in the camp and court of Theodore, and shared, though in a lesser degree, with Mr. Bell, that monarch's confidence. The official report of this gentleman is a sufficient voucher for the clearness, energy, and breadth of his mind. The facts are concentrated in it after a manner so remarkable that it has been called "literary pemmican"; and, from the intimate knowledge which it displays of Abyssinian customs, opinions, resources, and character, must be always one of the great authorities on the whole subject. It can hardly be doubted that these men exercised a vast and beneficial influence over the counsels of the king. But whatever the power, whether for good or evil, they exerted, it was soon to cease. In 1860 Plowden, with a few attendants, was surrounded by a band of insurgents, mortally wounded, and then taken prisoner. A few months after, Bell, as we have before stated, died at the close of a successful battle, while shielding his master. Theodore sacrificed fifteen hundred rebels to the memory of his friends, but that did not compensate him for their loss, nor make him the heir of their wisdom. The last year has given us a striking proof that these men are not forgotten by him whom they sought to serve. Dr. Beke, pleading for the release of the British captives, alluded to Plowden and Bell, and the time when Theodore was fighting for the crown. The king visibly softened. He broke out: "It is the Devil who made me angry with you. From my childhood I loved the English. By the power of God! I will fight the Turk. I will never fight the English." That any necessary connection exists between the death of these men and the events which have followed may be hard to prove. This only can be asserted: there was a close coincidence of the time of their loss and the close of the earlier and better period of Theodore's reign.

Nothing is more justly painful than to behold the failure of any career, especially if that career has awakened rational expectations that it would be in a great and permanent way a blessing to mankind. Just such a failure of a hopeful career we have now to trace. The early character of Theodore was not destitute of a certain irregular greatness. But he laid a foundation upon which no man perhaps, however great his genius or steady his virtue, could have reared a fitting superstructure. The task which he undertook — to purify the streams of national life which had been poisoned at their fountains, to root up national customs which had become rank with the unchecked growth of centuries, to rear the fabric of material prosperity on soil yet rough with deep furrows of civil war — was too mighty for any ordinary mind. The temper of the king was too uncertain, his culture too narrow, his impulses too ungovernable, his self-restraint too feeble, to permit him long to resist the increasing temptation and the ever-accumulating difficulties of his position.

He has broken down personally in his moral nature. In every half-civilized community, appetite and passion are the lions in the path. But Theodore began life temperate and continent. All witnesses agree on this point. In a community where sensuality brings no disgrace, and the seventh commandment is practically abrogated, he was the husband of one wife, — and faithful. Amid a people whose habits tend at least to periodical gluttony and drunkenness, he verged rather towards abstinence than excess. Even the Protestant missionaries — no very favorable critics — held him in high esteem for the "purity of his life." But continence and temperance have given way to open debauchery. The decent court of a Christian king has assumed the likeness of the seraglio of a Turkish sultan. We hear of a harem of nearly a hundred concubines gathered at Magdala. And, as if to lend an aspect of comedy even to

treachery and broken faith, Bishop Gobat's lay-missionaries, sent into Abyssinia for the double purpose of preaching the Gospel and instructing the natives in the arts of peace, are chronicled as receiving employment in the manufacture of some delectable strong drink wherewith to tickle the palates of the king and his court. His temper has grown steadily worse. From the beginning he was capable of terrible outbreaks of wrath, but this wrath was under the control of his judgment, and it was directed against real offenders. But when we hear that faithful servants commend their souls to God before entering his presence, lest upon the most trivial mistake they may be flogged to death, or when we read of three hundred of his own soldiers driven, with their hands bound, into an enclosure, and there shot, as hunters shoot the game which they have driven into a "surround," and all this, not because of any fault of their own, but because their tribe is in rebellion, we understand that we are no longer contemplating the awful severity of a judge, but rather the freaks of a madman.

He has broken down in his attempt to play the part of an enlightened statesman. What he undertook was to restore the integrity and prosperity of the empire by enforcing with strict impartiality the ancient code, thus guaranteeing private rights, protecting the feeble, punishing the rapacious, and rebuking the venal. But in part perhaps because he is too fickle and impatient to accomplish a solid reform, but far more from the stress of circumstances, he has virtually abandoned his noble aims, and become the chief patron of rapine. For this he is more to be pitied than condemned. To climb an ice peak is comparatively easy; your impetus carries you onward, and those who are following push you up. But it is a different matter to stand on the slippery apex, where there is nothing for your hand to cling to, while a dozen below are struggling to hurl you down headlong, that they may occupy your place. This is a just picture of the position of King Theodore. This is the story of the career of every one who has risen to notice in Abyssinia during the last fifty years. So long as he was rising, everybody who thirsted for change, and saw in it an opportunity for personal gain, was content to follow, and make him the instrument for the pulling down of existing powers; but when he had risen, and no more was to be hoped from him, every petty chief, every ambitious bandit, who could boast a less ignoble origin, joined in endless conspiracies to pluck him from his seat. As a result his reign has been, not as he dreamed, adorned by the bloodless victories of peace, but vexed by incessant warfare, waged in defence of his crown and his life. For his own power and safety, therefore, he has been obliged to keep in the field a prodigious army, variously estimated at from fifty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men. Now there are but two ways in which such a force can be supported: the one is by regular pay and rations; the other, by rapine. But it is the highest achievement of artificial and civilized life to devise a system by which resources to feed and pay such an army shall be drawn in justly, safely, and continuously. How then could it be done, where the last vestiges of such a system were in danger of being trampled beneath the heavy hoof of war? There was but one possible method of supporting his forces, namely, by ravaging the fields and flocks of the defenceless husbandmen. The miserable peasants, stripped of all, rose in hopeless insurrection. They rose only to be crushed and slain. But that did not cultivate waste fields. Then the soldiers, finding no booty and little food, began to desert. Then desertion was repressed by savage punishments. So, by steps which the imagination can readily picture, this reign has descended from the high regions of ideal statesmanship, to become a brutal struggle for self-preservation. Instead of order there is anarchy; instead of prosperity, misery. The ox which was to draw the plough in that

Abyssinian millennium feeds the soldier, and the war-horse spurns his wretched owner with his iron heels.

The utter disappointment of his hopes, and the ceaseless conspiracy of his chiefs, have stung the king to frenzy, and the anecdotes of his cruelty and recklessness which are told almost surpass belief. Here are some instances of his cruelty. Three hundred petty chiefs, with twenty-five hundred followers, sought to desert him. They failed. The merciless despot ordered that the hands and feet of the leaders should be cut off, and they left to bleed to death, while the private soldiers should be, without exception, shot. And a letter from one of the missionaries, secretly forwarded, says that "these two days, from morn till sunset, the silence has been broken by volleys of musketry of those perpetrating this wholesale butchery." Rebel chiefs taken prisoners have been mutilated, and then cast over precipices, often to die by the prolonged agony of starvation. Women whose only offence was that their relatives were in rebellion have been first outraged, and then rolled up in wax cloths and burned like candles. Here is a picture of his recklessness. "Theodore has just plundered two provinces so utterly that they are no better than Sahara. 'You have now no home, no food, no cattle,' he says, addressing the people. 'I have not done it, God did it. Follow me, and I will take you where you will find plenty to eat and cattle in abundance, and you can punish those who have brought God's anger upon you.' With these followers he will march from place to place, carrying them like a cloud of locusts to destroy the land." He has not lost, however, the grim humor of former days. He has a superstition that he shall die some time in the month between June 10th and July 10th. A pretended prophet sought to take advantage of this expectation. He assured the peasants of a certain district, from which Theodore had swept ten thousand head of cattle, that they would certainly recover them, for that the king was fated to die this year. "I may die this year," said the king, "God knows. But I will prove that this fellow is an impostor." So saying, he ordered the whole immense drove to be shot, which was punctually done.

What are the present prospects and condition of the Abyssinian monarch it is difficult to say. On the one hand, there is no doubt that his forces are greatly reduced, and that formidable rebellions have arisen on every side. But, on the other hand, such is the fear of his military prowess, and such the superstitious dread which he still inspires, that wherever he personally comes rebellions fade out or are crushed out. It is the best proof of his real vigor of character, that, in these days of his misfortune and weakness, the most powerful of his adversaries dare not bring him to bay. The German missionary, Flad, says contemptuously: "The rebels talk big and do little. The king of Shoa" (a province containing a third part of Abyssinia) "writes that he is coming to take Magdala. He writes like a child. The very name of Theodorus would make him hide under his mother's dress." Were it not for the English, who, however big they may talk, are pretty sure to make their talk good, one would be apt to prophesy to the king, if not a peaceful crown, at least the power to ride in the future, as in the past, uppermost on the stormy waves.

After reading the many accounts of the remorseless cruelty of this singular being, one is astonished to learn from the concurrent testimony of many that he is a fine-looking and even handsome man, of a dark complexion, forehead full, eyes bright and piercing, mouth perfect, expression full of mildness and intelligence, with a smile pleasant and even fascinating, and manners gracious and polite, and, when he wishes, full of delicacy and tact.

How did the English get complicated with this savage? That is a long story, and has a great many chapters in it, and some of them are written in characters which perhaps nobody can deci-

pher. The London Times says that "England is like the man in the Eastern story, who threw his date-stones about carelessly, and hit the son of the terrible Genii." Not exactly; for, as we recall the tale, the man never could have known his danger, while England, if she did not know, ought to have known that her date-stones were flying straight at one of the most jealous and proud of the African Genii. A member of Parliament says this quarrel finds its true origin in the appointment of Mr. Plowden consul. Hardly. Some of the general causes are older yet, and the special causes are certainly more recent.

Any one who studies carefully the commercial history of Europe, for the quarter of a century preceding 1855, will find that in that period there was springing up an intense naval and commercial rivalry between the two great powers, England and France. That was the time when the French seized Algiers and the island of Otaheite, and cast longing eyes on the Sandwich Island group. Then it was that England got possession of that impregnable stronghold and safe harbor, Aden. About that time French and English steamers began to ply upon the Red Sea. Simultaneously it seemed to occur to both parties that it would be a good stroke of policy to establish mercantile relations with Abyssinia, and through Abyssinia with the vast regions of Central Africa. Between 1837 and 1842 France sent no less than three expeditions into the country, under special instructions to ascertain where a grand *entrepôt* for French goods could best be established, and what towns would furnish fitting stations for agents and sub-agents. About this time, too, France bought on rather poor security some indifferent ports on the Red Sea, which have not proved to be of any value. It is asserted that she has now secret commercial agents in Abyssinia, who have done all they could to undermine the English. The authority for this last is doubtful. Meantime, England has not been asleep. Mr. Bell probably went to Abyssinia to further British influence. He certainly used the power which he acquired to that end. Mr. Plowden was appointed consul for this very purpose. Here are some of the words of his instructions: "It is obvious that the difficulty of dealing with Abyssinia results in a great measure from the absence of any place on the coast with which a safe communication can be kept up; and it is to the discovery of such a place that I would particularly call your attention." For this same end, the furtherance of English commerce, Major Harris visited Shoa.

But it so happened that, when an Abyssinian king really wanted to make European alliances, a change had come over the spirit of English dreams. The reason was clear. Shrewd people had found out, what they might have foreseen from the beginning, that the commerce of a country so torn asunder and devastated by war was not worth having. So when King Theodore began to love the English very much, they turned the cold shoulder, and seemed disposed to deny all acquaintance with him; in fact, gave him an unmistakable snub. Ten years before it was well enough for Consul Plowden to make his home at Gondar, three hundred miles from his true post. It was no unpardonable error to plunge deeply into the chaos of Abyssinian politics, and even to join in the fray. But now the imperative order to his successor is, to come back to Massowa and to stay there. Unfortunately the message was sent one month too late to save him from a lingering imprisonment. The desires of the Englishman and African were so wide apart! This was another difficulty. So far as the former cared at all for the latter, he did so in the interests of commerce. The latter dreamed only of an English alliance as part of a crusade of Christian powers against the Moslem. Ras Welled said innocently to Mr. Pearce, "If your England is so mighty strong, why don't she use up the Mohammedan?" This using up of the Mohammedan in Abyssinian eyes is

the chief end of man. England then wanted to get out of the trouble; but she could not unscathed. Mr. Plowden reports, and to all appearance without rebuke, "that he had ventured to hint that the sea-coast and Massowa might be given up to Theodore, on his consent" to receive an English consul. And he was constantly dinning it into the ears of a willing ministry, that "the fatal barrier to commerce was the Turkish domination along the coast." Now, if Mr. Plowden said all this in his official capacity, what encouragement was he not likely to whisper into the king's ear in those years when he served in that other capacity of friend, not to say instructor and guide? One can imagine the rage and disappointment with which Theodore read, and read them he did, Lord Russell's measured words, — "It has seemed preferable to the British government to withdraw as much as possible from Abyssinian alliances and Abyssinian engagements." Do you wonder that one of the early results of such a perusal was that Consul Cameron was sent to beat his manacled heels with Mr. Stern in a dirty dungeon? English statesmen do not wish, of course, to own that they have made a *faux-pas;* but they feel it all the same. Says Lord Stanley: "This is not the stage to discuss the propriety of diplomatic relations. The thing was done long before the present advisers of her Majesty were at the head of affairs." What is that but a polite way of saying that his predecessor had made a fool of himself, and a very expensive one too? Mr. Layard adds: "If we had gone on supporting the policy of helping against the Turk, all would have gone on well." What does that mean, if not a diplomatic way of saying, "If we had not changed our minds, we should have done differently, and much more according to the just expectations of our friend in Abyssinia"? Here is the first chapter of complications.

Just glance at another entanglement, for which England certainly is not responsible, — the missionary one. The Missionary Society thought with justice that the Christianity of that part of the world needed improving. But the Abyssinian, when he remembers that the presence and labors of Romish priests nearly cost the nation its existence four centuries ago, does not find the missionary subject an agreeable one. King Theodore, too, either because he was not at this time religiously inclined, or else because he believed according to the faith of his fathers, did not wish for preachers, but did wish very much for artisans. A happy thought suggested itself to Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. Why not send artisan missionaries, laymen, apt to teach and as apt in all kinds of cunning workmanship? No sooner said than done. M. Flad and his companions were forthwith sent to Gondar. It is impossible to acquit the missionaries of the charge of sharp practice. Mr. Bell, who seems to have conducted the negotiations, informed them that the Abuna was favorable to them, and that they might speak with him upon the religious aspects of their work. With the king, however, they were sedulously to cover up the surplice of the priest with the blouse of the workman. They consented, and the king gave them a promise not to interfere with their belief, but no permission to preach. There has evidently been some friction. Theodore has taken great pains to develop the artisan side of their nature. He set them to building a chariot, which came to almost as universal a dissolution as the "one-hoss shay," but by no means after a hundred years. He turned their skill then into the howitzer line of business, but the first specimen of their art burst with one discharge. The missionaries, on the other hand, like conscientious men, were not willing to hide their Christian light under a bushel, and so neglect the real work for which they were sent into the country. To complicate the situation, two clergymen, Mr. Stern and Mr. Rosenthal, followed soon after the lay-preachers, but were told by Theodore that they might, if they chose, preach to the Jews or Galla

captives, but that they would not be allowed to discuss theological themes with his Christian subjects.

Some circumstances of special irritation have arisen, particularly the treatment of the king's letter to the queen. Many stories about this letter have been circulated. One, that it contained an offer of marriage, is simply absurd. Another, that it conveyed a proposal to unite fortunes with England in an attack upon Egypt, is substantially true. But whatever may have been its contents, either from carelessness or set purpose, it slept for one or two years in a pigeon-hole of an under-secretary's desk; and it was not answered until the danger of certain English subjects made it expedient to search it out, and reply to it with all politeness. It will be admitted that the most good-humored European court would hardly consider such treatment the height of courtesy. But Theodore is a man of towering pride, and has, added to it, the sensitiveness of a *parvenu*. Of this last quality we have an amusing illustration. On one occasion he summoned into his presence the British agent, and made him sit, while no less than fifteen witnesses were brought forward to prove that the king was of royal blood, and so entitled to treat on terms of equality with any power. That he resents the affront is very evident. "Who is this Russell?" he said, on the reception of the long-delayed answer. "Cannot your queen write to her brother Theodore herself?" At this critical juncture Consul Cameron increased the monarch's irritation by a great indiscretion, to give it no harsher term. Without permission, he went to the frontier of Egypt and Abyssinia, — as he says, for the purpose of promoting peace between the two powers, — as the king asserts, to give counsel to a hated enemy of his race.

The English captives believe, moreover, that unscrupulous French adventurers have done no little to poison the king's mind. One, terming himself Count du Bisson, wrote an article in the Journal de Nice, which was speedily translated into Egyptian, and as speedily brought to Theodore's notice. In this remarkable article our tourist asserts that an English company is furnishing arms to a crazy black rebel called Gobezi; that the English governor of Aden is also sending warlike stores in unlimited quantities; that the English mean by help of this rebel to make the Red Sea an English lake and Abyssinia the seat of a great African empire. Bardel is another French adventurer. He came out as private secretary to Consul Cameron, but soon quarrelled with him. The assertion is, that this man is the channel through which every galling article appearing in English newspaper or review, and every depreciatory remark made in Parliament, is brought to the notice of the jealous monarch.

But what need is there of seeking for just causes and explanations? In these latter days the capricious and irrational conduct of the king admits of no explanation, except such as you apply to the baseless suspicions of a savage. It has been said that the final cause of his bad faith was the fact that Mr. Stern had taken a few photographic views of the country, — a proceeding which, it is alleged, was looked upon with profound distrust. This explanation has been scouted as utterly unreasonable. But what mad freak may not be expected of one of whom the following story can be told? A young Irishman, a mere boy, who had been hunting on the borders of Abyssinia, led by curiosity, came to Theodore's camp. He had with him a rug on which was a design representing Jules Gerard attacking a lion. He thought it would please the king, and so presented it to him. Theodore looked at it. Behold the audacity of these English! See this man, this Turk in a fez! Who is the lion at which he is firing but myself, the lion of Abyssinia? Wherewith he hurried the poor boy into prison, and very likely he is one of the forty or fifty who are waiting with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick the slow manœuvres of the English army.

The facts with regard to the so-called British captives (for they seem to belong to various nationalities) are few and simple. In the year 1863 — the month is not stated — Mr. Stern, having completed his arrangements for a mission to the Jews, or Falashas as they are called, was preparing to leave the country. As a matter of proper courtesy, he sought a parting interview with the king, taking with him for interpreters his own servant and one of Mr. Cameron's. For some unknown reason the interpreters did not please his Majesty, and were so severely beaten that they died that night. In his agitation Mr. Stern bit his finger, an act which it appears in Abyssinia is held to indicate a purpose of revenge. Whereupon he was beaten, chained, and confined in a filthy hut. Besides the finger-biting, the reasons given for this conduct are the rumor concerning photographs, and one mentioned by the king himself, that Mr. Stern, in a book published in England, had termed him a semi-savage, and had called some of his wholesale butcheries by the appropriate name of murders. The English consul did what he could. But the affair of the letter to the queen effectually tied his hands. After a brief interval the consul himself was arrested, then the missionaries and their families; the whole, men, women, and children, amounting perhaps to fifty individuals. They have been treated with varying circumstances of ignominy. The full vials of the monarch's wrath have been poured out upon Mr. Stern, while the scanty stream of his kindness has been reserved for Mr. Flad and the other artisans. His conduct towards them has been marked by an incredible fickleness, making it truly impossible to tell what a day would bring forth. At one time he will give them liberty like prisoners on parole, and encourage them with hope of speedy deliverance. Then, for no conceivable cause, he will load them with fetters and plunge them in a dungeon. The very next day, perhaps, he will appear with a carpet and insist upon their sitting on it, and, bringing forward wine, will beg them to drink with him in mutual forgiveness. The next scene in this serio-comic drama may be the mock-trial of some of the captives for treason, and before as impressive a tribunal as can be made out of a few dozen very dirty, very greasy, and not very sweet Abyssinian barons. Sometimes the prisoners are surfeited; sometimes they are in danger of starvation. "We had a fearful night," says Mr. Flad. "Ladies and children were together with us. No bed, no food. The poor little children weeping and crying; one for a bit of bread, another for milk." The latest intelligence represents the whole party as alive and well, but still at the mercy of the king. The best proof of the essential healthiness of the Abyssinian climate is this single fact, that forty or fifty European men and women have undergone such treatment for nearly five years without serious detriment to their health. What the king expects seems clear enough. He is not free from the delusion of his countrymen, that Abyssinia in power and resources is the peer of any nation, and he hopes to drive England either into a course of policy which shall suit him, or else force her to pay him a heavy ransom for the restitution of her subjects. His constant change of conduct betrays the vacillation of a mind tossed between hopes of gain and fears of vengeance.

The conduct of the British government has certainly been temperate. After various ineffectual efforts at correspondence with the king, the Ministry procured letters from the Coptic Patriarch at Alexandria to the king and Abuna. These were intrusted to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who was appointed special agent at the Court of Abyssinia. At the same time various articles were committed to his charge, which were to be given to the king whenever he should release his captives. Mr. Rassam was a Syrian Christian who had been connected with Mr. Layard in his Assyrian explorations, and was then the Political Resident at Aden. The propriety of his selection has been sharply discussed in England. His

knowledge of Eastern languages and character, and his past success in several very delicate negotiations, seemed to indicate a special fitness. He arrived at Massowa, August, 1864, and at once despatched a letter to Theodore. But, though his message was received, for more than a year no notice whatever was taken of it. The rumor was that the king was angry that he was not to receive his presents until he had delivered up his captives. It looked as though his stainless faith was doubted. There was a story floating about that he had sent two shrewd spies to report what sort of an embassy this was, and whether its *personnel* and equipments were sufficiently dignified. At last, just as the government had decided to recall Mr. Rassam, a telegram came from that gentleman. He stated that he had received a letter from the king inviting him to his court, that Mr. Cameron had been released, that he himself was about to start for Gondar. And in fact, on the 25th of November, 1865, he began his journey. Arrived at Gondar, he found everything bright and hopeful. Nothing could equal the king's politeness. He had ordered the release of his prisoners. All was prepared for a speedy return. A chilling change came in this mild form: "His Majesty desires that for friendship's sake you would remain in the country a few months." And sure enough, for friendship's sake, or some other equally irresistible reason, he has kept them there ever since. On the very day appointed for departure, by his order they were arrested. He has trumped up a fable about Mr. Cameron, that he attempted to take his departure without bidding the king an affectionate adieu, — a proceeding which so moved that friendly personage, that he has felt obliged to shut his prisoners up again, and to keep Mr. Rassam himself in honorable confinement as a hostage for the good behavior of the rest. The natives whisper quite a different tale. The house in which Mr. Rassam is confined was completed, say they, a fortnight before the ambassador reached Gondar. Theodore accomplished just what he purposed, — the getting of one more prisoner into his hands. "The queen values Mr. Rassam very much," he is reported to have said; "she will pay me a great deal for him."

Lord Stanley, having exhausted all peaceable methods, in the middle of April of last year gave Theodore due notice that, if the captives were not released within three months, all amicable relations between England and Abyssinia must cease. From that moment warlike preparations were pushed forward with all possible speed; and late in the fall the transports, containing a compact, well-equipped army of ten thousand men, dropped anchor in Annesley Bay, a few miles south of Massowa. After the debarkation, everybody seemed to be doleful. Telegrams, which came so quickly, and the letters of correspondents, which seemed to linger so unreasonably, all had one story, and that a bad one. It was allowed that the harbor was admirable, and nothing else was. The sand was glowing; the climate was hot. Water was scarce, and flies were plenty. The mules and horses were all dying, and the men, if they were not sick, soon would be. Red tape, too, was just as great a sinner as at Sebastopol. The census had been taken, and there were for ten thousand men just ten axes, only twenty bill hooks, and not one spade or pickaxe. And then these prophets of evil looked ahead. There, frowning down upon the luckless forces, were the Abyssinian Highlands, whose passes were steep and narrow, choked with thorns and obstructed with rocks. The foolish authorities again had furnished no blasting tools, no pulleys, no ropes. Goats might ascend and chamois-hunters, but not an army with warlike impedimenta. That was simply impossible. And if the army did get up, then it was no better off. The water must be brought twelve miles, and the provisions fifty miles, while every straggler would be cut off by the natives. And the nearer it got to Theodore, the farther the water must be carried, and the

more stragglers would be left to Abyssinian mercy. It was plain that everybody felt disconsolate, and was convinced that a bad business was ahead.

Three weeks passed, and the smoke cleared a little. What was true or false in these forebodings was ascertained. To begin with, the army was on the Highlands, in good health and spirits. The march had not been a trying one; for under the efforts of the sappers, the Koomaylee Pass had lost all its terrors and most of its difficulties. Water, too, was found in abundance, and of the best quality. By the convincing argument of twenty pounds apiece each month, all the Shiho chiefs had been bought up, and, so far from any stragglers being cut off, the way to the sea-shore was pronounced safer than Cheapside. Even the pure-blooded Abyssinians had not proved so evil-minded as had been anticipated. Their worst quality seemed to be a wonderfully keen appreciation of the value of products. One writer complains, indeed, that, while the traditional African would have sold his father and half his blood relations for a jack-knife, this African insisted upon being paid in Austrian dollars, and even then was specially particular about weight and time of coinage. So the period of despair has been succeeded by an era of good-feeling, — the sum total of losses proving to be, first, a great many good mules, which was necessary; and second, a great deal of good-temper, which was entirely unnecessary. The army is now well advanced on its march. Already it has been greatly helped by chiefs friendly to the English, or rather most unfriendly to Theodore; and such aid is likely to increase rather than decrease in the future.

It is dangerous to predict anything concerning results, when so many of the conditions upon which judgment must be founded are uncertain, and liable to be shifting. Yet we may safely say as much as this: it is hardly possible that the forebodings of croakers and grumblers can prove true. That the British army, bound on a long march in a country but little known, may encounter great difficulties, great discomforts, and even great dangers, is not improbable. There may be rough and almost impassable gorges to be smoothed down, and bridgeless rivers which shall task the invention of the engineer. An active enemy, too, may impede the march, if he cannot withstand the onset of his foe. But so far as successful armed resistance is concerned, nothing seems surer than that the ten thousand good soldiers under Sir Robert Napier can crush any native army which ever stood on Abyssinian soil. And as to sickness, while it must be allowed that all warlike operations bring exposure and fatigue injurious to health, it is difficult to understand why warlike operations on the Ethiopian highlands, so elevated, so equable, in climate, can, without criminal carelessness, be attended with any larger measure of disease than is incident to all military movements under the most favorable conditions. It is not necessary, then, to expect any great calamity.

A speaker in Parliament suggests a far more likely result. "Suppose that King Theodore should kill his prisoners, or take them out of reach, and we should find ourselves with a magnificent army on the highlands of Abyssinia, unable to inflict punishment or to take revenge, and obliged to march back as wise as we came, amid the laughter of the whole civilized world. Pity we pledged ourselves beforehand not to occupy the country!" The suggestion may be ventured, that, rather than come back in such shape, our kinsmen across the water would find that their pledge might be modified or else forgotten.

The objects for which the war was undertaken are what everybody is curious to know. Those who have watched the quiet and steady perseverance with which England has advanced her commercial interests in all quarters of the globe are looking for some ulterior purpose other than the avowed one; and

to believe that, under the pretext of protecting her subjects, she aspires to the control of the commerce of the vast regions of Central Africa.

It is often thoughtlessly said that England has entered upon this war that she may wrench from Abyssinia her ports on the Red Sea. The one sufficient answer is, that Abyssinia does not own, and has not owned for centuries, one foot of strand on the Red Sea. So far as anybody owns that shore the title is in Egypt, while Abyssinia nowhere approaches it nearer than twenty or thirty miles. If ports on the Red Sea are the object, the Pasha of Egypt is the person upon whom such a demand ought to be made; and the mouths of the Nile would be a more proper rendezvous for navies and transport than Annesley Bay.

But can any one read the manly words of Lord Stanley, pervaded in every line and sentence with the spirit of sincerity, and a deep sense of responsibility, and for a moment believe that the English Ministry sends its army into Abyssinia for purposes of conquest? "I believe that I am not demanding too much, if I ask the house to believe that, in regard to the Abyssinian Expedition, nothing would have induced the present government, or indeed any government, to undertake it, but the conviction of its necessity. It is quite unnecessary to disclaim the idea of conquest. We have already as much territory as we can safely hold. And, if we had not, Abyssinia is not the part of the world which England would covet. No, this work comes to us as a duty, not agreeable, but which has to be done." The present Ministry then has no ulterior ends. No doubt there have been men in office in times past who dreamed of territorial acquisitions in that direction. Beyond a question, there are many men now in India, and some in England, who will use every effort to change the war from one of liberation to one of conquest. It is very possible that the exigencies of the campaign may force the Ministry to an entire change of purpose. But, unless they are the falsest of men, no visions of conquest now allure them.

The English people and the English Ministry are pushed on by a dire necessity. They are in a position where but two alternatives are possible, — war with all the cost and peril of war, and peace with the deep ignominy of leaving English subjects to their fate in the cruel hands of a fickle tyrant. War has its difficulties. War, in these modern days, is too expensive a business to be entered upon for amusement. To use the vigorous language of the English minister: "No doubt those who have the conduct of this expedition will find difficulties in the way; but the British Empire was not built up and made what it is by men who shrank from their obvious duty." And as for the other alternative, what is that but simple, unmitigated disgrace? No power could live under it, — least of all England. The hundred millions of her subjects in Asia, in Africa, in every nook and cranny of the round earth, are held under her sway by her prestige. Let it be clearly understood that she will tamely endure insult and wrong, that she can not or will not protect her children wherever they may wander, and her vast dominions, won by how many glorious contests on sea and land, cemented by her best blood, would fall asunder by simple incoherence. It is stout Roland de Caxton, if our memory serves us, who maintains that "honor is the virtue from which all safety and civilization do proceed, and that it is a virtue which should be kept clear from all money-making, mercenary, pay-me-in-cash abominations." There is a spice of truth in this language, as there is in all truly chivalrous notions. And, looking candidly on the present contest, we may be content to believe that a really great and heroic nation, like that from whose loins we ourselves are sprung, however much she may be subject to utilitarian ideas, can upon occasions rise quite above them, and encounter difficulties, and dare perils, and lavish treasure and blood, from simple sense of honor and duty.

THE DISCOVERY OF ETHERIZATION.

THE essential points of the discovery of etherization are contained in the following statement: the vapor of *pure* sulphuric ether, inhaled *with a due admixture of atmospheric air*, has the power safely and surely to paralyze for a short time the nerves of sensation, and thereby produce a total insensibility to pain during the severest surgical operations. The discovery was made by Charles T. Jackson, M. D., of Boston, chemist, geologist, and State Assayer, who, after taking a medical degree in 1829, and spending three years in Europe in the pursuit of professional and scientific knowledge, commenced the practice of medicine and surgery in Boston in 1833. Subsequently he repeated Davy's experiments with nitrous oxide, but with results no more satisfactory with respect to the safety or utility of its inhalation, than those obtained by Davy himself. At a later period, but previously to the winter of 1841–42, having been presented with some perfectly pure sulphuric ether (oxide of ethyle, which has for its symbol C_4 H_{10} O) by his friend John H. Blake, Esq., of the Norfolk Laboratory, he conceived the idea of inhaling its vapor, to ascertain its effects on the human system. As a learned chemist, he knew that the sulphuric ether then sold in the shops was very impure, containing alcohol and various acids; as a physiologist he knew that the want of an admixture of atmospheric air, in the common mode of inhaling it, was quite sufficient of itself to account for the dangerous, and, in some cases, fatal consequences known to have resulted from its inhalation; and he thought it highly probable that the vapor of *pure* sulphuric ether, *duly mixed with atmospheric air*, might be inhaled without causing any unpleasant effects. He therefore, — though all the authorities on the subject, as Orfila, Christison, Pereira, &c., represented the inhaling it to such an extent as to produce unconsciousness to be attended with great danger, — determined to try its effects on himself. On inhaling it, he experienced a total loss of consciousness, preceded, accompanied, and followed by a total loss of sensation; and he suffered no injurious or disagreeable consequences. From this and other experiments in which he inhaled sulphuric ether without producing loss of consciousness, he inferred that, if pure and duly mixed with common air, it might be inhaled without danger.

In the winter of 1841–42 he inhaled the vapor of sulphuric ether to mitigate the excruciating pain caused by the accidental inhalation of chlorine, but not to such an extent as to produce unconsciousness. The next morning, his throat being severely inflamed and very painful, and his lungs much oppressed, he resolved to make a more thorough trial of ether vapor. Having seated himself in a rocking-chair, and put his feet in another chair so as to secure a fixed position, he soaked a folded towel in sulphuric ether, placed it over his nose and mouth, and began to inhale the mingled ether vapor and air deeply into his lungs. Soon he lost all consciousness of pain in his throat, all feeling of the chair as if afloat in the air, and experienced sensations of the most agreeable kind. He soon afterwards became unconscious. On his recovery of consciousness, the same state of insensibility to pain and absence of feeling that had preceded the loss of consciousness followed. In a short time consciousness and sensations of pain in the throat returned. From the cessation of all pain and the total loss of feeling both before and after the period of unconsciousness, combined with his previous conviction of the safety of inhaling the vapor, when it is pure and duly mixed with common air, Dr. Jackson inferred that, during the

period of unconsciousness, pure ether vapor, properly administered, would certainly, completely, and safely prevent all pain in the severest surgical operations. This inference he made the more confidently from his knowledge of the fact, discovered by Sir Charles Bell and well known to all medical men, that the nerves of sensation are distinct from those of motion and of organic life, and that the temporary paralysis of the former does not necessarily involve any important disturbance of the functions of the latter.

The inference was a legitimate philosophical induction from the facts of the case, but, like Jenner's discovery of vaccination, it required numerous and diversified verifications. So strong was his conviction of the truth of his induction, that in speaking of the subject in 1842 or 1843 to Mr. Henry D. Fowle, to whom he had administered nitrous oxide some years before, he used, as the latter testifies under oath, words to the following effect: "If you will come to me some time hence and inhale this ethereal vapor, you can have a tooth extracted or a limb cut off without pain, and without knowing anything about it." To the same gentleman he expressed the intention of making further experiments, and subjecting his conclusions to a practical test, and spoke of his attention being then so completely engrossed by his geological surveys as to leave him no leisure for other researches.

In the month of March, 1846, William F. Channing, M. D., then a student in Dr. Jackson's laboratory, and now a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, accidentally inhaled chlorine in the laboratory. In speaking of the accident he uses these words: "The effect was to produce spasms of the chest, and distress of respiration of such a character as to make me apprehend an immediately fatal result." After he had tried various remedies with little benefit, Dr. Jackson came in, and advised him to try the inhalation of sulphuric ether, "which," says Dr. Channing, "he stated he had himself used with success in an accident of the same kind," and which, Dr. Channing adds, "produced an immediate suspension of the spasms, with entire relief from distress. They recurred again after a time with less violence, but subsequently were entirely relieved by occasional inhalations of ether." Mr. James T. Hodge met with a similar accident, and states that he was "rendered speechless for several hours." Professor John B. S. Jackson, of the Medical School of Harvard University, says, in speaking of the pain caused by the inhalation of chlorine, that it is "quite as agonizing, as every chemist must know, as the pain inflicted by the surgeon's knife." These facts show that Dr. Jackson's induction from his experiments on himself, that ether vapor has power to render the severest surgical operations painless, was neither extravagant nor far-fetched.

Dr. Jackson communicated his plan for destroying the pain of surgical operations to numerous individuals: in 1842, to W. F. Channing, M. D.; in September, 1842, to Dr. S. A. Bemis, an eminent Boston dentist, to whom he recommended the use of ether in his dental operations; to the late A. A. Gould, M. D., a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, "some three or four years before the time of Dr. Morton's experiments," as Dr. Gould testified under oath in 1852; to George T. Dexter, M. D., of Lancaster, N. H., in 1842; in 1845, to D. J. Brown, Esq., an engineer; in March, 1846, to Mr. Joseph Peabody of Salem, a graduate of Harvard College, and then a student in his laboratory, who, being about to have two teeth extracted, and having been fully instructed by Dr. Jackson how to purify sulphuric ether for inhalation, and how to use it, began to prepare it for this purpose at his father's house in Salem; but who, on finding that all the authorities represented its inhalation to be dangerous, and that his father, a scientific man, was opposed to his breathing it, relinquished his design.

On September 30, 1846, W. T. G.

Morton, a dentist and nominal medical student of Dr. Jackson, called at his laboratory to borrow a gas-bag, intending, as he said, to inflate it with common air to be inhaled by a refractory patient, as a means of acting on her imagination, and thus inducing her to allow him to extract a tooth. Dr. Jackson refused to be accessary to any such deception. He then told him of the anæsthetic power of ether vapor, where to get it, showed him exactly how to administer it, and assured him that it would make the patient completely insensible to pain, and that a tooth could then be extracted without her knowing anything about it. He further assured him of the safety, and assumed in express terms all the responsibility of the experiment. After showing total ignorance of the substance, saying, "What is that? is it a gas?" and long hesitation, Mr. Morton consented to apply the ether vapor in a dental operation. All these facts have been testified to under oath, by persons of unimpeachable character, who were present at the interview. He did exactly what Dr. Jackson had taught him to do, and extracted a tooth from a patient without causing any pain. "In obeying these directions," says the late Dr. Martin Gay, "Mr. Morton assumed only the responsibility of the nurse who administers a new and bold prescription of a physician." The next day he called at Dr. Jackson's laboratory to report to him his success. "Dr. Jackson," as a witness then present has testified under oath, "expressed no surprise, but appeared as if he had expected such a result." Dr. Jackson then said to him, "You must go to Dr. Warren, and obtain his permission to administer it at the Massachusetts General Hospital; and, if possible, it should be in a capital operation." He said that people would not believe in complete insensibility to pain on the mere ground of the painless extraction of a tooth. The witness adds: "Morton strongly objected to going to the Hospital, — that everybody could smell the ether, and it would not be kept secret, which it was Morton's object to do." "After some argument and Dr. Jackson's further insisting upon it, Morton promised to go to the Hospital." In the course of this conversation Morton repeatedly begged Dr. Jackson to keep the matter a secret. "No!" answered Dr. Jackson, "I will have no secrets with my professional brethren; I intend to give Dr. Keep the same information that I have given you." Mr. Morton (now Dr. Morton) went to Dr. Warren, and obtained his consent to administer by inhalation to a patient what he called "a compound," concealing its nature and the fact of his being indebted to Dr. Jackson for all he knew of its anæsthetic power. After two or three successful trials of ether vapor at the Hospital in surgical operations, the odor of which he had disguised, he was obliged to disclose to the surgeons what it was, they refusing to permit it to be applied in their operations on any other condition. When the first capital operation was performed, in which Dr. Jackson was requested by Dr. Warren both orally and by letter to administer the ether vapor, he was obliged, in fulfilment of a previous professional engagement, to be absent from New England. He, however, stated to Dr. Warren, that he had fully instructed Dr. Morton how to administer it.

The great discovery was still further verified by other surgical operations at the Hospital, soon became known throughout the civilized world, and was hailed with an enthusiasm without a parallel in the history of mankind.

Imperfect accounts of the discovery reached London and Paris, and led to the application of ether vapor in surgical operations; but, for want of more definite information, they were attended with very unsatisfactory results, and it fell into disrepute. Liston, the great English surgeon, said, "that he had at one time doubts about the utility of ether," in consequence of its having been improperly administered in his operations. (See the London Lancet and the Comptes Rendus for 1846 and 1847, and letters from Paris communicated

to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal in March, 1847, by F. Willis Fisher, M. D.)

The prosperity of etherization in Europe dates from the publication of a communication of Dr. Jackson, dated November 13, 1846, to the French Academy of Sciences, through his friend and correspondent, Elie de Beaumont, now Perpetual Secretary of that learned body. On hearing Dr. Jackson's paper read,* the celebrated surgeon Roux exclaimed, "J'y prends part en ce moment," (I take part in it from this moment.)

Dr. Jackson has received most flattering testimonials of high appreciation of the value of the services he has rendered to mankind by his discovery, from the French Academy, the emperor of the French, the king of Sweden, the king of Prussia, the king of Italy, and the sultan of Turkey.

The French Academy of Sciences appointed a commission of nine eminent scientific and medical men to examine the evidence of the various claimants of the discovery. Dr. Jackson, Dr. Morton, Dr. Horace Wells, and other claimants, sent each his evidence. The Academy, after a long and careful examination of the evidence by the commission, awarded, on March 4, 1850, — to translate the words employed by it, — "a prize of 2,500 francs to M. Jackson for his observations and experiments on the anæsthetic effects produced by the inhalation of ether; and a similar prize of 2,500 francs to M. Morton for having introduced this method into surgical practice according to the instructions (*d'après les indications*) of M. Jackson." M. Elie de Beaumont, in a letter to Dr. Jackson dated May 17, 1852, uses the following language in reference to the award: "In point of fact, the Academy decreed one of the Montyon prizes of 2,500 francs to you for the discovery of etherization." Both parties accepted the award made by the Academy as their umpire.

Baron Humboldt sent a request through Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister at Washington, that the American Secretary of State, then Hon. Daniel Webster, would procure and transmit to him the evidence of the various American claimants of the ether discovery. The request was complied with by Mr. Webster. Humboldt, after a laborious examination of the documents, decided in favor of Dr. Jackson; and in October, 1852, the king of Prussia conferred upon Dr. Jackson the order of the Red Eagle. In 1847 Sir Robert H. Inglis, then President of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, referring in his annual address before that body to the discovery of etherization, ascribed its authorship to Dr. Jackson. It appears to be universally conceded to him in Europe. The belief of very numerous persons in this country of the highest character and ability has been published, that the discovery belongs exclusively to Dr. Jackson. In 1852 more than one hundred and forty physicians of Boston and its vicinity signed memorials to Congress declaring such to be their belief.

Some months after performing the experiment devised and committed to him for performance by Dr. Jackson, Dr. Morton set up a claim to the discovery himself, though neither he, nor anybody else, has ever specified a single new idea connected with it which was originated by him. His ignorance in October, 1846, as appears from the testimony of Mr. G. Barnes, then a student in Dr. Jackson's laboratory, of the necessity, in order to prevent asphyxia, of common air being largely mingled with the ether vapor inhaled, (he proposed to administer the vapor by means of a glass bulb having no provision whatever for admitting common air,) and his being in December, 1846, "in no sense aware of the importance" of it, — as testified by N. C. Keep, M. D., an eminent dentist, and a gentleman of the highest character for truth and integrity, — show conclusively that he could not by any possibility have been the author of a discovery of which the

* Through a mistake, Dr. Jackson's paper was not read before the Academy till January 18, 1847.

admixture of atmospheric air with the ether vapor inhaled, is an essential part. It is unnecessary to dwell on this point. It is sufficient to quote Dr. Morton's own words in reply to a question of Dr. Keep, — as testified by the latter under oath, — near the end of November, 1846: "The discovery belongs to Dr. Jackson; Jackson shall have the credit of it; I want to make the money out of it."

Dr. Franklin's claim to the discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning, and Dr. Jackson's claims to the discovery of etherization, rest on nearly similar grounds. Dr. Franklin inferred from his experiments and observations and those of others, that electricity and lightning are identical, and devised and published to the world an experiment to verify his induction. In pursuance of his published directions, Dalibard erected an iron rod at Marly-la-Ville, near Paris, and instructed Coiffier, an ex-dragoon, to perform the experiment devised by Franklin. Coiffier, on the approach of a thunder-cloud, took an electric spark from the rod, and thus verified Franklin's great discovery. Franklin's experiment with the kite was performed a month afterwards, and was but a further verification of a discovery already complete. Dr. Jackson verified on himself and Dr. Channing his induction respecting the power of ether vapor to produce safely and surely insensibility to very severe pain. He afterwards committed his experiment, with full instructions how to perform it, to Mr. Morton, assuming all the responsibility of it. The success of that experiment was a further verification of Dr. Jackson's discovery. The successful applications of ether vapor at the Massachusetts General Hospital in severe surgical operations were still more conclusive verifications of the same discovery. The following words of Whewell, the celebrated author of the "History of the Inductive Sciences," and an eminent man of science, completely set aside the preposterous claims to discovery on the mere ground of the mechanical performance of an experiment devised by another. "I do not concede that experiments of verification, made after a discovery has been clearly brought to view by one person, and devised by the discoverer, and committed by him for performance to another, give the operator a right to claim the discovery as his own." And Roget, formerly secretary of the Royal Society of London, and author of the admirable treatise on Electricity in the Library of Useful Knowledge, after describing Franklin's experiment with the kite, and stating that several philosophers had about a month before obtained similar results in France, "by following the plan recommended by Franklin," adds: "But the glory of the discovery is universally given to Franklin, as it was from his suggestions that the methods of attaining it were originally derived." The applicability of the principles here laid down to the discovery of etherization and its introduction into surgical practice is obvious. In direct opposition to them, the mere performance by Dr. Morton of the experiment of verification devised in the minutest particular, and intrusted to him by Dr. Jackson, with full instructions how to perform it, and with the assumption of the entire responsibility for its safety, has been alleged by certain persons, strange as it may seem, to give to Dr. Morton an exclusive right to the discovery of etherization; — as if a great discovery in the inductive sciences were the work, not of the intellect, but of the muscles; as if such a discovery could be made without devising a single experiment, without a single original observation; without a single philosophical induction, the essential, the only common element in all discoveries in the inductive sciences; without, in fine, originating a single new idea! While Dr. Morton performed experiments of verification, but did nothing whatever involving scientific discovery, Dr. Jackson's exclusive claim to the discovery would have been valid had he done much less than he did, and devised his experiment to verify the conjecture of another person, in-

stead of an induction of his own. This is set in a clear point of view by the following facts: From the known relations of electricity and magnetism to each other, many scientific men had conceived, as being highly probable, the idea that the electric spark could be obtained by means of magnetism. Faraday devised a highly ingenious experiment to verify that idea; and he thereby became the discoverer of the magneto-electric spark. In March, 1847, Jacob Bigelow, M. D., late President of the American Academy, and then professor in the Medical School of Harvard University and one of the physicians of the Hospital, publicly complimented Dr. Jackson as "the original suggester of etherization"; and in a communication published in the Boston Medical Journal he used these words: "Dr. Jackson made partial experiments, and recommended, but did not make, decisive ones." Although this is far from being a complete statement of Dr. Jackson's agency in originating and diffusing a knowledge of anæsthesia by ether vapor, the facts stated by Dr. Bigelow are more than sufficient to establish his right to the discovery. Faraday devised the means of verifying an idea previously existing in many other minds as well as his; Dr. Jackson not only devised the means of verifying, but was the first to conceive, the idea of rendering surgical operations painless by means of ether vapor. Nobody could have devised Faraday's experiment without a large amount of scientific knowledge; nobody could have devised Dr. Jackson's experiment — involving, as it did, the purity of the ether employed and a due admixture of common air as essential conditions of safety and success — without an amount of chemical and physiological knowledge which was not then generally possessed even by eminent surgeons in Europe. This want of knowledge was shown in their using impure ether, and administering it with little or no admixture of common air, and their consequent failure to obtain satisfactory results, till Dr. Jackson's communication, making known the two essential points of the discovery, was read before the French Academy in January, 1847, and at once changed failure into success.

After Dr. Jackson had partially verified his discovery of etherization in the winter of 1841–42, nothing was wanting to demonstrate it to the world as a fact but the performance of further experiments of verification; in other words, to perform with the hands certain prescribed acts, and watch and report the result. It would be wrong not to acknowledge, in this connection, the great merit of Dr. John C. Warren, Dr. George Hayward, and other surgeons in both hemispheres, in verifying the discovery as applicable to the severest surgical operations, and introducing it into general surgical practice. The value of the great boon conferred on humanity by Dr. Jackson no words can adequately describe. Hundreds of thousands of human beings have already been saved by it from the most excruciating sufferings, and all future generations will be under obligations to him.

It is a lamentable fact that every great improvement and discovery in medicine and surgery has brought persecution upon its author. Ambroise Paré was persecuted for substituting "a mild treatment for the cautery in gun-shot wounds"; Boylston, for introducing inoculation into New England; Harvey, for his discovery of the circulation of the blood; Jenner, for his discovery of vaccination; and Dr. Jackson has been subjected to loss of time and to expense he could ill afford in repelling base attempts to rob him, not only of his rights of discovery, but of his fair fame as a man. No other discovery can be compared in value to Dr. Jackson's, except Jenner's discovery of vaccination; and it is to be hoped that so great a benefactor of mankind may yet, like Jenner,* receive from the

* The British Parliament, after instituting an inquiry into the value of the new method of preventing the small-pox, including Jenner's claim to the discovery of it, voted him, in 1802, 10,000 pounds, and 20,000 pounds in addition in 1807.

recipients of his inestimable gift some substantial token of their gratitude.

Dr. Jackson's failure to cause, though not his neglect to urge, the full verification of his discovery, and its consequent introduction into surgical practice till 1846, has been alleged as an objection against his claims to it. Such reasoning shows great disingenuousness, or great ignorance of the history of science. Harvey, Jenner, (who did not perform a single experiment of verification till more than twenty-five years after he had conceived the idea of vaccination, and did not publish it to the world till two years afterwards,) Newton, Wollaston, and other scientific men, forbore for many years to make known their discoveries to the world. Dr. Jackson discovered chlorine in meteoric iron in 1834, but published no account of it till 1838. From 1840 till after the full verification of his discovery of etherization he was pressingly occupied with labors of geological surveys and explorations, chemical researches connected with them, and with the preparation of reports, one of which, on the geology of New Hampshire, fills a large quarto volume.

It is interesting to compare the former with the present state of knowledge respecting sulphuric ether. Pereira's Materia Medica, published in 1839, a standard work, contains this sentence: "Vapor of ether is inhaled in spasmodic asthma, chronic catarrh, dyspepsia, whooping-cough, and to relieve the effects caused by the accidental inhalation of chlorine." Dr. Weiger, of Vienna, speaks of its having been used for centuries in various diseases, both internally and externally, "without exciting a suspicion of its newly discovered and beneficent effects." Books contained accounts of a gentleman's being "thrown, by inhaling it, into a state of dangerous stupor of thirty hours' duration, in which his life was considered in imminent danger"; and of several instances of death from the same cause. To pass from such facts as these to a rational conviction of the safety of inhaling it so as to produce a state of unconsciousness is a stride so long and difficult that nobody could have compassed it without accurate and extensive chemical and physiological knowledge, together with a scientific sagacity that comes only from long training and experience, and a deliberate courage wellnigh bordering on rashness. Nor could any one — without a self-possession, a nicety of observation, and an insight rarely possessed even by scientific men — have, with a sort of intuition, inferred, from certain painful sensations and their absence for a brief period, combined with previous knowledge, the great facts comprehended in the discovery of etherization. Dr. John C. Warren, who performed the first surgical operation on a patient under the influence of ether vapor, on learning that Dr. Morton, a dentist of little medical and almost no scientific knowledge, in administering the ether vapor in its early applications as an anæsthetic, at the Hospital, had acted under Dr. Jackson's directions, expressed his satisfaction that the discovery of etherization had had "a scientific origin." The truth is, it involved so much scientific knowledge, that it could not *possibly* have had any other origin. In this connection the following facts are of interest. In 1844, two years after Dr. Jackson had partially verified his discovery, Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, a dentist, after having successfully used nitrous oxide as an anæsthetic in a number of dental operations, unsuccessfully applied sulphuric ether in a single surgical operation. The following extract from a communication dated February 17, 1847, and published by him in Galignani's Messenger, at Paris, may, perhaps, account for the failure; it certainly proves the groundlessness of the claims he was then urging to the ether discovery, by showing his ignorance, even then, of one of its essential conditions, — the plentiful admixture of atmospheric air with the ether vapor inhaled: "The less atmospheric air is admitted into the lungs with any gas or vapor the better, — the more satisfactory will be the result of the operation."

His total silence, in his communication, respecting the purity of the ether to be inhaled implies a like ignorance of the other essential point in the ether discovery. Dr. E. R. Smiley successfully used, in the same year, an ethereal solution of opium, in a single surgical operation, to prevent pain; but, attributing the anæsthetic effect to opium, and being warned of the danger of producing insensibility by that substance, he made no further experiments with the solution.

After the introduction of etherization into surgical practice, Dr. Jackson and other physiologists experimented with many other substances to test their anæsthetic properties. Sulphuric ether, nitrous oxide, and chloroform are the only anæsthetics now in use. Nitrous oxide is used by some dentists. It produces insensibility to pain of a few seconds' duration, sufficient for the extraction of a tooth, but too short for most surgical operations. The only capital operation, so far as is known to the writer, alleged to have been rendered painless by it, is the amputation of a thigh by a surgeon of Hartford; but, though the inhalation was frequently renewed, the testimony of the patient is in print, that the operation was by no means painless.

Chloroform was discovered by Soubeiran in 1831. Flourens, an eminent French physiologist, experimented with it on animals, soon after the ether discovery was made public; and Mr. Waldie, of Edinburgh, a chemist, suggested the use of it in surgery to Dr. Simpson, who applied it with success. Being more convenient to the surgeon, and more prompt in its effects than sulphuric ether, it has been very extensively used; but it is far from being a safe anæsthetic. Dr. George Hayward, the distinguished surgeon who performed the first capital operation upon an etherized patient, stated, in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, in 1850, that there was not a single well-authenticated case on record of death caused by pure sulphuric ether properly administered, and that there were more than twenty well-authenticated cases of death by chloroform. In 1861 a committee of nine prominent physicians and surgeons, appointed by the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, after collecting all possible information from all parts of the civilized world, unanimously reported "that sulphuric ether is safer than any other anæsthetic"; "that their careful search of journals and monographs furnishes not a single case of death from the proper inhalation of pure sulphuric ether"; and that the friends of chloroform admit that "over one hundred and fifty deaths have already occurred from its use." After quoting the words of Erichsen, a London surgeon, that "when a patient is fully under the influence of chloroform, he is on the verge of death," they add: "The epithet *fleau chloroformique* [chloroform scourge] is therefore no undeserved one; for, in any man's hands, chloroform may indeed become a scourge whose blows shall fall so suddenly and mysteriously, that, before the surgeon's knife is taken up, the patient's life may have passed away beyond resuscitation."

A CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

"The tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise."
JOHN FORD, *The Lover's Melancholy*, Act I. Sc. 1.

EVERY one who has attended two courses of lectures at the Lowell Institute or at the Sorbonne must have noticed those withered immortals that are always to be seen in the same seats, wearing the same coats, holding the same note-books; that nod stiffly to one another, and disappear with the lecturer. Some people are still trying to solve the problem of their origin, as a faithful few are still trying to square the circle, but it remains insoluble.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."

The students who frequent the Sorbonne ignorantly jeer at the myoptic old gentlemen upon the front benches; and the young girls who brighten the Lowell Institute, now and then, cast but a passing glance of wonder at the venerable seekers after knowledge.

Not so with the mystery which envelopes the apparitions of Class-day at Harvard. We would know all that is to be learned about the fairy beings who, with hats and gloves from Paris and scarfs from Rome, bless one day in every year, not only for the boys, but for the graduate of ten years ago. Are they created for Class-day as the old gentlemen of the Lowell Institute are created to make an audience? After night has fallen upon that day of days, where are they to be found? Toward which point of compass shall a pursuer direct his steps? By what route, in what conveyance, shall he go? Let me attempt to answer; let me, while my old hulk is taking in coal for another voyage, recall the two midsummer months during which it was laid up in ordinary, — two months undisturbed by the wrangling of newspapers, the clatter of street-cars, or the jingle of pianos.

One July evening, with other passengers, in an old-fashioned stage-coach I entered Tempe. The full-faced moon watched by the sea, that murmured in its happy dreams. Green pastures, intersected by walls over which leaned aged apple-trees, sloped from the hard sand of the beach toward a dark pine forest. Great naked promontories, to which the forest line led the eye, formed the boundaries of the beach to the right and to the left. The low voice of the tide united the stillness of the land with the silence of the water. Seaward, a bright light shone, went out, and shone again; landward, a small but steady gleam emerged from the open door at which I was soon set down.

The next morning showed me that no part of what I had seen in the evening was a dream; that Tempe was really bounded on the west by a pine wood, on the north and south by headlands of rock, and on the east by the ocean; that the island, the existence of which had been intimated by a revolving light, lay in the offing; and that the gnarled trunks against the wall bore common cider-apples. Croquet-hoops had been set where these apple-trees would throw their deepest shade in the afternoon, as well as in the thinner shadow of an elm. A quarter of a mile perhaps from my window, a slender stream crept out of a copse of willows toward the sea. At the line of high tide, an arch of rustic wood-work had been thrown from bank to bank, at each end of which crouched little brown bath-houses. On the edge of the forest, a picturesque mill, whose broken wheel the little brook had long forgotten to turn, waited for the pencils which were to put life into its old timbers again.

Descending from my room, I perceived that the Castle of Indolence where I was domiciled had neither moat nor sentry. A window upon the ground floor was open, and the hall door stood ajar. Water-lilies dozed on their broad leaves in a stagnant pool a few feet from me, and other plants — poppy and tansy and sage — nodded on the outskirts of the vegetable garden, where ostentatious squashes were about to sun themselves. The Castle itself, — Castle I call it, in courtesy to our American nabobs, who veneer pine palaces with proud names in remembrance of the fine, false old maxim, that every Englishman's house is his castle; in remembrance, too, of the days when idleness was possible only for the lord of a manor, lying behind thick walls, with drawbridge up and portcullis down, with a Jew whom he had just robbed in the dungeon underground, and a Jew's daughter whom he would fain rob trembling before him, — our Castle, I say, was composed of several wooden, whitewashed buildings, a story and a half in height, each furnished with a porch or piazza, on which stood a rocking-chair or two.

The court still slept, but the aborigines, who possessed the land long before Indolence built a castle there, were up and doing. For even in this home of the idle there are hewers of wood and drawers of water, as there must have been in Lotos-land itself. The Lotophagi may have contented themselves, like the Maccaroni-phagi of Naples and the Missionary-phagi of the Cannibal Islands, with a single article of diet; but it must have been somebody's business to gather the delicious flowers for gentlemen, who lay

> "Propt on beds of amaranth and moly."

And it must have been somebody's business to make those beds, for even an amaranth mattress might have to be turned once in a while. On Olympus, Hebe and Ganymede pour the nectar; in Georgia, Pompey and Chloe sweat for the Hon. Mr. Plantation; in Boston, John arranges the cushions and opens the door of Mrs. Kopperstox's carriage.

In Tempe we were served by the oldest family on the continent, — so ancient and so noble that its members, like Anchises and Victoria, bore no surnames. Their Christian or rather ante-Christian names, as Job, Reuben, Sarah, Miriam, Isaac, Joseph, David, Moses, or Abigail, betokened a Jewish origin; but the sole trace of Hebrew in their dialect was the frequent use of the double negative; their Sabbath fell on the first day of the week; they were never known to attend synagogue; and they talked less of Aaron or of Abraham than of James Buchanan and Andrew Jackson, for they were conservative in politics, and had portraits of these departed Presidents conspicuously hung in parlor and chamber. But, like very Jews, they inveighed against the late war because of its effect upon values; they could not see why slavery should be more objectionable on the Mississippi than on the Jordan; they found it easier to believe that Joshua stopped the sun till the battle was over, than that the electrician could talk across the ocean; and they frequently celebrated Feasts of Unleavened Bread. Like Jews, they dwelt in the Past; deriving their only notions of modern life from weekly journals, which are supposed, in the cities where they purport to be published, to have been long extinct. Like Jews, they are grave in speech, and so similar in physiognomy as to recall the family of Fleminglings, who had "but one face amongst them."

Births occasionally occur in the valley, but it is not certain that death ever visits it. There are disappearances, it is true. One summer, Lot was no more to be found; but the house where he used to live was still known as Lot's cottage, and letters addressed to his care were delivered as before. On the other hand, however, a marble slab in the field which he once tilled bore his name and the date of his disappearance. But does Lot lie there, or does the inscription pretend to be an epitaph? The question often occurred to

me, while watching brown old Miriam, whom Lot married sixty years ago. When her eyes turned to the east, was she looking, through her round-glassed silver spectacles, fastened with twine around her head, for a familiar sail? Was she communing long silent hours with him who (invisible to us aliens, but visible to her) still dwelt in these Elysian Fields with all the other disappeared ones? Or had Lot taken a new lease of life in the person of his grandson? Only on the hypothesis that what we call death was a change of dress for Lot's spirit, not a change of residence, were we able to account for the scarlet cloaks and gay bonnets which Abigail and Ruth wore to what Miriam called "buryin' parties." With what other subjects the mysterious meditations of Miriam had to do I never learned. I could not subscribe to the current belief that her thoughts never went beyond the pots and kettles in the midst of which rocked the chair whence she gave her orders for dinner. As well say that the Sphinx,

"Staring right on with calm eternal eyes,"

never puts to herself the riddle of the Universe.

Some of the peculiarities of this extraordinary race of beings are attributable to the influence of the scenery and climate of Tempe. A person born there would naturally cling to the home of his forefathers, to their idiom, their habits, their usages; would care for what they loved, be suspicious of novelties, and unwilling to admit the possibility of improvement or the desirableness of leaving a world which gives so much happiness at so slight an expenditure of vital force. The visitor is reminded of Washington Irving's description of Sleepy Hollow. "It is in these little retired Dutch valleys," says he, "found here and there in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom."

Elsewhere the performance of menial services might have lowered the dignity of these dames of high degree; but Aspasia or the Queen of Sheba should have deemed it an honor to serve the ladies of the Court of Indolence, whose beauty, as Class-days yet to come shall tell, a summer there enriched; for the waters of this pool of Bethesda benefit the angels, as well as those who go in after them.

Would I could entice that dream of fair women into the light of day! I catch glimpses of white muslin belted with a broad ribbon, blue or cherry, with floating ends; of movements that are grace; of smiles that are a patent of nobility; I hear musical nothings, like the bird's trill that makes the morning; I hear words too good-humored to be scandal and too sprightly to be merely gossip, — but, walking in my memorial hall, I vainly try to conjure portraits into the frames upon its walls; listening at the most communicative panel of my whispering-gallery, I hear an uncertain rustling as of forest leaves, intelligible to no one now that Pan and Thoreau are dead. I vainly interrogate the tin-types which an "artist," who drove his *atelier* into the court-yard of our castle, coaxed the sun to take. But his Solar Majesty, in his best mood a bungler at portrait-painting, had no mind to help this interloper. In the city he may while away an hour in a photographer's saloon, but in the country he has more agreeable resorts. In the city he does drudgery like other people; but at Castle Indolence he found the work of shining arduous enough. He would stop in mid-heaven to look

into Helen's eyes, or to lay a caressing finger upon the radiant head of Irene. Every morning he peeped into their windows, and sent his flies to wake them; and every evening he hung his richest clouds around the walkers on the beach. But he knew well enough that the belle of a New England out-of-doors cannot be imprisoned in a *carte-de-visite*.

Goddesses are not happy without worshippers. The young men who came to Tempe were welcomed. Gloved heavenly bodies in white suffered themselves to waltz with ungloved terrestrial bodies in pepper-and-salt. Diana, unable to take Endymion to Heaven, came down to earth. Some wondered that Indolence permitted the German; but it was soon apparent that, however active the body might be, the soul slumbered. Such flirtations as occurred would not have aroused the lightest sleeper. Cupid's arrows were pointless, his eyes were fully open, and his wings had been clipped. Those who would have applied to Tempe the notions of a world in which marrying and giving in marriage play an important part were gradually cured of their delusion. They were quartered by themselves; were permitted to see the ladies only at stated hours; were drugged by the air and sea, encouraged to drug themselves, and cajoled into liking each other's talk. They soon ceased to dream of carrying hearts by a *coup de main*, and conducted the siege with Chinese patience.

The ladies could now safely accept their escort for excursions beyond the frontiers. Indolence knows well enough that his greatest foe is curiosity, and that prohibition incites curiosity. Locksmiths create the love which laughs at them. Had Rasselas been free to leave the Happy Valley, he might have chosen to stay there. Had the vicinage been as uninviting as that of Tempe, his excursions would have been few. Toward the northern end of the beach the air is cooler than in the heart of Eden; the sand sinks beneath the feet; and the moon retires early for the night, carrying her silver with her. Clambering over the rocky promontory which shuts Tempe from the world, the hardy explorer comes upon the Sea House, a huge pine building, squarely standing up against the blast. Entering, he finds himself in the peopled solitude of a fashionable hotel. He sees the great hall, shut in by whitewashed walls, and supported by slender whitewashed pillars; an open safe behind the bustling clerk; before him a newly arrived guest writing his name in a big folio, and a stranger reading it over his shoulder; in the middle distance, three whirling couples with sedate faces, surrounded by grave men and women in arm-chairs; in the background, under the stairs, the band, in linen dusters and felt hats, who probably combine the *utile* of waiting at table with the *dulce* of blowing through brass, but who have the air of wandering minstrels. This is what "The Bosville Mail" called *The Great Hop at the Sea House*.

Beyond the promontory to the south the air is almost as soft as in Tempe itself, and the waves break almost as gently; but a cheap caravansary has been erected for the accommodation of man and beast. The landlord tried to tempt his guests into the hall on the second floor, which he called the *bow-dah;* but they left its bay-window in possession of giggling chambermaids and shouting boys, preferring to seat themselves in the parlors on the ground floor, which did *not* command a view of the sea, but were dark with crimson curtains, and old with the cracked voice of a piano.

These are no resorts for denizens of Tempe. Thankful that we are not as these men and women are, we hasten back to our own sea-scented beach. Two by two, each couple out of earshot of every other, — less because there are confidences to exchange than for the sentiment of a *tête-à-tête*, — we pace the shore. There is no sparkling dialogue; there are few even of those pretty phrases which float, like gold-fish, in the garden pond of society. Varieties of character disappear in the sleepy air.

Sleep itself is less delicious than the sensation of luxurious repose experienced there, as the *far niente* of Italy is inferior to the *kief* of Asia Minor, of which, says a recent Oriental traveller, "Il n'est que l'ombre. Il ne suffit pas de ne point agir, il faut être pénétré du sentiment de son inaction; c'est quelque chose d'élyséen, comme la sérénité des âmes bienheureuses; c'est le bonheur de se sentir ne rien faire, je dirais presque de se sentir ne pas être."

We had a morning *kief*, also; for among the soporific influences of this "pleasing land of drowsyhed," salt water was next to August air. Dressing-rooms were small; the walk into the water under a glaring sun was a long one; the company was mixed; hair got wet, in spite of the oil-silk cap, and feet were bruised, in spite of slippers. If, however, all the inhabitants of Tempe had bathed at eleven o'clock, as most did, the valley would have been wrapped in sleep for several hours of the day. But Israel had never "hearn tell o' sech a thing"; "'t warn't hulsome"; he "would n't do it no how, the Boston folks might like it or lump it." Israel had to get dinner ready, and dinner he would have as early as half past twelve. Indolence yielded, and the ladies postponed their nap till afternoon. Emboldened by the success of the aborigines, certain persons disregarded the wishes of their host. One pretended that she had not the requisite strength for a cold sea-bath; one — he only of the eight clergymen who officiated at the Castle — wrote a sermon during bathing-hours; a school-girl kept a diary for three days, writing in it while her companions were taking their post-meridian nap; and Lillian, in some freak, entered into a special agreement, to the effect that Indolence, party of the first part, would excuse her from bathing, on condition that she, party of the second part, would regularly walk to and from the beach at the same hours with the bathers, and under the escort of Alfonsus. It was not expressed in the instrument, but it was tacitly understood, that the talk of Alfonsus would put Lillian to sleep; and so it proved.

Yet Lillian was the liveliest lady of the court. She was doubtless born in the country, was a chubby-cheeked child, with the complexion of the blue pearmain, with a loud laugh, a quick walk, and manners almost hoydenish. At eighteen she was still considered too demonstrative by those ladies whose decorous souls never take off their corsets. But if there was an occasional overflow of the banks of conventional propriety, if the surface was sometimes agitated, powerful currents were also to be found in Lillian's life and quiet depths. Lillian had purposes and principles. She was studying the men she chattered with. She could never be induced to enter the grounds of sentiment, where the footing is uncertain. She refused to dance round dances. She held out against Indolence longer than others, partly in consequence of her buoyant temperament, and partly because she was lodged in a remote wing of the Castle.

Who could still the cuckoo in this clock, if not Alfonsus? Alfonsus is called "a cultivated man." He has forced his intellect to bear crops of the same kind year after year, until the soil is nearly exhausted. The springs of his affections have dried up in the parched air of libraries. He has never put himself, as Burns said he used to do when he would write his best, "upon the regimen of a fine woman." He appears in evening dress, like a pinioned malefactor. Dancing he affects to despise because he has never mastered the German; an elegant toilet, because he cannot tie his cravat; and scenery, because he cannot see it, being short-sighted. He is much given to criticism, and silences the light-armed wits of younger men with his loud-voiced, if not well-shotted guns. The pleasures of the pipe and social glass are unknown to him. Prematurely old, he has a stoop to his shoulders; wrinkles about his eyes, like the tracks of beach-birds near the mouth of our

and a beard trimmed but little r than those worn by the saints e Dark Ages, who were made out ch blocks as he.

lian had never seen Alfonsus be- and did n't know what to make of

But she frisked about as usual; rang her merriest laugh; she prat- with uncommon vivacity: she might well have blown a penny whistle in ear. But, in an unlucky moment, alluded to her classes in history l metaphysics. The remark knock- away at a blow every shore, Alfon- s was launched. Lillian, who, though good scholar enough, had been se- etly rejoicing all summer that there ould be no more classes till Novem- er, felt a fatal stress upon the cable y which she had attached her active ttle wherry of a mind to the big junk f Alfonsus. Before they had been ong at sea, her eyes began to close. But she managed to keep them politely ajar until she could smile good morn- ng upon Alfonsus at the portals of the Castle. After trying the experiment several days, and finding it impossible to be released from her agreement, she resumed sea-bathing with the rest of the world.

The ocean served the aborigines for a fish-pond, and the guests at the Castle for a bath-tub. Indolence forbade boating as risky, and excursions into the forest as tiresome. Worsted-work and embroidery were rarely attempted, and knitting was left to the children of Israel. A novel was sometimes read aloud, but she, most excited by the Prothalamion, was sure to be napping when the Epithalamium was reached. Nobody but Julia, the *bas bleu* of the circle, who made way with a hundred pages of Macaulay in the course of the summer, tried reading to herself. Games of every description were common, except chess, whist, and twenty questions. Amanda and Stephen met each other at backgammon every morning, but he looked less at the board than at a stray lock which would blow into the bright eyes of his antagonist. One moonless evening, several tables of commerce were formed, which were enlivened by brisk Betsy Baker, whose famous theatricals ended the season. Another evening, the stormiest of the summer, the Princess Sunbeam Scheherazade — a Yankee graft upon an East Indian stock — told the old story of a haunted house, — of clanking chains upon the stairs; of a step growing louder and louder; of a bony hand at the bedside, and an imperious gesture; of following a skeleton to the cellar; of digging there next day down to a strong-box, which contained a few tarnished gold coins, and what was once a woman's miniature; of a second visit from the skeleton, a second midnight walk, a second digging; of the exhumation of a parcel of bones; of their removal to a consecrated place of sepulture; and of the peace that fell upon the mansion thereafter, disturbed only by a parting call from the grateful ghost. As the princess finished her tale, the astral lamp was brought in. It showed William and Mary upon the floor, at the princess's feet, where they had been playing at jack-stones when the day fell and the story began; Julia at the table, with one finger in Macaulay; Amanda and Stephen upon the sofa, a little nearer each other than when last seen; and Aurelia in tears.

The others laughed at Aurelia, who was half provoked with herself. But it was this capacity for emotion which constituted Aurelia's charm. Some admirers called her "the goddess," from the spark of immortal fire at her heart; but they had often to regret the pains she was at to conceal it. For, by virtue of being a woman, Aurelia was two women in one. Fret as she might at conventional rules, she obeyed them. Albeit that she was a dissenter, she interested the Vicar of Wakefield in her spiritual welfare. She convinced Miriam that she was a good cook; pleased Alfonsus by her deference to his judgment of poetry, and won Stephen from Amanda in the first engagement. She was queen of all she croqueted, both when she took a mallet, and when she attracted Martin to

the seat beneath the tree that shades the middle wicket.

Martin measured the world with the foot-rule of Le Sack. When that Papanti of Queen Anne's reign heard that Harley had been made prime minister, and Earl of Oxford, he was thunderstruck. "Why," said he, "I could never make anything out of him!" No belle at the Castle but was proud to be led out by Martin in the German, of which he was the *sine quo non*. And when Day came from Boston to play for us, it was Day and Martin who gave a brilliant polish to the evening.

In some quarters, Martin was deemed a reprehensible person. One mamma declared that she never would let her daughter dance with such a man; but she was convinced by Aurelia's observation that "no one person can remodel the universe." There is no royal road to matrimony, and the bypaths are unsafe. Society stakes out the highway for marriageable daughters, — society, which regards conduct or character much less than mann nd those minor morals that affect rs, and which sets aside its own la- tions in favor of a first-rate er. Landor declared, according to r- son, that nothing had stood mor is way in life than the not being od dancer. Martin exemplified th- verse proposition, that to a good r all things are possible, — a propo n nowhere more free from exception in America. The fashionable so of New York is composed of y people from seventeen to twenty years of age, who come together to drink, and dance. In which of cities is more honor paid to a good h or a sound heart than to the agile t What a thrill the announcement t Mr. Robert Paris, just arrived, was best dancer of New York, sent throu Tempe! How the whisper ran fr veranda to veranda! And how gr was the disappointment when it turn out that he was only one of the be and that he did n't know "the Bost step"!

VIX.

WHEN the work on the Central Park had fairly commenced, in the spring of 1858, I found — or I fancied — that proper attention to my scattered duties made it necessary that I should have a saddle-horse.

How easily, by the way, the arguments that convince us of these pleasant necessities find their way to the understanding.

Yet, how to subsist a horse after buying one, and how to buy? The memory of a well-bred and keen-eyed gray, dating back to the earliest days of my boyhood, and forming the chief feature of my recollection of play-time for years; an idle propensity, not a whit dulled yet, to linger over Leech's long-necked hunters, and Herring's field scenes; an almost superstitious faith in the different analyses of the bones of the racer and of the cart-horse; a firm belief in Frank Forrester's teachings of the value of "blood," — all these conspired to narrow my range of selection, and, unfortunately, to confine it to a very expensive class of horses.

Unfortunately, again, the commissioners of the Park had extremely inconvenient ideas of economy and evidently did not consider, in fixing their schedule of salaries, how much more satisfactory our positions would have been with more generous emolument.

How a man with only a Park salary, and with a family to support, could set up a saddle-horse, — and not ride to the

dogs, — was a question that exercised not a little of my engineering talent for weeks; and many an odd corner of plans and estimates was figured over with calculations of the cost of forage and shoeing.

Stable-room was plenty and free in the condemned buildings of the former occupants, and a little "over time" of one of the men would suffice for the grooming.

I finally concluded that, by giving up cigars, and devoting my energies to the pipe in their stead, I could save enough to pay for my horse's keep; and so, the ways and means having, in this somewhat vague manner, been provided, the next step was to buy a horse. To tell of the days passed at auction sales in the hope (never there realized) of finding goodness and cheapness combined, — of the stationery wasted in answering advertisements based on every conceivable form of false pretence; to describe the numberless broken-kneed, broken-winded, and broken-down brutes that came under inspection, — would be tedious and cruel.

Good horses there were, of course, though very few good saddle-horses (America is not productive in this direction), — and the possible animals were held at impossible prices.

Those who rode over the new Park lands usually rode anything but good saddle-horses. Fast trotters, stout ponies, tolerable carriage-horses, capital cart-horses there were in plenty. But the clean-cut, thin-crested, bright-eyed, fine-eared, steel-limbed saddle-horse, the saddle-horse *par excellence*, — may I say the only saddle-horse? — rarely came under observation; and when, by exception, such a one did appear, he was usually so ridden that his light was sadly dimmed. It was hard to recognize an elastic step under such an unelastic seat.

Finally, in the days of my despair, a kind saddler, — kept to his daily awl by a too keen eye for sport, and still, I believe, a victim to his propensity for laying his money on the horse that ought to win but don't, — hearing of my ambition (to him the most laudable of all ambitions), came to put me on the long-sought path.

He knew a mare, or he had known one, that would exactly suit me. She was in a bad way now, and a good deal run down, but he always thought she "had it in her," and that some gentleman ought to keep her for the saddle, — "which, in my mind, sir, she be the finest bit of 'orse-flesh that was hever imported, sir." That was enough. "Imported" decided my case, and I listened eagerly to the enthusiastic story, — a story to which this man's life was bound with threads of hard-earned silver, and not less by a real honest love for a fine animal. He had never been much given to saving, but he was a good workman, and the little he had saved had been blown away in the dust that clouded his favorite at the tail of the race.

Still, he attached himself to her person, and followed her in her disgrace. "She were n't quite quick enough for the turf, sir, but she be a good 'un for a gentleman's 'ack."

He had watched her for years, and scraped acquaintance with her different owners as fast as she had changed them, and finally, when she was far gone with pneumonia, he had accepted her as a gift, and, by careful nursing, had cured her. Then, for a time, he rode her himself, and his eye brightened as he told of her leaps and her stride. Of course he rode her to the races, and — one luckless day — when he had lost everything, and his passion had got the better of his prudence, he staked the mare herself on a perfectly sure thing in two-mile-heats. Like most of the "sure things" of life, this venture went to the bad, and the mare was lost, — lost to a Bull's Head dealer in single driving horses. "I see her in his stable ahfter that, sir; and, forbieten she were twelve year old, sir, and 'ad 'ad a 'ard life of it, she were the youngest and likeliest of the lot, — you 'd swore she were a three-year-old, sir."

If that dealer had had a soul above trotting-wagons, my story would never

have been written; but all was fish that came to his net, and this thorough-bred racer, this beautiful creature who had never worn harness in her life, must be shown to a purchaser who was seeking something to drive. She was always quick to decide, and her actions followed close on the heels of her thought. She did not complicate matters by waiting for the gentleman to get into the wagon, but then and there — on the instant — kicked it to kindlings. This ended the story. She had been shown at a high figure, and was subsequently sold for a song, — he could tell me no more. She had passed to the lower sphere of equine life and usefulness, — he *had* heard of a fish-wagon, but he knew nothing about it. What he did know was, that the dealer was a dreadful jockey, and that it would never do to ask him. Now, here was something to live for, — a sort of princess in disgrace, whom it would be an honor to rescue, and my horse-hunting acquired a new interest.

By easy stages, I cultivated the friendship of the youth who, in those days, did the morning's sweeping-out at the Bull's Head Hotel. He had grown up in the alluring shades of the horse-market, and his daily communion from childhood had been with that "noble animal." To him horses were the individuals of the world, — men their necessary attendants, and of only attendant importance. Of course he knew of this black she-devil; and he thought that "a hoss that could trot like she could on the halter" must be crazy not to go in harness.

However, he thought she had got her deserts now, for he had seen her, only a few weeks before, "a-draggin' clams for a feller in the Tenth Avener." Here was a clew at last, — clams and the Tenth Avenue. For several days the scent grew cold. The people of the Licensed Vender part of this street seemed to have little interest in their neighbors' horses; but I found one man, an Irish grocer, who had been bred a stable-boy to the Marquis of Waterford, and who did know of a "poor old screw of a black mare" that had a good head, and might be the one I was looking for; but, if she was, he thought I might as well give it up, for she was all broken down, and would never be good for anything again.

Taking the address, I went to a stable-yard, in what was then the very edge of the town, and here I found a knowing young man, who devoted his time to peddling clams and potatoes between New York and Sing Sing. Clams up, and potatoes down, — twice every week, — distance thirty miles; road hilly; and that was the wagon he did it with, — a heavy wagon with a heavy arched top, and room for a heavy load, and only shafts for a single horse. In reply to my question, he said he changed horses pretty often, because the work broke them down; but he had a mare now that had been at it for three months, and he thought she would last some time longer. "She 's pretty thin, but you ought to see her trot with that wagon." With an air of idle curiosity, I asked to see her, — I had gone shabbily dressed, not to excite suspicion; for men of the class I had to treat with are usually sharp horse-traders, — and this fellow, clam-peddler though he was, showed an enthusiastic alacrity in taking me to her stall. She had won even his dull heart, and he spoke of her gently, as he made the most of her good points, and glossed over her wretched condition.

Poor Vixen (that had been her name in her better days, and it was to be her name again), she had found it hard kicking against the pricks! Clam-carts are stronger than trotting-wagons, and even her efforts had been vain. She had succumbed to dire necessity, and earned her ignoble oats with dogged fidelity. She had a little warm corner in her driver's affections, — as she always had in the affections of all who came to know her well, — but her lot was a very hard one. Worn to a skeleton, with sore galls wherever the harness had pressed her, her pasterns bruised by clumsy shoes, her silky coat burned brown by the sun, and her neck curved

upward, it would have needed more than my knowledge of anatomy to see anything good in her but for her wonderful head. This was the perfection of a horse's head, — small, bony, and of perfect shape, with keen, deer-like eyes, and thin, active ears; it told the whole story of her virtues, and showed no trace of her sufferings. Her royal blood shone out from her face, and kept it beautiful.

My mind was made up, and Vixen must be mine at any cost. Still, it was important to me to buy as cheaply as I could, and desirable, above all, not to be jockeyed in a horse-trade; so it required some diplomacy (an account of which would not be edifying here) to bring the transaction to its successful close. The pendulum which swung between offer and demand finally rested at seventy-five dollars.

She was brought to me at the Park on a bright moonlight evening in June, and we were called out to see her. I think she knew that her harness days were over, and she danced off to her new quarters as gay as a colt in training. That night my wakefulness would have done credit to a boy of sixteen; and I was up with the dawn, and bound for a ride; but when I examined poor Vix again in her stable, it seemed almost cruel to think of using her at all for a month. She was so thin, so worn, so bruised, that I determined to give her a long rest and good care, — only I must try her once, just to get a leg over her for five minutes, and then she should come back and be cared for until really well. It was a weak thing to do, and I confess it with all needful humiliation, but I mounted her at once; and, although I had been a rider all my days, this was the first time I had ever really ridden. For the first time in my life I felt as though I had four whalebone legs of my own, worked by steel muscles in accordance with my will, but without even a conscious effort of will.

That that anatomy of a horse should so easily, so playfully, handle my heavy weight was a mystery, and is a mystery still. She carried me in the same high, long-reaching, elastic trot that we sometimes see a young horse strike when first turned into a field. A low fence was near by, and I turned her toward it. She cleared it with a bound that sent all my blood thrilling through my veins, and trotted on again as though nothing had occurred. The five minutes' turn was taken with so much ease, with such evident delight, that I made it a virtue to indulge her with a longer course and a longer stride. We went to the far corners of the Park, and tried all our paces; all were marvellous for the power so easily exerted and the evident power in reserve.

Yes, Frank Forester was right, blood horses are made of finer stuff than others. My intention of giving the poor old mare a month's rest was never carried out, because each return to her old recreation — it was never work — made it more evident that the simple change in her life was all she needed; and, although in constant use from the first, she soon put on the flesh and form of a sound horse. Her minor bruises were obliterated, and her more grievous ones grew into permanent scars, — blemishes, but only skin deep; for every fibre of every muscle, and every tendon and bone in her whole body, was as strong and supple as spring steel.

The Park afforded good leaping in those days. Some of the fences were still standing around the abandoned gardens, and new ditches and old brooks were plenty. Vixen gave me lessons in fencing which a few years later, in time of graver need, stood me in good stead. She weighed less than four times the weight that she carried; yet she cleared a four-foot fence with apparent ease, and once, in a moment of excitement, she carried me over a brook, with a clear leap of twenty-six feet, measured from the taking-off to the landing.

Her feats of endurance were equal to her feats of strength. I once rode her from Yorkville to Rye (twenty-one miles) in an hour and forty-five minutes, including a rest of twenty minutes at Pelham Bridge, and I frequently rode twenty-

five miles out in the morning and back in the afternoon. When put to her work, her steady road gallop (mostly on the grassy sides) was fifteen miles an hour.

Of course these were extreme cases; but she never showed fatigue from them, and she did good service nearly every day, winter and summer, from her twelfth to her fifteenth year, keeping always in good condition, though thin as a racer, and looking like a colt at the end of the time. Horsemen never guessed her age at more than half of what it actually was.

Beyond the average of even the most intelligent horses, she showed some almost human traits. Above all was she fond of children, and would quiet down from her wildest moods to allow a child to be carried on the pommel. When engaged in this serious duty, it was difficult to excite her, or to urge her out of a slow and measured pace, although usually ready for any extravagance. Not the least marked of her peculiarities was her inordinate vanity. On a country road, or among the workmen of the Park, she was as staid and business-like as a parson's cob; but let a carriage or a party of visitors come in sight, and she would give herself the prancing airs of a circus horse, seeming to watch as eagerly for some sign of approval, and to be made as happy by it, as though she only lived to be admired. Many a time have I heard the exclamation, "What a beautiful horse!" and Vix seemed to hear it too, and to appreciate it quite as keenly as I did. A trip down the Fifth Avenue in the afternoon was an immense excitement to her, and she was more fatigued by it than by a twenty-mile gallop. However slowly she travelled, it was always with the high springing action of a fast trot, or with that long-stepping, side-long action that the French call *à deux pistes;* few people allowed us to pass without admiring notice.

Her most satisfactory trait was her fondness for her master; she was as good company as a dog, — better, perhaps, because she seemed more really a part of one's self; and she seemed always to respond to my changing moods. I have sometimes, when unable to sleep, got up in the night and saddled for a ride, usually ending in a long walk home, with the bridle over my arm, and the old mare's kind face close beside my own, in something akin to human sympathy; she had a way of sighing, when things were especially sad, that made her very comforting to have about. So we went on for three years, always together, and always very much to each other. We had our little unhappy episodes, when she was pettish and I was harsh, — sometimes her feminine freaks were the cause, sometimes my masculine blundering, — but we always made it up, and were soon good friends again, and, on the whole, we were both better for the friendship. I am sure that I was, and some of my more grateful recollections are connected with this dumb companion.

The spring of 1861 opened a new life for both of us, — a sad and a short one for poor Vix.

I never knew just how much influence she had in getting my commission, but, judging by the conduct of the other field officers of the regiment, she was evidently regarded as the better half of the new acquisition. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war suited her temper exactly, and it was ludicrous to see her satisfaction in first wearing her gorgeous red-bordered shabrack; for a long time she carried her head on one side to see it. She conceived a new affection for me from the moment when she saw me bedecked with the dazzling bloom that preceded the serious fruitage of the early New York volunteer organizations.

At last the thrilling day came. Broadway was alive from end to end with flags and white cambric and sad faces. Another thousand were going to the war. With Swiss bugle-march and chanted Marseillaise, we made our solemn way through the grave and anxious throng. To us it was naturally a day of sore trial; but with brilliant, happy Vixen it was far different; she

was leaving no friends behind, was going to meet no unknown peril. She was showing her royal, stylish beauty to an admiring crowd, and she acted as though she took to her own especial behoof every cheer that rang from Union Square to Cortlandt Street. It was the glorious day of her life, and, as we dismounted at the Jersey ferry, she was trembling still with the delightful excitement.

At Washington we were encamped east of the Capitol, and for a month were busy in getting settled in the new harness. Mr. Lincoln used to drive out sometimes to our evening drill, and he always had a pleasant word — as he always had for every one, and as every one had for her — for my charming thorough-bred, who had made herself perfectly at home with the troops, and enjoyed every display of the marvellous raiment of the regiment.

On the 4th of July we crossed the Potomac and went below Alexandria, where we lay in idle preparation for the coming disaster. On the 16th we marched, in Blenker's brigade of Miles's division, and we passed the night in a hay-field, with a confusion of horses' feed and riders' bed, that brought Vix and me very closely together. On the 18th we reached the valley this side of Centreville, while the skirmish of Blackburn's Ford was going on, — a skirmish now, but a battle then. For three nights and two days we lay in the bushes, waiting for rations and orders. On Sunday morning McDowell's army moved out; — we all know the rest. Miles's thirteen thousand fresh troops lay within sight and sound of the lost battle-field, — he drunk and unable, even if not unwilling, to take them to the rescue, — and all we did was, late in the evening, to turn back a few troopers of the Black Horse Cavalry, the moral effect of whose unseen terrors was driving our herds, panting, back to the Potomac. Late in the night we turned our backs on our idle field, and brought up the rear of the sad retreat. Our regiment was the last to move out, and Vix and I were with the rear-guard. Wet, cold, tired, hungry, unpursued, we crept slowly through the scattered *débris* of the broken-up camp equipage, and dismally crossed the Long Bridge in a pitiless rain, as Monday's evening was closing in. O, the dreadful days that followed, when a dozen resolute men might have taken Washington, and have driven the army across the Chesapeake, when everything was filled with gloom and rain and grave uncertainty!

Again the old mare came to my aid. My regiment was not a pleasant one to be with, for its excellent material did not redeem its very bad commander, and I longed for service with the cavalry. Frémont was going to St. Louis, and his chief of staff was looking for cavalry officers. He had long known Vixen, and was kind enough to tell me that he wanted *her* for the new organization, and (as I was her necessary appendage) he procured my transfer, and we set out for the West. It was not flattering to me to be taken on these grounds; but it was flattering to Vixen, and that was quite as pleasant.

Arrived at St. Louis, we set about the organization of the enthusiastic thousands who rushed to serve under Frémont. Whatever there was of ostentatious display, Vixen and I took part in, but this was not much. Once we turned out in great state to receive Prince Plon-Plon, but that was in the night, and he didn't come after all. Once again there was a review of all the troops, and that *was* magnificent. This was all. There was no coach and four, nor anything else, but downright hard work from early morning till late bed-time, from Sunday morning till Saturday night. For six weeks, while my regiment of German horsemen was fitting up and drilling at the Abbey Race-track, I rode a cart-horse, and kept the mare in training for the hard work ahead.

At last, we were off, going up the Missouri, sticking in its mud, poling over its shoals, and being bored generally. At Jefferson City Vixen made her last appearance in ladies' society,

as by the twilight fires of the General's camp she went through her graceful paces before Mrs. Frémont and her daughter. I pass over the eventful pursuit of Price's army, because the subject of my story played only a passive part in it. At Springfield I tried her nerve by jumping her over the dead horses on brave Zagonyi's bloody field; and, although distastefully, she did my bidding without flinching, when she found it must be done. The camp-life at Springfield was full of excitement and earnestness; Price, with his army, was near at hand (or we believed that he was, which was the same thing). Our work in the cavalry was very active, and Vix had hard service on insufficient food, — she seemed to be sustained by sheer nervous strength.

At last the order to advance was given, and we were to move out at daybreak; then came a countermanding order; and then, late in the evening, Frémont's farewell. He had been relieved. There was genuine and universal grief. Good or bad, competent or incompetent, — this is not the place to argue that, — he was the life and the soul of his army, and it was cruelly wronged in his removal. Spiritless and full of disappointment, we again turned back from our aim; — then would have been Price's opportunity.

It was the loveliest Indian-summer weather, and the wonderful opal atmosphere of the Ozark Mountains was redolent with the freshness of a second spring. As had always been my habit in dreamy or unhappy moods, I rode my poor tired mare for companionship's sake, — I ought not to have done it, — I would give much not to have done it, for I never rode her again. The march was long, and the noonday sun was oppressive. She, who had never faltered before grew nervous and shaky now, and once, after fording the Pomme-de-Terre in deep water, she behaved wildly; but when I talked to her, called her a good girl, and combed her silken mane with my fingers, she came back to her old way, and went on nicely. Still she perspired unnaturally, and I felt uneasy about her when I dismounted and gave her rein to Rudolf, my orderly.

Late in the night, when the moon was in mid-heaven, he came to my tent, and told me that something was the matter with Vixen. My adjutant and I rushed out, and there we beheld her in the agony of a brain fever. She was the most painfully magnificent animal I ever saw. Crouched on the ground, with her fore legs stretched out and wide apart, she was swaying to and fro, with hard and stertorous breath, — every vein swollen and throbbing in the moonlight. De Grandèle, our quiet veterinary surgeon, had been called while it was yet time to apply the lancet. As the hot stream spurted from her neck she grew easier; her eye recovered its gentleness, and she laid her head against my breast with the old sigh, and seemed to know and to return all my love for her. I sat with her until the first gray of dawn, when she had grown quite calm, and then I left her with De Grandèle and Rudolf while I went to my duties. We must march at five o'clock, and poor Vixen could not be moved. The thought of leaving her was very bitter, but I feared it must be done, and I asked De Grandèle how he could best end her sufferings, — or was there still some hope? He shook his head mournfully, like a kind-hearted doctor as he was, and said that he feared not; but still, as I was so fond of her, if I would leave him six men, he would do his best to bring her on, and, if he could not, he would not leave her alive. I have had few harder duties than to march that morning. Four days after De Grandèle sent a message to me at our station near Rolla, that he was coming on nicely, and hoped to be in at nightfall. "Vixen seems to be better and stronger." At nightfall they came, the poor old creature stepping slowly and timidly over the rough road, all the old fire and force gone out of her, and with only a feeble whinny as she saw me walking to meet her. We built for her the best quarters we could under the mountain-side, and spread

her a soft bed of leaves. There was now hope that she would recover sufficiently to be sent to St. Louis to be nursed.

That night, an infernal brute of a troop horse that had already killed Ludlow's charger, led by some fiendish spirit, broke into Vixen's enclosure, and with one kick laid open her hock joint.

In vain they told me that she was incurable. I could not let her die now, when she was just restored to me; and I forced from De Grandèle the confession that she *might* be slung up and so bound that the wound would heal, although the joint must be stiff. She could never carry me again, but she could be my pet; and I would send her home, and make her happy for many a long year yet. We moved camp two miles, to the edge of the town, and she followed, painfully and slowly, the injured limb dragging behind her; I could not give her up. She was picketed near my tent, and for some days grew no worse.

Finally, one lovely Sunday morning, I found her sitting on her haunches like a dog, patient and gentle, and wondering at her pain. She remained in this position all day, refusing food. I stroked her velvet crest, and coaxed her with sugar. She rubbed her nose against my arm, and was evidently thankful for my caresses, but she showed no disposition to rise. The adjutant led me into my tent as he would have led me from the bedside of a dying friend. I turned to look back at poor Vixen, and she gave me a little neigh of farewell.

They told me then, and they told it very tenderly, that there was no possibility that she could get well in camp, and that they wanted me to give her over to them. The adjutant sat by me, and talked of the old days when I had had her at home, and when he had known her well. We brought back all of her pleasant ways, and agreed that her trouble ought to be ended.

As we talked, a single shot was fired, and all was over. The setting sun was shining through the bare November branches, and lay warm in my open tent-front. The band, which had been brought out for the only funeral ceremony, breathed softly Kreutzer's touching "Die Capelle," and the sun went down on one of the very sad days of my life.

The next morning I carved deeply in the bark of a great oak-tree, at the side of the Pacific Railroad, beneath which they had buried my lovely mare, a simple VIX; and some day I shall go to scrape the moss from the inscription.

THRIFT.

MY ships are blown about the world,
From Heart's Content to iceless Ind;
The tides play out, the winds come down,
And perils follow tide and wind.

When Fancy tricks me into dreams,
I see my love in royal rooms,—
More than a queen when all are queens,
And kings beside her seem like grooms.

Meanwhile she spins her wheel indoors,
Beginning when the days begin;
"We shall not want,"—her very words,—
"Though never ship of thine come in."

A WEEK ON CAPRI.

LOOKING seaward from Naples, the island of Capri lies across the throat of the bay like a vast natural breakwater, grand in all its proportions, and marvellously picturesque in outline. The fancy is at once excited, and seeks to find some definite figure therein. Long ago, an English traveller compared it to a couchant lion; Jean Paul, on the strength of some picture he had seen, pronounced it to be a sphinx; while Gregorovius, most imaginative of all, finds that it is "an antique sarcophagus, with bass-reliefs of snaky-haired Eumenides, and the figure of Tiberius lying upon it."

Capri is not strictly a by-way of travel, inasmuch as most of the tourists who come to Naples take the little bay-steamer, visit the Blue Grotto, touch an hour at the *marina*, or landing-place, and return the same evening *via* Sorrento. But this is like reading a title-page, instead of the volume behind it. The few who climb the rock, and set themselves quietly down to study the life and scenery of the island, find an entire poem, to which no element of beauty or interest is wanting, opened for their perusal. Like Venice, Capri is a permanent island in the traveller's experience, — detached from the mainland of Italian character and associations. It is not a grand dramatic epic, to which light waves keep time, tinkling on the marble steps; but a bright, breezy pastoral of the sea, with a hollow, rumbling undertone of the Past, like that of the billows in its caverns. Venice has her generations, her ages of heroic forms: here one sole figure, supremely fierce and abominable, usurps the historic background. Not only that: its shadow is projected over the life of the island, now and for all time to come. Here, where Nature has placed terror and beauty side by side, the tragedy of one man is inextricably blended with the idyllic annals of a simple, innocent people. To feel this, one must live a little while on Capri.

It was nearly the end of January, when Antonio, our boatman, announced that we had the "one day out of a dozen," for crossing the ten miles of sea between Sorrento and the island. I had my doubts, placing my own weather-instinct against the boatman's need of making a good fare in a dull season; but we embarked, nevertheless. The ripple of a sirocco could even then be seen far out on the bay, and a cloudy wall of rain seemed to be rising from the sea. "Non c'è paura," said the sailors; "we have a god-mother at the marina of Capri, and we are going to burn a lamp for her to-night. She will give us good weather." They pulled gayly, and we soon passed the headland of Sorrento, beyond which the mouth of the Bay of Naples opened broadly to view. Across the water, Ischia was already dim with rain; and right in front towered Capri, huge, threatening, and to the eye inaccessible but for the faint glimmer of houses at the landing-place.

Here we met the heavy swell rolling in from the sea. The men bent to their oars, with cries of "Hal-li! maccheroni à Capri!" The spray of the coming rain struck us, but it was light and warm. Antonio set the sail, and we steered directly across the strait, the sky becoming darker and wilder every minute. The bold Cape of Minerva, with its Odyssean memories, and the Leap of Tiberius, on Capri, were the dim landmarks by which we set our course. It was nearly two hours before we came to windward of the latter, and I said to Antonio: "It is one day out of a dozen for cold and wet." He was silent, and made an attempt to look melancholy. However, the rocks already overhung us; in front was a great curving sweep of gardens, mounting higher and ever higher in the twilight;

and the only boat we had seen on the deserted bay drew in towards us, and made for the roadstead.

The row of fishermen's houses on the beach beckoned welcome after the dreary voyage. At first I saw no human being, but presently some women and children appeared, hurrying to the strand. A few more lifts on the dying swell, and our keel struck the shore. The sailors jumped into the water; one of the women planted a tall bench against the bow, and over this bridge we were landed. There was already a crowd surrounding us with clamors for gifts and service. The woman with the bench was the noisiest: "It is mine!" she continually cried, — "*I* brought it!" I gave her a copper coin, expecting, after my Neapolitan experiences, to hear wilder cries for more; but she only uttered, "Eh? due bajocchi!" in an indescribable tone, shouldered her bench, and walked away. Antonio picked out two maidens, piled our baggage upon their heads, and we set off for the town of Capri. The clamorous crowd dissolved at once: there was neither insult nor pursuit. It was a good-humored demonstration of welcome, — nothing more.

It was but a single step from the strand — the only little fragment of beach on ten miles of inaccessible shore — to the steep and stony pathway leading up the height. It still rained, and the night was rapidly falling. High garden walls further darkened the way, which was barely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, and the bed of which, collecting the rain from the steeps on either side, was like that of a mountain torrent. Before us marched the bare-legged porteresses, with astonishing lightness and swiftness, while we plodded after, through the rattling waters, often slipping on the wet stones, and compelled to pause at every corner to regain our breath. The bright houses on the ridge overhead shone as if by their own light, crowning the dusky gardens, and beckoning us upwards.

After nearly half an hour of such climbing, we emerged from between the walls. A vast, hollow view opened dimly down to the sea for a moment; then we passed under an arch, and found ourselves in the little square of the town, which is planted on the crest of the island, at its lowest point. There are not forty feet of level ground: the pavement falls to both shores. A few paces down the southern slope brought us to a large white mansion, beside which the crown of a magnificent palm-tree rustled in the wind. This was the hostelry of Don Michele Pagano, known to all artists who have visited Capri for the last twenty years. A stately entrance, an ample staircase, and lofty, vaulted chambers, gave the house a palatial air, as we came into it out of the stormy night. The two maidens, who had carried forty pounds apiece on their heads, were not in the least flushed by their labor. The fee I gave seemed to me very small, but they were so well pleased that Antonio's voice, demanding, "Why don't you thank the Signore?" made them start out of a dream, — perhaps of pork and macaroni. At once, like children saying their lessons, they dipped a deep courtesy, side by side, saying, "Grazie, Signore!" I then first saw how pretty they were, how bright their eyes, how dazzling their teeth, and how their smiles flashed as they said "Good night!" Meanwhile, Don Michele's daughter had kindled a fire on the hearth, there was a promise of immediate dinner, and we began to like Capri from that moment.

My first walk satisfied me that no one can make acquaintance with the island, from a boat. Its sea-walls of rock are so enormous, that they hide almost its entire habitable portion from view. In order to make any description of its scenery clear to the reader, the prominent topographical features must be first sketched. Capri lies due south of Naples, its longer diameter running east and west, so that it presents its full broadside to the capital. Its outline, on the ground plan, is that of a short, broad-topped boot, the toe pointing towards the Sorrentine head-

land. The breadth, across the top, or western end, is two miles; and the length of the island is about four miles. The town of Capri lies just at the top of the instep, where the ankle is narrowest, occupying also the crest between the northern and southern shores. Immediately to the west of it rises a tremendous mountain-wall, only to be scaled at one point. All the island beyond this wall is elevated considerably above the eastern half, the division being also municipal and social. The eastern part, however, possesses the only landing-places on both shores, whence it is the most animated and populous, claiming at least two thirds of the entire number of five thousand souls on the island. The most elevated points are the Salto (leap) di Tiberio, the extreme eastern cape, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the sea; and Monte Solaro, a part of the dividing wall which I have just mentioned, about double the height of the Salto. In addition to the landing-place on the northern shore, there is a little cove just opposite, below the town, where boats can land in still weather. Elsewhere, the rocks descend to the water in a sheer wall, from one to eight hundred feet in height. Although so near Naples, the winds from the mountains of the Peninsula are somewhat softened in crossing the bay, and the winter temperature is about ten degrees higher in consequence.

When we crossed the little square of the town to the entrance-gate, on the morning after our arrival, there was a furious *tramontana* blowing. The whole circuit of the Bay of Naples was visible, drawn in hard, sharp outlines, and the blue basin of water was freckled with thousands of shifting white-caps. The resemblance of the bay to a vast volcanic crater struck my fancy: the shores and islands seem to be the ruins of its rim. Such a wind, in Naples, would have been intolerable: here it was only strong at exposed points, and its keen edge was gone. We turned eastward, along a narrow, dirty street, to get into the country. In a hundred yards the town ceased, and the heavy walls gave place to enormous hedges of cactus. A boy, walking the same way, asked: "Are you going to Timberio" (Tiberius)? The ruins of the Villa Jovis, the principal palace of the Emperor, were already to be seen, on the summit of the eastern headland of the island. Along a roughly paved lane, under the shade of carob and olive trees, we finally came to a large country-house in a most picturesque state of ruin. A crumbling archway, overhung by a fringe of aloes, which had thrust their roots between the stones, attracted my attention, and I began to sketch it. Not many minutes elapsed before five or six boys came out, and watched me from the arch. They would have been good accessories, but, whenever I looked at one, he got out of the way. Presently they brought an aloe, and set it upon the rocks; but, seeing that I paid no attention to it, one of them remarked with a grimace, "No butiglia,"—meaning that he expected no gratuity from me. They were lively, good-natured imps, and so it was a pleasure to disappoint them agreeably.

We went also down the southern slope of the island, and came at random into the Val Tragara, — a peaceful solitude, where twenty-five centuries of labor have turned the hostile rocks into tiers of ever-yielding gardens. One range of these is supported upon arches of masonry that formerly upheld the highway which Tiberius constructed between his palaces. I afterwards found other traces of the road, leading in easy zigzags to the site of the fourth palace on San Michele. Descending deeper in the Val Tragara we missed the main path, and stumbled down the channels of the rain between clumps of myrtle and banks whereon the red anemone had just begun to open its blossoms. The olive-trees, sheltered from the wind, were silent, and their gray shadows covered the suggestive mystery of the spot. For here Tiberius is supposed to have hidden those rites of the insane Venus to which Suetonius and Tacitus so darkly allude.

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

A single almond-tree, in flower, made its own sunshine in the silvery gloom; and the secluded beauties of the place tempted us on, until the path dropped into a ravine, which fell towards the sea. Following the line of the ancient arches there is another path — the only level walk on the island — leading to a terrace above the three pointed rocks off the southern coast, called the Faraglioni. In the afternoon, when all the gardens and vineyards from the edge of the white cliffs to the town along the ridge lie in light, and the huge red and gray walls beyond, literally piled against the sky, are in hazy shadow, the views from this path are poems written in landscape forms. One does not need to remember that here once was Rome; that beyond the sea lie Sicily and Carthage; that Augustus consecrated the barren rock below to one of his favorites, and jested with Thrasyllus at one of his last feasts. The delight of the eye fills you too completely; and Capri, as you gaze, is released from its associations, classic and diabolic. If Nature was here profaned by Man, she has long ago washed away the profanation. Her pure air and healthy breezes tolerate no moral diseases. Such were brought hither; but they took no root, and have left no trace, except in the half-fabulous "Timberio" of the people.

It is time to visit the Villa Jovis, the Emperor's chief residence. The *tramontana* still blew, when we set out; but, as I said, it had lost its sharp edge in coming over the bay, and was deliciously bracing. As the gulf opened below us, after passing Monte San Michele, we paused to look at the dazzling panorama. Naples was fair in sight; and the smoke of Vesuvius, following the new lava, seemed nearly to have reached Torre del Greco. While we were studying the volcano through a glass, a tall man in Scotch cap and flannel shirt came up, stopped, and addressed us in Italian.

"You see that white house yonder on the cliff?" said he; "a Signore Inglese lives there. It's a nice place, a beautiful situation. There's the place for the cows, and there are the columbaria, and all sorts of things. It's what they call a *quinta* in Portugal."

"Is the Englishman married?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied; "I believe there's a certain woman in the house."

I handed him the glass, which he held to his eye for five minutes, without saying a word. Suddenly he broke out in English: "Yes, as you say, the powdery appearance — the — ah, the sudden change! Boreal weather, you know; but the indications seem to me, having watched and kept the thing in view, quite, — ah, — *quite* of *your* opinion!"

I was speechless, as may easily be imagined; and, before I could guess what to reply, he handed me the glass, took off his cap, said: "Here's hoping, — ah, wishing, that we may meet again, — *perhaps!*" and went off with tremendous strides.

"Who is that, Augusto?" I asked of the small Caprese boy who carried our books and umbrellas.

"Un Signo' Inglese."

"Is anything the matter with him?"

"È un po' pazzo" (a little cracked).

"Where does he live?"

"Yonder!" said Augusto, pointing to the very house, and place for the cows, and the columbaria, to which the gentleman himself had called my attention. It was his own house! The "certain woman," I afterwards learned, was his legal wife, a girl of Capri. As for himself, he bears a name noted in literature, and is the near relative of three authors.

Two pleasant girls kept us company a little farther, and then we went on alone, by a steep, slippery path, paved with stone, between the poor little fields of fig and olive. The patches of wheat were scarcely bigger than cottage flower-beds, and in many places a laborious terrace supported only ground enough to produce a half-peck of grain. Lupines and horse-beans are the commonest crop at this season. Along our path

bloomed "the daisy-star that never sets," with anemone and golden broom. The Villa Jovis was full in view, and not distant; but the way first led us to the edge of the cliffs on the southeastern side of the island. From a rough pulpit of masonry we looked down on the wrinkled sea near a thousand feet below. The white-caps were but the tiniest sprinkles of silver on its deep-blue ground.

As we mounted towards the eastern headland, the tremendous walls of the western half of Capri rose bold and bright against the sky; but the arcs of the sea horizon, on either side, were so widely extended that they nearly clasped behind Monte Solaro. It was a wonderful, an indescribable view; how can I give it in words? Here I met an old man, in a long surtout, who stopped and conversed a minute in French. He was a soldier of Napoleon, now the keeper of a little restaurant at the Salto di Tiberio, and had just been made happy by the cross and a pension. The restaurant was opened by a peasant, and we passed through it to the Salto. A protecting rampart of masonry enables you to walk to the very brink. The rock falls a thousand feet, and so precipitously that the victims flung hence must have dropped into the waves. We looked directly across the strait to the Cape of Minerva, and towards Salerno as well as Naples. The snow-crowned Monte Sant' Angelo, rising in the centre, gave the peninsula a broad pyramidal form, buttressed by the headlands on either side. The Isles of the Sirens were full in view; and, beyond them, the whole curve of the Salernic gulf, to the far Calabrian cape of Licosa. The distance was bathed in a flood of airy gold, and the gradations in the color of the sea, from pale amethyst to the darkest sapphire below us, gave astonishing breadth and depth to the immense perspective. But the wind, tearing round the point in furious gusts, seemed trying to snatch us over the rampart, and the horror of the height became insupportable.

Much of the plan of the Villa Jovis may still be traced. As we approached the ruins, which commence a few paces beyond the Salto, a woman made her appearance, and assumed the office of guide. "Here lived Timberio," said she; "he was a great man, a beautiful man, but O, he was a devil! Down there are seven chambers, which you can only see by torch-light; and here are the *piscine*, one for salt water and one for fresh; and now I 'll show you the mosaic pavement, — all made by Timberio. O, the devil that he was!" Timberio is the favorite demon of the people of Capri. I suspect they would not give him up for any consideration. A wine of the island is called the "Tears of Tiberius" (when did he ever shed any, I wonder?), just as the wine of Vesuvius is called the Tears of Christ. When I pointed to the distant volcano, whose plume of silver smoke was the sign of the active eruption, and said to the woman, "Timberio is at work yonder!" she nodded her head, and answered: "Ah, the devil! to be sure he is."

We picked our way through the ruins, tracing three stories of the palace, which must have been four, if not five, stories high on the land side. Some drums of marble columns are scattered about, bits of stucco remain at the bases of the walls; there is a corridor paved with mosaic, descending, curiously enough, in an inclined plane, and the ground-plan of a small theatre; but the rubbish left does not even hint of the former splendor. It is not one of those pathetic ruins which seem to appeal to men for preservation; it rather tries to hide itself from view, welcoming the broom, the myrtle, and the caper-shrub to root-hold in its masses of brick and mortar.

On the topmost platform of ruin is the little chapel of Santa Maria del Soccorso, together with the hermitage of a good-natured friar, who brings you a chair, offers you bits of Tiberian marble, and expects a modest alms. Here I found the wild Englishman, sitting on a stone bench beside the chapel. He pointed over the parapet to the aw-

ful precipice, and asked me: "Did you ever go over there? *I* did once, — to get some jonquils. You know the rock-jonquils are the finest." Then he took my glass, looked through it at the distant shores, and began to laugh. "This reminds me," said he, "of a man who was blown up with his house several hundred feet into the air. He was immensely frightened, when, all at once, he saw his neighbor's house beside him — blown up too. And the neighbor called out: 'How long do you think it will take us to get down again?' Cool, — was n't it?" Thereupon he went to the ladies of the party, whom he advised to go to the *marina*, and see the people catch shrimps. "It's a beautiful sight," he said. "The girls are so fresh and rosy, — but, then, so are the shrimps!"

It is no lost time, if you sit down upon a block of marble in the Villa Jovis, and dream a long, bewildering day-dream. Here it is almost as much a riot for the imagination to restore what once was, as to create what might be. The temples of Minerva and Apollo, across the strait, were both visible from this point. Looking over Capri, you place the second palace of Tiberius on the summit of Monte Tuoro, which rises against the sea on your right; the third on the southern side of the island, a little further; the fourth on Monte San Michele; the fifth and sixth beyond the town of Capri, near the base of the mountain wall. Roads connecting these piles of splendor cross the valleys on high arches, and climb the peaks in laborious curves. Beyond the bay, the headland of Misenum and the shores of Baiæ are one long glitter of marble. Villas and temples crown the heights of Puteoli, and stretch in an unbroken line to Neapolis. Here the vision grows dim, but you know what magnificence fills the whole sweep of the shore, — Portici and Pompeii and Stabiæ, growing visible again as the palaces shine above the rocks of Surrentum!

After the wonder that such things were, the next greatest wonder is that they have so utterly vanished. What is preserved is so fresh and solid that Time seems to have done the least towards their destruction. The masonry of Capri can scarcely have been carried away, while such quarries — still unexhausted — were supplied by the main-land; and the tradition is probably correct, that the palaces of Tiberius were razed to the ground immediately after his fall. The charms of the island were first discovered by Augustus. Its people were still Greek, in his day; and it belonged to the Greek Neapolis, to which he gave the larger and richer Ischia in exchange for it. The ruins of the Villa Jovis are supposed to represent, also, the site of his palace; and Tiberius, who learned diplomacy from the cunning Emperor, and crime from the Empress, his own mother, first came hither with him. A period of twenty or thirty years saw the splendors of Capri rise and fall. After Tiberius, the island ceased to have a history.

Every walk on these heights, whence you look out far over bays, seas, and shores, is unlike anything else in the world. It is surprising what varieties of scenery are embraced in this little realm. In the afternoon we saw another phase of it on the southern shore, at a point called the Marina Piccola. After passing below the town and the terraced fields, we came upon a wild slope, grown with broom and mastic and arbutus, among which cows were feeding. Here the island shelves down rapidly between two near precipices. The wind was not felt; the air was still and warm; and the vast, glittering sea basked in the sun. At the bottom we found three fishers' houses stuck among the rocks, more like rough natural accretions than the work of human hand; a dozen boats hauled up on the stones in a cove about forty feet in diameter; and one solitary man. Silence and savage solitude mark the spot. Eastward, the Faraglioni rise in gray-red, inaccessible cones; the ramparts of the Castello make sharp, crenelated zigzags on the sky, a thousand feet above one's head; and only a few

olive-groves, where Monte Tuoro falls into the Val Tragara, speak of cultivation. One might fancy himself to be upon some lone Pacific island. The fisher told us that in tempests the waves are hurled entirely over the houses, and the boats in the cove are then dashed to pieces. But in May, the quails, weary with their flight from Africa, land on the slope above, and are caught in nets by hundreds and thousands.

We had not yet exhausted the lower, or eastern, half of the island. Another morning was devoted to the Arco Naturale, on the southern coast, between Monte Tuoro and the Salto. Scrambling along a stony lane, between the laborious terraces of the Capri farmers, we soon reached the base of the former peak, where, completely hidden from view, lay a rich circular basin of level soil, not more than a hundred yards in diameter. Only two or three houses were visible; some boys, hoeing in a field at a distance, cried out, "Signo', un baioc'!" with needless iteration, as if the words were a greeting. Presently we came upon a white farm-house, out of which issued an old woman and four wild, frowzy girls, — all of whom attached themselves to us, and would not be shaken off.

We were already on the verge of the coast. Over the jagged walls of rock we saw the plain of Pæstum beyond the sea, which opened deeper and bluer beneath us with every step. The rich garden-basin and the amphitheatre of terraced fields on Monte Tuoro were suddenly shut from view. A perpendicular cliff of white rock arose on the right; and below some rough shelves wrought into fields stood the Natural Arch, like the front of a shattered Gothic cathedral. Its background was the sea, which shone through the open arch. High up on the left, over the pointed crags, stood a single rock shaped like a Rhine-wine beaker, holding its rounded cup to the sky. There is scarcely a wilder view on Capri.

Following the rough path by which the people reach their little fields, we clambered down the rocks, along the brink of steeps which threatened danger whenever the gusts of wind came around the point. The frowzy girls were at hand, and eager to help. When we declined, they claimed money for having given us their company, and we found it prudent to settle the bill at once. The slope was so steep that every brink of rock, from above, seemed to be the last between us and the sea. Our two boy-attendants went down somewhere, out of sight; and their song came up through the roar of the wind like some wild strain of the Sirens whose isles we saw in the distance. The rock is grandly arched, with a main portal seventy or eighty feet high, and two open windows at the sides.

Half-way down the cliff on the right is the grotto of Mitromania, — a name which the people, of course, have changed into "Matrimonio," as if the latter word had an application to Tiberius! There were some two hundred steps to descend, to a little platform of earth, under the overhanging cliffs. Here the path dropped suddenly into a yawning crevice, the floor of which was traversed with cracks, as if ready to plunge into the sea which glimmered up through them. Passing under the gloomy arch, we came upon a chamber of reticulated Roman masonry, built in a side cavity of the rock, which forms part of the main grotto or temple of Mithras. The latter is about one hundred feet deep and fifty wide, and opens directly towards the sunrise.

Antiquarians derive the name of the grotto from *Magnum Mithræ Antrum*. There seems to be no doubt as to its character: one can still perceive the exact spot where the statue of the god was placed, to catch the first beams of his own luminary, coming from Persia to be welcomed and worshipped on the steeps of Capri. It is difficult to say what changes time and earthquakes may not have wrought; but it seems probable that the ancient temple extended to the front of the cliffs, and terminated in a platform hanging over the sea. A Greek inscription found in this grotto associates it both with the

superstition and the cruelty of Tiberius. I have not seen the original, which is in the Museum at Naples, but here repeat it from the translation of Gregorovius: —

"Ye who inhabit the Stygian land, beneficent demons,
Me, the unfortunate, take ye also now to your Hades, —
Me, whom not the will of the gods, but the power of the Ruler,
Suddenly smote with death, which, guiltless, I never suspected.
Crowned with so many a gift, enjoying the favor of Cæsar,
Now he destroyeth my hopes and the hopes of my parents.
Not fifteen have I reached, not twenty the years I have numbered,
Ah! and no more I behold the light of the beautiful heavens.
Hypatos am I by name: to thee I appeal, O my brother, —
Parents, also, I pray you, unfortunate, mourn me no longer!"

A human sacrifice is here clearly indicated. This mysterious cavern, with its diabolical associations, the giddy horror of the Salto, and the traces of more than one concealed way of escape, denoting the fear which is always allied with cruelty, leave an impression which the efforts of those historiasters who endeavor to whitewash Tiberius cannot weaken with all their arguments. Napoleon was one of his admirers, but his opinion on such matters is of no great weight. When Dr. Adolf Stahr, however, devotes a volume to the work of proving Tiberius to have been a good and much-abused man, we turn to the pages of Suetonius and the Spintrian medals, and are not convinced. The comment of the old woman at the Villa Jovis will always express the general judgment of mankind, — "O, che diavolo era Timberio!"

If you stand at the gate of the town, and look eastward towards the great dividing walls, you can detect, on the corner nearest the sea, the zigzag line of the only path which leads up to Anacapri and the western part of the island. One morning when the boy Manfred, as he brought our coffee, told us that the *tramontana* had ceased blowing, we sent for horses, to make the ascent. We had been awakened by volleys of musketry; the church-bells were chiming, and there were signs of a festa, — but Felice, the owner of the horses, explained the matter. Two young men, mariners of Capri, had recently suffered shipwreck on the coast of Calabria. Their vessel was lost, and they only saved their lives because they happened, at the critical moment, to call on the Madonna del Carmine. She heard and helped them: they reached home in safety, and on this day they burned a lamp before her shrine, had a mass said in their names, and invited their families and friends to share in the thanksgiving. I heard the bells with delight, for they expressed the poetry of superstition based on truth.

We set out, in

"The halcyon morn
To hoar February born."

Indeed, such a day makes one forget *tramontana*, sirocco, and all the other weather-evils of the Italian winter. Words cannot describe the luxury of the air, the perfect stillness and beauty of the day, and the far, illuminated shores of the bay as they opened before us. We saw that the season had turned, in the crocuses and violets which blossomed beside the path, — the former a lovely pale-purple flower, with fire-tinted stamens. With Felice came two little girls, Luigia and Serafina, — the former of whom urged on a horse, while the other carried on her head the basket of provisions. Our small factotum, Augusto, took charge of the bottles of wine, and Felice himself bore the shawls and books. Beyond the town, the path wound between clumps of myrtle, arbutus, and the delicate white erica, already in bud. Under us lay the amphitheatre of vineyards and orange-groves; and the town of Capri, behind, stretching from San Michele to the foot of the Castello, seemed a fortified city of the Middle Ages. Over the glassy sea rose Vesuvius, apparently peaceful, yet with a demon at work under that silvery cloud; Monte St. Angelo, snowy and bleak; and the rich slopes of Sorrento and Massa.

One of the *giumente* (as Felice called

his horses) turned on seeing the rocky staircase, and tried to escape. But it was a sign of protest, not of hope. They were small, unshod, very peaceful creatures, doomed to a sorry fate, but they never had known anything better. Their horse-ideal was derived from the hundred yards of *un*stony path below Capri, and the few fresh turnips and carrots which they get on holidays. It was, perhaps, a waste of sympathy to pity them; yet one inclines to pity beasts more readily than men.

At the foot of the staircase we dismounted, and prepared to climb the giddy steep. There are five hundred and sixty steps, and they will average more than a foot in height. It is a fatiguing but not dangerous ascent, the overhanging side being protected by a parapet, while the frequent landings afford secure resting-places. On the white precipices grew the blue "flower of spring" (*fiore della primavera*), and the air was sweet with odors of unknown buds. Up and still up, we turned at each angle to enjoy the wonderful aerial view, which, on such a morning, made me feel half-fledged, with sprouting wings which erelong might avail to bear me across the hollow gulf. We met a fellow with a splendid Roman head, whereon he was carrying down to the *marina* the huge oaken knee of some future vessel. Surprised at the size of the timber, I asked Felice whether it really grew upon the island, and he said there were large oaks about and beyond Anacapri.

Half-way up, the chapel of Sant' Antonio stands on a little spur, projecting from the awful precipices. Looking down, you see the ruins of the Palazzo a' Mare of Tiberius, the bright turquoise patches where the water is shallow, and its purple tint in shadow. White sails were stretching across from the headland of Sorrento, making for the Blue Grotto. There were two more very long and steep flights of steps, and then we saw the gate on the summit, arched against the sky. Hanging from the rocks, but inaccessible, were starry bunches of daffodils. It had seemed to me, on looking at the rocky walls from Capri, that an easier point of ascent might have been chosen, and I believe it is settled that Tiberius visited his four western palaces by a different path; but I now saw that the islanders (not possessing despotic power) have really chosen the most accessible point. The table-land beyond does not, as I had imagined, commence at the summit of the cliffs, but far below them, and this staircase strikes the easiest level.

There are few equal surprises on Capri. Not many more steps, and we found ourselves on a rich garden-plain, bounded on the left by stony mountains, but elsewhere stretching away to sky and sea, without a hint of the tremendous cliffs below. Indeed, but for the luminous, trembling haze around the base of the sky, one would not surmise the nearness of the sea, but rather think himself to be in some inland region. The different properties are walled, but there is no need of terraces. Shining white houses, with domed roofs, stand in the peaceful fields. The fruit-trees grow rank, huge oaks and elms with ivied trunks rise above them, and the landscape breathes a sweet, idyllic air. I noticed many cherry-trees of great size. The oaks, though deciduous, still wore the green leaves of last summer, which will only be pushed from the twigs when this year's buds open. High over this pleasant land, on a bare rock, are the towers of a mediæval castle, now named after Barbarossa, — the corsair, not the Emperor.

Presently we came to Anacapri, cleanest, most picturesque and delightful of Italian villages. How those white houses, with their airy *loggias*, their pillared *pergolas*, and their trim gardens, wooed us to stay, and taste the delight of rest, among a simple, beautiful, ignorant, and honest people! The streets were as narrow and shady as those of any Oriental city, and the houses mostly presented a blank side to them; but there were many arches, each opening on a sunny picture of slim, dark-haired beauties spinning silk, or grandams regulating the frolics of children. The latter, seeing us, begged for *bajocchi;*

and even the girls did the same, but laughingly, with a cheerful mimicry of mendicancy. The piazza of the village is about as large as the dining-room of a hotel. A bright little church occupies one side; and, as there was said to be a view from the roof, we sent for the key, which was brought by three girls. I made out the conjectured location of the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth palaces of Tiberius, whereof only a few stones remain, and then found that the best view was that of the three girls. They had the low brow, straight nose, short upper lip, and rounded chin which belongs to the Caprese type of beauty, and is rather Hellenic than Roman. Their complexion was dark, sunburnt rather than olive, and there was a rich flush of blood on their cheeks; the eyes long and large, and the teeth white as the kernels of fresh filberts. Their bare feet and hands, spoiled by much tramping and hard work, were out of keeping with their graceful, statuesque beauty. A more cheerful picture of Poverty (for they are all miserably poor), it would be difficult to find.

It was but a mile farther to the headland of Damecuta. Felice, however, advised us rather to visit the tower of Lima, above the Punta della Carena, the northwestern extremity of the island, and his advice proved to be good in the end. We descended a stony steep into a little valley, shaded by superb olive-groves, under which the crops of lupines were already beginning to blossom. The dell fell deeper as we advanced; the grass was starred with red anemones, and there were odors of concealed violets. A mile farther, we came upon a monastery, with a square, crenelated tower, beyond which the fields gave place to a narrow strip of stony down. All at once the shore yawned beneath us, disclosing the extremity of the island, with three deserted batteries on as many points of rock, a new light-house, and the little cove where the troops of Murat landed, when they surprised the English and recaptured Capri, in 1808. Westward, there was a wide sweep of sunny sea; northward, Ischia, Procida with its bright town, — Baiæ and Pozzuoli. Here, at the foot of an old martello tower, we made our noon halt, relieving Serafina of the weight of her basket, and Augusto of his bottles.

The children and young girls, going out to their work in the fields, begged rather pertinaciously. "We are very poor," they cried; "and you are so grand and beautiful you can surely give us something." On the return, we met a group of lively maidens coming up from Capri, who said, when I told them there were no more *bajocchi* in my pockets: "Well, then, give us a franc, and we will divide it among us!" Nevertheless, begging is not the nuisance on Capri that it is on the main-land. It is always good-humored, and refusal is never followed by maledictions. The poor are positively and certainly poor, and they seem to think it no shame to take what they can get over and above their hard earnings. When one sees how very industrious and contented they are, it is rather a pleasure to add a few coppers to the little store laid aside for their holidays.

With every day, every hour, of our residence, we more fully realized the grandeur and variety of the landscapes of Capri. The week which I thought sufficient to enable us to see the island thoroughly drew towards its close; and although we had gone from end to end of the rocky shores, climbed all the principal peaks, and descended into every dell and ravine, our enjoyment was only whetted, not exhausted. The same scenes grow with every repetition. There is not a path or crooked lane among the old houses, which does not keep a surprise in reserve. The little town, with only here and there a stone to show for the Past, with no architectural interest whatever, is nevertheless a labyrinth of picturesque effects. In the houses, all the upper chambers are vaulted, and the roofs domed above them as in the Orient; while on one or more sides there is a *loggia* or arched veranda, overhung with cornice of grape-vines, or gay with vases of blooming plants. Thick walls, narrow windows,

external staircases, palm-trees in the gardens, and raised platforms of masonry placed so as to catch the breezes of summer nights, increase the resemblance to the Orient. Living there, Syria seems to be nearer than Naples.

In the Val Tragara, near the sea, there is a large deserted monastery, the Certosa, dating from the fourteenth century. Here, as elsewhere, the monks have either picked out the choicest spot for their abode or have made it beautiful by their labor. The Certosa is still stately and imposing in its ruin. In the church the plaster is peeling off, leaving patches of gay fresco on the walls and ceiling. The sacristy and an adjoining chapel are riddled with cannon-balls; and two recumbent marble statues of the founders, resting on their sarcophagi, look at each other from opposite sides, and seem to wonder what the desolation means. The noble court-yard, surrounded with arched corridors, is dug up for a garden; there is straw and litter in the crumbling cells; and the prior's apartment, with its wonderful sea and coast views, is without an occupant. The garden only has not forgotten its former luxury. Its vines and fig-trees equal those of Crete and Syria; and its cactuses have become veritable trees, twenty feet in height. The monks succeeded in getting hold of the best land on the island; yet I have no doubt that the very people they impoverished wish them back again.

The Caprese are very devout and superstitious. They have two devils ("Timberio" being one), and a variety of saints. The beautiful little church in the town, externally so much like a mosque, is filled with votive offerings, painted or modelled in wax, each of which has its own story of miraculous interposition and escape. On one side of the nave sits in state the Madonna del Carmine, — a life-sized doll, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and a profusion of long curling tresses of real blond hair. In her lap she holds a dwarfish man, with hair of nearly equal length. A dozen wax-candles were burning before her, in anticipation of her coming *festa*, which took place before we left Capri. She is the patron-saint of the coral-fishers, none of whom neglected to perform their share of the celebration.

The day was ushered in with volleys of musketry, and the sounds, or rather cries, of the worst brass band I ever heard, which went from house to house, blowing, and collecting coppers. After the forenoon mass, the procession was arranged in the church, and then set out to make the tour of the town. First came the members of a confraternity, mostly grizzly old men, in white gowns, with black capes, lined with red; then followed a number of small boys, behind whom marched the coral-fishers, forty or fifty in number, — brown, weather-beaten faces, burned by the summers of the African coast. They were dressed with unusual care, and their throats seemed ill at ease inside of collar and cravat. Every one in the procession carried a taper, which he shielded from the wind with the hollow left hand, while his right managed also to collect the melted wax. Next appeared the Madonna, on her litter of state, followed by six men, who bore her silken canopy. In her train were the priests, and about a hundred women and girls brought up the rear.

Among the latter there were some remarkably lovely faces. The mixture of yellow, blue, and scarlet colors which they delight to wear contrasted brilliantly with the glossy blackness of their hair and the sunny richness of their complexion. The island costume, however, is beginning to disappear. Only a few girls wore the *mucadore*, or folded handkerchief, on the head, while several were grand in wide silk skirts and crinolines. The people are not envious, but many a longing glance followed these progressive maidens.

In so small a domain as Capri, all that happens is known to everybody. A private romance is not possible; and so, on this occasion, the crowd on the little piazza were moved by a

curiosity which had no relation to the Madonna del Carmine. The story, as I received it, is this: Nearly a year ago, the aunt of a beautiful girl who was betrothed to one of the young coral-fishers was visited by an Englishman then staying at the Hotel Tiberio, who declared to her his violent love for the niece, and solicited her good offices to have the previous engagement broken off. Soon after this the Englishman left; the aunt informed the girl's father of the matter, the betrothal with the coral-fisher was suspended, and the father spent most of his time in frequenting the hotels to ascertain whether a rich young Englishman had arrived. A few days before our visit to Capri, the girl received presents from her unseen and unknown wooer, with a message requesting her not to appear in the procession of the Madonna del Carmine. The Englishman stated that he was at the Hotel Tiberio, and only waited the arrival of certain papers in order to claim her as his bride. Thereupon the father came to the hotel, but failed to discover the mysterious stranger. Two artists, and several ladies who were there, offered to assist him; but the mystery still remained unsolved. Other letters and presents came to the girl; but no young, rich Englishman could be found on the island. The artists and ladies took up the matter (determined, I am very glad to say, to drive away the Englishman, if there were one, and marry the girl to the coral-fisher), but I have not yet heard of any *dénoûment*. The young fisher appeared in the procession, but the girl did not; consequently, everybody knew that the mysterious letters and presents had made her faithless. For my part, I hope the coral-fisher — a bright, stalwart, handsome young fellow — will find a truer sweetheart.

After making the complete tour of the town, which occupied about half an hour, the procession returned to the church. The coral-fishers were grave and devout; one could not question their sincerity. I was beginning to find the scene touching, and to let my sympathy go forth with the people, when the sight of them dropping on their knees before the great, staring doll of a Madonna, as she bobbed along on the shoulders of her bearers, turned all my softness into granite. The small boys, carrying the tapers before her, were employed in trying to set fire to each other's shocks of uncombed hair. Two of them succeeded, and the unconscious victims marched at least a dozen steps with blazing heads, and would probably have been burned to the scalp had not a humane by-stander extinguished the unfragrant torches. Then everybody laughed; the victims slapped those who had set fire to them; and a ridiculous comedy was enacted in the very presence of the Madonna, who, for a moment, was the only dignified personage. The girls in the rear struck up a hymn without the least regard to unison, and joked and laughed together in the midst of it. The procession dissolved at the church door, and not a moment too soon, for it had already lost its significance.

I have purposely left the Blue Grotto to the last, as for me it was subordinate in interest to almost all else that I saw. Still, it was part of the inevitable programme. One calm day we had spent in the trip to Anacapri, and another, at this season, was not to be immediately expected. Nevertheless, when we arose on the second morning afterwards, the palm-leaves hung silent, the olives twinkled without motion, and the southern sea glimmered with the veiled light of a calm. Vesuvius had but a single peaceful plume of smoke, the snows of the Apulian Mountains gleamed rosily behind his cone, and the fair headland of Sorrento shone in those soft, elusive, aerial grays, which must be the despair of a painter. It was a day for the Blue Grotto, and so we descended to the *marina*.

On the strand, girls with disordered hair and beautiful teeth offered shells and coral. We found mariners readily, and, after a little hesitation, pushed off in a large boat, leaving a little one to follow. The *tramontana* had left a

faint swell behind it, but four oars carried us at a lively speed along the shore. We passed the ruins of the baths of Tiberius (the *Palazzo a' Mare*), and then slid into the purple shadows of the cliffs, which rose in a sheer wall five hundred feet above the water. Two men sat on a rock, fishing with poles; and the boats farther off the shore were sinking their nets, the ends of which were buoyed up with gourds. Pulling along in the shadows, in less than half an hour we saw the tower of Damecuta shining aloft, above a slope of olives which descended steeply to the sea. Here, under a rough, round bastion of masonry, was the entrance to the Blue Grotto.

We were now transshipped to the little shell of a boat which had followed us. The swell rolled rather heavily into the mouth of the cave, and the adventure seemed a little perilous, had the boatmen been less experienced. We lay flat in the bottom; the oars were taken in, and we had just reached the entrance, when a high wave, rolling up, threatened to dash us against the iron portals. "Look out!" cried the old man. The young sailor held the boat back with his hands, while the wave rolled under us into the darkness beyond; then, seizing the moment, we shot in after it, and were safe under the expanding roof. At first, all was tolerably dark: I only saw that the water near the entrance was intensely and luminously blue. Gradually, as the eye grew accustomed to the obscurity, the irregular vault of the roof became visible, tinted by a faint reflection from the water. The effect increased, the longer we remained; but the rock nowhere repeated the dazzling sapphire of the sea. It was rather a blue-gray, very beautiful, but far from presenting the effect given in the pictures sold at Naples. The silvery, starry radiance of foam or bubbles on the shining blue ground was the loveliest phenomenon of the grotto. To dip one's hand in the sea, and scatter the water, was to create sprays of wonderful, phosphorescent blossoms, jewels of the Sirens, flashing and vanishing garlands of the Undines.

A chamber, and the commencement of a gallery leading somewhere, — probably to the twelfth palace of Tiberius, on the headland of Damecuta, — were to be distinguished near the rear of the cavern. But rather than explore further mysteries, we watched our chance and shot out, after a full-throated wave, in the flood of white daylight. Keeping on our course around the island, we passed the point of Damecuta, — making a chord to the arc of the shore, — to the first battery, beyond which the Anacapri territory opened fairly to view. From the northern to the northwestern cape the coast sinks, like the side of an amphitheatre, in a succession of curving terraces, gray with the abundant olive. Two deep, winding ravines, like the *wadys* of Arabia, have been worn by the rainfall of thousands of years, until they have split the shore-wall down to the sea. Looking up them, we could guess the green banks where the violets and anemones grew, and the clumps of myrtle that perfumed the sea-breeze.

Broad and grand as was this view, it was far surpassed by the coast scenery to come. No sooner had we passed the pharos, and turned eastward along the southern shore of the island, than every sign of life and laborious industry ceased. The central mountain-wall, suddenly broken off as it reached the sea, presented a face of precipice a thousand feet high, not in a smooth escarpment, as on the northern side, but cut into pyramids and pinnacles of ever-changing form. Our necks ached with gazing at the far summits, piercing the keen blue deeps of air. In one place the vast gable of the mountain was hollowed into arches and grottos, from the eaves of which depended fringes of stalactite: it resembled a Titanic cathedral in ruins. Above the orange and dove-colored facets of the cliff, the jagged topmost crest wore an ashen tint which no longer suggested the texture of rock. It seemed rather a soft, mealy substance, which one might

crumble between the fingers. The critics of the realistic school would damn the painter who should represent this effect truly.

Under these amazing crags, over a smooth, sunny sea, we sped along towards a point where the boatman said we should find the Green Grotto. It lies inside a short, projecting cape of the perpendicular shore, and our approach to it was denoted by a streak of emerald fire flashing along the shaded water at the base of the rocks. A few more strokes of the oars carried us under an arch twenty feet high, which opened into a rocky cove beyond. The water being shallow, the white bottom shone like silver; and the pure green hue of the waves, filled and flooded with the splendor of the sun, was thrown upon the interior facings of the rocks, making the cavern gleam like transparent glass. The dance of the waves, the reflex of the "netted sunbeams," threw ripples of shifting gold all over this green ground; and the walls and roof of the cavern, so magically illuminated, seemed to fluctuate in unison with the tide. It was a marvellous surprise, making truth of Undine and the Sirens, Proteus and the foam-born Aphrodite. The brightness of the day increased the illusion, and made the incredible beauty of the cavern all the more startling, because devoid of gloom and mystery. It was an idyl of the sea, born of the god-lore of Greece. To the light, lisping whisper of the waves, — the sound nearest to that of a kiss, — there was added a deep, dim, subdued undertone of the swell caught in lower arches beyond; and the commencement of that fine posthumous sonnet of Keats chimed thenceforward in my ears: —

> "It keeps eternal whisperings around
> Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
> Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
> Of Hecate leaves them *their old shadowy sound.*"

After this, although the same enormous piles of rock overhung us, there were no new surprises. The sublimity and the beauty of this southern coast had reached their climax; and we turned from it to lean over the gunwale of the boat, and watch the purple growth of sponges through the heaving crystal, as we drew into the cove of the *piccola marina*. There Augusto was waiting our arrival, the old fisher was ready with a bench, and we took the upper side of Capri.

My pen lingers on the subject, yet it is time to leave. When the day of our departure came, I wished for a *tramontana*, that we might be detained until the morrow; but no, it was a mild sirocco, setting directly towards Sorrento, and Antonio had come over, although, this time, without any prediction of a fine day. At the last fatal and prosaic moment, when the joys that are over must be paid for, we found Don Michele and Manfred as honest as they had been kind and attentive. Would we not come back some time? asked the Don. Certainly we will.

When the sail was set, and our foamy track pointed to the dear isle we were leaving, I, at least, was conscious of a slight heart-ache. So I turned once more and cried out, "*Addio, Capri!*" but the stern Tiberian rocks did not respond, "*Ritornate!*" and so Capri passed into memory.

A JUNE IDYL.

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine;
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come;
But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the West
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
Save *June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June!*

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
And, with her handful of anemones,
Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
The Season need but turn his hourglass round
And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
Her budding breasts and wan dislustred front
With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
All overblown. Then, warmly walled with books,
While my wood-fire supplies the sun's defect,
Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,
I take my May down from the happy shelf
Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,
Waiting my choice to open with full breast,
And beg an alms of spring-time, ne'er denied
Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh woods
Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read tomes
To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts
That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.
The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane

Brushes, then listens, *Will he come?* The bee,
All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
Of powdery gold, and grumbles. What a day
To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think
Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
That forages all climes to line its cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
Except for him who hath the secret learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
The winds into his pulses. Hush! 'T is he!
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping, —
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and helps.
Heave, ho! Heave, ho! he whistles, as the twine
Slackens its hold; *once more, now!* and a flash
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.
Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails
My loosened thought with it along the air,
And I must follow, would I ever find
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are times
When they consent to own me of their kin
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.
And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,
Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me
Within his tent as if I were a bird,
Or other free companion of the earth,
Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.

Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads
Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round
His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant diverse,

In outline like enormous beaker, fit
For hand of Jotun, where 'mid snow and mist
He holds unwieldy revel. This tree, spared,
I know not by what grace, — for in the blood
Of our New World subduers lingers yet
Hereditary feud with trees, they being
(They and the red-man most) our fathers' foes, —
Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,
The seventh fallen, that lean along the brink
Where the steep upland dips into the marsh,
Their roots, like molten metal cooled in flowing,
Stiffened in coils and runnels down the bank.
The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he towers
And glints his steely aglets in the sun,
Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom
Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when a shoal
Of devious minnows wheel from where a pike
Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads, and whirl
A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas! no acorn from the British oak
'Neath which slim fairies tripping wrought those rings
Of greenest emerald, wherewith fireside life
Did with the invisible spirit of Nature wed,
Was ever planted here! No darnel fancy
Might choke one useful blade in Puritan fields;
With horn and hoof the good old Devil came,
The witch's broomstick was not contraband,
But all that superstition had of fair was doomed.
And if there be who nurse unholy faiths,
Fearing their god as if he were a wolf
That snuffed round every home and was not seen,
There should be some to watch and keep alive
All beautiful beliefs. And such was that, —
By solitary shepherd first surmised
Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some maid
Of royal stirp, that silent came and vanished,
As near her nest the hermit thrush, nor dared
Confess a mortal name, — that faith which gave
A Hamadryad to each tree; and I
Will hold it true that in this willow dwells
The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,
Of ancient Hospitality, long since,
With ceremonious thrift, bowed out of doors.

In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.

Under this willow often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,
Or was transfused in something to which thought
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained
Become a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves; or, floating in the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream below;
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,
Dilated in the broad blue over all.
I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,
The thin-winged swallow skating on the air;
The life that gladdened everything was mine.
Was I then truly all that I beheld?
Or is this stream of being but a glass
Where the mind sees its visionary self,
As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his bay,
Across the river's hollow heaven below
His picture flits, — another, yet the same?
But suddenly the sound of human voice
Or footfall, like the drop a chemist pours,
Doth in opacous cloud precipitate
The consciousness that seemed but now dissolved
Into an essence rarer than its own,
And I am narrowed to myself once more.

For here not long is solitude secure,
Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell.
Here, sometimes, in this paradise of shade,
Rippled with western winds, the dusty Tramp,
Seeing the treeless causey burn beyond,
Halts to unroll his bundle of strange food
And munch an unearned meal. I cannot help
Liking this creature, lavish Summer's bedesman,
Who from the almshouse steals when nights grow warm,
Himself his large estate and only charge,
To be the guest of haystack or of hedge,
Nobly superior to the household gear
That forfeits us our privilege of nature.
I bait him with my match-box and my pouch,
Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy of smoke,
His equal now, divinely unemployed.
Some smack of Robin Hood is in the man,
Some secret league with wild wood-wandering things;
He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot Earl,
By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants all,
And serves the State by merely being. Here

The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs his hat,
And lets the kind breeze, with its delicate fan,
Winnow the heat from out his dank gray hair, —
A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered man,
Whose feet are known to all the populous ways,
And many men and manners he hath seen,
Not without fruit of solitary thought.
He, like the general of lonely men, —
Unused to try the temper of their mind
In fence with others, — positive and shy,
Yet knows to put an edge upon his speech,
Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.
Him I entrap with my long-suffering knife,
And, while its poor blade hums away in sparks,
Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind,
In motion set obsequious to his wheel,
And in its quality not much unlike.

Nor wants my tree more punctual visitors.
The children, they who are the only rich,
Creating for the moment, and possessing
Whate'er they choose to feign, — for still with them
Kind Fancy plays the fairy godmother,
Strewing their lives with cheap material
For wingëd horses and Aladdin's lamps,
Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch profane
To dead leaves disenchanted all, — have here
Between the branches of the tree fixed seats,
Making an o'erturned box their table. Oft
The shrill-voiced girls sit here between school hours,
And play at *What's my thought like?* while the boys,
With whom the age chivalric ever bides,
Pricked on by knightly spur of female eyes,
Climb high to swing and shout on perilous boughs,
Or, from the willow's armory equipped
With musket dumb, green flag, and edgeless sword,
Make good the rampart of their tree-redoubt,
'Gainst eager British storming from below,
And keep alive the tale of Bunker's Hill.
Here, too, the men that patch our village ways,
Vexing McAdam's ghost with pounded slate,
Their nooning take; much clamorous talk they spend
On horses and their ills; and, as John Bull
Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,
So these make boast of intimacies long
With famous teams, and add large estimates,
By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,
Of how much they could draw, till one, ill pleased
To have his legend overbid, retorts:
"You take and stretch truckhorses in a string
From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,
Not heavy neither, they could never draw, —

Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter loud and long.
So they in their leaf-shadowed microcosm
Image the larger world; for wheresoe'er
Ten men are gathered, the observant eye
Will find mankind in little, as the stars
Glide up and set, and all the Heavens revolve
In the small welkin of a drop of dew.

I love to enter pleasure by a postern,
Not the broad popular gate that gulfs the mob;
To find my theatres in roadside nooks,
Where men are actors, and suspect it not;
Where Nature all unconscious works her will,
And every passion moves with human gait,
Unhampered by the buskin or the train.
Hating the crowd, where we gregarious men
Lead lonely lives, I love society,
Nor seldom find the best with simple souls
Unswerved by culture from their native bent,
The ground we meet on being primal man,
And nearer the deep bases of our lives.

But O, half heavenly, earthly half, my soul,
Canst thou from those late ecstasies descend,
Thy lips still wet with the miraculous wine
That transubstantiates all thy baser stuff
To such divinity that soul and sense,
Once more commingled in their source, are lost, —
Canst thou descend to quench a vulgar thirst
With the mere dregs and rinsings of the world?
Well, if my nature find her pleasure so,
I am content, nor need to blush; I take
My little gift of being clean from God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.
I pluck my nutriment from any bush,
Finding out poison as the first men did
By tasting and then suffering, if I must.
Sometimes my bush burns, and sometimes it is
A leafless wilding shivering by the wall;
But I have known when winter barberries
Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise
Of savor whose mere harshness seemed divine.

O, benediction of the higher mood
And human-kindness of the lower! for both
I will be grateful while I live, nor question
The wisdom that hath made us what we are,
With such large range as from the alehouse bench
Can reach the stars and be with both at home.
They tell us we have fallen on prosy days,

Condemned to glean the leavings of earth's feast
Where gods and heroes took delight of old;
But though our lives, moving in one dull round
Of repetition infinite, become
Stale as a newspaper once read, and though
History herself, seen in her workshop, seem
To have lost the art that dyed those glorious panes,
Rich with memorial shapes of saint and sage,
That pave with splendor the Past's dusky aisles, —
Panes that enchant the light of common day
With colors costly as the blood of kings,
Until it edge our thought with hues ideal, —
Yet while the world is left, while nature lasts,
And man the best of nature, there shall be
Somewhere contentment for these human hearts,
Some freshness, some unused material
For wonder and for song. I lose myself
In other ways where solemn guide-posts say,
This way to Knowledge, *This way to Repose*,
But here, here only, I am ne'er betrayed,
For every by-path leads me to my love.

So mused I once within my willow-tent
One brave June morning, when the bluff northwest,
Thrusting aside a dank and snuffling day
That made us bitter at our neighbors' sins,
Brimmed the great cup of heaven with sparkling cheer
And roared a lusty stave; the sliding Charles,
Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,
Living and lustrous as a woman's eyes
Look once and look no more, with southward curve
Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's hair
Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial gold;
From blossom-clouded orchards, far away
The bobolink tinkled; the deep meadows flowed
With multitudinous pulse of light and shade
Against the bases of the southern hills,
While here and there a drowsy island rick
Slept and its shadow slept; the wooden bridge
Thundered, and then was silent; on the roofs
The sun-warped shingles rippled with the heat;
Summer on field and hill, in heart and brain,
All life washed clean in this high tide of June.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Norwood: or Village Life in New England. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

WE do not know how capable of dramatization "Norwood" may have proven, but we have felt, in reading the novel, that the author had a faculty which might be turned to pleasant account in writing for the stage. To be sure, this notion was less suggested by dramatic management of situations, or by sustained dialogue, than by a certain felicity in expressing the flavor and color of New England life in the talk of some such people as Hiram Beers, Mr. Turfmould, Polly Marble, and two or three other pure and simple Yankees. The range is narrow, and the grade is not that of the highest comedy; but here is representation, not mere study, of character, and so far drama. We should be sorry to yield this point; for it is one of the few to be made in favor of the present novel as a work of fiction. The story is of flimsy texture, and it is quite impossible to describe the ruthlessness with which the author preaches, both in his own person and in that of his characters, spinning out long monologues and colloquies upon morals, religion, and the whole conduct of life. In spite, moreover, of an instinctive beauty and strength of diction, the style is at times slovenly and tasteless to a degree which leaves the reader little to imagine in the way of downright baldness, or of trivial ornament. Yet all this is not to the exclusion of thought and feeling, which give delight in their play amongst the quaint ins and outs of Yankee nature, and over the varied picturesqueness of village neighbors and neighborhoods. It would be a loss not to have read that description of a Sunday in Norwood, or the night-fishing, or the nutting-party, or the going to Commencement at Amherst; and one could ill afford not to know the charm of the Quaker farm-life in Pennsylvania, as it appears here after the fatigues of one of the most wearisome and exhausting stories. The homilies and discourses and essays are intolerable for where they are rather than for what they are. The book shows hurried workmanship, and the faults of style occur oftener where the author has not had time to say less, than where he has not had leisure to say more; and, in spite of them, he contrives always to give us his conception.

Barton Cathcart, the son of a well-to-do farmer, near Norwood, loves from childhood Rose Wentworth, the daughter of the village physician; but, for insufficient reasons, believes that he cannot win her, and so does not tell his love till he goes to the war, in 1861. Then he tells it by letter, and naturally this letter never reaches Rose, who, when her brother is killed at Bull Run, resolves to go to the seat of war as a nurse. She becomes proficient in her vocation, — even to the amputation of a soldier's leg when the operating surgeon happens to be shot down. In due course, by a pleasing, though not quite surprising, turn of fortune, General Cathcart is wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and Rose (at the old farm-house of Friend Hetherington) nurses her hero back to life, through that terrible fever pretty sure to rage somewhere in fiction, and, returning to Norwood when the war is over, marries him. On the other hand, Alice Cathcart finds her lover, a young Virginian visitor at Norwood in other days, among the rebel dead at the same battle, and she, after the war is done, goes to Lynchburg, and teaches the black children. In the conduct of a plot like this, it is evident that far greater difficulty falls to the reader than to the author.

It is easy to understand how persons so uninteresting as Rose and Barton may be virtuous and happy, but that they are young and handsome seems doubtful; and we should not believe it but that we have Mr. Beecher's word for it. All the genteel and grammatical people in Norwood are somewhat insipid; and even such a character as Agate Bissell — the old maid disappointed in early love, and crystallized in a nature hard and angular without, but within full of light and purity and strength — takes hold rather upon the memory than the imagination. Of respectable folks thrown in to make talk, and repose the author's invention, Mr. Chandler, the still, money-getting citizen, with his secret bibliomania, and his shyly accumulated library, is well sketched, and so is his wife; while

Mr. Tom Heywood is nobody, and Mr. Frank Esel rather worse. He, we are told, is an artist; and it appears that he has a fantastic love for an improbable mother, with whom he conducts a school-girl's correspondence; the fascinating brilliancy of conversation attributed to him affects the reader as little as it did Miss Wentworth, who, with an adventurous generosity, — perhaps too rare among young ladies, — rejects him anticipatively, telling him that they can never be more than third cousins before he has proposed a closer tie. Judge Bacon, the selfish, cold-hearted, smooth-mannered sceptic and cynic, is less tangible in the author's description, or his own expression, than in Hiram Beers's racy talk: —

"'There comes Judge Bacon, white and ugly,' said the critical Hiram. 'I wonder what he comes to meetin' for. Lord knows he needs it, sly, slippery old sinner! Face 's as white as a lily; his heart 's as black as a chimney flue afore it 's cleaned. He 'll get his flue burned out if he don't repent, that 's certain. He don't believe the Bible. They say he don't believe in God. *Wal, I guess it 's pretty even between 'em. Should n't wonder if God did n't believe in him neither.*' . . . . 'He talks to you,' said Hiram, 'just as Black Sam lathers you; a kind of smooth rubbing goes on, and you feel soft and satisfied with yourself, and sort o' lean to him, when he takes you by the nose and shaves, and shaves, and shaves, and it 's so smooth that you don't feel the razor. But I tell you, when you git away your skin smarts. You 've been shaved.'"

Tommy Taft, the swearing and wooden-legged old sailor, we suspect to be a copy from life, which is probably the case also with his pendant, Pete Sawmill, the vagabond half-wit, whom no well-regulated village is without. Neither is strongly portrayed, nor sufficiently idealized to be interesting, and we have far too much of both. Indeed, as the excellence of the whole book is in subordinate particulars, so Mr. Beecher seems most felicitous with characters casually introduced, and less consciously handled. For example, here is one, presented apropos of Barton Cathcart's departure for college, in which the whole neighborhood takes an interest: —

"Old Cyrus Mills was driving past, on his way to town, and seeing Barton in the front door, pulled up. His horse was always in favor of stopping.

"'Mornin'! So you 're goin' to college?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"The old man was about sixty years old, with small bones and no flesh on them, and for looks, like a weather-stained rye-straw crooked into a sickle or half a hoop.

"'My boy said so. Cost a sight o' money, won't it? S'pose you mean to preach, don't you? Most of 'em do, over to Amherst. My boy 's talkin' 'bout eddication too. Should n't wonder if Nicholas fetched it one of these days.'

"'Nicholas is a smart fellow,' said Barton. 'He ought to make a good scholar.'

"'Middlin'. But not so good, I expect, as his brother would a bin, — him that 's gone. I 've never felt exactly right, that I would n't let him go to college. He wanted to go awfully, and worried about it a good deal. Mebbe if I 'd let him go he would n't a strained himself and got into a decline.' A juicier man would evidently have shed a tear, but old Cyrus Mills had not a drop of moisture in his body to spare, and so instead he winked nervously half a dozen times and then shut his eyes tight."

The whole chapter, in which Mr. Turfmould, the sexton, relates his business rivalries with Tompkins the rival undertaker, is very good, — full of characteristic pathos, unforced and charming humor, to which quotation will do but scant justice. Mr. Turfmould is telling here how he triumphed over professional feeling when his own wife and child both lay dead in his house: —

"'I said, "Git thee behind me, Satan. Tompkins *shall* have this funeral"; and so he did. I 'll say this for him, that I believe he tried to do about right. But nature is strong, you know, and I *did* think he took on a leetle more than he need to. Mebbe, if it had been me, I should have done so too. It makes a difference, you know, whose house a funeral 's in. And when we was all in the carriages, and the two coffins was in the hearse, — he wanted two hearses, but that would not be in good taste. I did n't like so much show, and besides, *I knew the mother ought to keep her child close to her*; — and when the procession was ready, he came walkin' up to see, for the last time, if all was right, it wa'n't in human nature to keep in his satisfaction with the occasion! And when he mounted and sat down with the driver on the leadin' carriage, I do believe there was n't so proud a man in this town.'"

Mr. Turfmould carried this spirit of conciliation so far that he went to consult with

Tompkins in preparing the funeral of the minister's wife.

"'Tompkins,' says I, 'this is a peculiar occasion.'

"'Yes,' says he, 'it is. It 's enough to make one's reputation.'

"'Now I want,' says I, 'to have just such a funeral as would suit her, so that if she could come back, she 'd say, "I thank you, Mr. Turfmould; you have done exactly to my mind." You know that if there was a woman in this town who hated dirt, she 's that woman, and I think we 're bound to respect her taste when she 's gone just as much as if she 's livin'.'

"'Well, that 's easy enough,' said Tompkins. 'We can slick up everything with extra care, and have a double inspection of all the materials — '

"'Well, that of course; but I was thinkin' about the grave. You know you can't dig a grave and have no dirt. Deceive ourselves as we will, you know we 've all got to come to it, — dust we are and to dust we return; but then, you know, we can break the matter gently like, keep a large tarpaulin lyin' over the dirt, and then I mean to cover the outside box with *turf*, which keeps the gravel and stuff from rattlin' in when the coffin is down.'

"'That 's a good idea,' sez he, 'and I think all your arrangements are good. They are new, and ought to be fashionable.'

"'I don't care for fashion,' says I. 'I think it will be comfortin' to the minister and respectful to her memory. I 've seen things managed quite the contrary. You know when Bidwell's wife died, they put him in the coach with his sister-in-law, and they had always quarrelled, and they did n't mend matters that journey. Old Bidwell told me of it. Says he, 'If I ever have another funeral, you shall have it, Turfmould. Jones is no sort of a manager. He just spoilt my wife's whole funeral. I never took a bit of comfort in it from beginning to end.'

"'But Dr. Buell had no reason to say that,' says Tompkins. 'I am sure we did everything that we could. I think Kyle beat himself with those flowers. I never saw such splendid funeral flowers. I did n't know what flowers was made for till I saw wreaths, and crosses, and dishes. Flowers is certainly very useful, and, if well managed, considerable profit may come from them.' "

But the marked success of the book, the exceptionally well-handled person among the prominent characters, is Hiram Beers, in whom divine grace has compromised with the sinful love of fast horses, and who commonly finds so much to engage him in the teams of the worshippers outside of the church on Sundays, that he is apt to be a delinquent at the services within. The sketch of Judge Bacon already given is from some pleasant discourse of his, in which he characterizes the chief members of the congregation as they arrive, and with that grotesque excess which qualifies the native growth of humor, brings the people before us: —

"'Here come the Bages, and the Weekses, and a whole raft from Hardscrabble,' said Hiram, as five or six one-horse wagons drove up. At a glance one could see that these were farmers who lived to work. They were spare in figure, brown in complexion, — everything worn off but bone and muscle, — like ships with iron masts and wire rigging. They drove little nubbins of horses, tough and rough, that had never felt a blanket in winter or known a leisure day in summer.

"'Them fellers,' said Hiram, 'is just like stones. I don't believe there 's any blood or innards in 'em more 'n in a crow-bar. They work early, and work all day, and in the night, and keep workin', and never seem to get tired except Sunday, when they 've nothin' to do. You know when Fat Porter was buried, they could n't git him into the hearse, and had to carry him with poles, and Weeks was one of the bearers, and they had a pretty heavy time of it, nigh about three hours, what with liftin' and fixin' him at the house, and fetchin' him to the church door, and then carryin' him to the graveyard, and Weeks said he had n't enjoyed a Sunday so much he could n't tell when.

"'Hiram,' sez he, 'I should like Sunday as well as week days if I could work on it; but I git awful tired doin' nothin'.'

. . . . .

"It was nearly twelve o'clock, when Dr. Wentworth, returning from his round of visits, found Hiram sitting on the fence, his labors over, and waiting for Dr. Buell to finish.

"'Not in church, Hiram? I 'm afraid you 've not been a good boy.'

"'Don't know. Somebody must take care of the outside as well as inside of church. Dr. Buell rubs down the folks, and I rub the horses; he sees that their tacklin' is all

right in there, and I do the same out here. Folks and animals are pretty much of a muchness, and they 'll bear a sight of takin' care of.' . . . .

"'Whose nag is that one, Hiram, — the roan?'

"'That 's Deacon Marble's.'

"'Why, he seems to sweat, standing still.'

"Hiram's eye twinkled.

"'You need n't say nothin', Doctor, — but I thought it a pity so many horses should n't be doin' anything! Of course, they don't know anything about Sunday, — it ain't like workin' a creatur' that reads the Bible, — so I just slipped over to Skiddy's widder, — she ain't been out doors this two months, and I knew she ought to have the air, — and I gave her about a mile! She was afraid 't would be breakin' Sunday. — "Not a bit," says I; "did n't the Lord go out Sundays, and set folks off with their beds on their backs; and did n't He pull oxen and sheep out of ditches, and do all that sort of thing?" If she 'd knew that I took the Deacon's team, she 'd been worse afraid. But I knew the Deacon would like it; and if Polly did n't, so much the better. I like to spite those folks that 's too particular! — There, Doctor, there 's the last hymn.'

"It rose upon the air, softened by distance and the enclosure of the building, — rose and fell in regular movement. Even Hiram's tongue ceased. The vireo, in the tops of the elm, hushed its shrill snatches. Again the hymn rose, and this time fuller and louder, as if the whole congregation had caught the spirit. Men's and women's voices, and little children's, were in it. Hiram said, without any of his usual pertness: —

"'Doctor, there 's somethin' in folks singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside. Mebbe a fellow will be left outside, up there, when they 're singin', — if he don't look out.'"

This Christian philosopher has his proper vein of sentiment, which appears with due quaintness, when Dr. Wentworth, in passing a long bridge on the way to Commencement at Amherst, asks Hiram if "people always mind the law and keep to a walk" on it.

"'That depends. When the boys are on a spree, and have had a little suthin', I allus raises a trot about here: they thinks the bridge too long. But when a feller 's along with his gal, he allus thinks the bridge too short; and he 's particular about keepin' the law. Only last week I was about here, and I heerd a sort of smack behind me, and the horses thought I was chirrupin' for 'em to go on, and started off. But I cooled 'em down and began to whistle like, so that you could n't hear any little sound. The fact is, Doctor, young folks will be young folks, and I never was one of them as wanted to larf at 'em. Let 'em have their time. I think it rather beautiful like to see young folks take to each other. The Lord knows they 'll have trouble enough afore they get through livin' with each other, and it would be a shame to spile the beginnin', when it 's all sweet and pretty like.

"'No,' said Hiram, virtuously straightening up; 'when Zeke Lash driv over one day, and interrupted some little cooin' and billin' that he had no business with, and I heard him tellin' of it in the stable, — You 're a darned fool, sez I, and if it had been any of my folks, I 'd made you taste the horsewhip, every inch of it, from the tip of the lash to the but end. I 'd as soon throw stones at the birds whirlin' and kissin' in the air. When they are old, and we 're used to 'em I don't object to throw a stone or two at a robin. But any feller that would do it when they fust come, he 's a mean cuss!'"

It is an excellent passage that follows this, describing Hiram's discomfiture when passed on the road by Zeke Lash, and it is fine truth to Yankee nature that makes him warily praise his rival till he has retrieved himself by securing the advance again. In this sort of nature Mr. Beecher is as little likely to err as in that of the woods and fields and the creatures which inhabit them, and which he loves so well. The higher New England character he merely fails to make interesting, — which, however, is a great failure with a novelist. Still, we are glad of his book, and we know its value. The very burden of reminiscence, which contributes, with other things, to retard and dull it as a story, gives it an authentic charm as a study; and one need by no means shut his eyes to its faults in order to enjoy its cordial and friendly humor, its pathos and sympathy, its generous and manly sentiment.

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